

# THE WEEK:

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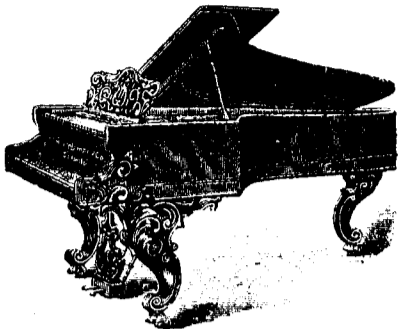
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NO loyal Canadian could take much exception to a so-called Federation of the Empire which meant only an independent Canada in alliance with Great Britain and certain other English-speaking nations developed like ourselves from the colonial status, the alliance being simply for the purpose of joint action upon certain subjects in which all had a common interest, and those subjects alone. If the idea of Imperial Federation thus conceived by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is really the correct one, or that of its advocates generally, we respectfully submit that the scheme could be re-named with great advantage. Many of the strongest objections suggested by the words "federation" and "union" might, in that case, be met by the simple substitution of another name, better designating the thing meant and free from the objectionable connotations of either of the above terms. We dare say that many of those who look forward to independent national life as the goal of Canadian ambition may be fond of associating in thought that independence with some form of alliance with the grand old Mother of Nations. But, unfortunately, Mr. Hopkins no sooner ventures into the region of definitions than we find ourselves again involved, to some extent, in the old difficulties. "Combination for defence" might, perhaps, be admissible, though we often query whether in such discussions too much stress is not laid upon the necessity for defence, whether of territory or of commerce. May not our imaginations be too much enslaved by the past? In these days, happily, the oceans are not swarming with pirates, nor is the United States a nation of freebooters. A war of conquest is well-nigh inconceivable. Such a war belongs to the dead past, so far as civilized and Christianized nations are concerned. In regard to "co-operation for commercial purposes," we have to confess to a state of mind bordering on sheer scepticism. The time to which Mr. Hopkins looks forward as "now within measurable distance" we can conceive of

only as in the receding and unreturning past. Further, with the fullest respect for our correspondent, we are bound to say that we are quite unable to assign a clear meaning to the phrase, "the gradual consolidation of existing political relations," much less a meaning that we can reconcile with "the full privileges of national existence," which we understand to be one of his postulates. The existing political relations must surely die before we can come into the larger inheritance. We may just add that we should be sorry to be thought captious in our many criticisms. Notwithstanding our want of faith we shall continue to follow the discussion of Imperial Federation with deep interest, as one which is eminently adapted to be of service in enlarging and elevating our conceptions of the possibilities of the future of Canada, if in no other way.

WITH the fullest respect for another correspondent, Mr. W. E. Raney, and with high appreciation of the ability with which he handles his argument, we cannot regard that argument as entitled to the same consideration as the foregoing. The simple fact is, that the question of annexation to the United States is not a living question in Canada. Nor do we believe it can be galvanized into life by any logical process. The argument in this case necessarily sinks to what Mr. Hopkins fitly calls "the lowest possible basis—that of dollars and cents." This is inevitable, because there is no footing from which an appeal can be made to the higher motives and sentiments, which alone are worthy to decide a question involving national life or death. We shall not, therefore, follow closely the chain of reasoning so fully wrought out by our correspondent, not because we deem that reasoning unanswerable, even from the commercial point of view, but because we do not think a sufficient number of our readers are interested in the discussion to warrant us in prolonging it. Did we deem it otherwise, we should join issue at once with Mr. Raney in regard to certain of his assumptions. The question whether we should be benefited politically by annexation is out of court. That has gone against annexation by default. Mr. Raney virtually admits that Mr. Cunningham's contention is sound, that the Canadian laws, institutions, and administration are the better. Were it not so, Canadians would still, we believe, with all respect and friendship for their neighbours, prefer to develop their own national institutions and characteristics along original and independent lines, rather than merge them in the United States form of republicanism. We may freely admit all that Mr. Raney says about the great commercial advantages that would accrue to Canada from unrestricted intercourse with the Continent, but we do not regard it as by any means proved that that intercourse is unattainable save on the humiliating terms of political absorption. Were it clearly so, the majority of Canadians would, no doubt, declare the price far too high, and resolutely forego the boon. In closing the discussion so far as annexation is concerned, we cannot refrain from protesting against the assumption which seems to be common to annexationists and federationists, that independent national life is impossible for Canada, save on the galling condition of United States' sufferance. We adhere most confidently to the opinion intimated in another paragraph, that the people—we do not refer to the politicians but to their masters—of the United States are far too high-minded and Christian to make unprovoked war upon any neighbour, weak or strong. But, should it prove otherwise, we have but to appeal to the history of the Americans themselves to justify us in adapting the words of a great British statesman and declaring that a nation of five millions, armed in the sacred cause of liberty, would be invincible by any force that could be brought against them on their own soil.

COURTESY requires that we should acknowledge, and so far as we can, accept the corrections offered in last issue by Mr. J. H. Long, of certain statements made in an editorial paragraph in a preceding number of THE WEEK. It would be an uncongenial and thankless task to set about controverting the statement that Canada has grown in population far more rapidly than the United States. We have no relish for it. We yield to none in our loyalty to Canada and our faith in her possibilities of national devel-

opment. None the less we are convinced that it is the part of true patriotism to look all difficulties fairly in the face, and refuse to delude ourselves with either impracticable visions or deceptive ratios. The answer to the question whether Canada has increased faster in population than the United States depends altogether upon how one looks at it. From what period do we start? What is our method of computation and basis of comparison? This opens up too wide a field. But for the practical purpose of the present inquiry the following facts seem to us to be conclusive. We Canadians have a territory larger than that of the United States. Our writers who have studied the subject and written upon it will scarcely admit, we think, that, take them all in all, our climate and resources are inferior. And yet the United States which had in 1860 a population all told of about thirty-five millions has now a population of from fifty-five to sixty millions, an increase of at least twenty millions in thirty years. Canada which has now a total population of less than five millions, has probably added a little more than one million to its population within the same period. It cannot be necessary to say more. Mr. Long will no doubt agree with us that this growth is not satisfactory, and that something should be done to bring about an improvement. Free and fearless discussion may help the people to find out what that thing is.

THE difference between 320,000,000 and 48,000,000 is certainly somewhat appreciable. Is Mr. Long so certain that the odd 272,000,000 of British subjects will fall gracefully into the new arrangement, which increases the number of their masters, without improving their status? It would be clearly but a question of time, and in some cases of a very short time, when the neglected fragments would demand to be admitted as constituent parts of the Imperial unit. The Indian problem itself bids fair to develop into a very formidable one within the next half century. But let that pass. The disproportion between five millions and forty-eight millions is also somewhat appreciable. England does not seem particularly anxious to have Canada's help in steering the ship of Empire through the intricate and dangerous straits which lie before her. Why should Canada be anxious to add to her complications, at a great increase of expense and anxiety to herself, and with so little prospect of rendering much service? Another consideration also demands some attention. The providence or fate which has cast Canada's lot beside her mighty Republic neighbour has made it forever impossible for her to leave that neighbour out of the account in determining her own course and destiny. There have not been wanting of late indications of an ambition, on the part of the United States, to abandon the Monroe Doctrine as a policy outgrown, and to enter the arena as one of the world's Great Powers. It may be doubted whether anything would tend more directly to hasten her decision than the change contemplated in Imperial Federation—a change which would transform Canada, her northern neighbour, from an American colony, into an integrant part of a European nation. We should repudiate as indignantly as any Imperial Federationist in Canada, the idea that the United States has any right to interfere with Canada's free action or development in any direction. But as a matter of political expediency and prescience it might not be amiss to ask whether, with Canada in organic union with Great Britain, and the United States as a great maritime power, the situation of either of the two former would be greatly improved.

IT is, unhappily, but too well understood that one of the chief duties of the average Member of Parliament is to get the largest possible amount of Government appropriations and patronage for his constituents; but it is not often that this view of duty is so openly avowed as it was the other day by one of the members for Ottawa, if his speech before the Conservative Workingmen's Association is correctly reported. Mr. Perley is reported as having said: "I know very well I have not been able to satisfy all the applicants for employment in the Government, and I do not think it possible, with the number of applicants there are, for any man to obtain places for all in the Government. I am not aware of neglecting any of their requirements. I have endeavoured to do all I could for

applicants for Government patronage," and more to the same effect. Touchingly as so humble a confession of failure appeals to our sympathies we still must hope that the gentleman has been badly misreported. If otherwise, it is hard to conceive of anything better adapted to bring our vaunted system of government by party into disrepute, or still further to degrade its tone. Theoretically there is to every lover of democracy something grand in the idea of the workmen of any community uniting to send their representatives to the National Council. Rightly used the representative system and the ballot should be mighty educative forces working constantly to uplift the constituencies to a higher political level, and to imbue them with a loftier and more intelligent patriotism. But when the chosen representative distinctly recognizes that he feels bound by his relations to his constituents to use his vote and influence to secure, not better laws and a purer administration of them, but the largest possible share of the spoils for his own individual supporters, it is impossible not to feel that we have fallen upon evil times. The very man, who, honoured by the people's confidence, should devote every energy to the service of his country, in the highest and best sense of the word service, thus making himself an educator of his countrymen in the higher duties of citizenship, becomes their instructor in the most selfish and degrading arts of the patronage-hunting partisan. If the whole people were thoroughly imbued with the views and spirit which are so conspicuous in Mr. Perley's speech, the future of the Confederation would be dark indeed.

THE Senate gave the Commons and the country a genuine surprise in its rejection of the Short Time Railway Bill. It cannot be doubted that to the great majority the action was as pleasing as it was surprising. From the business point of view, as was tacitly confessed even by the advocates of the measure, the line had little or nothing to recommend it. Its real, and we might almost add admitted, purpose was to divert traffic from one route to another, not to increase its volume, or even to save any appreciable time in its despatch. When even the Leader of the Government can find nothing better to say in support of an expenditure of millions than that Parliament, by reason of some previous action, is pledged to the measure, it is pretty clear that the thing cannot be defended on its merits. Nor was it, so far as we were able to discover, very distinctly shown in what way the good faith of Parliament was involved. Into the unsavoury discussion as to whether the Senate really rejected the measure in spite of Sir John A. Macdonald's strenuous exertions, or otherwise, we have no desire to enter, as we have no information to give. The very discussion of such a question is, in its implications, most uncomplimentary to both Senate and Premier. What is more worthy of note than even the great saving of public money in the particular case, is the demonstration given of larger possibilities of usefulness on the part of the Upper House than any with which it has been popularly credited. Even should it prove, as some predict, that the saving effected in this case is but one of time, not of money, since, if the Government is really in earnest, it will reintroduce and eventually carry the rejected Bill, the incident, and the widespread approbation the Senate's action has called forth can scarcely fail to operate as a powerful object lesson to that body, making clear to it the direction in which both its interests and its duty undoubtedly lie.

IT is often said that the English never take a back step in political or social matters. Reforms are generally won only after a long and hard struggle with opposing forces, but once an advance has been made the vantage ground is held, fortified and made the base of operations for new forward movements. The same thing cannot, we fear, be said of Canada. The order now issued by the Postmaster-General, in accordance with the power taken by Government during the recent session, increasing the rate on registered letters from two cents to five, is distinctly and emphatically a retrograde movement. Whatever tends to facilitate the safe transmission of money in small sums is a direct stimulus to trade and enterprise. Whatever makes such transmission more costly or unsafe has of course precisely the opposite effect. Experience will probably prove that from the financial point of view the change is a mistake. It would not be surprising if it should be found to diminish instead of increasing the postal revenue from this source. Many letters that would have been sent registered at the old rate will not now be

sent at all. Many others which would have been adorned with a two cent registration stamp will now be sent unregistered. Not only will a considerable amount of legitimate post office business be transferred to other channels, but the temptations to dishonesty on the part of officials will be greatly increased. A British Postmaster General, finding too wide a chasm between receipts and expenditures in his department, would have set about retrenching in sinecures and other unnecessary expenditures on the one hand, and stimulating the business of letter writing, on the other. Mr. Haggart has, unfortunately, hit on the clumsier expedient of raising prices. We do not believe his success will be such as to tempt him to repeat the experiment.

MUCH difference of opinion is naturally evoked by the rumour, now generally accepted as correct, that the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott is to be made Minister of Railways. In point of ability and knowledge of the situation there is probably no other man available, in the ranks of the Government supporters, who can be regarded as equal, or even second to Mr. Abbott. As a leader of the Upper House he has shown himself possessed of many of the qualities of an accomplished Minister, and his record is, we believe, practically unassailable. But there are two very grave objections to the appointment which must make even Sir John pause before committing himself to it. The stain of the original Pacific Railway Scandal is still upon the hands of Mr. Abbott, who was the chief agent in the whole disgraceful transaction with the late Sir Hugh Allan. Again, Mr. Abbott's relations with the present C. P. R. Company have been so intimate as to unfit him, in the opinion of many, to be an impartial arbiter of the destinies of competitive lines. Sir John must be naturally reluctant to give provocation for the raking up of old scores now half-forgotten. But lack of courage was never one of his foibles, and it is very likely that the need he feels of so able a coadjutor will outweigh all other considerations and decide the question in favour of Mr. Abbott.

THE reason alleged for the hesitancy on the part of British capitalists to invest their money in the new line of fast steamships, for which the British and Canadian Governments are offering so liberal subsidies, is very suggestive, if it be the real one. It is said that, observing the rapidity with which changes and improvements are made in ocean vessels, they fear lest some new discovery or invention may, in a few years, so revolutionize the business as to render their ships, built at vast expense, practically valueless. There is unquestionably room for the fear. There is no more reason for supposing that the seventeen or twenty knot ocean greyhound of to-day marks the limit of possible achievement in ocean travel, than there would have been for resting in the same conclusion with regard to the vessels of twenty or fifty years ago. But it will be a curious development should it prove that invention has at length reached such a rate of progress that it tends to discourage and paralyze, rather than, as heretofore, stimulate enterprise. Such caution on the part of shrewd investors is, also, not without its warning for Governments, such as those of England and the United States, which are about to embark in navy building on an enormous scale.

THE meeting of the Committee of the United States Senate on Interstate Commerce which is now being held in New York is one of great importance to Canada as well as to the United States. Taken in connection with the recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission that the provisions of the interstate law are binding in respect to traffic originating in the United States, even though a point in Canada may be its destination, this meeting may be regarded as marking a stage in the attempt of interested American railroads either to compel Canadian competing lines running through United States Territory to enter into their combinations, or to exclude them altogether from operating on that side of the border. The latter attempt, if such is being made, will most assuredly fail. The commercial interests of Detroit, Chicago, and the whole chain of western cities on the one hand, and those of Portland, Boston, and New York on the other, are enlisted on the side of the Grand Trunk and other Canadian roads, these being regarded as the best allies of those cities and the commerce of which they are the centres, against the monopolistic tendencies of the American trunk lines. Several of the most powerful American newspapers, east and west, are taking strongly the side of the Canadian roads, as representing competi-

tion and reasonable freight rates, against monopoly and extortion. The investigation of the Senate Committee will probably be exhaustive and decisive, and as representatives of the Canadian lines, in the persons of such men as Messrs Van Horne and Hickson, are to be examined and heard, the Canadian side is sure to be well presented. We observe that one of the questions which the Senate Committee is charged to report upon is "whether there is any discrimination in the charges made for tolls, or otherwise, against American vessels which pass through the Welland and St. Lawrence canals." It is to be hoped that the interests of Canadian railroads and commerce may not be jeopardized by the persistence of our Government in what we cannot help regarding as an infringement of the spirit of the Treaty of Washington, in the interests of the lower St. Lawrence route.

MR. PARNELL'S friends of the better kind must have been rather taken aback by his frank and apparently shameless admission of falsehood in his cross-examination the other day. Since the collapse of the forged-letter fraud everything has been going in his favour. The excellent testimonials of character given him by men of the highest standing in Society and the State, and the failure of every attempt to connect him with conspiracy and crime, had combined to raise him to a height in public estimation, much above any at which he had previously stood. Unhappily for himself and for his friends he has now been rather suddenly pulled down by Attorney-General Webster from that lofty moral pedestal. Putting the most favourable construction possible on his admission that his statement in the House of Commons during the debate on Mr. Forster's Bill in 1881 to the effect that secret societies had ceased to exist in Ireland, was either absolutely untruthful or grossly exaggerated, and that he knew it to be such when making it, the effect must be exceedingly damaging both to his reputation and to his influence. The British public may condone many and serious faults of temper and conduct when committed under excitement by one who is intensely in earnest in the pursuit of some object which to him seems patriotic and right. But conscious, wilful falsehood in a deliberate statement on the floor of Parliament, where the highest ideas of honour are supposed to prevail, is a violation of one of the fundamental canons of political morality that will not readily be forgiven or forgotten by the nation, even should it be by partial politicians.

OTHER offences against the Parliamentary, or even against the moral code, are often committed in the heat of debate. In such cases a few words of sincere apology and regret will generally make the matter right and cause it to be dismissed from memory. Such incidents reveal weakness of character at certain points and do not necessarily affect public confidence in the high principle and general reliability of the man. But untruthfulness affects the character on all sides. It saps the foundations of confidence at every point. How is it possible for anyone in the future to know what reliance may be placed upon the most solemn assertions of the man who has once been forced to confess himself guilty of downright, intentional falsehood, or its equivalent? We are curious to know what effect this revelation will have upon the minds of those men of high principle who have but just now been enthusiastically, not to say effusively, protesting their faith in the integrity of the man, as well as in the nobility of his mission. What will Mr. Gladstone, himself, have to say, or what effect will the revelation have upon his future relations to one who can make such an admission without a blush to indicate that he is ashamed of such tactics or that he will hesitate to resort to them again on occasion.

A NEW YORK paper, referring to Mr. Gladstone's magnificent tribute to Mr. Bright, asks the significant question, Who will there be to pay a similar tribute to Mr. Gladstone when he shall have closed his unique career? The *British Weekly* is forced to pause before attempting to answer the question. It thinks of Mr. John Morley as the only man who seems capable of rising to such an occasion, but is constrained to admit that "all the fervour, solemnity, and elevation of which Mr. Morley is undoubtedly possessed do not make up for the transfiguring religious faith, 'the solemn scorn of ills,' which belongs to Gladstone and belonged to Bright." It then turns very naturally to Sir Charles Russell, whose recent oration before the Commission of Judges is admitted on all hands

to have been scarcely second in all the higher qualities of genuine eloquence to any that has been heard by this generation. The marvel of it is that such a speech should have been delivered by one who, in what is generally considered the highest school of oratory in the nation, if not in the world—the House of Commons—has shown no special oratorical force, being easily surpassed there by many men who have had no legal training and little practice in public speech. In attempting to explain the anomaly the writer in the *Weekly* favours the conclusion that Sir Charles Russell does not take the pains with his parliamentary addresses that he bestows on his forensic efforts. Be that as it may, it can hardly be doubted, in view of Sir Charles' recent triumph, that in his capability of rising to the height of a great occasion he has proved himself more worthy than any other man now before the British public to wear the mantle which must fall at no distant day from the shoulders of the departing Gladstone.

THE New York Centennial celebration was, on the whole, no doubt, a great and memorable pageant. The immense, if not unprecedented, numbers who took part in it, gave it the element of vastness which is, in itself, no unimportant factor in the production of the sublime. Then, the occasion was a grand one—nothing less than the centennial anniversary of the birth of one of the most powerful of modern nations. Above all, the national hero, in honour of whose memory the celebration was held, is one of the grandest figures in all history. The nation would be unworthy of the precious heritage of independence he bequeathed to it did it not delight to render him the highest posthumous honours of which it is capable of conceiving. The people of the United States are not as yet highly æsthetic, and it may not be greatly to their dispraise to doubt whether anything very notable in the way of artistic effect was produced. The unmistakable genuineness of the national feeling expressed by all classes was a higher tribute to the father of his country than the most artistically designed demonstration could have been without that element of downright sincerity. The one thing that will no doubt be long remembered with shame and pain was the disgraceful exhibition of selfishness and vulgarity which degraded the great centennial ball into an orgy that would scarcely have done discredit to a bacchanalian festival in ancient Thebes. The lesson taught is one which will, no doubt, be treasured up and turned to good account by the managers of future celebrations in the American metropolis.

A NEW thing in modern ecclesiasticism is the action of an Episcopal clergyman in Missouri who has been deposed from the ministry at his own request. "He found," says an exchange, "after years of experience that he could not believe, and therefore could not honestly preach, the doctrines to which he had given adhesion; therefore he takes the manly way of making the request that he be deposed at once and forever from the ministry." His course in the matter is warmly applauded as in favourable contrast with that of such men as Professor Smyth, Dr. Thomas, Professor Swing, and others, who have stood trials for heresy when they had ceased to believe the distinctive doctrines of their Churches, as popularly conceived. The public will, no doubt, generally pronounce the action of Rev. Mr. Bray, the clergyman referred to, the braver and more honest. Perhaps in this, as in many other cases, the popular view is the right one. But is it, after all, quite so clear? Unless the Churches are infallible, and the creeds perfect, there must be room for reform. Reform must usually come, if it comes at all, from within, not from without, an organization. Admit that a clergyman is in honour bound to leave a Church the moment his investigations lead him to deviate by a hair's breadth from the old ways of thought and belief, and what chance of reform remains? There are evidently two sides even to this question.

THE TRUE VERSION OF THE ACADIAN TRAGEDY.

WHOEVER have read the story of "Evangeline" will remember the sympathy they had for the ill-fated exiles and the indignation they felt towards the perpetrators of their misfortunes. The truth, however, concerning the expulsion of the Acadians is not to be deduced from the story itself. The reader of "Evangeline" has no conception of what led to the expulsion. He understands that a community of "simple Acadian farmers" was sent into "an exile without end, and without an example in story;" but he does not learn from the text that serious provocations prompted the deed and justified the English in the step

they took. The expulsion was necessary, because the Acadians allowed themselves to become the catspaw of the Englishman's "natural enemy;" necessary, because they committed outrages that were not to be tolerated; necessary, because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, whose subjects they had been for more than forty years; necessary, because, while proclaiming themselves neutrals, they incited the Indians, and assisted in a covert war against the English, after peace had been declared between the two nations; necessary, because, upon the approach of that war which settled the question of English supremacy in America, they exhibited disposition to join the enemy and to help to exterminate the English. There is no doubt that the expulsion was cruel. It is sad to think it was necessary. But when we review the archives of those turbulent times, and discard the sentiment which the poet's story has created, no other course than that of wholesale expatriation presents itself.

The period to which we allude, though nominally a time of peace, was really a time of contention and assassination. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which restored Louisbourg to France, and secured a suspension of military operations between the rival colonists of America, was only a breathing spell before the conflict which ended in the downfall of Quebec, and the final surrender to the arms of Great Britain. Both colonies, taking cognizance of their attitude toward each other, believed another war inevitable, and therefore availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the peace to fortify their frontiers. France not only claimed the greater part of Canada, but maintained that, by right of discovery, all the territory lying in the Mississippi valley, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, was also in her possession. England, on the other hand, controlled the Eastern, or New England States, by right of settlement, and at the same time possessed the peninsula of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, by right of conquest, of which acknowledgment was made in the treaty of Utrecht. England did not then aspire to the possession of Canada; she did not hope to drive the French out of America. The great object was to push back the enemy's border lines, which were threatening, in no small degree, to diminish the American frontiers; establish the rights of English settlers, who were gradually moving westward; and last, but by no means least, put a stop to the frightful atrocities of the Indians, who, it was believed, were being incited to malfiance by the French.

In Nova Scotia, England had but an uncertain footing. Her military stations at Annapolis, and at one or two other points, were but feeble garrisons, which at any hour could have been demolished by an aggressive force. Louisbourg had been given back to the French, and the English commander was compelled to evacuate at the earliest possible moment. The Acadians exhibited an aversion to British rule, and frequently threatened to revolt, while the Indians were continually harassing the few English families that had settled in the land since the capture of Louisbourg by Pepperill. As a result of these demonstrations against them, the English deemed it necessary to establish a new stronghold, that these dangerous recusants might be awed, if not persuaded, into subjection to Great Britain. In compliance with an act of the Imperial Parliament, inducements were advertised, a multitude of emigrants collected, and in the month of July, 1749, thirteen transports, headed by the sloop-of-war, *Sphinx*, sailed into Chebucto Bay, with their human freight, and came to anchor a few miles distant from the ocean.

Here nature was in a primeval state. Rugged shores of granite and freestone, overgrown with dense forests of spruce, pine and hemlock, oak, birch and maple, met the emigrant's gaze on either hand, while a desolate interior waited to discourage the hopes he entertained of establishing a home and cultivating a farm. Nevertheless, he learned that, even then, it was a memorable spot. The waters teemed with the "treasures of the sea." The woods were full of game, Here was the red man's hunting and fishing ground, and thither, from the valley of the Shubenacadie, he came, with his comrades, in search of food. Here, also, Admiral D'Anville found sustenance, after his French Armada had been shattered to atoms on the cruel shores of Sable Island. In this same bay, the few ships of the line that were not wrecked during the voyage from Brest to America, found splendid anchorage; while their discomfited commanders waited anxiously for the rest of the fleet which never came. Here, too, died hundreds of French mariners, stricken by disease, and in the woods their bones lay buried, to be discovered and scattered by the progeny of an alien race. It was here the discouraged, heart-broken Admiral breathed his last; here the vice-admiral perished by his own hand; and here died that long-cherished scheme of curtailing British influence throughout America by destroying Louisbourg, Annapolis and Boston. Yet, in the wild surroundings there was very little left to suggest these facts, save the ruins of an old barracks, a few dilapidated huts, and the traditions of the Indians. Amid these scenes and reminiscences Halifax, the military centre of the province, was to be established.

From day to day, since the arrival of the English transports, the woodland rang with the blows of the axe, and the dying groans of many a forest monarch. From shore to shore reverberated the rasping of saws, the pounding of hammers, the shouting of workmen, telling plainer than words of the energy put forth to accomplish their object before the snows of winter should impede their progress. The people who thus sought to change the features of that pristine wilderness were an odd assorted lot. Men whose ears were better timed to the

din of battle than to the echoing ring of the woodman's axe, whose homes had been either upon the boundless deep, or in the military camp, whose occupation for years had been that subduing the enemies of Great Britain—sailors, soldiers and subaltern officers, now they had been disbanded by a treaty of peace, and induced by offers of land to a foreign wilderness, manfully strove to assert themselves, while wives and mothers endeavoured to anticipate the future as they reassured their wonder-stricken little ones. No one but the God of heaven could determine what that future should be, yet hope spoke kindly to many a wearied heart, and ambition spurred many a soul to action. Merchants, farmers, handicraftsmen, and even wig-makers mingled their efforts with the rest. Few were accustomed to the axe. Few knew how to build. But there were brave hearts among them, and they endeavoured to make the best of their circumstances without complaint.

By the month of September, eleven acres had been cleared, lots marked off, streets laid out, store houses erected, and numerous houses established. Many of the buildings however, were rude, temporary affairs, built of logs and chinked with mud and moss; while others were neat frame structures, which, in pieces ready for putting together without further dressing, had been transported from Boston. The village was surrounded by palisades, and protected by redoubts of timber, through the loopholes of which protruded the muzzles of cannon that had been taken from Louisbourg. To add to the strength of the place, it was garrisoned by regiments of veteran soldiers, who had already seen service in the late colonial wars, and had come from Louisbourg and Annapolis. Battle ships were stationed in the harbour, and George's Island was fortified. Finally, with its Government buildings, its civic council, and its officiating governor, in the person of the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, this new settlement presented the appearance of a military station, whence laws were to be issued for the benefit of the whole peninsula. Military ports were established throughout the Province, roads were opened up, a system of communication arranged, and there was much passing to and fro of the settlers between the Capitol and the out-standing garrisons.

With this announcement of a nation's arrival heralded far and wide, it was not strange that many an Indian, attracted to the scene, stood gazing half stupefied with surprise at the diligent pioneers. When they realized that an alien race was establishing itself in their very midst, it was no wonder they were apprehensive. And when the Acadians understood the matter, and reviewed their misdeeds toward the English, it was quite in accordance with their cringing natures to petition the new governor for leniency, while they must have felt they merited nothing but his vengeance. They knew they did not deserve what they sought. They knew that for nearly forty years they had perpetrated outrages that were deserving of severe retaliation. Among other misdeeds, too numerous to mention, they had withheld supplies when the British garrison at Annapolis was in sore distress. Twice they had helped the Indians to burn a part of the village. They had assisted in the surprise and massacre of General Noble and his command, at Grand Prè, and during the siege of Louisbourg, in 1745, they had acted as spies, and had furnished the enemy with valuable information. Besides all this, they had paid annual rents and tithes to French Lords of Manors at Cape Breton, while they did not pay to the English, the rightful owners of the Province, even so much as a moderate tax for the privileges they enjoyed in the possession of their lands. Yet, even while conscience must have been admonishing them of their treachery, they had the audacity to approach the English governor with memorials, calling attention to the loyalty and good will they had ever exhibited toward King George, and promising to do even better in the future.

There was one man in their midst, however, who looked upon the English enterprise with greater misgivings than did his associates. He saw the people of Acadia changing into peaceable British subjects. He saw a new religion established. He saw himself a mere pigmy beside the new comers, and, naturally, he was enraged. That Monsieur l'Abbé La Loutre, the Vicar-General of Canada, the influential missionary to the Micmac Indians, the paid agent of the French Government, should lose his power was a presentiment so galling that he at once concocted a scheme whereby he should not only maintain his influence, but, to his greater satisfaction, perpetrate such villainies as would tend to discourage the English and finally drive them from the Province altogether. Straightway he intimated his intentions to La Jonquière, and not only won that gentleman's approval, but also his enthusiastic assistance. The result of the conspiracy was soon felt. The Indians, who had been frequenting the new settlement, partly out of curiosity and partly for the purpose of trading with the English, disappeared. The Acadians, who had been working for the Government at Halifax, laid down their tools and went home to stay. A short interval elapsed, and there began a series of animosities which threatened the new settlement with destruction. The Indians were incited to such deeds of violence that no Englishman's life was safe outside the palisades. Treacherous night attacks were made against Halifax and Dartmouth. Men who ventured into the woods never returned. Children were stolen and carried into a captivity worse than death. Prisoners were taken to Louisbourg and sold to the French, who subsequently restored them to their friends and relatives, only after the exaction of heavy ransoms. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife were frequently dripping with English

blood, dwellings were burned, property and cattle destroyed, families rendered destitute, and many other outrages were committed without stint. The Acadians, if they did not take an active part in all these monstrosities, stood quietly by and signified their approval. They were influential among the savages, and could have prevented many of the outrages had they been so disposed. But instead of acting as British subjects, they were sending deputies to Halifax with petitions, signed by hundreds of their people, begging the privilege to leave the country with their personal effects, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, and evincing their displeasure that the English wished to settle among them.

It has been asserted and generally believed that the English were avaricious and desirous of possessing their lands. But the archives have nothing to substantiate any such affirmation. The Acadians held letters patent from King George, which secured their lands to them and their heirs forever. The Colonial Government was assiduous in its efforts to induce them to remain and be a benefit to the Province. It dealt with them as an indulgent parent deals with refractory children—leniently, persuasively, yet with a show of annoyance. It sought to open their eyes to the fact that they were being misguided by the French, "who had not their real interest at heart." It sought to show them how greatly they would be benefited, they had the only cultivated lands in the Province and they could have enriched themselves by disposing of their cattle and produce at Halifax. They were told how foolish it would be to abandon their rich alluvial marshes, their broad fertile meadows, their flourishing grain fields after the years of labour they had expended upon them. "This Province is your country," said Cornwallis, in one of his addresses to the deputies; "you and your fathers have cultivated it; naturally you ought yourselves to enjoy the fruits of your labour. Such was the desire of the king our master. You know that we have followed his orders. You know that we have done everything to secure to you, not only the occupation of your lands, but the ownership of them forever."

Such words were not without effect, and on several occasions the affable Cornwallis had the deputies so nearly conciliated that "they went home promising great things." But here it ended. Once home and under the old influences they were as pertinacious as before. They forgot their avowals to Cornwallis. They made not the slightest effort to change the attitude of their people. Hostilities continued, and discontent was always deduced from their memorials. Could they have realized how patiently King George dealt with them, no doubt their aversion to him would have given way to loyalty. But they were under influences which prevented any such understanding, much less compromise. We have seen that a conspiracy was formed against the English. We have seen that La Loutre was in league with La Jonquière. The intrigue meant that every priest in the Province, and every French official between Louisbourg and Quebec, were to be united in a common cause. It meant that the Acadians and the Indians were to be pitched against the English in a perfidious feud, while the actual instigators directed the insurgents, furnished supplies and kept out of sight. If suspicion pointed to the conspirators, they should assume an air of injured innocence and declare themselves irresponsible. They should exonerate themselves by throwing the entire blame upon the insurgents and allowing them to suffer the consequences. In fact, they should use their easily deluded people as the tools with which to knock down British enterprise, and if the tools were broken in the attempt, it was of little import to them. The loss of Acadia had been a sore blow to the French, and by keeping the Indians and Acadians loyal to King Louis, they hoped eventually to retake it. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle prevented them from going to war, but they were perfidious enough to incite another party to commit outrages in their behalf, which they dared not attempt themselves.

Naturally, the Council at Halifax sought to suppress these animosities by the most effective means possible. The garrisons were strengthened, and companies of volunteers were organized to hunt down and destroy the savages. A premium of £10 sterling was offered for every Indian either captured or killed, and it is a wonder the whole nation of Micmacs was not entirely blotted out of existence. But the Acadians were dealt with in a manner more humane. Their guns were taken from them, and it was insisted upon that they should take the oath without further delay. But they could not be subdued. They would not recognize coercion of any form, and laws of regulation coming before them, if deviating from their stupid views of freedom, generally met with scornful derision. In their petitions to the succeeding Governors of the Province, there was always prevalent a disposition to dictate their own terms, rather than submit to what was demanded of them. They vauntingly declared their neutrality, refused point blank to take the oath of allegiance and preferred leaving the country to proclaiming themselves loyal to Britain. There is not the slightest doubt that in this state of aversion they were sustained by their priests, who were indefatigable in teaching them to regard the English with suspicion. The Abbé La Loutre was so enthusiastic in his hatred of the English that he urged on his savages, paid them heavily for every scalp they took, and on many occasions influenced not a few Acadians to disguise themselves in the red man's attire and assist in his murderous attacks. When the Indians raided the village of Dartmouth and murdered a number of its inhabitants, an Acadian named Beau-Soleil, led the way. When Major Lawrence attempted to establish a fort on the Chignecto isthmus, and was fired upon by the Indians, a number of

Acadians were found among the insurgents. And when Fort Beausejour was finally reduced by the English, under General Moncton, "three hundred Acadians were found in the fort with arms in their hands, in open rebellion against the British Crown." Yet, despite their indifference to the sufferings of the English, they were protected by laws that made it criminal for any of the soldiers to annoy them. Now and again a soldier was whipped for stealing from them, and he would have been as quickly hanged for murdering them as were the Indians now and then who were brought captives into the settlement. This exhibition of leniency was in consequence of the hope entertained by the Council of finally conciliating them. But it proved of no avail. They remained prejudiced and refractory until the patience of the Government was exhausted.

No doubt, the reader of "Evangeline" has ever entertained the belief that these people were "simple Acadian farmers," who "dwelt together in love," in "homes of peace and contentment;" but the records have nothing to sustain the impression. Their simplicity was extraordinary, it is true; but this was due to ignorance and a lack of ambition. They were indifferent to the world's progress. They were ignorant of the great changes which had occurred between the nations. They knew not their mother country, once so prosperous under Richelieu, had become debauched under a succession of frivolous kings. They knew not that the way was being paved for contention and revolt. They knew not that the peasantry had been ground down to the degradation of slavery. They had not the slightest conception of the tumults, the riotings, the fierce and contumacious bickerings that should finally culminate in the most barbarous revolution the world has ever known. Had they been told of the true state of affairs, they would have given the information little, if any, credence. They thought of France as they had left her and they were intensely loyal to King Louis. They could not realize that, by the treaties of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle, their Province had been finally and irrevocably ceded to Great Britain, and that they were absolved from the French King forever. In the first treaty, those who wished to leave the Province and get away from British influence had been granted a year's time in which to do so; but they had remained, and by the time the second treaty was signed they had been in the Province and under the British flag for thirty odd years. Yet they could not understand that they were British subjects, and it was ever the disposition of the priests to keep them in ignorance, that they might continue French at heart.

Unlike the description of the poem, their "perfect harmony" was discordant on many occasions, for, when the actual truth is known, they were a quarrelsome people. "Disturbances were common among them, for they were often at variance with one another over the boundaries of their lands." Aside from these failings, however, they were, as a general rule, economical and industrious. They cultivated their lands with every success. Their farms were situated in the beautiful Annapolis valley, on the banks of the Gasperean and about the Basin of Mines, and consisted principally of rich alluvial marshes which they had reclaimed from the tides by dyking. Their produce was not so very much unlike our own of the present day, and it grew in abundance. They also gave some attention to fishing and hunting. But in this latter pursuit there was something so alluring that in many instances men were enticed to the forest, where they lived with the Indians as *Coueurs du Bois*, and planned many an onslaught against the English. They were very useful tools in the hands of the priests; but they always served as a two-edged sword. They not only harassed the English but they drew upon themselves and their less offending brethren the vengeance of a whole nation.

The mutterings of another war between France and England were growing more distinct and startling. That war was to settle the question of English supremacy in America. In a Province filled with such treacherous subjects as the Acadians had proven themselves, the question of ascendancy was dubious. Under the generalship of the French the insurgents might easily annihilate the colony, and thereby dislodge the only footing the English had upon Canadian soil. When we remember that since the treaty of Utrecht, in 1773, Nova Scotia had been recognized as a British Province, that thirty-five years later it was again acknowledged as such in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and that it was now occupied chiefly by British born Acadians, who were acting the part of rebellious subjects, we realize at once how necessary it became to dispose of them, in such a manner as to prevent their alliance with the more formidable enemy. After carefully considering the matter, it occurred to the Colonial Government that wholesale expatriation would prove the most effective safeguard. If distributed among the colonists of the Atlantic seaboard, the Acadians could harm no one, and would eventually become loyal and useful subjects. It was a sad conclusion, but under the circumstances the authorities saw no alternative; still they were not hasty. Col. Lawrence, who had by this time succeeded to the Governorship, gave them one more opportunity. He was not so lenient, however, as his predecessors had been, and after admonishing the Acadians of their misdeeds, and of the gentle way in which they had been dealt with heretofore, he required them to either take an unqualified oath of allegiance, or suffer the consequences. In an insulting reply, they gave him to understand that the consequences were the more preferable. Apparently they could not believe that anything serious would occur. They had opposed the oath so long with impunity, that they con-

sidered defiance their safeguard. Imagine the indignation of the British Government at this bold affront. It was like a jackal snapping at a lion, until the king of beasts, exasperated beyond control, sweeps its tormentors out of existence with a blow of its mighty paw.

In this final decision the Acadians reached the climax of their foolhardiness. In refusing to take the oath, they threw away their brightest opportunity of becoming a prosperous people. It would have been the best thing that could have happened to the settlers of the Province had the Acadians taken the oath and calmed down into peaceable subjects. But it was not to be. They were doomed to wholesale expulsion. They had served the French faithfully, only to find themselves forsaken in their time of need. Before the winter came they were removed from their homes and carried to far distant climes. The colony of Halifax prospered, but the Acadians, the broken tools of the French Government, were doomed to the greatest misfortune, perhaps, that has ever befallen a people.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

Toronto, April 20th, 1889.

### NIGHT'S MYSTERY.

OH, mystery of night! whose shadows fall  
Noiseless and deep, to quench the sunset's glow!  
Fold all thy shadowy robes about the day,  
And bid sweet silence hush all things below.

Showers from thy wings the silver stars of light,  
To sparkle in the cloudless depths of blue;  
And pour the golden radiance of the moon,  
On tree and flower—to rival sunset hue.

Come with thy sweet enchantress, restful sleep,  
To breathe repose on wearied brain and heart;  
And lead us to the fairy land of dreams  
Where flowers never fade, nor joys depart.

From thy weird halls steal forth faint murmurings  
(Of other worlds, whose import we would know);  
But vain our hope to catch the heavenly notes  
Our ears are dulled with time's unceded flow.

When first the morning stars sang to the earth,  
Did they reveal the secret of thy course?  
Have the fleet winds that wander through the clouds  
Ne'er whispered of the mystery of thy source?

Thy face is beautiful, yet dread, oh, night!  
Love claims thee for his own, yet so doth hate;  
And pleasure holds high revel at thy nook,  
But death and sorrow on thy footsteps wait.

We cannot read thy message, veiled and dim,  
But when time's shadows flee—as that dark cloud  
Was light to Israel—thou wilt stand revealed  
Sister of light, with glory full endowed.

Halifax, N.S., February, 1889.

S. P. M.

### THE ROMANCE OF ADELE HUGO.

TRUTH MORE THRILLING THAN FICTION.

MR. ROBERT MOTTON, the stipendiary magistrate of Halifax, was for a long time a prominent lawyer in active practice in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was chiefly distinguished as a criminal lawyer, and many stirring incidents of real life have marked his long professional career. One dramatic story, owing to its superior historic interest, is worthy of being made public.

One morning in the year 1866 Mr. Motton was seated in his law office as usual, when his clerk announced a visitor waiting to see him. On being shown in, Mr. Motton observed a tall lady, apparently young, and closely veiled. After the usual salutations she was invited to a seat. Upon her lifting her veil a remarkably handsome face was revealed, complexion dark, a Roman nose, jet-black hair inclined to be wavy, and eyes of piercing brightness which would burst into flame at the first touch of passion.

After a little preliminary conversation, Mr. Motton discovered that his interesting client had called to consult him professionally upon a matter of considerable delicacy. Halifax, as is generally known, is a garrison town—now the only garrison town in Canada. At that time there were some regiments of British regulars stationed there, together with detachments of artillery and engineers. One of these regiments was the Sixteenth of the line, which had been ordered to Halifax towards the end of 1861, on the occasion of the threatened difficulty between Great Britain and the United States over the Trent affair. One of the officers of that regiment was a certain Lieutenant Albert Andrew Pinsen, of the second battalion. It was in relation to this young officer that the tall and veiled lady had called to consult Mr. Motton.

Before proceeding with the object of her visit, it may be well to make the reader acquainted with the young lady. She gave her name as Miss Lewly, and that was the name by which she was known in Halifax. But her real name was Adèle Hugo, and she was the favourite daughter of the great French poet and patriot, Victor Hugo. This narrative might not be without passing interest in the case of any young woman, but it derives its chief importance from being associated with the daughter of one

of the greatest of modern poets, whose works have thrilled five continents, whose poetry has almost revolutionized literature, and whose genius was employed with terrible force in the service of his country—of liberty and equality. The incidents of this story are identified with the great man himself, and arose in great measure from the accidents of his fortune.

It will be recollected that the famous *coup d'état* took place in Paris on December 2, 1851. Victor Hugo was one of the first persons proscribed by Louis Napoleon. He had persistently resisted the attempts of Bonaparte and his adherents to destroy the republic and re-establish the empire, and was consequently especially obnoxious to the new ruler. He first took refuge with his family in Belgium. Political pressure secured his expulsion from that country, and he then took up a residence in the island of Jersey, and finally settled down in Guernsey, everywhere fulminating against the emperor, until the fall of the empire in 1870.

Mademoiselle Hugo made known the object of her visit to her lawyer in something like the following statement: While her family were living at Brussels, during the exile, a wealthy English family was residing there named Pinsen. The Hugo and Pinsen families became acquainted, and after a time intimate—sufficiently intimate, at all events, for a love affair to spring up between young Pinsen and Mademoiselle Adèle. There are no means of knowing how sincere or fervent was the affection on the part of the young man, but no doubt remains as to the intensity of passion on the part of the young lady. Mademoiselle Adèle Hugo became perfectly infatuated with Pinsen, madly, blindly in love. At that time, although Victor Hugo had a recognized place in literature, had been made a member of the chamber of peers by Louis Philippe, and, on the re-establishment of the republic in 1848, had been honoured by the people of Paris with a seat in the Constituent Assembly—he was, nevertheless, then poor and in exile. *Les Misérables*, the great work which established his fame and secured his fortune, did not appear until two or three years after this. In consequence, it will not seem remarkable that the Pinsens discouraged this love affair. The English are the best match-makers in the world, and money is never left out of the account.

The exact date of this courtship cannot now be accurately fixed, but it was probably about 1860-61. There is a strong presumption of mutual attachment. Mademoiselle Hugo was handsome, of accomplished manners, unusual talents and fiery temperament. The lovers became engaged, and in spite of the opposition of Pinsen's family, they went through the form of a secret marriage. Young Pinsen about this time went to England. He either rejoined his regiment, from which he was temporarily absent, or else purchased a commission as lieutenant. Mr. Motton's recollection is that he then bought a commission and entered the army for the first time, but some of the officers of the regiment, who formerly served with Pinsen, give their impression that he was transferred from another regiment to the Sixteenth in 1861.

The matter is not of great importance. It is sufficient to know that Pinsen left Brussels for England, and on leaving his lady-love he promised, with every token of sincerity and honour, that she should join him in England, and that the marriage, which had been secret in Brussels, should be publicly celebrated in an English church. Just at this point—probably December, 1861—his regiment was ordered to Halifax, and Lieutenant Pinsen wrote to Mademoiselle Hugo informing her of this fact, and asking her to join him in London, have their marriage duly celebrated, and go together to Halifax.

When this proposition was received, it was duly discussed in the Hugo family circle. Victor Hugo would not entertain the idea. He demanded that Lieutenant Pinsen should come to Brussels and marry his daughter there. Madame Hugo agreed with this; but Adèle was infatuated, and her fiery spirit would not accept this wise paternal counsel. She insisted upon going to London at all hazards, and even in defiance of all social rules. When it was found that the impetuous girl was determined to have her way, her mother at length acquiesced so far as to accompany her to London.

On their arrival they found, to their mortification and chagrin, that Lieutenant Pinsen had sailed with his regiment for Halifax, and without leaving any message or satisfactory explanation; indeed, the circumstances gave indubitable evidence of desertion. Adèle and her mother had no other course than to return at once to Brussels.

But the unhappy girl was madly in love; she belonged to that class of intense natures which are led away by passion, and she could not rest content apart from her lover. Clandestinely she left Brussels and took passage on board a steamer, said to be the *Great Eastern*, for New York. On her arrival there she started for Halifax, where she assumed the name of Miss Lewly. Alas! for her fond dreams of a happy re-union with the man in whom all her ardent and unconquerable affections were centred. She found him indifferent; she resorted to every means to secure his regard, but her love was spurned. All her time and attention were devoted to him; she sent notes to him daily, but without effect. It would not be just to regard Pinsen's conduct as the result of base heartlessness; it may be that the importunities of the frenzied girl had produced a reaction in his mind and heart. It may be, also, that he saw evidences of that lack of mental equipoise which has sadly enough developed into permanent and hopeless insanity. It is the fact, at all events, that he entirely repulsed his former sweetheart,

and refused to renew the intimacy and regard of those halcyon days when they talked of love in Brussels.

The story of her residence in Halifax is a very sad one. She remained three or four years, during which she was chiefly engaged in dogging her lover by night and by day, but without success. She had at least two lodging-places during her stay, the first being with a Mrs. Saunders. She sent frequent letters to Pinsen, and received quite a number in return, brought by his servant. From those who knew her intimately, some painfully interesting particulars can be gleaned of her life. She was eccentric to a remarkable degree. In going out of the house she was invariably closely veiled. Sometimes at night she used to disguise herself in male apparel, and walk through the streets wearing a tall hat and flourishing a delicate cane. The details of her life, for the year and a half she boarded at Mrs. Saunders', were published nearly two years ago in one of the Halifax papers. When she first arrived in Halifax she stopped at the Halifax Hotel, and through the agency of a French cook there she secured lodgings at Mrs. Saunders's. She hired a room in the house, which she furnished herself, and was to board herself. According to the landlady she ate but little, and did very little cooking; her chief diet was bread and butter and chocolate. The Saunders, under the belief that she was poor, used often to furnish her with meals.

Her employment was writing; her handwriting was most beautiful—like copper-plate impressions. She soon had great masses of manuscript. Mr. Motton mentions that she used to bring large bundles of beautifully written manuscript to his office, and offered it to him, saying: "Publish this some time, and you will create a great sensation and make a fortune." Unfortunately Mr. Motton had not much interest in literary matters at that time, and feeling, no doubt, that his fair client's mind was not well balanced, did not accept the offer. Some literary interest might have surrounded her stories at this sad period of her life. She once told Mr. Motton, after he became aware of her identity, that her father used to tell her that she wrote better than he did, and with more power.

This writing, from day to day in her room, with an occasional visit from Pinsen during the first year or two, was the sole occupation of Adèle Hugo for the three years or more that she lived in Halifax. She took no care of her room, and utterly neglected her person and clothing. For a time after her arrival Pinsen visited her at times, and during this period she kept up appearances in dress; but after he discontinued his visits, she fell into a sort of melancholy condition, confining herself to her room, pacing the floor at night, and neglecting her personal appearance. When she came to Mrs. Saunders' she had a large quantity of clothing, many silks, velvets and ball dresses, but they are described as being then somewhat faded and worn. She took no care to renew her clothing, and soon began to be destitute, especially in her underclothing and linen.

For a long time the Saunders family were entirely ignorant of the history of their strange lodger. She was a profound mystery to them, and all attempts to ascertain the true story of her life were fruitless. She received many letters and sent many, but they were all written in French, and the addresses were quite unfamiliar to the good people with whom she was staying. Her identity was discovered quite accidentally. Mr. Saunders used to wait at dinners given by the best people in town, and on one occasion the French cook in the service of Sir Hastings Doyle, who was then commander-in-chief of the forces in British America, came to Saunders' house to inform him that he was to attend at a certain dinner to be given a few evenings subsequently. Some of Miss Lewly's letters were lying on the parlour table, waiting to be mailed. The cook, observing the address, said in surprise: "Why, who is sending this letter? This is directed to the greatest Frenchman of the day." The letter was addressed:

VICOMTE VICTOR HUGO,  
Guernsey,  
Great Britain.

After this Mrs. Saunders was able to obtain the true story of her lodger, and she felt certain that so distinguished a man as her father would not care to have his daughter living comparatively destitute of the ordinary comforts of life. She accordingly took the liberty of sending him a letter, detailing fully the present position and circumstances of his wandering child. This brought an immediate response from Victor Hugo, in which he thanked Mrs. Saunders most profusely for her kind interest in Adèle, requested her to make every necessary provision for her clothing, comfort and respectability, and assured her that he would be only too happy to meet all expenditures. All bills were promptly paid by the post. A number of letters were received by Mrs. Saunders from Victor Hugo, but not much importance was attached to them, beyond the subject-matter, by the recipients, and most of them were mislaid. When one of Mrs. Saunders' daughters grew up and was made acquainted with the story of the young lady, she began to search the house for Hugo's letters, and succeeded in finding two or three of them. All of these letters speak of Miss Lewly as Madame Pinsen, and none of them speak of her as his daughter. He describes her as a lady of high position and influential relations, in whom he took a great interest.

One of these letters, which are now in possession of Mrs. Saunders, is as follows:

BRUSSELS, October 15, 1865.

M. Hugo presents his best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, and begs to inform them that a box full of winter clothes is being sent to the post to Miss Lewly, to be deposited in their house under the

usual name of Madame Pinsen. M. Hugo has not forgotten the obliging kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, and trusts that under their good care the box will be delivered as quick as possible to the young lady.

Another of the letters is as follows:

GUERNSEY, February 5, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. SAUNDERS,—I am indeed exceedingly thankful to you for your kind note. Your information has been most welcome. I hope Miss Lewly will at last be induced to come home to her own family. Her mother is very anxious to get her home, and has unfortunately been prevented by a serious indisposition from crossing over to Halifax. She intends doing so as soon as the spring will come. Until then be kind enough to give information which I will faithfully transmit to her friends, and for which they are extremely obliged to you. Tell me also, in your letter, how I can repay you for the stamps you are affixing to your letters. I can, indeed, very easily repay you for these trifling expenses, but never for your Christian kindness.

It will now be easy to understand the purpose of Miss Hugo's visit to Mr. Motton's office. Wearied with a fruitless pursuit of her faithless and callous lover, and finding the time approaching when his regiment would be ordered away to another station, as a last resort she went to consult with a lawyer to see, perchance, if there was any remedy in the law—if any means existed of compelling Pinsen to do justice alike to her affections and her honour. She had the agony to hear among the current gossip of the city that Pinsen had become engaged to a lady in fashionable society, residing in Dartmouth—a town situate on the opposite side of Halifax harbour. It is, of course, impossible to report all that passed between attorney and client in the secrecy of the consulting-room. It is sufficient to say that the story of her relations with Pinsen was fully unfolded, and though the case did not present many points for the consideration of a lawyer, yet Mr. Motton was so far interested in her case as to send a letter to Pinsen. The circumstance of his relations with Mademoiselle Hugo becoming known to his Dartmouth friends, all social intercourse was at once terminated by the young lady and her family.

But really nothing of any consequence could be done by Mr. Motton. A suit for breach of promise would have been an unsatisfactory remedy, and no legal evidence of a marriage which would be recognized in the courts in Nova Scotia was available. Mademoiselle Hugo used to speak of her wrongs to her lawyer with burning cheek and flashing eye. Her eyes he describes as being almost terrible in their fiery brightness when she was aroused. She repeatedly declared in passionate words that she was Pinsen's wife in the sight of Heaven, and that he should never marry another woman.

A word may be devoted to Lieutenant Pinsen. Several persons remember him well. He was never distinguished from the ordinary subaltern in a British regiment, except, perhaps, that he appears to have been rather more of a dandy. He was of average height, rather handsome and decidedly stylish in appearance. He wore long moustaches, and took great pains to appear in most exquisite mode, and was essentially a ladies' man. Much has been reported concerning his subsequent life, but nothing sufficiently authentic to justify any definite statement. There seems little doubt, however, that he has since married—it is said—a lady of means. It has also been stated that he was seen by a former acquaintance under conditions which indicated that he was not in affluent circumstances. But nothing reliable can be given. It was known in his regiment as well as in the town that he was followed by a lady who claimed him as her own; but he stoutly denied all insinuations, and the romance was, to the public, merely a matter of passing curiosity.

As the time drew near for the Sixteenth Regiment to leave Halifax, the infatuated Adèle was keenly alert for the movements of her truant lover. Only one line of English steamers then called at Halifax, and these always came to Cunard's wharf. Every steamer day, filled with a vague fear that Pinsen would attempt to make his escape, she took a cab and her clothing and went to the wharf, there to wait and watch if Pinsen embarked for England, and ready in that case to follow him wherever he might go. This occurred several times, but he never took this means of leaving.

At length the regiment embarked for Barbadoes—the station to which it was ordered. Faithful to her mission, Adèle promptly followed and took up her residence in the little town where the garrison was stationed. She lodged with a Mrs. Chadderton. Here she devoted herself to writing, and walked in the streets in dowdy apparel and with an air and manner so eccentric that she was subjected to jests and ribaldry. In time she came to be associated with Captain Pinsen—who, it seems, had got his company—and was known to the people of the little town as Madame Pinsen.

The rest is easily told. After her sad sojourn in Halifax, Adèle Hugo wearied out her steadfast heart in Barbadoes. Many harrowing details of her life in both these places have been purposely withheld. The generous heart will never seek to draw the veil from the hidden depths of human grief and misfortune. An exile from home, friends and country—a poor unhappy waif in a lonely and comfortless world! With her beauty, her talents and her family connections she might have been an ornament of European society. But that all-powerful impulse of love, which has often enough turned and overturned the lives of men and the events of history, irresistibly bore her on to a life of unspeakable misery. Reason became dethroned, and she was finally immured in an insane asylum, where she still ekes out a blighted life. Her father, at his death, bequeathed her half his fortune—two million francs.

A sad, sad story! From the earliest ages until now the human heart, its affections and griefs, have absorbed the keenest interest of mankind. It is the old, old story that has thrilled the pages of romance, and created the numberless books of fiction, which fill the world, and which it will continue to devour "as long as the heart hath passions, as long as life hath woes." The story becomes of profounder interest when it belongs to real life. Truth is, indeed, more wonderful, more dramatic, than fiction. As Carlyle expressively says: "Now and formerly and evermore, Romance exists, strictly speaking, in Reality alone. The thing that is, what can be so wonderful; what, especially to us that are, can have such significance?" The story of Adèle Hugo's blighted life will live as long as the works of her illustrious father. His genius will evoke the highest admiration, and her sorrows the deepest sympathy of mankind.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

J. W. LONGLEY.

### OTTAWA LETTER.

A REVEREND gentleman among our Baptist brethren has made himself the object of much unsolicited curiosity by resigning his charge without any apparent cause. His farewell sermon was preached on Sunday, and on Monday evening he told his flock that he had been among them for seven years, had had the most delightful associations with them, had been in harmony with his fellow clergy, and had raised the membership roll from 340 to 415; but, that he felt that a change of voice in the congregation might be a good thing. Let us take that to heart, and cultivate our congregational voices.

The seventieth anniversary of the organization of the Oddfellows was the occasion of a feast and speeches. The Order has now a membership of 555,000, and during the past year has expended the sum of \$2,353,000 in relieving sickness and distress among its members. The amount disbursed in "charity, friendliness and love" during the seventy years of the existence of the Order reaches the surprising figure of \$46,000,000. It is to be hoped that forces of this nature and extent were not excluded from a recent unsettling attack in England upon the success of missionary work.

Our Catholic friends are bestirring themselves again for the festive, by taking time by the forelock for the 24th of June, St. Jean Baptiste Fete. A grand procession in the morning and a picnic in the afternoon have been arranged. His Grace the Archbishop assisted at most solemn rites in the chapel of Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur at the service of ordination to holy orders. The ceremonies were long, and, of course, chiefly spectacular, except to the uninitiated.

In recognition of the services to his country of the Under Secretary of State, Mr. Grant Powell, and in celebrating that gentleman's golden wedding in his department, his friends presented him with an address and testimonial, and received in return one of the most graceful, courteous, and paternal little utterances that the capital can record during the season.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards have been invited to Montreal as Queen's Birthday guests, and are making all becoming preparations.

The spring examinations of the Art School, and the exhibition attendant upon it, have just closed, after a most successful issue. The students in all number 83, and the prizes which are the gifts of citizens interested in art, including one from the Governor-General, were all carried off, except those for the department of the nude and figure in oils, in which the work was not considered up to the standard. His Excellency and Lady Stanley, accompanied by their escort, were present at the exhibition and distributed the prizes.

And now the Session is over. Monsieur le Legislatuer and Madame la Legislatrice have rolled down their great trunks. The hotels are empty. The trains are full. Home, Sweet Home is in the air. The attendance at the closing formalities was deprived of the prestige of hope and expectation, but nevertheless contrived to make an interesting spectacle. Beauty and fashion passed in under the Great Tower, and were conducted to seats on the floor of the Red Chamber, while beauty unadorned conducted itself upstairs to the galleries. The chamber itself is a hall worthy of the ancestral aristocracy in perpetuation of whose functions our Senate is supposed to have been created, but whether the colour is taken from the name, or the name from the colour, is an investigation too intricate for the occasion. The costume was, "by order," afternoon dress, and the Ottawa ladies lose no opportunity of improving upon the winter fashions. Exactly at three o'clock the guns boomed, the National Anthem called the expectant audience to their feet, and His Excellency, attended by soldiers and magnates glittering in gold and scarlet, entered, and passed gravely to his seat on the throne. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was despatched through a succession of deep bows to summon the House of Commons, which dignified body came scampering in as if from football. The Clerk of the Crown in Chancery read the list of Bills passed by Parliament. The Speaker of the Commons presented to His Excellency the Supply Bill, "An Act for granting certain sums of money required for defraying certain expenses of the public service for the financial years ending respectively 30th June, 1889, and 30th June, 1890, and for other purposes relating to the public service," a neat little sum, to which we have all, at last, become callous. His Excellency raising his

official hat to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate, and again to the Honourable Gentleman of the House of Commons, then read his address, first in English, and then in French, remaining seated all the time, and immediately afterwards withdrew. A few minutes in exchanging adieux, and the last figure had passed out of the Red Chamber.

On his way to Rideau Hall His Excellency, meeting the funeral cortege of a colour-sergeant of his own Foot Guards on its way to the cemetery, ordered his escort to stand and wait in presence of the great leveller of ranks and classes, of times and seasons. RAMBLER.

### IN SUMMER DAYS—ROUNDEL.

In summer days the air is sweet,  
Fresh mingled perfumes fill the ways  
Where honey bee and clover meet,  
In summer days.

But all the flowers that meet my gaze,  
With every bird, one theme repeat,  
And pain of vainest longing raise.

Winter, thy frosty voice I greet!  
Thy icy touch a silence lays  
On struggling thoughts that throb and beat,  
In summer days.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

### PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT AS A MOTTO —SOURCE OF THE WORDS.\*

IT has been customary of late years in Upper Canada College to make use of the words *Palmam qui meruit ferat* as a kind of general motto for the Institution. The adoption of such a motto may seem to a stranger to imply a good deal of self-appreciation; but the suffrages of a very large portion of the community will, it is believed, at the present time fully bear the college out in its procedure. Like *Dieu et mon droit* appended to the arms of England, *Palmam qui meruit ferat* may now without serious challenge be inscribed beneath the escutcheon of the College. And here it is pertinent to ask, How is it that the College has no escutcheon? As a Royal Grammar School, it ought to have one. Such badges do much to create and maintain an *esprit de corps*. What alumnus of Eton, let him be ever so advanced in years, can look without a certain pleasurable emotion on the "three lilies slipped and leaved," and other heraldic symbols on the shield of his college? Could not the device on the old seal of the Province of Upper Canada be utilized for this purpose, emblazoned on a shield with an open book or two "in its chief" to indicate the educational character of the Institution thus presented?

The words, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, were, in the first instance, employed at Upper Canada College, not as a general motto for itself, but simply as an inscription stamped upon its prize books, indicative of the impartiality with which the Institution dispensed its rewards and honours. The words having thus become so much associated with the College it was a matter of some interest to discover their source.

It was early observed that they formed the motto appended to the arms of Lord Nelson; but this, of course, did not determine the writer from whom they were quoted. Having addressed an inquiry on this subject to the well known *London Notes and Queries*, I was informed that the words in question occurred in a Latin poem, by Dr. J. Jortin.

The poem itself was not given, but I was told it might be found in a volume of Jortin's, entitled "*Lusus Poeticus*." A friend in London kindly undertook to search out this work of Jortin's in the British Museum, and I have received from him a fair transcript of the Latin piece containing the words referred to. [*Vide* "Tracts, Philological, Critical, and Miscellaneous." By the late Rev. John Jortin, D.D., in two volumes. 8vo. London, 1790, vol. i., p. 17.] It is an ode to the winds and reads as follows:—

#### AD VENTOS.

ANTE A.D., MDCCXXVII.

Vatis Threicii nunc citharam velim  
Vocisque illecebras blanda furentibus  
Dantis jura procellis;  
Mulentis pelagi minus.

Venti, tam rapido turbine conciti,  
Qua vos cunque vagus detulerit furor,  
Classis vela Britannae  
Transite innocui, precor.

Ultiores scelerum classis habet deos,  
Et pubem haud timidam pro patria mori.  
En ut lintea circum,  
Virtus excubias agit.

Et nobis faciles parcite et hostibus,  
Concurrant pariter cum ratibus rates;  
Spectem Numina ponti, et  
Palmam qui meruit, ferat.

#### TO THE WINDS.

Would now that I had the lyre of the Thracian bard [Orpheus] and the blandishments of his voice, giving gentle laws to the raging storms, soothing the threats of the deep.

O ye winds, when stirred up by ever so furious a

\*This note was prepared for the contemplated memorial volume of Upper Canada College. It is offered for publication in THE WEEK by anticipation.

hurricane, whithersoever its errant rage shall bear you, pass harmless, I pray, over the sails of the British fleet.

That fleet hath in its divinities, avengers of evil deeds, and young crews not afraid to die for their country. See how around the canvas-crowded masts Valour keeps ceaseless watch.

And lenient spare both us and our foes, when with rattling crash the ships of each engage. Let the Powers that rule the affairs of the sea look on; and whosoever [in their eyes] hath deserved the palm, let him bear it off.\*

Judging from the memorandum [Ante A.D. MDCCXXVII.] prefixed to Jortin's ode, it would seem that the reference is either to the fleet under Sir Charles Wager, despatched to the Baltic in 1726, or to that under Sir John Jennings, despatched to the coast of Spain in the same year, both intended to check sinister machinations against England, on the part of Catharine, of Russia, and the Spanish Court, in favour of the Old Pretender.

As to the metre of Jortin's stanzas, it is precisely that of the famous ode of Horace, addressed "*Ad Rempublicam*," and beginning, *O Navis* [bk. 1, xiv.], whence probably has come the English expression, "Ship of State," meaning the nation with its Ministry or Government. Pitt, "the pilot who weathered the storm," as he was popularly styled, would naturally admire this ode of Horace. Jortin's stanzas accordingly plainly inspired, as I think, by the same ode, in subject as well as metre, would also be to his taste, and when a motto was wanted for the shield of the naval hero, Nelson, he, with much felicity, selected for that purpose their closing words, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*."

The phrase thus acquired a world-wide celebrity. To find that it does not date back to the age of Augustus continues to be a matter of surprise with many.

H. S.

Toronto, May, 1889.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

A FEATURE of life in Montreal which I am unable to explain is the fashion of indulging in auction sales. The indulgence expresses itself in a double shape, in that of the seller and that of the buyer, and its peculiar idiosyncrasy seems to be that in both of these shapes it is confined to the upper more than the lower strata of society, to those who should be above rather than under the necessity. For a couple of months our spring mornings are made hideous by tawdry tattered banners perched upon trees and porticos, and by an array of all the discarded vehicles and horses of the Province. It is an epidemic, and seems to possess more of the disadvantages of an epidemic than its infection. Indeed I am not sure that a mild form of measles in a street ought not to be regarded as one of the "ills we have," and which should be "borne" in preference to an attack of auction sale, brought on by "flying to others we know not of." Women, the *we's* and the *us's*, the most favoured and fondled of the lap of luxury, who never darken a door but to air a new pongée or a new spite, think nothing of jamming and cramming, squeezing and poking into the inmost recesses of Tom, Dick and Harry's housekeeping machinery, and will sit patiently through heat and dust, and vulgar auctioneering jokes till the mystic hammer gives them their heart's desire. Wherein consists the charm of an armchair which bears the confidences of and has bestowed its pristine affections upon another than myself? I should sooner think of securing a friend, than a lounge, at second hand. Nevertheless it is a distinct profession. I must not call it trade. And before you confess at our fashionable lunches and dinners, if you have heard Perotti, listened to Juch, or seen the spring exhibition, you are asked if you have been to the *R. A. Smith* sale, gone through the *Hamilton* house, or got any of the *Duncan McIntyre* bargains.

The week has been one of classic anniversary and celebration. Christ Church Cathedral, on Sunday, held a service commemorating its origin one hundred years ago. A handful of Protestants, in 1769, met by permission of the Recollet Fathers in their chapel, when not in use by themselves, and seem to have enjoyed an apostolic courtesy of this sort for twenty years, when a small church of their own was built. Through a much chequered existence, including a few removals and fires, they held their own till 1886, when the present site was secured, upon which the magnificent Gothic cathedral has been erected.

A centennial service, in connection with the recent great demonstrations in New York, was arranged in the American Presbyterian Church, which was decorated with flowers and banners and portraits of several Presidents from Washington to Harrison. The official proclamation calling for a religious observance of the day was read, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Barbour, Principal of the Congregational College, the American anthem and "God save the Queen" was sung. The tone of the gathering was crisply refreshing. Patriotic loyalty to Canada breathed through every sentiment of our American citizens, and only raised to a higher degree of enthusiasm their devotion to their native land. The American portion of our community are among the most delightful and most cultured of our inhabitants. How delicious it must be to them to receive in return the general sneering about annexation and *rejected-suitorism* which is so prevalent

\*The true inwardness of the sentiment possibly is—If the Stuart cause be pleasing to Heaven let it win; if the Hanoverian, let the victory be given to it.



among us. It always has struck me that the originator of the idea of the United States coming a courting to Miss Canada fell far short of his mark when he fancied he was indulging in ridicule. The figure is one which implies no such wholesale annihilation of rights as he would have us believe, but suggests the happiest and noblest distribution of rights and blending of interests. With all respect to my esteemed friend, Principal Grant, our future must be in connection with this continent and not with another, and either through a friendly commerce and intercourse with the United States, or, as THE WEEK rightly advocated in its last issue, by shaking out its little wings and learning to fly. Britain, like all great powers in history, must some day live herself to death, as Greece and Rome did. The new glory of the world shall be built up on this continent, and not in Europe, and Canada shall make her share of it.

Nevertheless, when the 24th comes round we shall hoist our brightest banners, and blow our loudest trumpets for Her Most Gracious Majesty. England has not, so far, deserved the awful fate I have described. But the world moves, and its destinies are not always ruled by human law.

Our volunteer officers have met and outdone each other in their regimental rivalry to welcome in a becoming fashion the celebrated Queen's Own, from Toronto, and the no-less famous Governor-General's Foot-Guards, from Ottawa, on the auspicious occasion. Our most *recherché* hospitality awaits these sons of Mars. A field day is being arranged, with a review on the mountain slope. The Guards will occupy the Drill Hall, and the Queen's Own will bivouac on St. Helen's Island. His Excellency is to be invited; garrison games and prizes will be competed for; the city will subscribe; general magnificence is to be displayed, and grand dinners will take place under marquees surrounded with music. What more can we do? I have no adjectives left. An Imperial Federationist could do no more.

A dainty and lovely affair was the luncheon given by the Donaldas to the graduating class of the year, the first semi-public feast of women which, I believe, has ever been known in Montreal. In the theatre of the museum stood a table, shaped à la letter T, around which smiled seventy fair young maidens, with a sprinkling of matrons from the Arts professors' families. The waiters, abashed, jinked behind the screens, and prayed, no doubt, they might have been Donaldas. Speeches, too, and songs, and toasts, from two of the clock till half-past five, kept up a merry flow of tongue and eye, of past and future, of retrospect and prospect. The guests of the hour, the graduating class, were only three, and call themselves, with glee, the *Small-Pox Year*, having entered upon their studies at the time when the dread epidemic cast us beyond gates. Miss Reid carries off the gold medal for modern languages, while Miss Reid, in philosophy and logic, and Miss Squire, in natural science, ran so close upon their brother competitors that the decision of giving them each a medal prize, if not the medal, seemed almost more than the medal itself. Among the women, not one has broken down in health; among the men, several have. So much for the physical incapacity theory. The only thing at the luncheon which was wanted was a deputation from the *great unseeing* theorists (if any of the species be still extant) to take notes on how the Donaldas have succeeded in cheating them of their prize. Of new ideas, not a few enlivened the charming utterances, called speeches, by the young ladies: *i.e.*, that they shall claim a representation in the corporation of the University; that they may themselves be eligible for such; and that the graduates, now eleven in all, organize themselves into a Graduates' Society.

On Monday, the law and science faculties held their convocation, and the arts on Tuesday. Prizes were distributed, degrees conferred, speeches, statements, and valedictories delivered. The lady graduates of last year, in full academics, took their places on the platform among the other magnates. It is a misfortune that, in his official *resumé* of the year, the learned Principal invariably throws in a begging appeal. The audience is chiefly composed of "the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts" of the students, who do not appear to be slow in applauding the appeal out at the ventilators, and the appeal itself, as if thoroughly conscious of its want of harmony with the academic surroundings, seems little loath to disappear. Both the Principal and Dean, in their addresses, made pointed reference to the reprehensible action of one of the Governors of the University in the pages of THE WEEK a few months ago.

VILLE MARIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEEK AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Permit me a few words with reference to the manner in which you recently treated the subject of Imperial Federation. It occurred to me when reading your remarks, that the ability with which you marshalled the objections was only equalled by the difference between what you understand by that phrase and what its advocates believe it to mean. As I understand the words, Federation of the Empire, they simply mean a closer union, than that now existing, between the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and the Cape, for the purpose of joint action upon certain subjects in which we have a common interest, and in them alone.

As far as Canada and Australia are concerned the solution of the question is dependent upon whether those

colonies wish in the future to acquire the full privileges of national existence. If they do not, we had better remain as we are. If they do, we should prepare by means of discussion and consideration for the future spread before us. Then comes the important question, if this change is to take place, and who can doubt that it will, would it not be best to take up the burdens and responsibilities of national existence in accordance with the principles of British development, and with the preservation and enhancement of our present privileges as British subjects, and citizens of a world-wide Empire.

Then if we take the question of our future national existence upon the lowest possible basis, that of dollars and cents, would it not pay us, when we are prepared to take upon ourselves the duties of a nation, to do so by means of a stated contribution to the Imperial Navy and representation in a Council from the countries mentioned which should have a supervision of all questions of foreign Imperial policy, giving us privileges which we have not yet received? Such a policy would raise us from our position of colonial dependence to that of allies and states having a really national existence without one-fourth of the enormous expense which we would have to incur as an independent nation, and with a power which would be magnificent in comparison with the position of humiliating dependence upon the United States, which we would occupy were your proposal to be carried out.

I have upon previous occasions ventured to outline our policy as follows:

1. Combination for defence.
2. Co-operation for commercial purposes.
3. The gradual consolidation of existing political relations.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this great Empire is dependent upon the fleet of Great Britain for the protection of its enormous commerce of 5,500 millions per annum, for the safety of its coast cities and sparsely populated territories, and I would point out that if we only agree upon a stated contribution from the great self-governing colonies at some future date, towards the efficient maintenance of the Imperial fleet, that navy can be rendered so powerful as to sweep the seas of opponents and enable this vast Oceanic Empire to say to the world, "You cannot injure us by sea because we are too strong for you, and the only place where you can touch us by land is on the American and Afghanistan frontiers. On the former we always hope to be at peace, on the latter we can command an immense and overwhelming number of loyal and brave subjects."

Of the second part it is only necessary to say that the constant agitation now being quietly and steadily carried on in England is bringing us to a time, now within measurable distance, when Britain will discriminate in favour of Colonial produce in return for a discrimination in her favour, and it is for this we, in Canada, are now working. We want to see the United Colonies, Canada, Australia, the Cape and the West Indies approach the mother country with parliamentary resolutions in their hands, that when she is prepared for this discrimination, they, the Colonies, will be willing to do their share.

The political part of the problem is more difficult to handle, but we feel that in accordance with the time-honoured principles of our constitution, we should continue in the line of our present development, and must receive in time the representation in the control of our foreign affairs to which we are now becoming entitled. I cannot help feeling that the true line of action is the development of the consultative conference of two years ago into a great legislative council. This, however, can only be obtained by the frequent holding of deliberative conferences, until, as our vital interests become more and more united, it will become a political necessity to constitute a permanent conference and, eventually, the Imperial Council will arise as the result of slow and natural growth. Is this impossible? Would it not be advantageous? Yours, etc.,

Toronto, 6th May.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

TRADE COMBINES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Since the appearance in THE WEEK of my two communications on the above subject, I have been the recipient of a number of letters commending and criticizing my proposed solution of the great commercial problem. As a reply to those who were not at one with my plan would necessarily take the shape of a further explanation of the proposition, I trust that I am not too greatly imposing upon your good nature to ask you to once more open your columns in the matter.

While most of my critics admit that the idea of the Government *regulating* rather than *annihilating* combines is a "grand" one, still with singular unanimity they bring forward two objections:—1st. The cost of maintaining a commission for the adjudicating and management of combines would be an unjust burden upon the taxpayers of the country. 2nd. No Government has a right to interfere with the liberties of the commercial subject to an extent sufficient to determine at what price he is to dispose of goods he has become legally possessed of.

The first objection has really so little ground for existence that it is a matter for surprise that it should have been so frequently brought forward, and I can only view it as the result of the prevailing idea in Canada that we are being expensively governed, the believers in which would cry economy in the face of the most necessary expenditure. It will need but little consideration, however,

to see that the interests at stake are so enormous as compared to the expense that none but the most mercenary would continue to press this objection. Moreover, should it be attempted to enforce the present law, amended as Mr. Clarke Wallace would propose, the cost of litigation in the courts of justice would be quite equal to the expenses attached to the maintenance of a specially appointed board of commissioners, whose comprehensive knowledge of the matters brought before them would enable them to adjudicate not only with greater despatch, but with more satisfactory results than could be looked for from judges whose attention is given to such a varied range of questions. Supposing, however, for argument's sake, that we admit the contention. The expenses could easily be met by a special tax on the incorporated combines, the costs being in this way paid by those most benefited. At best the objection is one of detail and should not be considered at this juncture.

The second objection, however, has the appearance of being more difficult of solution, for, on this continent, anything that looks like tampering with the so-called "liberties of the subject" meets with an unintelligent opposition.

As I understand it, it is the duty of a popularly elected Government, such as ours, to enact and have carried out such laws as they consider advantageous to the country at large, irrespective of the claims of certain individuals that their freedom is being interfered with. Should the Government overestimate their rights in this respect a recourse is ever in the hands of the people through the constantly occurring opportunities of showing their approbation or otherwise at the polls.

It is on this principle that we admit the right of the Government to exact import and excise duties upon merchandise; nor has it ever been questioned that it was their *privilege* to pass an Anti-Combines Act, although the disapproval of such a measure has been very strong in commercial circles. On these grounds, therefore, it cannot but be admitted that, should they deem it wise, the Government have the right to regulate the selling prices of certain staple commodities. Now, what I contend is that it is the duty of the Government, instead of forcing upon the country the many evil results of over competition by disallowing all combines, to allow these same combines to exist under their supervision.

As has been shown by the resolutions and actions of the different Canadian Boards of Trade, it is the verdict of our most prominent business men that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, the combines now in existence in the Dominion are more beneficial to the public than otherwise. From this, however, it cannot be argued that the Government are not right in enquiring into and legislating upon the question. In the neighbouring Republic, whose system of protection to native industries we, in reality, imitated, the combinations and trusts have assumed such huge proportions, controlling as they do the very Cabinet at Washington, that it is difficult to see how the people are to be released from their merciless bonds. It would indeed be a very short-sighted policy on our part were we, with our eyes open, to allow our imitation to be carried to such lengths as to include the apparent faults as well as advantages of a system that others before us have experimented upon. Nor can it but be supposed that Combines in Canada—though in a less proportion, as our population is less—would, if left alone, shape themselves in just such dangerous ways as we see them in the States. Legislation of some kind is therefore necessary; but care must be taken that in our eagerness to prevent abuses we do not do more harm than good. Some half-way measure must be adopted, and I believe that the incorporating and regulating of all who wish to combine—the request for such incorporation being made by a large majority of those interested—and the prices so regulated that only a fair interest on the capital invested can be earned is the only feasible plan. For the consumer to try and obtain his goods at prices less than cost is quite as selfish and more short-sighted—if he has his country's welfare at heart—than for manufacturers and dealers to combine together to unreasonably enhance those same prices.

Toronto, May 6, 1889.

H. K. S. HEMMING.

THE LOGIC OF ANNEXATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—"It has passed into a maxim," says Professor Bryce in his admirable work, "The American Commonwealth," "that of all the agencies of civilization commerce is the most important." Congressman Reed, who is to be the next speaker of the American House of Representatives, expressed the same truth the other evening at the annual banquet of the New England Club in New York. "Loftiest motives," said he, "often leave smallest returns. It is a hard thing to say, but it is the truth, that an honest persistent desire for six per cent. interest, with a willingness to take ten, has done more to civilize the world than all the courage of the crusaders." He might have added, "than all the constitutions and laws ever devised or written."

There is, perhaps, no more perfect system of jurisprudence in the world than that of Canada, or let me say, of the Province of Ontario. The laws of the New England States, the admitted centre of the intellectual life of the continent, are not to be compared with them in comprehensiveness, perspicuity and adaptability to the highest good of society. There is here, for instance, little or no State supervision of the medical, legal and teaching professions. The ill effect is apparent to one accustomed to Ontario's

excellent system, though the result is not nearly as bad as he would be led *a priori* to suppose. Public opinion and the genius of the people, as the Americans delight to call it, cure, or at least make tolerable, many of the defects of the laws. And so it is in a greater or less degree everywhere in the United States. By dwelling as Mr. Cunningham does, on the theoretical defects in the laws, and on their practical defects as observed in the record of their enforcement or non-enforcement, it would be easy enough to reason that Americans must be of all people the most miserable. The fact is that of all people they are the most prosperous and happy. "A hundred times," says Professor Bryce in the introduction to his great work, "have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating: a hundred times has the recollection of the abiding strength and vitality of the nation chased away those tremors." The best answer to the men who jeered at Stevenson for a madman and declared that his locomotive would never move, was the revolution of its wheels and the fact that it did move. The Constitution of the United States does work, and under the laws, notwithstanding their many defects, the nation is great, beyond the dreams of the fathers of the Republic.

At this late day it cannot do any harm for Mr. Cunningham to tell Canadians that Free Trade with England is to be preferred to Free Trade with the United States. No one will believe it. England is a country of cheap labour 3,000 miles away. The United States is a country of dear labour, with a population twice as great as Britain, with a people belonging to the same race and speaking the same language as Canadians, and separated from them only by an imaginary line. Reciprocal Free Trade with England would close every manufactory in Canada which has an English competitor, and the Canadians who in twelve months would be left in the country would all be either farmers, lumbermen, fishermen or gentlemen of leisure. Those who would not be left would be in Yankeeland in process of naturalization.

On the other hand free trade with the United States would develop and stimulate diversity of employments, just as the commercial union of all the States and Territories has developed and stimulated the industries of New England, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Dakota and the other Northern States. The Provinces are in every way fitted to take their place alongside the greatest of the American Commonwealths. Under political fusion Ontario, the garden spot of the continent, the natural highway of the traffic between the great wheat area of the West and the seaboard, would in a short time rival the Empire State itself in wealth and importance. It is not an exaggeration to say that had Ontario become a State of the Union during the past fifty years, Toronto would now be among the three or four richest and most populous cities in America. Mr. Cunningham thinks that Commercial Union (and of course political fusion) would not benefit Canada, because Canada has in surplus, and desires to export, just the same sort of produce that the United States exports. The assumption is that the new States would not be permitted to export a bushel of wheat until the old States had exported all they cared to. The assumption is of course unwarranted. Once admitted to the sisterhood of American States the privileges of the Provinces would be precisely those of the neighbouring States. The phenomenal strides this country has made in material progress have been possible, it seems to me, only by means of the magnificent free trade, home-market system of the country—a system by which 60,000,000 of people, occupying half a continent, enjoy absolute free trade among themselves, and adequate protection from injurious competition from abroad. Would this system cease to work beneficially if extended so as to include the other half of the Continent with its 5,000,000 Canadians? Experience has shown that the benefits of free trade under such circumstances increase in geometric ratio, as the territory included is extended. Such will be Canada's experience when her destiny is settled.

Trade when left to itself follows the lines of least resistance. The least natural resistance in the case of the Canadian Provinces is encountered towards the South. Nothing but an imaginary line separates them from the neighbouring States. On the other hand three great gaps divide the Canadian people into four groups. The Maritime Provinces are separated from Ontario and Quebec by a wilderness, hundreds of miles in extent; a vast stretch of rock and forest must be threaded by the overland traveller from Ontario who would reach Manitoba by a Canadian route, while between Manitoba and British Columbia intervene the Rocky Mountains and more than a thousand miles of virgin prairie. It is true that these parts have been joined together by one of the most magnificent railway and water systems in the world; but it is also true that distance cannot be annihilated, and it is and will always remain true, from the configuration of the Continent that the trade of the Maritime Provinces is naturally with New England and that of the other dis-severed parts of the Dominion with the contiguous States to the South.

On almost every hand in Canada it is admitted that the present connection with Great Britain cannot be permanent. It is humiliating and crippling to the country. The bonds of real loyalty and fond remembrance which united the fathers to the mother country are severed in the sons, and their place is taken by bonds of self-interest, drawing them powerfully to this Republic whose people are equally as near to them in blood as are those of England; and as much nearer in sympathy, institutions and commercial interests as they are nearer by reason of the

fact that the two countries are separated only by a mathematical line. Americans, it is true, do not apparently think it to their interest to assist Canadian commerce, so long as Canada continues a dependency of Great Britain and so would not agree to Unrestricted Reciprocity; but in that attitude there is no ill-feeling towards Canada. It is simply an application of the Monroe doctrine—America for Americans. England has a footing on this Continent which was left to her when this nation was born. The United States would never lift a hand to dislodge her; but it is scarcely reasonable to expect this country to aid in strengthening British dominion in America by helping to make Canada rich, populous and powerful, so long as Canada remains subject to the British crown. This is the American national policy of self-preservation. It is entirely colourless and passionless; but none the less real and forceful for all that.

But Mr. Cunningham still clings to his reserve argument that the Constitution of the United States is a poor affair, and that the administration of justice "in the States" is "shamefully lax and corrupt." Not to dwell upon details, the discussion of which would be necessarily interminable, it will perhaps be enough to say that the Constitution was good enough for such eminent publicists as Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Jay, Madison, Marshall, Webster and Clay, and that the great majority of the statesmen and people of the country to-day are fairly well satisfied with it. As to the administration of justice I admitted that in the State courts it was not always what it should be, but I objected to his phrases which exempted no part of the country from his sweeping charges of judicial corruption and incompetency. Such language as "the frequency of 'lynchings' in the States" is far too general to describe the Texas cowboys' method of dealing with horse thieves. The administration of justice in nearly all the States is fairly satisfactory to the people of those States. To say that the courts of this country are shamefully corrupt, is to say that the people are shamefully corrupt, or at least consenting parties to shameful corruption. Mr. Cunningham would, I am convinced, be more complimentary to the people of this country if he knew them better.

But the question of the competency and honesty of the American courts, as raised by Mr. Cunningham, has nothing whatever to do with the Annexation proposition. Under political fusion the Canadian Provinces would have complete control of their own courts, which they have not now got. Ontario would be free to constitute and organize her courts in her own way, as free from influence from Washington as she is now. It is true that the United States Federal courts would have concurrent jurisdiction over certain causes, but I do not apprehend that Mr. Cunningham meant to include them in his denunciation of the American judicial system. The Federal judges, who are among the ablest men in the country, hold office for life, and no breath of suspicion attaches to the courts over which they preside.

Nor will it even be necessary for Ontario when she becomes a State (with a big S) to abandon her dearly loved system of responsible government. With the representative of vice-royalty dismissed and the semblance of power vested where the real power now resides, namely, in the leader of the Government, Ontario would be all ready to take her place among the galaxy of stars which represent the American Union. W. E. RANEY.

Saco, Maine, May 2.

#### AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTIC CANADIANS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have just heard with surprise and regret that the authoress of the drama entitled "Laura Secord: the Heroine of 1812" is heavily in debt to her publisher, owing to the limited sale of the book. The drama records the brave deed of a woman in the service of our country; it was written to do honour to the heroine's patriotic devotion, and Canadians would have done honour to themselves by giving it a more generous reception. It would be impossible to estimate too highly the part which the noble deeds of those who "held the fort," or "kept the bridge," in "the brave days of old," have in exalting a people and creating a strong nationality. The reserve of strength that Great Britain, Germany and France possess in their dead heroes and patriots, whose glorious examples are the inalienable heritage of their countrymen is simply incalculable. Our American neighbours have their glorious dead and honour them as a great nation ought. Canada, though still in an early stage of nation-making, has had heroes of whom she may be proud, and whose memory, it is to be hoped, she will never allow to moulder in "dull forgetfulness." She has had heroines, too, and among them Laura Secord deserves an honourable place. Mrs. Curzon's drama, in which the heroine's patriotism and self-devotion are vividly depicted, was evidently a labour of love; and believing that the subject would appeal to all Canadian hearts as it did to hers, and a ready sale secure her from pecuniary loss, she undertook the expense of its publication. It is painful to know that her expectations have been disappointed. The drama has many merits besides the supreme one of its patriotic motives. The scenes and incidents are appropriate to the place and time, and graphically described; the simple, industrious domestic life of the period, and its rude interruptions by hostile invaders, truly and touchingly brought before us. It is pervaded throughout with genuine poetic feeling, pure and religious

sentiments, the love of nature, and a true humanity. A memoir of the heroine is prefixed; and numerous notes relating to the war and the annals of Canada are added, giving historical importance to the book.

Every Canadian householder ought to make it a point of honour to possess a copy of "Laura Secord: the Heroine of 1812." Every School and Church Library should have at least one copy. Its good print and pretty tasteful binding make it, outside, as well as inside, a most attractive prize, or gift book, for boys or girls.

A lady who lived in this neighbourhood when "Laura Secord" was first published read it to a sewing circle of young girls; and was delighted with the lively interest her audience took in the story, and their warm appreciation of the heroine's brave deed; and all those who, whether they acknowledge woman's rights or not, acknowledge woman's influence, must allow that to inspire the future wives of our young men, with the spirit of patriotism through the teaching of a noble example, is no small contribution towards the making of the nation Canada is yet to be.

Will not every true Canadian who now learns what an inadequate support Mrs. Curzon's patriotic drama has received, come forward at once, buy her beautiful book, and secure her from the loss and mortification that now threatens her? LOUISA MURRAY.

#### "MON AME A DIEU, MON CEUR A TOI."

"My soul to God, my heart to thee,"  
Far o'er the lists the cadence rang,  
Could nobler battle cry e'er be  
'Mid flash of swords and armour-clang?

"What ho! Sir Knight," comes challenge back,  
"Wilt run a course with sharpened spears?"  
Bright smiles from dames he shall not lack  
Who this day rides the victor back,  
Altho' a battered helm he wears."

"Thro' love's rejected prayer, and scorn  
Flashed from my lady's orbs of light,  
I come and pray e'er morrow-morn  
To die as fits a gallant knight."

The trumpets sang—they charged—he fell,  
While heaven high a song soared free,  
Thrilled from a heart aye loving well,  
"My soul to God, my heart to thee."

IVANHOE.

#### THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

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V.—(Continued.)

"THEY telegraphed for me, and when I arrived she was still unconscious. I remained with her through all the long days and nights of fever and delirium that followed, and through it all, even when the fever was at the highest, she never ceased to call your name. Oh, Paul, I never heard such agony in a human voice."

"At this point my aunt's feelings overcame her, and she ceased speaking.

"When she had at length become calmer, she continued: "I remember well the night they said she would die. I sat beside her bed; it was nearly midnight, and they said she could not live till morning. She slowly opened her great blue eyes and looked up into mine. Her lips moved, and I leaned over to catch the sound."

"'Auntie,' she whispered, 'they say I will die before morning, don't they?'"

"'Hush, dear.'

"'Auntie, promise me something.'

"'Anything, dear; but you must not talk.'

"'It was only a breath this time.'

"'Auntie, if I die and Paul recovers, will you tell him that I loved him most?'"

"'Yes, dear,' I whispered, and with a little sigh she slowly closed her eyes again.

"I thought she was dead, but she only slept. They had said she would die; she lived.

"'Afterwards, when the fever had left her and she had become stronger, she told me the whole story.

"When her father took her with him to London in the summer, he did so with the intention that she should become engaged to an elderly but wealthy acquaintance of his, and shortly after arriving home he informed her of his wishes. She refused to comply, and when this Mr. Moreland proposed to her he was rejected. This angered her father greatly. He argued and expostulated by turns, telling her that he must have the money to go abroad, as it was his last hope for life, and still she resolutely refused to do what she knew to be wrong. He then asked her reasons, and she told him simply of her love for you, and how she could never love or marry anyone else. He tried to laugh her out of it, but all to no purpose, for she remained true to the pure instincts of her womanhood.

"And so the time wore on, and each day she watched her father slowly dying by inches before her eyes—he did die within two months after he reached Pau—and each day he told her that a word from her would save him.

"She never spoke once of her own suffering, Paul, during all the time she was relating this to me, but when she told me what follows, her face, even at the memory of it, became as white as it was upon that awful night when she lay so near to death.

"One day her father's cough troubled him much more than usual, and his condition at length became so serious that the attending physician thought it best to call in another in consultation. Winnie was present when the result was made known, and heard them tell her father that unless he left immediately for the south of France he could not live three months, but if he went at once they both thought there might still be hope.

"That evening Mr. Moreland renewed his proposal, and offered, if accepted, to at once advance the money necessary to enable her father to go. She consented, and shortly after, as I wrote you, they were married.

"When she had told me all this, Paul, she was silent for some moments, and then added slowly:

"He was my father, Aunt Hilda, and if it were all to do over again I would do it just as I did, yes, I would do it all, if God would help me as he did before."

"You remember, Paul, what I once told you about Winnie's religion; well, there is only one short chapter more to add to the story. After she had employed some of the best physicians to examine your case, and they had all given it as their opinion that you would probably never regain your reason—

"At this point I could bear the suspense no longer.

"Oh, Aunt Hilda," I cried, "tell me only one thing, is she alive or—dead?"

"She is dead to you, Paul; she is in the town of St. Par, in Southern France, at the Convent of the Holy Sisters—she is a nun."

VI.

"I think I gave you last evening, my friend, a history of the few more important events that occurred during my first year in the village of St. Par. If I did, I must have mentioned the good brothers Barsad, in whose employ I was during the greater part of my sojourn there. Did I not speak to you, my friend, of the good brothers?"

I made no reply, as I had found it was wiser never to differ from him in anything which he might say. He had such a firm belief in the certainty of his powers of recollection that upon several occasions my drawing his attention to inaccuracies of this nature had led us into argument. Indeed, once or twice when this happened he had refused during the remainder of the evening to again speak of his history, and that notwithstanding I had consented to admit I was in error. He seemed not to notice my silence, however, and continued:

"Ah, my friend, the villagers were not mistaken when they called the brothers good. It had not until then been my fortune to meet two such venerable and saintly old men, nor have I ever since seen their like. They were, in truth, as I have said, far advanced in years, both of them having watched the varying changes of over three-quarters of a century, and it was related of them in the village, that during the whole of that time there had never been a single falling out between them. After I had lived for some time in the home of the brothers, I found no difficulty in believing this to be true. I do not recollect ever seeing the one sit down to a meal until the other was first present. I well remember one evening coming in late from the fields, and finding Suger sitting, as was his custom, in the little yard before the house, and seeing that the table was already prepared for our simple meal, I showed some signs of impatience at being obliged to wait, for I was very hungry. The grave old man turned towards me and slowly said:

"Be seated at the table, my son, and begin to eat; it is not well that your hunger should remain longer unsatisfied."

"I replied, 'Will you not also be seated, Father Suger, it is now so long since the noon hour?'

"No, my son," he said, "I will await my brother's coming, I do not care to eat until the food first has his blessing."

"It may seem strange to you, my friend, that he should call me son, seeing that I also appeared well advanced in years, but you would not deem it so if you had seen him. There were few in the village who remembered ever hearing him called by any other name than that of Father Suger, and, indeed, my friend, the benignity of his countenance would have commanded that reverent address, from one to whom the story of his godly life was wholly unknown.

"But to me, my friend, he became more than a father in mere mode of formal address; ah, yes, much more than that. How often after returning from labour have I thrown myself down upon the grass at his feet, and felt encouraged and strengthened by his wise and kindly words. And, ah, my friend, how often upon those occasions have I sorrowed secretly, for it was only then that I fully realized how great a loss had been mine when my father was taken from me during the unknowing days of my childhood.

"In the morning, if the day promised to be fine, he would always carry his armchair down into the little garden and place it under the shade of a tree which stood at a short distance from the door path. This was his favourite resting place, and here he might be found at almost any time during the remainder of the day, listening to the shrill piping of the birds, of whose singing he was very fond.

"I remember hearing a neighbour one day remonstrating with him in a friendly way for not driving away the birds and taking better care of his vines, but the good old man only replied:

"God created the birds as well as ourselves, and they must also be fed."

"It was while enjoying the quiet and shade of this retired spot that he related to me many of the events of his earlier life. He seemed never to weary when speaking of his father, and described him as a man of much learning for one born in those parts. I remember his telling me on one occasion how he came to be called by the name of Suger.

"I had always been called Pierre," said he, "until one day when I was about sixteen years old, my father, who had been sitting for some time in profound meditation called me over to this spot, for it was here he always sat. As I approached him he said:

"Pierre, I have been thinking this morning upon the life of a great and good man; would you not, my son, like me to tell you something about him?"

"I assented gladly, for I was always fond of hearing my father talk.

"Well," he continued, "he was the friend and adviser of the sixth Louis, and afterwards, when Louis the Seventh desired to leave France for a time to join the second Holy Crusade, there was none with whom he could so well trust his kingdom as this great man of whom I am speaking. And he, my son, did not betray the confidence which his sovereign had reposed in him, but through the faithful discharge of his duties, lived to be called the father of his country. Now listen, my son, until I tell you the secret of his greatness. He lived in an age when knowledge was held entitled to the greatest reverence; in an age when the great St. Bernard represented patristic learning, and the profound Abelard, Greek philosophy, but he of whom I speak, heeding all these, gave up his time to unceasing study of the Holy Scriptures, and had for his purpose the advancement of God's kingdom in the earth and the well being of his own soul. Do you, my son, not wish that you may some day be good and great as he was?"

"Oh, yes, father," I cried, being pleased with the idea of having such a high position.

"Well, my son," he continued, "he of whom I have spoken was called the Abbot Suger, and Suger you shall from this day be called, that you may always remember when you hear the name that he to whom it once belonged was good first and great afterwards, and may you, my son, strive to be like him."

"When the good Abbot had thus completed the narration of the incident he remained silent for some time as if engaged in thought, and then slowly added, with a sigh:

"Ah, how utterly unworthy of the name have I proved myself to be."

"He told me many other events of his life also, but I would only weary you, my friend, should I attempt their narration, and at the same time it would in no wise further the purpose which I have in relating to you my history. I must, however, inform you of one thing, which I learned from the old man. He had at one time spent some years in Paris as apprentice to a very learned Jew, but of his life there he always refused to speak, until he had become aware that my learning was more advanced than that of the other villagers. He then told me of some strange sights which he had seen while in Paris, and also how he had succeeded in copying part of a very ancient manuscript which the Jew had always been careful to keep in secret. He even went so far as to allow me to see the copy which he had made; but I need not dwell longer here, as it will be necessary for me to speak to you again concerning these matters.

"I have, perhaps, already in the course of my narrative made mention of the younger brother, and if so I have called him Jacques. He was the gardener at the Convent of the Holy Sisters, and, in truth, that was the reason why I first entered the employ of the brothers. I thought that perhaps after a time had elapsed and I had become better known, I might, with the influence of the brothers, succeed him in his position at the convent, and my hope was not without reason.

"The old man was beginning at last to show the effects of his long and laborious life. Even since my arrival in the village he had exhibited so marked a change that I had myself noticed it. He stooped more than he did at first; his step had become slower and less certain, and at times he was even obliged to use a stick with which to steady himself.

"I see you are not surprised at this, my friend, and deem it but the natural consequence of his advanced years, but you must remember the brothers were not men who would succumb easily to old age. They had both been famed for their great strength and powers of endurance from their youth up, and indeed it was commonly related of Jacques—the one of whom I have just been speaking—that when he was a young man one day a large bear came down from the forests back of the convent and he killed it with no other weapon than a short stick. No, I think it must have been his unceasing toil that played such havoc with his strength in his old age.

"I remember well, upon one occasion, having to lend the old man my assistance to enable him to reach his home. It occurred one evening, and I mention it thus particularly, because it was during that same evening that I first entered the service of the brothers.

"I was returning along the quiet little road that leads from the convent down past the house of the brothers, and then taking a turn to the south, runs on through the village. I had been up looking at the convent. I do not know just why it was I went. I had been there many times before, always with the secret hope that I might see her face, and always had I been doomed to disappointment. This occasion had been no exception. I had already tried every means in my power to obtain admittance within

the walls of the convent, but without success, and the day when I should do so seemed now as far distant and unapproachable as it had been seven months before, when I arrived first in the village.

"Ah, my friend, in the cold stone that arched itself above that gloomy convent portal might well have been written the awful words which the divine poet saw above the gate of hell: 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' And yet, although it was my nature so to be, I was not discouraged. I would say to myself each morning, 'It may be that I will see her to-day,' and again, when the sun had lowered, and the evening was come, 'Ah, well, it may be to-morrow.'

"I had with me the picture of her which I painted at Seaton Village when a boy, and I might look at that when I pleased, and no one could take it from me. And then I had my dreams. They were often of her, very often. I have sometimes thought perhaps the good angels were sorry for me, and made them so.

"Ah, my friend, how I longed to see her face no one can ever know. Just to see it—to see it, if only for a minute. A minute is not long; listen."

He counted slowly up to sixty, as the second hand of his watch completed the circle of its little dial. Then he said:

"No, a minute is not long, my friend, but it was all I asked for then."

He stopped speaking; his face was working nervously, and with one hand he was pulling at a loose piece of covering on his chair. Then he suddenly arose to his feet, and turning toward me exclaimed:

"I was wrong, my friend. I say I was wrong when I told you why I went to the convent. That was not my reason. I went that I might gaze at those gray walls, and say to myself, 'She lives, Paul! She lives! and you will surely see her, ah, yes, surely, because she lives.'"

As he stood before me his whole body was trembling, and he appeared to be again in the same excited state in which I had seen him once before. I felt sorry for the old man, and was about to make some soothing remark, when, without again speaking, he turned to the door and went out.

I saw him no more that night.

VII.

"I think," said Professor Paul, "that upon the occasion of your last visit, my friend, I told you somewhat concerning my life in the village of St. Par. If I did, I must have mentioned how distasteful to me its dull monotony became.

"The village, situated as it was, upon the river Gise, a small stream that bears its tribute to the earlier waters of the great Garonne, was withdrawn so far from the main line of travel that a strange face was seldom if ever, seen there. Most of the villagers if not all—really my friend I believe I might well say all, and not be beyond the limit of the truth—at all events most of the villagers, had been born there, and by the unambitious rustics of those parts, this fact alone is always considered a sufficient reason for living and dying upon the spot. Some one has said that one of the four things which prevent a man otherwise capable from becoming great is love of home, and it may be that this was the reason for the dull apathy which seemed to have taken possession of the entire population. If there was a spark of life hidden away in the souls of any of the inhabitants it only shows the truth of this assertion, for it certainly never showed itself in their native village.

"The trips which I was obliged to make at various times to the nearest town, for the purpose of purchasing seed and other necessaries for the farm, were indeed a slight relief, but even then I do not think I could have endured my existence in the village, had it not been that the one great object which absorbed all my thoughts called upon me so earnestly to stay.

"It was during my absence on one of the trips I have just mentioned, that an event occurred in the village which was destined to draw the long days of my sojourn there to a sudden close. I had been away purchasing seed as usual, but as the kind I wanted had become somewhat scarce, the crop having been very small that year, I experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining the required quantity. I was thus delayed longer than my accustomed time, and it was not until the evening of the third day after my departure, that I again came within view of the village. It was just dusk as we rounded the last turn in the road, and saw beneath us the lights twinkling in the valley. It was a beautiful sight even to my eyes, which had looked upon it so many times before.

"Below at our feet lay the village, its many glimmering lights making it appear like some quiet lake, embedded among the tall hills, and yielding back again to heaven a pale reflection of its stars. Far to the westward, like a broken vein of blood, rushed the great Garonne down towards the dull red of the sunset. For though it was already dark in the valley, the sun still lingered above the horizon, and the surrounding hills, which caught its last rays, each added a superb pinnacle of flame to the wild beauty of the scene.

"It was a long time ago, my friend, that I looked upon that picture, but the events which so quickly followed impressed it forever upon my mind.

(To be continued.)

## THE CRITIC OF PILOT MOUND.\*

I AIN'T got nuthin' to talk of,  
An' I never wuz much on a speech,  
Besides I've given up jawin'  
Of things that is out o' my reach.

An' I reckon thar aint no profit,  
That any of us can see,  
Repeatin' sumthin' some other chap  
Sez slicker ner you er me.

But thar's sometimes a powerful feelin'  
A-movin' around within,  
A forcin' a quiet feller like me,  
To get on his feet an' chin.

An' if he's got sumthin' to holler,  
Sumthin' that's good an' true,  
Traps it'll bear repeatin',  
Ef he puts it a way that's new.

I never wuz no great student,  
Studyin' aint in my line,  
Ranchin' out on the prarce,  
Er blastin' down in the mine.

Yet I see a heap o' beauty—  
Poetry you would say—  
In the things that's passin' around me  
Pretty nigh every day.

Yet I never thought of askin'  
The question, What natur' meant  
Layin' the prarce out on the flat  
An' the mountain up like a tent?

An' I don't think natur' reckoned  
Herself, on the reason why,  
When she put the green in the forest,  
An' the blue up thar in the sky.

D'ye think when I hear the singin'  
Of birds in the early spring;  
Er watch a hawk in the twilight,  
Afloat on its steady wing;

That I want to collar the critters,  
An' tare 'em apart to see  
Jest what has produced that music,  
Er the power to float so free?

D'ye think cos a man's a doctor,  
An' knows how each muscle moves,  
He kin get a tenderer feelin'  
From the hand of the gal he loves?

Thar's a sayin' that "knowledge is power,"  
An' I don't say it aint no such;  
But haven't you seen some fellers  
That pretty nigh know'd too much—

Filled to bustin' with knowledge,  
Latin an' French an' Greek;  
Yet couldn't aheard the talkin'  
Of frogs in the cedar creek!

I didn't come here to be sassy,  
An' say that a man's a fool,  
Fer knowin' mor'n I know myself  
Of things that ye learn in school.

Fer school is a powerful blessin'  
To boys in the winter spell,  
Readin' and learnin' to cypher,  
An'—courtin' the gals as well.

Larnin's a thing I've wished for  
Many an' many a trip,  
When I've heerd' the fellers talkin'  
O' things that wuz past my grip.

For I've thought of I'd the knowledge  
They wuz slingin' around so loose  
Fer no partic'lar purpose,  
I'd put it to better use.

Yet I ain't got any envy  
Of fellers that knows a pile,  
Fer who knows, a heap o' larnin'  
Mebbe would cramp my style.

But here's the idge that strikes me,  
When I'm lis'nin' to larned talk,  
That it don't get onto the beauties  
That's plain es a piece of chalk.

Huntin' around fer sumthin'  
That does'nt amount to shucks,  
No more ner a weed on a mountain—  
Sumthin' they calls a "crux."

Cruxes is puzzles, they toll me,  
Then cruxes be damned, sez I,  
Give me the wide bright river,  
Give me the open sky.

Out in the long swift rapid,  
The track may be kinder queer;  
But keep yer eye on the river,  
An' yer arm'll know how to steer.

But if ye git feelin' nervous  
With eyein one nasty spot,  
The chances is ten to nuthin'  
That you an' yer load's upshot.

'Cos why—when the stream's arushin'  
Like thought from a mighty mind,  
Thar ain't no time fer viewin'  
The bubbles that's left behind.

They wuz part of old natur's pictur';  
But what matter fer you to know  
Ef they wuz the risin' of nat'ral gas,  
Er the breath of a rat below?

Jist a word to the students of writers  
Who hev writ the swaggerest things:  
Don't lose the beauty of flyin' birds,  
Dissectin' their cold dead wings.

Look out on them mountain ranges  
An' the clouds that acrost 'em float  
What matter is it to you er me,  
Ef that speck is a bar er goat?

Be keerful, a-huntin' fer little parts,  
That they don't so fill yer soul,  
That it won't hev room when yer finished,  
To take in the mighty whole.

BARRY DANE.

## NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.\*

THE present volume cannot compare with its predecessor in the matter of great names. There is not one in the foremost rank of literature, unless we except Fielding; and there is no one except Faraday, who can be placed in a similar position as a man of science. But for all that, the volume is full of interest, and every reader may spend a good many pleasant and profitable hours in making the acquaintance of many considerable men and women, and in refreshing their remembrance and increasing their knowledge of many already known.

As in the previous volume we had a good many Eadwards and Edwards, so here we have the Ethel or Æthel-balds and berts, with other terminations. Most of these are done by Mr. Hunt, of whose articles it is hardly possible to speak too highly. He has given us an admirable account of a very interesting and important period of pre-Norman English History in his memoir of Ethelred the Unready, whose conduct on relation to the Danes had the greatest effect in the history of England, not merely in placing it under Danish rule, but perhaps also in preparing for the defeat of the English by William the Conqueror. Our readers can hardly need to be reminded that he was the father of Edward the Confessor, and the ancestor of the royal house of England.

An excellent account is given, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, of Etty, the "English Rubens." Opinions will always differ as to the merits of Etty, as they do about Rubens. For his own part, the writer of these lines, although he has seen what seems like acres of pictures by Rubens, has never been quite able to admire him with any cordiality; while he has never been persuaded to dislike Etty, although he might prefer a taste somewhat more severe than that which produced some of the pictures in the Vernon collection in the National Gallery.

Passing over quite a multitude of Evanses, some of them (not forgetting de Lacy) men of eminence, we alight at the pleasant name of "John Evelyn, virtuoso," where we find a charming article by the editor. "Evelyn," says Mr. Stephen, "is the typical instance of the accomplished and public-spirited country gentleman of the Restoration, a pious and devoted member of the Church of England, and a staunch Loyalist, in spite of his grave disapproval of the manners of the court. His domestic life was pure and his affections strong, and he devoted himself to work of public utility, although prudence as well as diffidence kept him aloof from the active political life which might have tested his character more severely."

A very good account is given of the two Fabers—G. S. Faber, Prophet-Faber, as he was called, and Poet-Faber, his nephew, F. W. Faber, the well known author of some charming hymns and of some popular theological treatises—"The Creature and the Creator," etc., which are held in high estimation by many besides Roman Catholics. The Poet is in no more danger of being forgotten than Isaac Watts, Toplady, or Charles Wesley; but the Prophet's chief merits are very likely to be forgotten. His interpretations of prophecy are probably not now regarded by any living human being; but it ought not to be forgotten that he was a leader in the cultivation of historical theology in England. Even if he had possessed less of the historical spirit, and even if his books had less of permanent value than belongs to them, he deserves a tribute of gratitude from those who know the importance of the work which he promoted.

The article on Fairfax, the parliamentary leader, is excellent, interesting, and worthy of its great subject. If Fairfax cannot be reckoned among the great men, still less can he be called little. He possessed many of the finest qualities, and his part in the troubles of his times is always worthy, patriotic, and unselfish. A good many names meet us here not unworthy of notice, such as Fairfax, the translator, Falconer, author of the "Shipwreck," Anthony Farindon, and others; but under this letter we come upon one of the best memoirs in the volume, that of Michael Faraday, written by Professor Tyndall. It would be impossible here even to name the chief experiments and discoveries of Faraday; but we may remind our less scientific readers of one particular result which he attained. "A sure and certain addition," says Dr. Tyndall, "was made to our knowledge of matter by these important experiments. They rendered the conclusion next to certain that all gases are but the vapours of liquids, possessing very low boiling points—a conclusion triumphantly vindicated by the liquefaction of atmospheric air, and other refractory gases in our own day." Of his religious character, among other things the writer says: "His faith never wavered, but remained to the end as fresh as when in 1821 he made his 'confession of sin and profession of faith.' In reply

to a question from Lady Lovelace, he described himself as belonging to 'a very small and despised sect of Christians, known—if known at all—as Sandemanians; and our hope is founded on the faith as it is in Christ.' He made a strict severance of his religion from his science. Man could not, by reasoning, find out God. He believed in a direct communion between God and the human soul, and these whisperings and monitions of the Divinity were qualitatively different from the data of science."

It must needs be that in a work of this kind, constructed with scientific accuracies, some of our beliefs will get exploded, some favourite stories will be removed to the department of legend or myth. So we find that Fergus I., who was supposed to be a contemporary of Alexander the Great, must be snuffed out, and his place taken by Fergus II. (d. A. D. 501). Another correction is a little distressing. We have always been accustomed to assign to the composer, Richard Farrant, the beautiful anthem, "Lord, for Thy Tender Mercies' Sake," and the single chant (an admirable one) in F, which bears his name. We are happy to think that the objections are not absolutely certain. Passing on, we find an excellent account of John Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, the "Steenie" of the "Fortunes of Nigel." Felton was the man whom the populace saluted as "Little David," as having slain Goliath. We find, also, a good account of Fenwick, the conspirator against William III.

Robert Ferguson, the Scottish poet, the link between Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns, receives kindly treatment; but no allusion is made to his most popular song (unless we are mistaken) "Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane." An excellent memoir is given of Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, the nephew and son-in-law of John Wilson ("Christopher North"), also of his aunt, Miss Ferrier, author of the "Inheritance" and other novels once held in great repute. The article on Fielding, although good, is hardly equal to the expectations of his admirers. Greater justice is done to the man than to the writer. Still the article, which is by the editor, is well worth reading.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

THE STORY OF LOUISIANA. By Maurice Thompson. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This picturesquely written story of the old southern colony of France in America is the third issue of a series of narratives of the individual States of the Union, of which New York and Ohio were the first and second instalments. To the historical student as well as to the lover of romance Louisiana is an inviting field; and it must be said that Mr. Thompson has presented his subject attractively, on large, bold lines, with no weariness of detail or dulness of narration. What the author has given us is a vivid and manifestly careful sketch of the history of Louisiana from the discovery of the Mississippi and the era of French colonization in the region, through the Spanish regime, until it passed, first as a territory then as a State, under the American flag. The early story of discovery, and the subsequent occupation of the region, first by France then by Spain, is very strikingly and sympathetically told. Equally striking is the chapter dealing with the period of transition from Spanish administration to the rule of the Republic, and that which treats of the Pelican State during the Civil War. But perhaps the most interesting of all is the chapter on the "Old Regime," which describes New Orleans life after the Revolutionary War and tells of the battle of the two tongues—the French and the English—which ensues, with the uncompromising persistence with which the Creoles clung to their ancestral speech. While the Anglo-Saxon has won, there is still a very sharp line of division, not only in the speech but in the civilization of the people, between the dominant race and the Creole and Acadian remnant that make up a very picturesque and interesting part of the whole population. The region presents some features not unlike that met with in our own Province of Quebec, though unlike the situation in Quebec, English speech and English institutions have a secure foothold, and are gaining by steady progression. The work has some charming illustrations which add much to the interest and attractiveness of the volume.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT. [Great Writers' Series.] By David Hannay. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

Sticklers for literary propriety will doubtless question the right of the editor of this series of literary biographies to include Marryat in the list of "Great Writers," and in doing so we should agree with them. Nevertheless, for the subject of the present "Life," as the beguiler of our youth, we have a deep affection; and if Marryat is not to take a place in the front rank of English novelists, we are not of those who would exclude him from such fame as he deserves—a fame which time and the critics may dull the lustre of but will not entirely dissipate. The incidents in the novelist's life are not many nor are they very important. Marryat was born in 1792 and he died in 1848. His life between these two periods, or rather between the year 1806, when he entered the English navy as a midshipman, and the year of his death, divides itself naturally into two parts. The one is occupied by his career at sea, the other by his career as a writer of stories, chiefly about the sea. His sailor life, as we have said, began as a midshipman about 1806, when he took service in the *Imperieuse* under Captain Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald. It

\* Read at the Annual Dinner of the Montreal Shakespeare Club, April 23rd, 1889.

\* "Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Justice Stephen. Vol. 18. Eadale-Finan. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co. \$3.75.

closed in 1830, when he retired a post-captain and a C.B. with a varied experience of naval life, gained in the Mediterranean, during the Napoleonic wars, off the coast of Africa, and in Indian waters during the Burmese war. The last eighteen years of his life he gave to literature, in the writing of his sea stories, from "Frank Mildmay," in 1829, through the illustrious series known to every school boy—"Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Midshipman Easy," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Poor Jack," "Masterman Ready," and the rest of them to his "Settlers in Canada," and "Children of the New Forest" in 1844 and 1847. Besides this creditable amount of literary activity, Marryat engaged in journalism, travelled on the European Continent and in America; and wrote and published voluminous diaries together with a number of didactic tales for children, letters on farming, plays for the stage, and other miscellaneous literary work. Though pursuing ardently the profession of letters his heart was always in the sea. This receives a close illustration during his visit to America, in 1837, for during the rebellion in Canada in that year we find him offering his services to Sir Francis Bond Head for a command on the Lakes. He actually took part, we learn, in an expedition against the rebels in Lower Canada, and seemed to wish that the complications with the States would lead to war with Britain and to his getting a command on the Atlantic coast. Marryat did not have his desire gratified, and, offending the Americans by his belligerent attitude, he shortened his tour in the States and returned to his novel writing in England. His literary work seems to have paid him well, though his free mode of living and extravagant habits kept him always in debt. His biographer seems to have had a difficulty in piecing together the rather fragmentary facts of his life. Such facts as could be gleaned reveal the novelist as a literary Bohemian, though at sea he had the reputation of being a brave man and a good officer. Mr. Hannay's estimate of Marryat as a writer it is impossible to quarrel with. He gives him his due, but in no way does he over-paint the picture.

*The Magazine of Poetry: A Quarterly Review* (Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton). Number Two of this new candidate for public favour is on our table. It contains a large number of poems by representative writers, biographical sketches, and a score of full-paged illustrations. The typographical appearance of the magazine is beyond all praise.

*The Magazine of American History* for May contains a large quantity of matter referring to the Washington Centennial recently observed by our American cousins. The frontispiece of the number is a fine portrait of Washington; and the leading article, profusely illustrated, tells about Washington's historic luncheon in Elizabeth, N.Y. "The Harrisons in History" is an interesting paper, showing that for more than one hundred and fifty years the ancestors of the President have been distinguished for their high personal qualities and moral worth. Altogether this number is of more than average interest.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for April (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) Sir Charles Dilke presents the second of his series on the "Frontiers of India." These papers, while partly military, are largely made up of descriptions of places seldom visited by Europeans. Prof. J. R. Seeley's address on "Ethics and Religion," before the Ethical Society of Cambridge, is printed in full. Mr. W. H. Mallock joins the agnostic controversy with a paper entitled "Cowardly Agnosticism" in which he points out a number of startling facts. Two papers from opposite standpoints treat of the "Enfranchisement of Women," by Miss Fawcett and Stuart Glennie, which are especially timely in view of the fact that two Bills are now before Parliament giving the suffrage to women.

*The Contemporary Review* for April (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company, 29 Park Row) opens with two timely papers on the political situation in France by G. Monod and P. G. Hamerton. Prof. A. V. Dicey discusses the "Rights of Public Meetings," viewing the matter from the standpoint of a lawyer, and not as a politician. The Rev. Horace Waller treats of the slave question in Africa in an article entitled "The Two Ends of the Slave Stick." Prof. Edward A. Freeman contributes a lengthy paper on Christianity and the "Geocentric System." Mr. Dale continues his interesting papers on Australia, devoting himself this month to a consideration of religion and morals. Dean Plumtre writes an interesting and novel paper on Shakespeare's travels in Somerset, Wales and Netherlands, basing his argument on extracts from the plays and poems.

*The May Forum* is a strong number, presenting an attractive table of contents. Among the more prominent papers we may mention: "The Saloon as a Political Power," by Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, of the New York Legislature; the "Perils of Democracy," by Prof. Emile de Laveleye, of the University of Liege: "Where Darwinism Fails," by Prof. St. George Mivart; Grant Allen, replying to a recent argument by Prof. Lester F. Ward, maintains that women are not the more important half of the human race, being the sex sacrificed to reproductive necessities; Prof. William de W. Hyde, of Bowdoin College, shows the ill effects of school examinations as they are usually conducted; and James Payn, the English novelist, writes an essay on his memory of pleasant conversation, and on what it consists, under the title of "The Closing of the Doors," which refers to his own deafness.

*The Nineteenth Century* for April (New York, Leonard Scott Publication Company, 29 Park Row) opens with a rejoinder on Agnosticism, by Prof. Huxley, in which he replies to the criticisms made by Dr. Wace in the March number. The Earl of Meath discusses the work of the new London Council, the body that has recently been organized for the government of London. Lady Blake writes of "Seals and Seal Fisheries." Viscount Powerscourt, a Liberal-Unionist, contributes some casual notes on Ireland. Mr. Scrutton, the President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom for 1888, replies to Mr. Plimsoll's paper on "Marine Insurance" in the March issue. Sir William Gregory contributes an interesting series of reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell. Dr. Tuke writes of "Lunatics as Patients, not Prisoners." The Marquis of Lorne makes some suggestions for emigrants, with special reference to Canada.

*Outing* for May, is a number of unusual excellence. It contains a very interesting description of a stay "From Saturday to Monday in Antwerp," by Charles Turner. The article is handsomely illustrated. We note the following principal articles:—"Habit and Saddle for Ladies," by Lizzie A. Tompkins, illustrated by Marie Guise; "Camping Outfits and Equipments," by Alfred Balch; Gen. Marcy's paper on "Big Game Hunting in the Wild West;" "The Virginia Deer" is highly entertaining; as is also the account of the "Larchmont Yacht Club," by Frank S. Pinckney. Both articles are richly illustrated. The canoeist will read with interest, "The Cruise of the Sybaris and Shaw Shaw," by Edward L. Chichester, who has embellished the text with striking pen-and-ink sketches. "A Day's Sword Fishing," by S. H. Hubbard; and "Tales of the Tavern Talkers," by Chris. Wheeler. "Upon the Wheel," by Howell Stroud England, and "Song," are poems of much merit. The Editorial Departments are unusually interesting, and the Records are as accurate and full of valuable information as usual.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### QUEEN'S OWN MINSTRELS.

A UNIQUE performance was given at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening by the Queen's Own Rifles in aid of their band fund. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, not a seat being left vacant, and every box being occupied. Fashion and youth and beauty were omnipresent. The programme embraced music by the band of the regiment, a minstrel performance, music by the Bugle Band, and miscellaneous performances. The band played extremely well, giving an extremely fine rendering of the "William Tell" overture, and of Puerer's "On the Plantation." The martial clangour of the bugle band stirred the house to military ardour. When the curtain rose and displayed some sixty members of the regiment in full evening dress, faces blacked, and hair neatly powdered, there was a general round of applause, which was further justified by the excellent singing of these young gentlemen. They gave a spirited rendering of the "Soldiers' Chorus," from Faust, and then the programme became one of the conventional minstrel type. Jokes were cracked by the ten end men, all of them being heartily enjoyed by the audience, though many of them were not absolutely new; and ballads were sung, as well as comic negro songs. In these the soloists displayed remarkable talent, and the chorus sang excellently, giving two beautiful whispering choruses, and winding up with a martial rendering of "The Old Brigade." The second part consisted of specialties, chief among which were Mr. Ramsay's eccentricities, the Cunningham Brothers' dancing, and Mr. Simpson's ventriloquism. A pleasant evening was spent, and a handsome sum netted for the band fund.

#### THE VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

WE have very good reason to be proud of the musical societies of Toronto, and usually feel especially so when the concerts of the Toronto Vocal Society take place. The one which took place on Tuesday was one which was specially strong in its effects of this nature, for it was one of the best ever given by the society. Its selection of part songs was excellent, and its singing was fully up to the best of its previous efforts. The repertoire available for such a force is rich in the extreme, hundreds of beautiful glees and part songs being available, and Mr. Haslam is doing good work in acquainting us with the best of them. Pretty pieces of singing were Pinsuti's "Tell Me, Flora," Macfarren's "Sands of Dee," and "When Hands Meet," all of which were beautifully done. Then came the "Cruiskeen Lawn," "O, Gladsome Light," and Hatton's "Sailors' Song." A novelty was the glee, "Sigh no more, Ladies," for ladies' voices, which was exquisitely rendered. Mendelssohn's noble "Why Rage Fiercely the Heathen?" was most dramatically sung. The chorus singing was distinguished by a firm and sure attack, wonderfully truthful intonation, strict attention to the conductor's baton, and all the delicate light and shade effects that have made the society famous. Mr. H. M. Field played two Chopin numbers, the "Etude" in A flat, and the "Ballade" in the same key, and the Liszt "Valse Impromptu" in A flat; the "Polonaise" in E, and the "Sonnette di Petrarca." His playing was careful and essentially refined. He has power, and yet a pleasing reserve, and in the matter of taste and expression he leaves little to wish for. Miss Laura Webster, a very graceful young violoncellist, played the "Andante Finale" from Goltermann's Concerto,

and another number of an airy, fanciful nature. She has a fine round tone, and plays with great taste. Mme. Wilson-Osman was the vocalist of the evening. She has a good style and pleasing voice, and sang a selection that ranged from the "Caro Nome" of the "Rigoletto" to Clay's "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side," her other pieces being Linley's "O, Bid your faithful Ariel Fly" and Purcell's beautiful "Nymphs and Shepherds." Her rendition was agreeable, but her voice was not large enough for the Pavilion.

THE Philharmonic Society offers a peculiarly fine attraction next week. It will sing Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," in which Mme. Annie Louise Tanner, soprano; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor, and Mr. E. W. Schuch, basso, will take the solo parts. The visiting artists, with Mons. Ovide Musin, the great violinist, will also assist in the miscellaneous second part. There will be a public rehearsal on Monday evening, as well as the regular concert on Tuesday, and the miscellaneous programme will be entirely different at each concert.

THE Italian Society, Cristoforo Colombo, will give its first annual concert in aid of its benevolent fund on Monday evening at Association Hall. The Conservatory String Quartette Club, already become so popular, will assist, as well as Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss H. A. Mills, Mr. E. W. Schuch, and Mr. Grant Stewart. Signor D. Auria has prepared an attractive programme for the occasion.

MISS EMMA JUCH will be here on May 31st and June 1st, when three concerts will be given by her company, which will consist of herself, Mme. Terese Herbert-Foerster, soprano; Miss Helene Von Doenhoff, contralto; Signor Jules Perotti, tenor; Mr. James H. Ricketson, tenor; Signor Giuseppe Campanari, baritone; Mr. Emil Fischer, basso; Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the celebrated pianiste; Mr. Max Bendix, and Mr. Victor Herbert, respectively solo violinist and cellist, and a grand orchestra of forty musicians taken from the Philharmonic and Symphony Societies of New York and Boston, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, of Boston.

THE irrepresible P. S. Gilmore, with his famous band, will be here again this year, in greater strength than ever. The special artists engaged are: Signor Italo Campanini, the great tenor; Signor Eugene De Dauckwardt, the great Swedish tenor from the Royal Opera, Copenhagen; Signorina Clementina De Verte, the soprano of the late Campanini Co.; Madame Blanche Stone Barton, a foremost American soprano; Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, a contralto wholly worthy of her distinguished company; Signor Giuseppe Del Puente, the popular baritone; Myron W. Whitney, the grand basso; Signor Ferrari, pianist. The whole under the directorship of the world-renowned P. S. Gilmore. The concerts in Toronto will consist of two matinees and two evenings on Thursday and Friday, 13th and 14th June, under the auspices of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, which will appear in one or two choruses at each concert, conducted by Mr. F. H. Torrington, ending with national airs and artillery accompaniment.

IN the great Stewart Cathedral, at Garden City, Long Island, they have an ideal arrangement of the organs in the church. Six different organs have been built in different parts of the building. The most important of these is the great organ in the North apse. It is furnished with four keyboards and 124 stops, with twenty-four combination stops that admit of more than a million combinations of sound. On either side of the choir is another organ, with a fourth of great power in the crypt, a fifth in the tower, and an echo organ built under the vaulting of the roof. This produces a soft and weird music. All the organs are operated from the keyboard of the great apse organ, which also plays the chimes of thirteen bells in the tower. The choir instruments are made to correspond by means of iron tubes filled with wind by a bellows engine in the crypt, the tower and the vaulting. All the organs and chimes are connected by electric wires, about twenty-six miles of which are employed, supplied with electricity by a motor in the tower engine room. Sublime and grand are the only terms which can suggest the effect of the volume of harmony produced by these instruments in united action.

THE Ottawa Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Dingley Brown, will sing Sir Henry Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron," and Neil W. Gade's "Erl-King's Daughter," on the 21st inst. Mr. E. W. Schuch has been engaged to sing the bass solos.

THE Q. O. R. artists in burnt cork intend to perform their programme at Montreal, when the regiment takes its Queen's Birthday excursion to that city.

AT the Covent Garden Opera in London there will be a string of American *prime donne* this season. Mesdames Valda, Ella Russell, Van Zandt, and Nordica will be on the list.

CARL ROSA, for so many years identified with English Opera in England, died last week, after a very short illness, at the early age of forty-six. Mr. Rosa is best remembered in America as the husband of the lamented Parepa. In England he worked up English opera to a degree of excellence and magnificence that vied with the best productions of Italian opera in the Capital. At one time he had in his company twenty-four leading artists, a chorus of sixty, a ballet of forty, and an orchestra of seventy. Among his more important productions were "Mignon," "Aida," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," and as first presentations, "Esmeralda," "Colomba," "The

Canterbury Pilgrims," and "Nadeshda." It is only a few weeks ago since he made a most pronounced success of Planquette's "Paul Jones." Personally Mr. Rosa was a modest, generous, and kindly man, yet full of business capacity and energy, and both the public and the profession will mourn his loss.

SARAH BERNHARDT seems to have made another great success as "Lena Despard," in the French version of "As in a Looking Glass," now running in Paris. Her death scene—which is said to be about all there is in the play—is awaited in breathless silence.

MME. PAUL JULIEN has arrived in the city. She is the widow of the celebrated violinist, Paul Julien, who many years ago played in concert and travelled through the United States and Canada with Madame Sontag, Alboni, Adelina Patti, and other great artists. Madame Julien intends remaining in Toronto during the spring and summer months.

It is probable that Patti will be accompanied on her next American season by Sig. Tamagno, one of the two great American tenors. Tamagno's upper notes are literally tremendous, as are also his terms—\$2,500 per representation.

THE irrepressible Clara Louise Kellogg has gone forth into the world once more, this time at the head of an inexpensive concert troupe. B NATURAL.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

ON Thursday evening last Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of the college staff, lectured in the College Hall before a most appreciative audience on "The Ancient Music of the Greeks and Romans." This highly interesting subject has been made the object of great research by the lecturer while residing in Europe, where he gave it special attention under the direction of such eminent men as Dr. Oscar Paul. In the course of his remarks the lecturer explained how far the ancients progressed in their knowledge of music, the scales which they used, how they used the different key notes, etc. Their composers paid the greatest attention to melody and rhythm, but had no knowledge of harmony. The great dramas of Sophocles, Aeschylus and the other dramatists were all sung or chanted, accompanied by instruments, not even the dialogue being spoken. Mr. Forsyth further explained his remarks by blackboard illustrations, and also gave some fragments of their music, which have been preserved to us, on the piano, the harmonies alone having been added. After the lecture, Mr. Forsyth was warmly complimented by Dr. Strathy, Prof. Loudon, M.A., Mr. T. C. Jeffers, and Mr. Torrington. The value of such lectures to students of music cannot be too highly appreciated, as they explain the foundation and rise of our present system, while to candidates for musical honours they are invaluable, as they give information, which they must thoroughly understand before graduating.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. FROUDE's romance, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," has passed its second edition.

THE *Book Buyer* for May contains an admirable portrait of the historian, George Bancroft.

THE *Old Homestead* is the title of an illustrated monthly magazine of literature and music announced as about to be started in Savannah.

ANDREE HOPE, author of the powerful tale "A Terrible Night," is writing a longer story of Russian life called "Princess Ariane Krasnonoff."

THE 25-cent edition of Margaret Sidney's charming story, "Five Little Peppers," recently published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston, is rapidly being exhausted.

SARAH C. WOOLSEY, better known as Susan Coolidge, will publish, through Roberts Brothers, in the autumn, a new volume of poems, entitled "A Few More Verses."

A RECENT number of the *Colonial Standard*, published at Kingston, Jamaica, contains an appreciative notice of "The Fall of New France," by Mr. Gerald E. Hart, of Montreal.

MRS. FRASER, widow of the late Bishop of Manchester, is assisting in compiling a life of her famous husband, which is designed for the working men and women of Lancashire.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. have in press "Cardinal Lavigerie and Slavery in Africa," which will appear under the patronage of the Cardinal himself, and will contain the latest details of his work.

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD has made publishing arrangements for a new story, in which Queen Esther will prominently figure. The author has gone to Asia Minor and Persia to study local colour.

"THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL," by Mr. Stuart Livingston, now in course of publication in THE WEEK, will be issued in book form in the course of a few days, by Messrs. Hunter and Grant, of Hamilton.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati, will shortly issue "The Jew in English Fiction," by Rabbi David Philipson, D.D. Marlowe, Shakespeare, Cumberland, Scott, Dickens, Disraeli, and George Eliot receive attention.

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Earl of Derby is in preparation. It is rumoured that "one of the most distinguished men of his cabinet" (says the *London Publishers' Circular*, but without naming him) will contribute various personal reminiscences.

A VERY unusual thing in book publishing in Canada has happened to Mr. Cockin. The second edition of his "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys" is exhausted; and a third edition is in the binder's hands. The book well deserves its phenomenal popularity.

IN another part of this issue will be found "The Romance of Adele Hugo," by the Hon. J. W. Longley, of Halifax, written for the *Magazine of American History*. This romantic incident, so well told by Mr. Longley, is another illustration of the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce a new enterprise in the shape of a "Riverside Library for Young People," intended especially for boys and girls who are laying the foundation for private libraries. It will include history, biography, travel, natural history, adventure, mechanics and fiction of the best class.

AT the sale of the Robert Lenox Kennedy library in New York last week, a First Folio of Shakespeare was sold for \$1400 to a purchaser whose name was not made known. Mr. Pope of Brooklyn paid \$475 for "Purchas, His Pilgrims," for which Mr. Kennedy had given \$750. A Har-douin missal of 1514, bound by Clovis Eve, brought \$340.

THE Aberdeen University Debating Society closed its last session with an original operatic comedieta, entitled, "The Chair; or, The Court of a 'Varsity Court.'" Abounding in local allusions and enlivened by tuneful airs, modelled chiefly on the lines of a favourite modern school, the result must be deemed highly gratifying to the students of the granite city. The libretto is entitled, "Songs from the Chair," written by J. Malcolm Bullock, M.A., composed by Fritz Erckmann, published by *Alma Mater Office*, Aberdeen.

POSSIBLY the highest price ever given for any book was when the German Government paid £10,000 for the missal presented by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII. with the title "Defender of the Faith." Charles II. gave it to an ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, whose famous library was dispersed by auction only a few years since. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, for which the Jews of Venice offered Pope Julius II. its weight in gold, equivalent to about £20,000. The offer, however, was refused.

THE late Hon. W. E. Forster, who was Irish Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, and had large experience of the subtlety of his chief, declared, when that eminent gentleman became a convert to Home Rule, and was trying to convert others: "The honourable gentleman can convince other people of most things, but he can convince himself of anything." An accomplished professor of Classics has put this *bon mot* into the following hexameter and pentameter lines:—

Rhetorica mire pollens Gladstonius arte  
Multa potest alitis, cuncta probare sibi.

ABOUT DOCTORS' BILLS.

MANY a struggling family has all it can do to keep the wolf from the door, without being called upon to pay frequent and exorbitant bills for medical advice and attendance.

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Sickness is one of the legacies of life, and yet every ill that flesh is heir to has an antidote in the laboratory of nature. Hon. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., President of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, was a few years ago stricken with kidney disease, which the physicians declared incurable. In this extremity, a friend recommended to him a vegetable preparation now known throughout the civilized world as Warner's Safe Cure. He tried it, and was quickly restored to perfect health. The incident led him to begin the manufacture of the wonderful preparation, and to make its merits known in all tongues and among all peoples.

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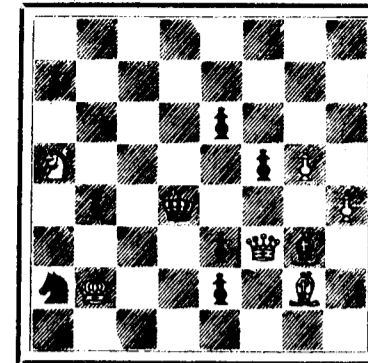
THE Zoological Museum at Leyden, one of the most considerable on the Continent, we learn from *Nature*, has narrowly escaped a terrible disaster. On a recent Monday, a fire broke out, and all the resources of the officials and of the town were taxed to extinguish it. Indeed it was not got under until a considerable portion of the collection of specimens of hollow-horned ruminants had been destroyed. Had the accident, which arose from the defect of a flue, taken place at night instead of in the afternoon, when plenty of assistance was promptly at hand, it is believed the whole museum would have perished. The authorities of other museums, especially those which contain many spirit preparations, should not neglect this warning.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 355.

By M. FRILL.

BLACK.



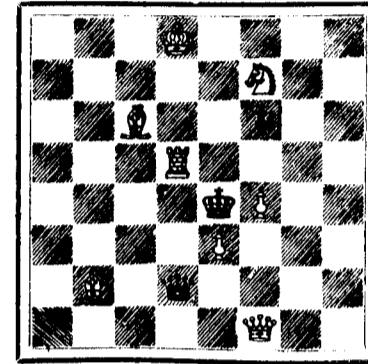
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 356.

By S. LLOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

Table with 4 columns: No. 349.\* (White/Black), No. 350 (White/Black), and solutions for each. Includes moves like R-Q3, Q-KB1, KxKt6, etc.

\* In this problem there should be a white Kt on K B 4.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB

Between Mr. Friedenwald, of the Columbia Chess Club, N. Y., and Mr. A. T. Davison, of Toronto.

Table showing chess game moves between Mr. Friedenwald and Mr. Davison. Columns for White and Black moves, numbered 1 through 16.

And White mates in three moves (b).

NOTES.

(a) B-K 3 best. (c) Very pretty.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.

Table showing results of an international chess tournament with columns for player names, wins, losses, and unfinished games.

YET I do not know what reason there is to exclude Marryat from the front rank which would not also exclude some whom we habitually put there. To rank him with Fielding, with Jane Austen, Thackeray, or Richardson, would be absurd, but I see no reason why he should not stand with Smollett. He might stand a little below him for "Humphrey Clinker's" sake, but not very far. Except Sir Walter Scott, no man can be read over a longer period of life. He may be enjoyed at school and for ever afterwards. I doubt whether many boys have delighted in "Tom Jones." Did anybody—to take the other end of life—ever experience, on coming back to "Peter Simple" or "Mr. Midshipman Easy," that shock which is produced by a mature re-reading of, say, "Zanoni"? I imagine not. There must be a great vitality, a genuine truth, in the writer who can stand this test, and stand it so long. That Marryat was to some extent a boyish writer is undeniable, and it seems to me to be the secret of his enduring popularity. His books revive in one the exact kind of pleasure one felt in reading them in one's teens. . . . No man has given more honest pleasure, more wholesome stimulus to youth; few have given more hearty fun to older readers. —From Life of Marryat, by David Hannay.

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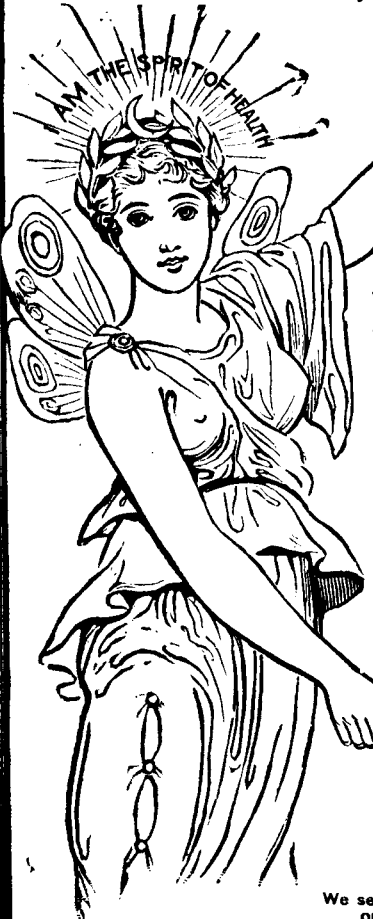
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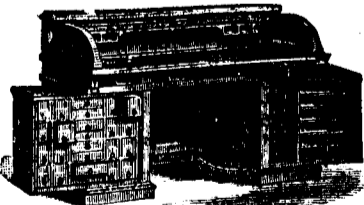
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