

# THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Sixth Year.  
Vol. VI. No. 43.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1889.

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2,972 policies were issued, assuring	7,282,295 07
The total existing assurances in force at 15th November, 1888, amounted to	101,258,149 14
Of which was re-assured with other offices	6,882,000 00
The annual revenue amounted at 15th November, 1888, to	4,525,703 13
The accumulated funds at same date amounted to	34,019,523 27
Being an increase during the year of	888,470 78

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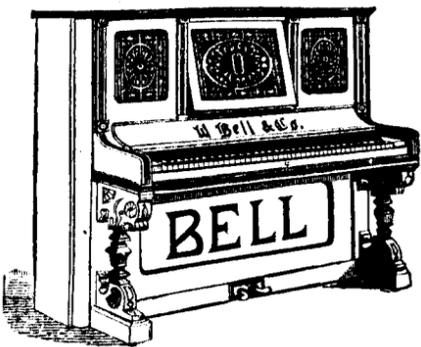
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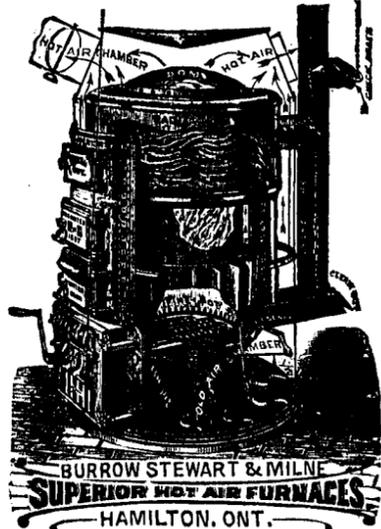
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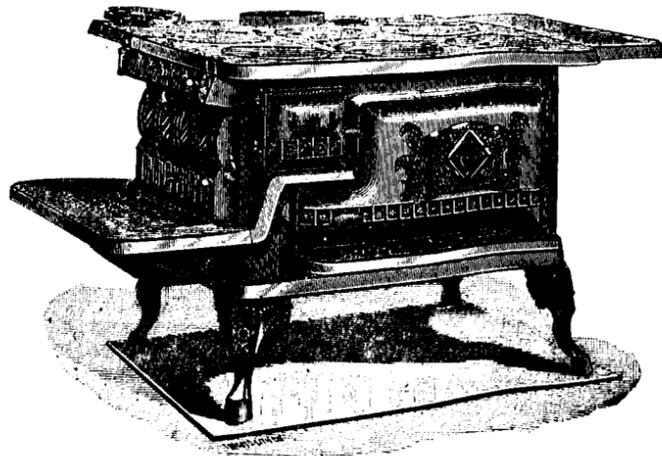
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

NO, we may say in reply to our respected correspondent in last issue, we have not burned our boats behind us. "If the Mother Country should ask Canada to join her in a national and political partnership which should take the form of a great federation," and should show how such a federation could be formed with due regard to Canadian autonomy, finances, geographical and commercial conditions, and so forth, THE WEEK would be among the foremost to urge that the proposal should receive the most earnest and hopeful attention with a view to prompt acceptance. It is because we are sceptical not only as to the probability of any such invitation being given, but even as to the acceptance by the Mother Country of any proposition which could possibly be made by the colonies themselves looking to such a federation, that we are disposed to regard the hope of a national future for Canada as practically bounded by the alternatives of Independence or—nothing. What we are specially desirous just now of promoting is thoughtful consideration and discussion of the Canadian outlook. The time is surely ripe for such discussion. Events over which we have no control, notably the strange failure to protect the rights of Canadian fishermen in Behring Sea, are forcing it upon us. The general admission that permanent colonialism is impossible is one of the most serious moments, from every point of view. What shall take its place? It is easy of course to drift, but it is also easy to see what direction the drifting is likely to take and where it would probably land us. It would be as unwise as useless to deny that there are serious obstacles in the way of giving to the scattered provinces of Canada, so loosely connected as yet by the Confederation, the cohesion and unity essential to vigorous and progressive nationality. Are those obstacles insuperable? Are they not, to say the least, much less formidable than those which will confront any conceivable scheme of Imperial Federation?

IS it true that the literature of a nation forms a reliable criterion of its state of civilization? This question becomes of practical importance in comparing the respective conditions of the French-speaking and English-speaking parts of Canada. Those who make such comparisons to the

disparagement of the former are usually answered by an appeal to the honour-lists in the school of Canadian literature. By this test it cannot be denied that our French fellow-countrymen stand at least on a level with citizens of Anglo-Saxon lineage. How does this admitted fact comport with the charges so often urged against the French clerical system of education, and its alleged results in the mediæval ignorance, superstition, and non-progressiveness of the average *habitant*? The facts simply prove that the criterion is unreliable. The literature of a country must be measured by its breadth rather than its height or depth before it can be safely accepted as a clue to the state of education or general intelligence amongst the whole people. Many of the masterpieces of both ancient and modern literature were produced in ages and countries in which the masses of the people were in the most abject intellectual bondage. It is but too true, as Charles Dudley Warner pointed out in his "Comments on Canada," in *Harper's Magazine* a few months ago, that "literary men have not realized the richness of the French material, nor the work accomplished by French writers in history, poetry, essays, and romances. It is also true, more's the pity, that English-speaking Canadians, as a class, are on a par with others in their lack of knowledge and appreciation. A strong plea might be based upon this fact for the use of bi-lingual books and teachers in English as well as French public schools in Ontario. But to return to our point, the production of a very creditable amount of literature of a high class by Canadian French writers is clearly of no avail to disprove the common belief in regard to the lamentable backwardness of the great majority of the Canadian French in all the essentials of intelligence and enterprise, as compared with their fellow-Canadians of British origin. That belief is based upon the evidence of facts which are patent to all who choose to inquire into the matter. The French Catholic clergy, and possibly many of the educated laity would, we suppose, reply in effect with a misapplication of the aphorism, "Where ignorance is bliss," etc. Be that as it may, it is not open to them to plead, as M. Beaugrand did in *The Forum* a few weeks since, the quantity and quality of French-Canadian literature as a refutation of the common opinion.

A LATE number of the *Victoria Colonist* contains an account of a meeting of vessel-owners and others interested in the sealing industry, at which it was resolved to form a Sealers' Association for the purpose of protecting the rights and property of its members in the Behring Sea. It is rather unlikely that this resolution of men driven to the verge of desperation by a sense of injustice and outrage, can be carried out. The expense of fitting out their vessels with guns and ammunition such as could enable them to cope on equal terms with an armed American cruiser seems of itself to stamp their project as hopeless. But should the sealers, who, it is calculated, have been despoiled of property and suffered loss in business amounting in the aggregate to a quarter of a million dollars, prove really in earnest in the matter, and prepare their vessels to offer armed resistance to any vessel molesting them on the open sea, it would be curious to see what action the American and British Governments would respectively take. It is more exasperating than surprising to be told, as we were lately by so good an authority as Sir Edwin Arnold, that the people of England know nothing about the Behring Sea affair. The fact that such an occurrence produces no effect in Great Britain, outside of official circles, and, so far as appears, excites but the mildest interest within such circles, is strikingly suggestive of the immense distance, racial and social as well as geographical, by which the centre of the British Empire is separated from its colonial extremities. Time was when Britons were disposed to boast of the analogy between their great Empire and that of Imperial Rome in the days when the words, "I am a Roman Citizen," sufficed to protect her subjects from insult and injury at the farthest bounds of civilization. The most loyal citizen of British Columbia will hardly claim that the same is true of British citizenship in the year 1889. We know not what view of the matter the British Government are taking. That is, indeed, one of the many mysteries of the situation. But we are only too sure that the failure to secure or demand prompt redress for the out-

rageous treatment to which the British Columbian sealers have been subjected is doing more to shake Canadian confidence in the permanence, or the advantages of British connection, than can be undone in a long time. Nor can the Canadian Government be held blameless in the matter. Surely if it were sufficiently importunate it could at least obtain Imperial sanction for some assurance to the Canadian people that their rights will be vindicated and reparation made at some future day, however distant, and by some diplomatic process, however tedious.

WITH the liberal bequests of the late Mr. Gooderham to Victoria College, the struggle that has for some time been in progress with reference to the future course of that institution seems likely to enter upon a new phase. The condition of removal to Toronto attached to these bequests has settled, no doubt, the question of location. But it seems to have by no means determined whether the University when transferred to Toronto shall be carried on as an independent institution, or in federation with the University of Toronto. There appears to be much room for difference of opinion. The advocates of federation will naturally claim that the two ideas of location in Toronto and federation with the Provincial University were so closely associated in the mind of the deceased benefactor that he took it for granted that the one involved the other. The advocates of independence may argue, with perhaps equal plausibility, that the very fact of his having made no condition in respect to federation proves that the alternative of independence was clearly in the mind of the testator, and that he purposely and advisedly used such terms as would leave the Denomination free in this matter. The question is one of general as well as denominational interest. Its decision will virtually determine the partial success or the virtual failure of the attempt made by the Minister of Education and the Legislature at his instance, to consolidate, or rather co-ordinate, the higher educational institutions of the Province. Many thoughtful educators, looking at the vast financial resources considered necessary in these days for the establishment and operation of a University worthy of the name, will be disposed to think that the thoroughness and efficiency of Victoria are at stake, and that federation opens up the only way of escape from the feebleness inseparable from inadequate endowment and denominational narrowness. Others, again, whose opinions are perhaps equally entitled to respect, cannot look without serious misgivings upon the prospect of the dreary uniformity in educational methods and ideals, and the lack of stimulus to progress, which would ensue were all the courses of study and instruction in our higher institutions to be formed on the same plan, and the minds of all the forthcoming graduates cast in the same educational mould. The latter class of reasoners will no doubt be strongly reinforced by the large and growing class of those who favour voluntarism in higher education both by reason of faith in its potency, and for the sake of the political and sociological principles involved.

A LATE number of the *Canadian Architect and Builder* contains a well-written description of the first Manual Training department which has been established in connection with an educational institution in Canada—that of the Baptist College at Woodstock. This College, aided by the liberal bequests of the late Hon. William McMaster, has erected a building especially for the purposes of a manual-training department, and fitted it up with extensive machinery, tools, and other appliances, including an engine of ten-horse power. The manual training course is, we believe, optional and is engrafted upon the other courses in such a manner as to interfere but slightly, if at all, with the pursuit of one of the regular college courses. It is, in fact claimed by the managers of institutions having such departments, in the United States and elsewhere, that the two or three hours per day which are spent in the workshop are a help rather than a hindrance to success in the more exclusively intellectual studies. The design of the manual-training exercises is not, by any means, to teach trades, but merely to educate the hand and those perceptive and other faculties which are brought into requisition in connection with hand-work. From both the educational and the industrial point of view the experiment is not without interest for thoughtful observers. It is too true

that the ordinary training of the schools and colleges, leaving out of view what little may be done in some of them in the department of science, usually addresses itself so exclusively to the intellectual faculties that the powers of perception and observation are left quite undeveloped. Thus it often happens that a student may have taken high honours in classics, mathematics or metaphysics, and yet go forth into the world one of the least observing of mortals. Who has not known college graduates who have won distinction at their examinations, whose ignorance of, and consequent lack of interest in surrounding objects, whether products of nature or of human art and skill, was positively painful? They could not, perhaps, give the names or characteristics of half-a-dozen field flowers or forest trees, though they might move amongst them every day. Having eyes, they saw not, beyond the pages of their books. It can hardly be denied that, considering men in their relations to the world in which they are to live and act, such an education is deplorably one-sided. The bearing of the manual-training upon the trades and technic pursuits generally presents a more difficult problem. There is, unquestionably, some ground for the fears of the trade-organizations that the tendency may be to fill the trades with half-trained workmen to the detriment of skilled mechanics and their work. Yet, as it is pretty clear that the old system of apprenticeship is gone beyond recall, it is surely better that the journeymen workers of the future should have some scientific knowledge of the principles underlying their handicrafts, than that they should have nothing beyond a mere expertness, acquired by practice, in the use of one or two tools or bits of machinery. This much may at least be said, that the claims of manual-training to take its place as an integral part of every complete course of education, are worth more attention than they have hitherto received. The place and value of hand-work as a factor in education have yet to be determined.

**T**WELVE hundred millions of pounds sterling, or six thousands of millions of dollars, is a sum of money large enough to tax the powers of definite conception of most persons who are not born financiers, and who have not been trained in the Treasury Department of some large nation to think in millions. Yet these are the figures which, it is computed on the basis of the statistics compiled a few months since by Sir Rawson W. Rawson under the auspices of the Imperial Federation League, represent in round numbers the trade of the British Empire for the year 1888. This enormous aggregate is nearly equal, as the *Canadian Gazette* points out, to the combined trade of Austria, France, Germany, Russia and the United States. A fact of great interest in connection with the matter is that the British possessions contributed no less than one-third of the total amount, or about £400,000. Commenting on this fact, the *London Times* says that these figures "form one of the most powerful arguments for the unity of the Empire within practicable limits." With this conclusion few Canadians or other Colonists will be disposed to quarrel, though the force of the argument when more closely examined may not be so great as might at first appear. It may, for instance, be queried in the first place whether the United Kingdom would be likely to consent to any arrangement which might diminish or jeopardize the two-thirds for the sake of securing the one-third. Closely connected with this would come the companion query whether any closer union is necessary to retain that one-third—seeing that the trade is already so secure that it is difficult to see how any political change could affect it. Even Colonial independence, provided it did not culminate in actual hostilities, could not materially affect a traffic which is the outgrowth of commercial, racial and linguistic conditions which cannot be changed. If it were a question either of gaining or retaining a volume of trade so considerable, the commercial argument would have undeniably great force. Can it be reasonably claimed that such a question is, to any great extent, involved? Another consideration of great moment is that in the four hundred millions are included the trade of India which, of itself, amounts in the aggregate to nearly as much as that of all the other colonies combined, and of numerous other dependencies, which no one thinks of including in the proposed federation. All these must clearly be left out of the logical account.

**C**OMING nearer home and looking at Sir Rawson Rawson's figures from a Canadian standpoint, we are still less impressed with their argumentative force. The distribution of the twelve hundred millions representing

the trade of 1888 is not given, but going back, as no doubt compelled by the lack of later statistics, to 1885, the trade of 1000 millions, in that year, is distributed as follows:—

United Kingdom ....	61.4 p.c.	Victoria.....	3.2 p.c.
India .....	16 "	New Zealand.....	1.3 "
Canada .....	3.8 "	Queensland .....	1.1 "
New South Wales.....	3.8 "	The Cape.....	1.1 "
Straits Settlements...	3.4 "	South Australia.....	1 "

All the other possessions contributed considerably less than one per cent. each. It can hardly be supposed that Canada's contribution of less than four per cent. to the total would operate as a consideration of very great weight in inducing the Mother Country to modify seriously either her political or her commercial system for the sake of the sentimental gratification of being able to continue to reckon our trade as a fractional part of the trade of the Empire. The weakness of the financial argument becomes still more apparent from another statistical table, which shows the contributions of the respective colonies to the trade of the United Kingdom apart from the rest of the Empire. The total of the colonial trade with the kingdom proper is given as a little over 26 per cent. of the whole. Of this India contributes 9 per cent.; Australasia, 8; British North America, 2.9; the Cape and Natal, 1.3; Straits Settlements, 1.1; the West Indies, 1; and all the rest less than one per cent. each. We are really reluctant to pour cold water upon so glowing an appeal as this formidable array of figures at first seems to furnish, but are quite unable to persuade ourselves that, for the sake of making more secure, or even slightly enlarging, a trade of less than three per cent. of her total business with the world, Great Britain is likely either to give us a voice in the management of Imperial affairs, or to impose a fine upon the rest of her customers all over the world for our especial behoof. The argument just now is, of course, from figures, and so of the most utilitarian kind. Hence, for the moment, all sentimental considerations are eschewed, and the question regarded on the cold practical side.

**T**HUGHTFUL Canadians will watch with profound interest the growing agitation amongst their neighbours in the Great Republic of the great economic and industrial questions which are now forcing themselves upon their attention. Nature has placed us in such geographical relations to the United States that no great change in the conditions of commerce and industry can take place in that country without most sensibly affecting the same interests amongst us. We may take, for instance, the very significant demand which seems to be gathering force in American manufacturing circles for the reduction or abolition of the tariffs on what are to the manufacturers in question the raw material of their respective industries. Two illustrations will make our meaning clear. The manufacturers of woollen goods are waxing emphatic in their demand for the free admission of wool. Experience has, it is claimed, proved the fallacy of the arguments that for a time prevailed, to the effect that the tax on wool, while of great value for the protection of wool-growers, would not injure the manufacturers so long as the latter were protected in their turn by a sufficiently high tax. It is now urged in effect that this argument would hold good only on two conditions, both of which are, in the present case, non-existent. Those conditions are that the home wool-growers shall be able, with adequate protection, to supply the demand of the manufacturers for the raw material, in respect to qualities as well as quantities, and that the home market, in its turn, shall prove able to absorb the finished products of the factories. It is evident, of course, that when the manufacturers are obliged in the first place to pay the high tariff on large quantities of wools of a quality which their country cannot produce, the increased cost of producing their fabrics must render it impossible to compete with free-trade England in the markets of the outside world, when, as is now the case, they have overtaken and surpassed the demand in their own country. With certain obvious modifications the same general plea is being vigorously urged on behalf of the iron manufacturers of New England. Governor Ames, as a mouth-piece of the malcontents, declares that the "natural advantages of competitors plus the duty mean death to New England's iron industry," that "through the compulsion of circumstances they (the manufacturers) have been systematically engaged in the degradation of American labour in New England," and so on. A great struggle for tariff reduction is thus imminent in the United States. The struggle will almost surely be successful, sooner or later, so far as what are called raw materials are concerned. But it is evident that the opening of the American market to these products, on the one hand, and the cheapening of

the American manufactured products, on the other, would very seriously affect the conditions under which the corresponding industries are carried on in Canada, necessitating either more protection or much keener competition for manufacturers.

**B**ISHOP FOWLER, of San Francisco, recently created some sensation by predicting that China will sooner or later retaliate upon the countries that have shut out her people from their territories. Following upon this prophecy, which is said to be based upon personal observation, comes a New York *Herald* telegram, purporting to be from Shanghai, to the effect that the Emperor and his Cabinet at Peking are even now deliberating upon a memorial demanding the expulsion from China of all Americans in Chinese employ. The rumour does not seem intrinsically improbable. The wonder is rather that China has hitherto taken so meekly the insulting and injurious treatment of her citizens by the United States, in contempt of treaty stipulations, especially as the presence of large numbers of American citizens in her own dominions affords so ready a means of retaliation. It was possible, of course, that the Emperor and his Government were wise enough to see that their own country would be the greatest loser by the driving out of American capital and enterprise. But anger does not usually stop to take counsel with prudence, and there is no reason to suppose that the passion for revenge is not at least as strong in the Chinese as in the European or Anglo-Saxon breast. Certainly no one could, save on the grounds of a very lofty morality, blame the Chinese, should they insist on the unceremonious departure of every American citizen from their country. It is the nature of revenge that the retaliatory act usually goes beyond that which calls it forth. Herein lies the chief source of danger. The United States could scarcely, with any show of reason, resent the exclusion of her citizens from China. But the movement for expulsion, should it really be made, will hardly be restrained within legitimate bounds. It would be strange if, in the enforcement of such an edict, deeds of repine or violence should not occur, such as would arouse in the United States an irresistible clamour for strong measures. It may be, of course, that the rumours in question are wholly unfounded and all these dangers imaginary, but, unless the Chinese Government is anxious to keep all its people at home, and is rather glad when they are maltreated abroad, it is hard to believe that the Oriental rulers have not laid to heart the worse than discourteous conduct of the Americans, and are not waiting, with Oriental patience, for an opportunity to strike back.

**T**HE more Mr. Balfour's proposal to endow a Roman Catholic University in Ireland is discussed the smaller is seen to be the likeliness of its meeting with general acceptance, either from Liberal-Unionists or from Irish malcontents. If the hint was thrown out merely as a "feeler," it is scarcely probable that anything more will be heard of the matter. The recent conference between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell goes to show, if we may place any reliance upon the report, that while these two leaders might not pursue the same policy in regard to this particular proposition, the difference would not be at all likely to bring about any rupture of the Home Rule Alliance. On the other hand, the wedge of division would almost surely be driven home between the Salisbury Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists. It would be, too, a sorry reward for the zeal of Irish Protestantism, spurred on as it has been by the dread of Catholic ascendancy, to see a great Catholic University established with the money of the nation. It would make the case worse rather than better, from their point of view, should the funds set aside for the purpose be drawn wholly from Irish sources. On the other hand, a policy which would give to Mr. Gladstone so grand an opportunity to rally Nonconformists and Radicals in solid phalanx for his support, by taking his stand in opposition to the principle of denominational endowment in any form, would surely be the incarnation of political unwisdom on the part of the Government. As matters just now stand, we fancy that the bitterest opponents of Lord Salisbury's administration could hardly wish for anything better than that Mr. Balfour should go on with his scheme for the endowment of a Catholic University for Ireland. (Since the above was written we learn that Mr. Balfour has written a letter to the Protestant Alliance, denying that the Government has any intention of endowing the proposed Catholic University from national funds, and requesting that the Government's proposal should not be criticised until it is made known. But the fact has been made known, and as to details it is

evident that if the University is established the money must be found somewhere. The Government has no funds at its disposal but those which belong to the nation, and as a question of principle it matters little whether the University be supported by endowment or by some other arrangement, so long as it is done by the Government at public expense.)

"THE 'tanner' strike has taught the public what the dockers is; they will never confuse him again with the scum of London." So writes John Law in one of a series of stirring letters in the *British Weekly*. If the strike teaches the people of London to make this distinction; if it leads them no longer to put the 100,000 casual workers of the London docks—11¼ per cent. of the whole population of East London, according to Mr. Booth's statistics—in the same category with the 11,000 "incapable loafers and semi-criminals," who infest the streets, it will have corrected a cruel injustice and brought a great benefit to the despised toilers. Mr. Booth says, "The hordes of barbarians of whom we have heard, who, issuing from the slums, will one day overwhelm modern civilization, do not exist. There are barbarians, but they are a handful, a small and decreasing percentage; a disgrace, but not a danger." The really wonderful self-restraint and brave endurance of the great mass of the strikers has evidently made an impression on the London public which time will not efface. Soon the question put by Mr. Law will force itself upon the people of London and of other great cities, "What shall we do with loafers?" Mr. Law says, "I think that before long public opinion will be formed on this subject; and, just as we lock up thieves and murderers, so shall we remove this scum to a safe place—a Home Colony, perhaps, where it cannot propagate." It is of good omen too that while the general public have been taught by a grand object lesson the injustice of confusing the nine honest though poverty-stricken labourers, with the one blackguard who infests their quarters, the religious people also have, to some extent, been brought to see that these lapsed masses need not only food for body and spirit but also active sympathy and wise leadership to bring them out of the house of bondage. Many of the churches and mission workers spared no effort to supply the bodily wants of the strikers. Food was distributed from many a Christian charity with no grudging hand. But of the religious leaders only the venerable Cardinal Manning seems to have, until near the close, identified himself boldly with the cause of the strikers and brought all the influence at his command to bear to aid them in securing their rights. With this exception the strikers were forced to look almost entirely to those who have been scouted, wrongfully it appears in some cases, as Socialists; to men of the stamp of Burns and Tillett for that skilful direction which secured them their victory. This aspect of the case is now being vigorously discussed in the religious and semi-religious papers, and the discussion will not be without effect. That was a startling question which an able and thoughtful writer in the *Church Times* says was put by a pale, gentle-looking lad, who was giving his days and nights to the propagation of Socialism, when he asked whether Jesus Christ if he were then and there in visible presence would not have been among the dockmen.

THE results of the first ballot in the French elections have insured the present stability of the Republic and settled the fate of Boulangism. There is no room for doubt that the re-balloting will largely increase the majority of between sixty and seventy already secured for the Government. The prestige of victory will be on the side of the Republic in the second contest, and as large numbers of those who abstained from voting in the first instance are pretty sure to come out in support of the winning party, this prestige will largely affect the issue, which on other grounds is not doubtful. All true friends of France, and all who desire the prolongation of peace in Europe will rejoice that the strange coalition between militarism and monarchism has failed to disturb the existing order and subject the country once more to personal rule. The triumph of the Opposition would have been a terrible calamity, not only to France itself, but to all Europe. Considering the incongruous materials of which the Boulangist party was composed its success at the polls would in all probability have been but the commencement of another struggle between the irreconcilable factions of the victorious party, a struggle which would have been not unlikely to culminate in civil war. This particular danger,

not at any time very great since the ignominious flight of the doughty General, and the exhibition of his character and record before the Senatorial Court, may now be considered past. Of course it is a natural consequence of the instability of the French character that one can never know what may happen next. But as the tree which has withstood a rough blast strikes deeper root, so it may be hoped that with each commotion the Republic is being settled more firmly on its foundations. During the past ten years, as Mr. Gladstone recently reminded the French themselves, many thorny obstacles have stood in the way of French Republicanism, but the government has at the last met every call made upon it. As it has been in the past, so, it may be hoped, it will be in the future.

THE apparently successful invention of smokeless gunpowder adds a new terror to modern warfare. The unseen, like the unknown, appeals powerfully to the imagination. When it assumes the shape of a death-dealing company or regiment of soldiers it is pretty sure to be believed to be much more formidable than it really is. But apart from the moral effect of the new explosive in producing panic by creating apprehensions of danger from sources which cannot be located and the extent of which cannot be estimated, it can hardly fail to give its possessor some very tangible advantages on the battle-field. Hitherto the clouds of smoke accompanying every discharge of infantry or artillery have afforded a very ready and reliable means not only of getting the direction and distance of an attacking force, but even of computing the numerical strength of its different divisions. That the use of the smokeless gunpowder, assuming its effectiveness to be equal to that of the ordinary kind, will give the army using it an advantage, seems too clear to admit of question. That which the needle-gun did for Prussia in her last conflict with Austria, the smokeless gunpowder may one day do for her in a struggle with some other adversary. It may be doubted whether any nation would be so rash as to enter into conflict with another possessing this superiority. It is not likely, however, that Germany will be able long to retain exclusive possession of the secret of the manufacture, and the general use of the new force will soon restore the equilibrium. Whether the constantly increasing efficiency of the implements of destruction will have the ultimate effect of decreasing or of stimulating the war-spirit must, probably, be left for the next century to decide.

THE messengers of most puissant death are indeed many, as the Grecian satirist long since taught us by the mouth of the Stygian boatman, and it would seem as if during the current year some of the mightier of them were especially ruthless. The round of great calamities has been almost unceasing. Flood and famine, volcano and earthquake, gunpowder explosion, and railway disaster, have followed one another in rapid succession, sparing neither Chinaman in the East nor American in the West. Just now the land-slide in Quebec has brought the series of disasters to our own land, though happily the destruction of life has not been on a scale of such magnitude as in some of the other cases referred to. Has the year been, indeed, exceptional in regard to the number and greatness of destructive outbreaks of the great forces of nature, or is it only that modern newspaper enterprise now brings to us news of such events from all parts of the world, whereas half a century ago the half of them would never have been heard of beyond the country in which they took place? There is much truth of course in the latter view, yet it is hard to rid oneself of the impression that this has been in such respects a phenomenal year. A more important point is the obvious fact that at least one-half of all the great disasters which have caused so much loss of life and property were due to causes quite within the scope of human observation and control, and might have been prevented by the exercise of reasonable foresight. Among others the sad occurrence in Quebec seems to have been the result of causes which should not have been left free to operate. The event should have the effect of an impressive object-lesson, in regard to the constancy and inexorableness of the forces of nature, and the danger of neglecting her premonitions or disregarding her laws. This lesson, well conned, may profitably be applied by civic authorities in the sanitary sphere as well, for there can be no doubt that neglect to observe and enforce well-known laws of health is after all responsible for more suffering and death in every city, than any neglect, however culpable, to obviate the danger of sudden catastrophe.

## DRY-NURSING THE COLONIES.

DOWNING STREET is the face of the clock and its actions are but the movements of the hands stirred by the machinery, which is the great body of the Nation behind.

If Downing Street therefore has been shown to make blunders equally whether it is giving expression to the will of an indifferent or of an active-minded people, and if it be true that it cannot act otherwise than in response to the people, has not the time come to examine the policy associated with the name of Sir Hercules Robinson in South Africa, and to make up our minds what we think of it, and whether we are prepared to apply it to other colonies besides the one in which it first came to the open issue of discussion? It involves two leading questions. The first is, Is our Imperial policy to be friendly or antagonistic to our colonies? and the second is, Where and how can the Imperial Government profitably interfere in Colonial development? If the first question is to be decided in the sense of the South African Committee, and we are to accept the conclusion that Imperial interests and Colonial interests cannot coincide, it is evident that the answer to the second one will be profoundly modified by that conclusion, and the Imperial Government will not desire to interfere for, but against, the profitable development of the Colonies. If, on the contrary, we accept the Sir Hercules Robinson view, and agree that our interests and Colonial interests are in all the best senses one, then let us accept it heartily in its full acceptance. Let there be no more crying of peace when there is no peace; and do not let us on each occasion on which Imperial and Colonial interests are involved break out into eloquent diatribes which have Imperial patrimony in variations for a key-note. If the patrimony be indeed ours in the sense in which the family fortune belongs to a parent, all that we want with it is to keep enough to dower younger children, and in this, when it is justly made known, we may confidently reckon upon the support and countenance of the older Colonies. They are quite willing to take their share of responsibility. "Great Britain," says the *Cape Argus* of the 24th of last month, "is but a small part of the Empire, which should be in our minds when we speak of Imperial interests." The latest issue of the *Australasian* which has been received in England speaks in the same sense, and if these leading journals represent general Colonial opinion it is evident that we shall have to enlarge our common conception of Imperialism or be content to return after all to the views of the Cobden school and see our Colonies withdraw one after the other from an Empire grown too small for them.

It has been the fortune of Sir Hercules Robinson to bring this great question within the range of practical politics. Hence the extraordinary interest which has attached to his speech at Cape town. In it he first stated distinctly the issue which has arisen between the mother country and her Colonies. But the speech has been by many people misunderstood, and can only be rightly comprehended when it is taken in conjunction with the later developments of the colony in which it was uttered. I must, therefore, ask patience while I summarize once more the portion of South African history which has been so often retold.

The geography of South Africa, too, is beginning to be well known to us—so well known that it is hardly necessary to ask any one to look at a map in order to remember how the states and colonies and foreign possessions lie in relation to one another. Cape Colony and its dependencies occupy the whole southern point of the continent. In the line immediately to the north lying roughly between 32 and 22 south latitude the coast is held on either side by Portuguese or Germans, while the interval is filled by the Dutch Republics, Bechuanaland and the Kalahari desert. When Sir Hercules first went out in 1880 it seemed likely that Portugal and Germany might stretch out from their respective coasts and join hands across the continent, thus barring any further northern development of the Cape Settlements. This aspect of the situation is important to touch because it illustrates what are Sir Hercules Robinson's views with regard to the true function of Imperialism in Colonial development. His action in the matter was described in his speech. "I soon saw that a forward policy was indispensable, for if we did not advance others would. From a very early period of my administration, therefore, I cast longing eyes upon the high healthy plateau, which as the gate to the interior of South and Central Africa, seemed to me of infinitely greater importance than the fever-stricken mangrove swamps on the East coast, or the sandy waterless fringe on the West. I accordingly devoted my best efforts to the acquisition of that territory, and the ultimate result has been that instead of the Cape Colony being as it were hide-bound and shut in on the north by a foreign power, we have today in that direction, first the crown colony of British Bechuanaland, next, the Bechuanaland protectorate, extending to the 22nd degree of south latitude, and beyond it the exclusive sphere of British influence, extending to the Zambesi." This territory was acquired, it will be remembered, by peaceful negotiation in 1884. About a million and a half was spent from the Imperial exchequer in necessities of administration and development, and the colony costs still from £50,000 to £70,000 a year. The money was spent in the largest sense imperially and almost entirely in its immediate application for the benefit of the Cape. There was no division of opinion with regard to the desirability of making the acquisition, but Sir Hercules Robinson held the view, that as it had been made

primarily for the purpose of keeping the gate of Central Africa open to the Cape, the Cape was bound in honour to assume the expense and burden of the new colony as soon as possible. His view was, that when the Imperial Government was relieved of its charge, it might consistently with its own duty to the Empire go a step further, and devote the sum granted by the Treasury at home, to the object of turning the present protectorate into a crown colony, and so prepare the way for the Cape to come again up behind its heels and absorb the tract, at the proper time, into the administrative system of our South African colonies. In all this no belittling of the Empire can be observed—only a definite distinction drawn between Imperial and local functions of government. The Empire alone can enlarge its borders and admit new districts to the protection of its flag. Questions of police and administration are best determined, and the expense of them most rightly borne, by the governments in the immediate neighbourhood of the localities that they affect.

It was from the Cape that Sir Hercules looked for opposition to this view, and from the Cape that first it came. The Ministers of Cape Colony did not want to saddle themselves with the expense of the new administration. That it fell or did not fall within their proper local functions was of small consequence; it was being done for them free of expense, and they preferred the arrangement. From the point of view of the local treasury official it was natural that they should. The Colonial Office at home shared the opinions of Sir Hercules Robinson, but all representations to the colony fell on deaf ears till last year, when circumstances conspired to change the situation. Among these circumstances, the only one that need now be noticed is a very important shifting of the balance of influences in Colonial public opinion. The political public of the Cape is divided into three parties. There is the Afrikaner Bund, there are the Ministerialists, and the Opposition. The Afrikaner Bund is not necessarily composed of Dutch people, but it represents the current of Dutch sympathy at the Cape. Until quite lately it entertained the warmest feelings of brotherhood with the Transvaal, during the war it sent substantial help to the Boers, and it held as a doctrine that the development of Cape Colony was to be looked for through republicanism and ultimate union with the Transvaal and Orange Free State. But since the discovery and the unprecedented development of Johannesburg, the Transvaal is not what it used to be in the days of adversity. It has become puffed in its own conceit. It rejects the advice and guidance of its brothers in Cape Colony. So bigoted is it in its own opinions, that not only does it insist on five years' residence within its frontier before it will grant the franchise to miners from the Cape, who are practically making all its wealth, but in its official service it will employ only Dutchmen from Holland. A Dutchman from the Cape—the brother Afrikaner who for so long has maintained his fidelity to the Dutch centre in South Africa—is supposed to be tainted with English sympathies, and though he live in the Transvaal for ever, he is for ever incapacitated from taking any share in its administration. Protective duties in the Transvaal are enormous. Monopolies of manufacture are granted for almost every article of human use, proposals for railway expansion are rejected, and the young republic, inflated by its sudden wealth has, by a policy which seems from the point of view of its own advantage suicidal enough, resolutely broken all family ties outside its borders. Under these circumstances the Dutch of Cape Colony have been thrown back upon their English connections. Instead of looking for development through republicanism, they have been forced to look for development through Imperialism. As soon as they set their faces in this direction, the Imperial Government became worth conciliating. Renewed proposals on the part of Sir Hercules Robinson that the Bechuanaland colony should be taken over were considered more favourably. The Colonial Prime Minister, Sir Gordon Sprigg, thought that he might venture to propose it with some hope of acceptance, and in October last he made a tentative speech at East London with a view to feeling the pulse of his own public. Immediately the South African Committee party in England, true to its profession that Imperial and Colonial interests cannot coincide, and ready therefore to believe that what the Colony desired the Empire should oppose, set itself to rouse public opinion, and brought such pressure to bear upon Downing Street that the hands of the clock flew round, and a scheme which had been originally urged upon the Colony was hastily declared by telegraph to be outside the possibility of consideration. Naturally the Colony was indignant, indignant with Downing Street vacillation and indignant with an English public which deemed it unfit to be trusted with the direction of its own simple interests. The slap which republicanism had received on the left cheek was now balanced by a blow to Imperialism upon the right. The Colony was still standing stunned and smarting between the two when Sir Hercules made his great speech.

His part in South Africa has been from first to last that of a peacemaker. He found the Colony, eight years ago, in a state of almost universal war. He left it with peace on all its borders. He found the Dutch and English populations in the sharpest antagonism. He left them welded into one people. This is not a figure of speech, for it will be remembered that in all the late questions of general policy which have arisen, the Cape Parliament, where the Dutch party numbers thirty-four and the British party thirty-nine, has passed its resolutions without a dissentient vote. It is not therefore surprising that in his last utterance in the Colony Sir Hercules should have

made a supreme effort of conciliation. Up to that time his function had been to make peace between dissonant elements of the same colony. His final task was nothing less than to reconcile the Colony with the Empire.

He endeavoured to explain to his hearers, the colonists, that the blow which had been dealt to them did not come from the Empire, but from the regrettable meddling of irresponsible and ill-informed persons in England, and to assure them that they were right to trust to Imperialism for their future. And then he clearly stated his own political creed. Not that of the South African Committee, but the exact opposite. He believes—and his object in speaking was evidently to communicate that faith to his audience—that Imperial and Colonial interests are one. Let any fair-minded person, with the recollection of the political situation to which Sir Hercules Robinson addressed himself in his mind, read the speech and see for himself what he finds in it. "As Governor of a self-governing colony," Sir Hercules Robinson said, "I have endeavoured to walk within the lines of the constitution; and, as her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, I have, whilst striving to act with equal justice and consideration to the claims and sensibilities of all classes and races, endeavoured at the same time to establish on a broad and secure basis British authority as the paramount power in South Africa." He then describes that forward policy in Bechuanaland which illustrates his conception of the broad and secure basis on which British authority should rest, and continues, "The true British policy for South Africa seems to me to be what may be termed Colonialism through Imperialism; in other words, Colonial expansion through Imperial aid, the Home Government doing what the Colonies cannot do for themselves, having constitutionally no authority beyond their borders." After this follows the statement which raised such a storm in England, but which, read with the context both of events and words, is surely much to the point, to the effect that he saw no permanent place in the future of South Africa for direct Downing Street rule. The Colonists to whom he spoke were intimately acquainted with all the facts of Downing Street blunders which I have briefly summarised in the early part of this article. They knew that Downing Street does not mean anything but English public opinion. They believed, and they had good reason for believing, that English public opinion, however respectable in itself, was not the opinion by which their public affairs should be guided; they were all sore at the moment from the late proof that their destinies as a people were being determined by the will of an irresponsible body of ill-informed individuals six thousand miles away, who could never by any possibility be called on to bear the consequences of their mistaken judgment. Was it not necessary that the man who united in his own person the double office of their Governor and Imperial High Commissioner should say to them, "Bear with this mismanagement for the present. There is no permanent place for it in the future of South Africa"? It was his conviction, his conviction as an Imperialist, and he expressed it, not knowing apparently how different was his conception of Imperialism from that of some parties at home. That this was so is shown by the definition he gives later on of the attempt to separate Colonial and Imperial interests, to disunite the offices of High Commissioner and Governor, and to set up a dependency in the interior, which should be governed directly from Downing Street and have no political relation to the Cape. He does not regard this kind of thing as Imperialism at all, but as idle and useless amateur meddling. Here is the paragraph. He has been speaking of Colonialism and Republicanism as the only permanently competing influences in the Cape Colony. "Whether these will always retain, as at present, their separate organisms, or whether one will, like Aaron's rod, absorb the other, is a problem which I will not attempt to solve; but I venture to think that British Colonialism is very heavily handicapped in the race by the well-meant but mistaken interference of irresponsible and ill-informed persons in England. The tendency of such amateur meddling, to my mind, is injurious in the long run to the natives; whilst it makes every resident in the Republics, English as well as Dutch, rejoice in their independence, and converts many a colonist from an Imperialist into a Republican."

The peculiar position of Sir Hercules as Imperial Commissioner and Colonial Governor gave such words coming from him a special effect. They did what he intended that they should do. They pacified the colony. They gave also an opportunity to the Home Government, which had it heartily seized, the bonds of the Empire would have been drawn close, in a manner to defy all Republican loosening. Had the Imperial Government said openly to the Cape Colony, "Yes, the High Commissioner is right. This is our conception also of the Imperial function. We believe with him that your interests and ours coincide, and we repudiate the outside meddling, which represents only a small portion of the nation's voice!" Had it made good its words by sending back Sir Hercules with full powers and assurances of support, how different would our position be at this moment in the eyes of all our Colonies. But no! While it listened with one ear to the Cape and murmured in response to what it heard that Sir Hercules was right, and that it had no desire to alter in any respect his very successful policy, it turned the other ear to the South African Committee and suggested diplomatic compromise of a kind which seems to the ordinary mind to presuppose every member of the Committee to be—with all respect—a fool. "We can't exactly change our policy and smash

up our Colonial interests to please you," so the agreement appears to have run, "but we can do this. We will pretend that we don't agree with the other party, and we will send another man instead of Sir Hercules Robinson. He shall carry out Sir Hercules Robinson's policy, so the country will not suffer, you will be pleased, and all be well?" Is it dignified? Is it worthy of the soul which slumbers in that great body, the people, that our Colonial policy should be conducted on such lines as this?

And the upshot of it all? The upshot of it all is that we have been made to think, that we have been made to ask ourselves, each by his own hearth, what is our conception of the Empire, and that we are dividing ourselves into Imperialists who include, and Centralists who exclude, Colonial interests from the future scheme of Greater Britain. Which of us is right is a question to which the future only can reply. But those of us who include the colonies in our scheme of things have little doubt that if the Empire is to take the place we hope for, it must cultivate a larger trust both in itself and them. We venture to think that it should hand over to them frankly the management of their own local concerns, and that such direction, interference, and assistance as they receive from London should be in connection with questions of essentially Imperial importance.

Shall there, then, be no place for the public? Shall the man in the street just waking to interest in the Colonies have nothing to say to them for the future? By no means. In the first place Imperial questions are precisely those on which it is worth the while of the Leviathan to arouse himself. They present broad issues which it is possible for him to judge; they affect him, and they are his concern. In the second place, there is still another method by which the public can take part in building the Colonial Empire. The chartered company, which has done such good service in the past, has good service still to do. It combines responsibility with the will and the energy to interfere. If the South African Committee would form itself into a chartered company for the administration and development of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, the feeling of Cape Colonists towards the Committee would undergo a rapid change, and Sir Hercules Robinson would probably be one of the first to back its endeavours. As a chartered company there would be no fear of its stirring up war with the Transvaal, for it would have to bear the consequences of war. As a chartered company it would not encourage native rebellion, for upon it would fall the responsibility of restoring order. It is not against the intervention of the public as such, but only against irresponsible intervention that Sir Hercules Robinson, and with him our principal colonies, have uttered their protest. May we not take it that the facts and the protest point alike to one solution, namely, that so long as Downing Street fills the position of the indicator of British public opinion it should take immediate direction only of affairs of British public concern. While it remains as it is now, responsible for both Imperial and local matters throughout our dominions, it is unable to attend fitly to either.—*Flora L. Shaw in Fortnightly Review.*

#### MONTREAL LETTER.

##### THE PROVINCIAL SYNOD.

ON Wednesday the eleventh inst., the triennial meeting of the Provincial Synod of the Episcopal Church in Canada was opened. The clergy, headed by the bishops, made a procession from the Synod Hall to St. George's Church, where they were met by surpliced choristers, and received by a large congregation of the faithful with due respect. Holy Communion was dispensed, and the Rev. Dr. Courtney delivered an inaugural sermon. The reverend gentleman preached from Acts xv. 6, "The apostles and elders came together to consider this matter," and while deploring the fact that the Church is surrounded on the one side by Romanism and on the other by organized Dissent, drew comfort from the hope that, although the Church had refused to recognize other churches and organizations either in Europe or elsewhere, there remained a possibility that the Church of Rome might possess sufficient of what the reverend gentleman was pleased to call "the grace of God" to justify the expectation that a sprinkling of its clergy and members might eventually arrive at the holiness of life which is the pre-eminent and universal characteristic of the Episcopal Church in Canada; and that the four large bodies of non-conformists, for dissenters is a harsh name, had not so far forfeited what the reverend gentleman was again pleased to call the "grace of God" as not to be instrumental in winning some souls to Christ. This schism of the Church was an evil, but it was permitted of God. These rival organizations, alas, claimed the title of the Church of Christ. They are forms of Protestantism. While no undue haste may be anticipated in the realization of the re-unity of the Church, the Church should still be a centre of unity, not only to these forms of Protestantism but also to the Church of Rome herself.

After the apostles and elders had considered these matters, they made an adjournment to the school-room, where the clerical and lay rolls were called, and the two Houses separated for business. The means adopted at present, with more or less implied sanction of the Church, to raise moneys for Christian work, received a merited and severe criticism. A motion to consolidate the various Synods of the Church, in order that an authoritative voice on this and other matters might be secured, induced a discussion resulting in the appointment of a committee

authorized to invite a conference of representatives from all the dioceses in British North America to confer upon a ground upon which such a union of Synods might be constituted. The status of visiting clergy occupied a substantial portion of time, and elicited many motions, amendments, and re-amendments, points of order and questions of privilege, before the gentlemen who were in favour of admitting to the floor of the House all the clergy of the ecclesiastical province, were subdued by those who refused such a concession, limiting it to the clergy beyond the province, on the ground that each diocese was already represented by delegates chosen for the purpose.

The delegates from the Protestant Episcopal Church of America were introduced, and with formality were escorted to seats on the platform by bishops in full canonicals. An official welcome was extended from the Church in Canada to the Church in America, who, replied in courteous speeches, and tendered an invitation to the Synod to be represented at the approaching Conference in New York.

The authorities on mission work reported an unsatisfactory state of indifference on the part of the Church to the demands of the North West, and drew an unfavourable comparison with the energetic organization and generous liberty of "their separate brethren." The opinion of the Synod was asked on the question of free pews. It was urged that our churches should be thrown open to rich and poor alike, without respect for social rank or worldly possessions; that the loss in revenue should be ignored; that, indeed, no loss of revenue need be feared; that the system of free pews had increased the revenue from other sources; and as the present system is regarded as the sole cause (!) of the emptiness of the churches, the Synod expressed its opinion that all pews should be free and unappropriated.

A motion to adopt the International Series of Sunday School Lessons afforded another opportunity of displaying the exceeding catholicity of the reverend and irreverend gentlemen. The series was alleged as teaching only Scripture, and not CHURCH principles. It was preferred outside THE CHURCH, and THE CHURCH should have nothing to do with it. Indeed, it was compiled outside THE CHURCH. What if thousands or millions of Sunday school workers all over the world are studying it at the same time? Their own system was prepared inside THE CHURCH, was formulated by intellect, learning, and even by inspiration. What is wanted is to sweep away the present Sunday school system altogether, and train the youth of the country in Church principles, and a committee was appointed to consider the best means of prosecuting Sunday school work.

The House engaged in a long and serious debate on the question of divorce and of re-marriage in the event of such an undesirable step. It was moved and seconded, that no clergyman in the ecclesiastical province shall, in any case, solemnize marriage where there is a divorced wife or husband of either party still living. The House shrank, however, from the responsibility of prohibiting the re-marriage of the innocent party in a divorce, and an amendment was carried which favoured the nomination of a committee of bishops, clergy and laity to consider the entire question and report at next Synod.

The Hon. Mr. Allan requested the aid and influence of the Synod on behalf of the Sabbath Observance Association, to advocate and obtain such legislation as may preserve the sanctity of the Day of Rest throughout the Dominion. Much might be done in regard to railway, steamboat, canal, and postal service, to ensure for all the rest of mind and body which was demanded and enjoyed by some. A reverend gentleman had met a man in Brockville who had never heard of the Ten Commandments, and doubtless this ignorance was entirely attributable to Sunday labour. Another regretted that the day was spent in a manner by no means edifying even in the House of Commons itself. Without a dissenting voice the House acceded to Mr. Allan's solicitation, and the same unanimous support was accorded to the following minute:—

"That in the opinion of this House the Church is called upon by the circumstances of the times in which we live to show greater earnestness in the aggressive work of the kingdom of God; and that this House, therefore, respectfully requests a conference with the Upper House with a view to securing (1) a more widely extended use of authorized lay readers; (2) a greater extension of the diaconate; (3) the increase of the priesthood; and (4) the immediate sub-division of existing dioceses and consequent increase of the episcopate.

"That in view of the great indifference which unhappily prevails with regard to Christian doctrine, and the wide-spread ignorance of the history and principles of the Church of England, this House respectfully requests the bishops to take such steps as may seem to them desirable to ensure the clergy giving definite instructions upon the above subjects."

A reverend representative, whose "spirit was wholly stirred within him" by a message from the diocese of Toronto in regard to authorizing the use of the Revised Version of the New Testament in public worship, delivered a bold and stirring, if not actually unsettling, attack upon that sacred document. Inaccurate, he said, it is, and in bad taste; shocking to the common mind; and has robbed our Saviour of His Godhead. As the Church of England herself has not yet sanctioned its use in public worship, the Synod declined to declare that action ought to be taken in that direction.

The presentation of Memorials from the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec respecting the Jesuits' Estates Bill, and the significant encroachments of the Romish hierarchy upon British supremacy brought up the general question of the reception of memorials. An effort was made to refer them to committees, but the House insisted it must first know what it was asked to refer, and decided that all documents of that description be read to the entire Synod. Consequently the *Burning Question* took possession of the floor. Long and exhaustive speeches laid the matter clear to the House. Dr. Davidson was Pauline in his plea, and in his pleading firm as a rock against insinuation of the political, the sinister, the unsynodical. Attacked by the Hon. Mr. Hannington, he presented a front still braver, and against all comers held his own until the motion that it was inexpedient for the House to take any steps in the matter quailed before that of referring the whole question to a committee, whose duty it shall be to investigate the alleged encroachments of the Church of Rome, and to inform the people of the workings of that body in Canada.

With the customary formalities the Synod was prorogued.  
VILLE MARIE.

### AUTUMN.

IN tawny tunic girt with links of gold,  
Through yellowing reaches of the restful land,  
Wandereth Autumn—and his sun-browned hand  
A crystal cup of ripe, red wine doth hold.  
The sighing leaves dip in the vintage old,  
And floats on high his flaming, paling brand;  
Piercing its glowing depths, the sun rays bland,  
In richer glory on the fields are rolled.

Spring's plaintive questions and elusive hopes  
Are over—longings deep of Summer days  
Have burned and faded in their own white fire.  
Now Autumn, writing on the leaf-strewn slopes  
"Fulfillment," in the brooding, golden haze,  
Breathes Nature's answer to the soul's desire.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

### PARIS LETTER.

PITY the Exhibition has arrived at its autumn age, or a forgotten novelty could be secured for the collection of "human documents," squatted on the Esplanade des Invalides. The novelty wanting consists of exhibits of prisoners of war, who are fattened by their captors in special parks, to be eaten as required. This fat-stock pen exists in Central Africa, in a region called Oubanghi, visited recently by M. Fondère, who was charged with a scientific mission by France, which region is, it appears, within the sphere of influence of four European powers.

Each village has its pen or park, fenced in with bamboos, and more or less thatched over. Some fifty prisoners of war, or slaves, occupy a pen, and are fed like Strasburg geese. The penned are of both sexes, and every village has its fattening park. M. Fondère describes the details of selecting a "black pig." When the villagers decide to have a good meal, a butcher is told of to visit the pen; he is accompanied by an orchestra, comprising fifers, drummers and cymbal men; he feels the most likely victim, as if a stall-fed bullock, and, having indicated his selection, the unfortunate is marched to the village square preceded by the musicians.

Arrived, the selected is so strapped to a bent bamboo that one blow of a rusty sword, separates the head from the trunk; the head is the property of the butcher; the body is then carved up to suit shareholders, who subdivide their morsel among their families, and who cook it how, and when they please. M. Fondère offered to obtain the liberty of several of the slaves in course of being fattened; but they preferred their fate to freedom. Enclosed in the park, the doomed are supplied with all they desire in the way of eating, drinking, music and singing. Notwithstanding the attractions of the pen, had some of them been shown the Eiffel Tower, like other African aborigines, they might conclude that, after all, life was worth living for, and that the way Westerns devour one another is a superior and to be preferred form of cannibalism.

Banquets beget banquets, and the latter, now that France entertains the universe with Beshazzar feasts, makes the observations of M. Lévêque, on how the Greeks fed their five thousands, extremely *à propos*, because the French, while claiming to be the chief of the Latin sister-nations, delight not the less to be dubbed modern Athenians. They resemble the ancient Greeks not a little; thus they dote upon pork; always mix their wine with water, and are merry and chatty at their meals. They have their three repasts per day, too; the first is a hot roll and café-au-lait—their prototypes dipped a crust in wine and water; their déjeuner or lunch is moderate, but the dinner is the true *pièce de résistance*. M. Lévêque observes that the Greeks liked to dine at little tables and apart—as in the restaurants of to-day. But while the Athenians of Paris use knives and forks and napkins, the Hellenists employed their fingers, and a slave supplied them with dough which they rolled between their fingers to dry them, and then threw these "dough nuts" aside. It is well-known that the Shah and his little Aziz pursue the same tactics when grubbing alone.

In Rome, the cook, who was a slave, was handsomely rewarded if he succeeded with the dinner, and he was called in by the *invités* to be complimented; just as the modern host brings in his nursery to be blarneyed by his guests. If the Roman cook spoiled a joint, it was, on the other hand, off with his head, Buckingham. Pity that capital punishment does not exist, even in the obsolete form, on statute books and Codes Napoleon to-day. The French, like the Greeks, have the weakness for speechifying—if not at, certainly after, banquets. The old Gauls in the time of Caesar were celebrated for their "blows," and to-day, neither parliamentarians, nor anti-parliamentarians, will ever dispense with beautiful discourses, that are the cause of the "brilliant sterility" of their sessions.

The early-closing movement has been applied to the Exhibition. Curfew-hour is half-past ten, instead of eleven p.m. A leading London medical journal states that the firing of the gun from the Eiffel Tower at this hour, coupled with the dancing and the prancing of the luminous fountains, exercise a baneful influence on the delicate nerves of young ladies. In order to calm anxious mothers, and to fortify weak-nerved females in general, I may state that the night closing of the Exhibition does not take place by sound of cannon shot, but by a pleasing roll of drums. The Eiffel Tower fires only two shots daily—so softly, too, that the sparrows even on the balcony do not cease to chirrup—the first, at eight in the morning to announce the opening of the *interior* of the building, and the second at six in the evening, to announce the closing of that same interior. Such is all the powder expended daily, or the broadsides indulged in. As to the luminous fountains producing hysteria: they compel such ejaculations as "How lovely!" from English girls, and an "It's right nice!" from their American sisters. The display only lasts half an hour; is over by ten o'clock, when the young ladies, doubtless as a preservative against "fits," repair to restaurants with their gentleman friends, to eat ices, nibble wafer biscuits, and drink sorbets, while keeping time to the weird music of the Czardas or the Latouars. No, the Big Fair does not generate hysterics; but it may broken hearts, at having to leave it so soon, and perhaps for ever. In the interests of international hygiene, it is to be remarked that not a sudden death has occurred in the Exhibition since its inauguration, save to a gentleman who overfed himself with early strawberries smothered in champagne and water ices.

"What to do with the Exhibition?" is as difficult to answer as "What to do with our boys?" or "Is marriage a failure?" Patriots suggest, Keep the structure up, and run it as a rival to the annual Novogorod or Leipzig fairs, or make the Paris meet the grand annual fair for Western Europe. It is not likely to cut out Hamburg, Antwerp and London, which are western fairs all the year round, though unpossessed of Eiffel towers. And the Parisians, while accepting with passive submission a six months' show every decade, are quite resolved never to renew the institution within a shorter period. By the 1st December next the Exhibition site will be locked in its ordinary solitariness for ten years.

The Juries have made their awards, and there are a few interesting figures to glean. In 1878 the gross number of exhibitors was 49,430, of whom about 57 per cent. received recompenses. In the 1889 show, the total of all exhibitors of all classes is estimated at 60,000, of whom 59 per cent. will receive rewards. In the Fine Arts groups there are 3,174 exhibitors, of whom 53 per cent. will be accorded prizes. In the case of the 4,031 competitors in the agricultural section, prizes to the extent of 30 per cent. have been allocated. A very fair class of rewards has been instituted, namely, the recognition of the perseverance of several exhibitors who have put in an appearance at eleven international shows and have never received any honour. They not the less contributed to decorate the shows. The most remarkable objects of the Exhibition, numbering 1175, have been specially selected to compete for 373 extraordinary rewards, of which 44 are mammoth prizes. Messrs. Eiffel and Dutert, authors of the tower and the machinery hall, are among the elect. A bronze medal was accorded to the "Federation Britannique, Continentale et Generale." This is a society for the surveillance and repression of prostitution. It would seem that other nations protested against "Britannia ruling the waves" of prostitution, still less of federating the continent, even in the cause of virtue. The peacock feather has had to be taken back. The society must look to the other world for its recompenses. A special class of honours—chiefly medals—will be created, to reward those workmen and overseers who have produced exhibits deemed worthy of marked and exceptional praise. In the awarding of these distinctions long service with employers will be largely taken into consideration at the same time.

At Verinet, a suburb of Paris, three sisters—maiden miseries—lived alone. They had a one-horse shay, and seemed to gain their livelihood by race-betting, as they attended every race-course. Unable to meet their rent, the landlord sold all their sticks; for in France, whether house or land tenant, out you go if the rent be not paid by noon on quarter-day. The bailiff had to seize the horse, to make up what the goods did not realize. One sister said she would shoot the horse ere it should be knocked down. The next morning the butcher's boy found the house suspiciously still; he called the police. On bursting open the door flames burst out. When these were got under, the bodies of two of the sisters were found, half carbonized; they had been shot, and a lamp of petroleum burned under their bed. The third sister was found in another room, roasted to a chip; a revolver in the calcined

bones of the hand; in the room was a dead cat and pet dog, shot; a parrot and canaries, with heads wrung off; the horse in the stable was riddled with balls. All papers were destroyed, save three letters tied to the pump; a malediction from each sister on the landlord, the bailiff and the mayor of the town.

"Jack the Ripper" has been dramatized, in five acts. It is a history of ordinary crime, no Whitechapel realisms. Cats stretch in hot weather; so does the Eiffel Tower—it was two inches higher on Monday. Z.

### MY QUEEN.

WHERE and how may we fittingly greet her,  
What are the words our hearts would say,  
We, so far we may never meet her,  
Owing so long her gentle sway?  
Yet though our eyes may never behold her,  
For the wide sea which rolls between,  
We are content if, mayhap, it be told her  
How that we love her, our Queen, our Queen.

She is distressed, for the times are waxed evil,  
Strong grow the hordes leagued in envy and hate;  
Muscovite, Arab, and dynamite-devil  
Plot to encompass her empire's fate.  
Would we could shield and counsel our lady  
'Gainst dangers that menace and perils unseen—  
But whenever she calls she will find us ready,  
Loving and loyal, our Queen, our Queen.

We will not dream of her haughty-appearing,  
Queen but of those in the isle of her birth,  
Scorning their love who, in forest and clearing,  
Work out God's will in subduing the earth;  
Should war clouds darken the sunlight upon her,  
In that fierce tourney of bayonets keen,  
Ride we in lists for the lady we honour,  
Wearing her guerdon, our Queen, our Queen.

W. S. G.

### A CORNISH PARSON!

IT is summer time, and you and I are standing on the cliff-edge of the wild North Cornish shore. Before us reaches the vast Atlantic, unchecked by any hindrance of land right to Labrador. Beneath us the cliffs drop down many a hundred feet to the shore. Jagged pinnacles uprise here and there with many a flying buttress of splintered rock between them and the cliff. At its base is a narrow tract of sand, glistening like granulated silver, lying upon it are many purple boulders curiously streaked, here and there, with green and brown. The sea is calm but the long swell comes on in soft resistless undulation, green and clear as beryl; then suddenly shattered into spray like summer clouds for whiteness, when the waters touch the boulders. As, one by one, the sunbeams creep from the shadow of the overhanging cliff, and glint upon the spray, it flashes from snowy whiteness into all the beauty of mimic rainbows, and falls back upon its mother-wave a very storm of jewels.

To our right the seaward cliffs are cleft asunder, and bend inwards to form a valley, which slopes upwards from the shore a mile or more inland. Farthest from us the valley-slope is wooded, and bends back to form a little cleeve, full of rich pasturage. At its base a creek lies calm, its clear waters full of vague shadows and ever shifting light. A sand bar crosses the creek a little above the opening to the shore. The just flowing tide (its vast swell checked by the unyielding sand) ripples softly over the bar under the gurgling foam. A little wooden jetty runs out just beneath us, with a squat square tower at the end and from which still stand up some curious twisted iron rods, whereon in days gone by many braziers of flaming coals had hung. But now its occupation is gone, for away on the horizon like a purple pencil-line on the grey of distance is a modern light-house. A little dock with one or two fishing boats under repair, and a tiny custom-house fill in this portion of the picture.

Immediately beneath us to the right a rain-worn path winds down the hill between the houses, which seem piled one upon another, until it reaches the roadway by the creek. Here many a fathom of rich brown fishing nets is stretched on posts of every shape to dry and tan. It is a lovely Sabbath morning, and more than a Sabbath peace seems to rest on the place. Except the slow *sumph*, *sumph* of a pump in the mine beyond the hill, all the sounds which reach us are those that bring no thought of human toil. It is a mingled music, this, of the water ripple, the sibilation of the light breeze upon the nets, the diapason of the Atlantic, the full early summer song of the larks, which high o'erhead are singing, as tho' impatient of the potential song, which lies silent in the little throats in the nest in yonder cleeve, and are singing both for themselves and their voiceless little ones.

Such is the little world-lost Cornish fishing town on Sabbath morning in 1873. But for only this we have not come. Away over the hills yonder, a few miles tramp, lies the little village of Morwenstowe, and thither would we go to see and hear him of whom we have been told so much—the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawkee, Vicar of Morwenstowe. Perhaps he was the completest human anachronism this or any other generation has afforded. His name, at the time of which we write, was a household word in all that country side, and indeed is now, a name spoken of with respect everywhere, with loving tenderness as one to be voice-caressed ere uttered. He had many of

the aspirations and instincts of the 19th century, mingled strangely with the feelings and superstitions of long ages back. A man of big heart and large brain, but with the chain of control between them wanting somewhere a link. He was a poet of no mean order, a born preacher, a man of unquenchable love and implacable hate, keen humour, intense seriousness, unthinking, and yet full of thought, impulsive and yet deliberate, a nature made up of light and darkness with no *nuances* between.

Our first meeting with him will never be forgotten. It was on the cliff-side path near Morwenstowe. Turning a sudden corner we came upon him standing on the cliff edge. He was declaiming some fragment of a poem, and his whole body was in action. We knew at once the man. On his head was a priest's wideawake of a bright claret colour. He wore a long cutaway coat also claret-coloured, but streaked and stained with shades of purple from many a frequent wetting. The coat was closely buttoned over a blue sailor's jersey. Long fishing boots reached to his hips. His hands were covered with crimson thread gloves. Such was the appearance of the parish priest of Morwenstowe.

He was born on Dec. 3rd, 1804, at Stoke Damerel near Plymouth, Devonshire. He was the grandson of Dr. Hawkee, the celebrated author of "Morning and Evening Portions." From his earliest days his individuality made itself manifest. His practical jokes, as a boy, were very original, and caused at times no end of a coil. "He would dive into a shop, catch hold of the end of string, that curled out of the tin of twine upon the counter, and race with it in his hand down the street, then up a lane and down another, lacing Stratton in a cob-web of twine, tripping up people as they went along the streets. The old shop-man had not the wits to cut the string, but held on like grim death to the tin, whilst the ball bounced and uncoiled within it, swearing at the plague of a boy, and wishing him back to *skule agin*."

Returning from college one recess, his father, who at that time was only a poor curate, told him that he could no longer afford the necessary expenditure. The lad (he was only 20) was not to be deprived of his university career, and on hearing his father's decision, he ran several miles bare-headed to the house, where a maiden lady, Miss Vans, his God-mother lived. She possessed a small fortune and the lad incontinently proposed to her that she should become his wife. She consented tho' one and twenty years his senior. They were married and he finished his college career. For many years they lived together with never a cloud to overshadow the happiness of their lives.

In 1834 he was offered the incumbency of Morwenstowe. There was not a living in England so acceptable to him and he at once accepted it and took up his residence. To a man of his poetic nature few spots could have been more congenial.

He desired not the fret and bustle of the busy world, his imagination made for him an ever-changing world. The solitudes round Morwenstowe were peopled by him with a myriad population. The deep and wide sea also was his cherished companion. A man of a deep reverential spirit, vivid imagination, and strong affection for old things, the land of saints in which he found his habitation could never fail to inspire him with thoughts, and provide him with rare sustenance of recreation.

Go where you will in Cornwall you meet with the vestiges of some saint or another. Often it is but the heritage of a name, but oftener a church, a rock-hewn cell, or sacred well.

They had their lodges in the wilderness,  
Or built their cells beside the shadowy sea  
And there they dwelt with angels like a dream;  
So they unclosed the volume of the book,  
And filled the fields of the Evangelist.

His church at Morwenstowe is dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It consists of a nave and two aisles. Two semi-circular arches are richly carved with Norman zig-zag. He had a singular fancy respecting this. He would say, "Do you not see it is near the font this ornament occurs? It is the ripple of the lake of Genesareth, the Spirit breathing upon the waters of baptism. Look without the church—there is the restless old ocean, thundering with all his waves. Look within—all is calm; there plays over the baptismal pool only the Dove who fans it into ripples with His healing wings."

When the east wall was rebuilt in 1849 a rich stained window was inserted, representing St. Morwenna teaching Editha, daughter of Ethelwulf.

The vestry to the church was an old stable on the north side of the chancel. Ascent was made to it by a stairway from the church. No place could well be untidier than the church. This is surprising, considering the extreme reverence Mr. Hawkee had for sacred things. The altar was never clean, being strewn over with burnt ends of matches and such like gear. A deal kitchen table also stood in the chancel and on this would be seen mufflers, overcoats, hats and books.

One of his curates in a later year was much exercised about this untidiness. One day he swept up all the rubbish, paper, scraps of manuscript, remains of Xmas decorations, scraps of poetry, match ends and filled a barrow with them which he wheeled to the vicarage. On Mr. Hawkee's appearing the curate told him he had brought the rubbish from the church.

"Not all," said Hawkee, "pray seat yourself on the top of the pile and I will see that the whole shall be speedily shot."

Page after page might be filled with stories of his jokes and fun. His spirits were usually exuberant, and nothing

delighted him more than poking fun, which always was of the purest and gentlest kind.

In politics Mr. Hawkee was a liberal; indeed as far as concerned the poor, especially the agricultural labourers, he was a more thorough Radical than even Charles Kingsley. The energy with which he upheld the cause of this class earned him a great deal of resentment amongst the farmers, but he cared not a jot. Some of his sweetest poems were written in the cause of the poor.

His generosity to the poor knew no bounds. It was always unthinking, not always discreet, but his heart could never be shut to any appearance of woe. Often on a bitter winter night he awoke and, thinking that someone or another in his parish would not be warm enough, he would get up and, with a servant to help him, would go to one cottage or another with blankets or cordials.

"They are crushed down, my poor people, ground down with poverty, with a wretched wage, till they are degraded in mind and body. If I eat and drink and see my poor hunger and thirst, I am not a minister of Christ, but a lion lurking in a den to ravish His poor."

His income was £365 per year. Over the porch of his vicarage he wrote:

A house, a glebe, a pound a day,  
A pleasant place to watch and pray  
Be true to Christ, be kind to poor,  
Oh, minister for evermore.

His hospitality was unbounded. Often and often he and his were in straightened circumstances through his unstinted generosity. Visitors in the summer crowded upon him, always welcome as he knew so well how to make them. One hardly could tell in what the charm of his company consisted. It seemed to be in everything. His conversation was full of quaintness, his memory prodigious, his power of telling a story most unusual. A young bride once visited him and he proceeded seriously to instruct her into the mysteries of tea-making. "Fill the tea-pot to the lid with leaves, my dear, and pour the water into the cracks."

In church at service he was most original, one might say funny, and yet withal most impressive. His utmost eccentricity scarcely seemed incongruous, so great was the influence of his personality upon one. During the earlier portion of the service he would be invisible until, having shouted "Thomas" in a voice of thunder, two blood-red hands (from the colour of his gloves) were thrust through the screen, holding the offertory-bags. The ceremonials of his church were mostly his own devising. His administration of baptism was wonderfully impressive, and many parents came from miles round that he might baptise their children.

Usually he was followed to church by nine or ten cats, which entered the church with him. During prayers he would stroke the cats or scratch them under the chin. There were originally ten cats, but one, having caught and killed a mouse on a Sunday, it was forthwith excommunicated. Wherever Mr. Hawkee went out walking the birds would fly about him in flocks, settling upon him and fluttering about for food.

The finest side of the parson's character was that displayed toward his parishioners. He was a true parish priest. In the homes of the poor he was always a welcome guest: toilsome faces ever brightened at the sound of his footsteps, and the darkest day seemed to be a little lighter when he came into it. The children went to him as to their own father, and nothing delighted him more than to sit by the cottage hearthstone with the little ones of the house about his knees, while he invented fairy tales which he knew so well how to tell. He had a subtle and strange influence over the children, an influence which the parents regarded with a kind of awe. Over and over again when a child was ill and refused to take its medicine, the mother would send for the vicar, who at once cheerfully obeyed the request and went, whatever the weather and distance, to give the child its medicine, and never a child was known to refuse to take the draught from his hand. Often he would say on receiving such a message. "Ah! my Master has been this way to-night." His sympathy with the sorrowful was unflinching. One of the sweetest poems in the English language he wrote after visiting a poor woman, who had recently lost her child.

They say 'tis a sin to sorrow  
That what God doth is best,  
But 'tis only a month to-morrow,  
I buried it from my breast,  
I know it should be a pleasure  
Your child to God to send;  
But mine was a precious measure,  
To me and to my poor friend,  
I'd thought it would call me mother!  
The very first words it said:  
Oh! I never can love another  
Like the blessed babe that's dead,  
Well! God is its own dear Father,  
It was carried to church and blessed:  
And our Saviour's arms will gather  
Such children to their rest,  
I will check this foolish sorrow  
For what God doth is best;  
But oh! 'tis a month to-morrow  
I buried it from my breast.

We have not time to linger over the relationship of this good old man with his parishioners nor of the fun he used to get out of them one way or another. Many an article longer than this may be, could be, filled with such narration.

Liberal as Mr. Hawkee was in his opinion on some things he had a strong, an almost unreasoning, prejudice against religious dissent in any form, a prejudice, perhaps, only equalled in intensity of feeling by his hatred of ritualism.

Wesleyanism he could not tolerate in any form, and nothing angered him more than to hear it in any way

defended. One of his sayings was, "John Wesley came into Cornwall and persuaded the people to change their vices."

Unjust as this vehement prejudice may seem to be, it has to be remembered that Hawke, in his efforts to reform his parish, met with great opposition and provocation from the Methodists; and that his chief idea of this form of dissent was obtained from his observation of the acts and conduct of the Bryanites, of which we cannot speak further now.

As soon as the vague scent of salt came into the air presaging a storm Mr. Hawke was all excitement. From a look-out he had built on the cliffs he would watch the labouring ships for hours at a time, and when a wreck took place, he was among the first to render assistance. His house, his purse, and, best of all, his heart was open always to those that "go down to the sea in ships." Every corpse which came ashore he had buried in his churchyard with the full funeral service; and whenever he could find by any means the whereabouts of the dead seaman's friends, a letter full of the truest sympathy was sent. His precious sympathy was all at the flood at such heart-breaking times. The wide world over scores of hearts to-day would leap with renewed gratitude at the mention of his name and the remembrance of his loving kindness. We might linger over many stories of his goodness did time permit—stories which made the eyes to fill; and the heart grew glad that human love can be so good and so divine a thing in its sweet brotherliness.

He lost his first wife in 1863, having been married to her for thirty-nine years. After her death he fell into piteous depression. He took to opium eating, and could or would do nothing but mope about the cliffs or in his study. Thus passed nearly two years, with now and again a gleam of his former self appearing. In December, 1864, he was again married to a young lady, a Miss Kuczynski, whom he had met as a governess in the family of a parishioner.

He at once became more his former self, he gave up opium eating and was entirely, supremely happy. In the course of time two daughters were given him. These filled his heart with delight, but at the same time with great anxiety for the future, for he had nothing wherewithal to provide for them. It was a cloud which hung over him and never lifted off.

The next few years began the end. The old man's health broke up, difficulties arose in his parish, and his circumstances became more straitened. So all went on until the 15th of August, 1875, when he was gathered to his rest.

A sad void was left on the lives of his parishioners, who only found after he was gone how large a space he had filled in their lives. His memory still lingers in those by-ways of Cornwall, sweet and beautiful. Among the just men made perfect, he is reaping his reward—the ingrafting of that happiness which he sowed with no stinting hand in the lives of those who, but for him, had indeed found life a weary thing. J. R. POCKLINGTON.

PRESENT SERVICE.

A ROCK-BOUND lichen long'd to pierce the sky,  
Like spear of grass that grew beside its bed,  
The grass sigh'd low for petals rosy red,  
The rose for wayward wings of butterfly  
Which tried to reach the lark's ecstatic cry;  
A child sighs long for sword and martial tread,  
The earth-chained man for freedom with the dead,  
For higher bliss immortal spirits try,  
While angels press—to hymn their wisest love—  
Where dread archangels throneward bend the knee.  
But God said—"Children, duty is the price,  
And life of use the gate that leads above,  
The lichen's present service done for Me,  
Is incense sweet as angel's sacrifice."

Toronto, September 19, 1889.

A. Cox.

MANNERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

WE are hearing a good deal just now of the need of other kinds of training than mere literary training in the schools. There is a loud demand, not only for manual, but for moral and religious training—something very hard to get in a satisfactory shape, because its efficiency must largely depend on the character of the teacher. It is not every teacher who can make himself or herself a moral or religious influence, or even furnish a proper vehicle for moral or religious instruction. But there is a branch of ethics which might be taught in every school, and which ought to be taught in every school, but is grossly neglected to the great national detriment—we mean what is called manners or "minor morals." In this field it is safe to say our common schools do nothing, or next to nothing, and there is none within their reach in which they might do so much.

We are not now talking of the kind of demeanour in ordinary intercourse known as "politeness," though this is terribly deficient in nearly all our boys and girls. Little or nothing is done in the schools to combat the mischievous delusion that suavity of manner is a confession of social or other inferiority, and that in order to preserve his self-respect and maintain his republican equality, an American has to be surly or indifferent, after the manner of hotel clerks or expressmen, and too often salesmen and "sales-ladies" in stores. The result is, that we have probably the worst-mannered children in the civilized world. And

the result of this neglect of the schools is to give a great many young people a dull, unready air—that is, they avoid quick responsiveness, lest it should seem like servile eagerness to please, and the habit of dilatory answering ends in giving an appearance of dullness and stupidity. One of the great uses of schools is to fortify the children of the State against whatever is evil and deteriorating in the political or economical condition of their lives. One of the great uses of American schools should be to fortify American boys and girls against the bad influence, either in mind or manners, of the passion for equality pushed to extremes, and the still more corrupting passion for notoriety fostered by the newspapers.

One of the defects in our civilization to which attention is now being called by the preparation for the Exposition is the filthy and squalid condition of our streets and high-ways and the surroundings of our houses. Everybody who has seen a foreign capital anticipates with more or less shame the arrival in New York of people who are accustomed to the comfort and cleanliness of London or Paris or Vienna. No doubt much of this filth and squalor is due to defective municipal administration. But, unfortunately, it is not New York alone which suffers from it. Similar nuisances are to be encountered in every town and village in the State, and no merely legislative or official remedy will be effectual without a reform in popular habits, which must begin in the schools.

It is not easy to teach neatness to grown men and women, but it is possible to infuse into children a horror of the anti-social practice which helps a great deal to disfigure and vulgarize our cities, and especially this city, of throwing down refuse of whatever nature—peanut shells, bits of paper, ends of cigarettes and cigars, old shoes, hats, ashes, saliva or other excretions—in places frequented by or seen by one's fellow-citizens, such as streets, roads, lanes, sidewalks, public stairways, etc. Our indifference to this practice, which appears to be the result of a long familiarity, is incomprehensible to foreigners. It disappeared from European countries completely fully one hundred years ago. It is now found nowhere in the Eastern hemisphere except in Turkish or other Mussulman towns and cities, and is looked upon as the sure sign of a low civilization. It is considered in every European city a grievous offence against a man's neighbours to make any public display of offal, or to sit down quietly in the presence of filth or rubbish of any description. A horror of it might be taught to every child in the public schools by any average teacher. To instil it should be one of a teacher's first duties, for it must be remembered that the chief observable superiority of the civilized man over the savage lies in the greater cleanliness of his person and dwelling. Nothing about an Indian encampment is so revolting as the indifference of the inhabitants about their garbage and refuse. If they get it outside their door, it is the most they strive for. When it is remembered that two-thirds, probably, of the houses, stores, and offices in this city deposit their sweepings in the streets, and follow them in many cases with the slops, one has a humiliating sense of our nearness to the Crow or the Apache in some of our social usages. No child should leave the public schools without having a dread of refuse ground into him. He should be taught to hate the sight of unswep't streets or sidewalks, of saliva-stained marble or granite, of ashes and refuse of every description, and especially of bits of newspapers and ends of cigars, as signs of gross selfishness and a low social tone.—V. Y. Nation.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

"PROFILS ÉTRANGERS." By Victor Cherbuliez (Hachette & Co.). M. Cherbuliez is a member of the French Academy, and the collection of portraits he now presents has appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under the signature of "G. Valbert." The portraits lose nothing in being placed to the credit of the well-known writer; his "portrait gallery" comprises such subjects as Lord Beaconsfield, Prince de Bismarck, the historian Leopold Ranke, the heroic Gordon, Signor Crispi and M. Geffcken. The likenesses are extremely striking, impartially drawn, and life-coloured. The judgment delivered is succinct, but exhaustive, delivered without passion, and most carefully summed up. The reader will not find exactly any new facts respecting the celebrities handled, but the facts known, forgotten and overlooked, are re-grouped, and their reading thus presented affords all the pleasure of originality.

"LA CHALEUR ANIMALE." By Ch. Richet (Alcan). "Life," said Lavoisier, "is a chemical function." This volume is extremely curious, and though scientific, is easy and attractive reading. Not a page but affects our own organization and well-being. For man the temperature is 99 degrees; for mamifere, 103, and for birds, 108 degrees Fah. Cold-blooded animals do not cease to live, move, and have their being because their temperature may remain at zero. M. Richet proves that every new-born is a cold-blooded animal, having want of heat. "Man and Temperature" form an extremely instructive chapter. The author shows that the production of heat is greater in the middle of the day than in the evening or during the night or in the morning; that a kind of normal fever sets in from the morning and lasts till the afternoon, and that more or less energetic action of the nervous system is the cause of the more or less production of heat. The influence of meals or of age is not very marked in the production of heat. The muscular system is the chemical apparatus in which the greater part of animal heat is

produced, and the nervous regulates the activity of the muscular system; it is the agent which directs the chemical actions, and that permits man—and animals—to conform to the ambient temperature, and to manufacture more or less of heat, more or less of its radiation, and more or less of its evaporation. But respecting the mechanism of the nervous system, by which this more or less heat is generated, we know nothing at all. We are cognizant only of effects. The problem to solve is, how the nervous excitement, either of a gland or muscle, produces varying quantities of heat.

"MISOGALLO." By Vittorio Alfieri (Rome: Perino). This pamphlet, though written in 1792, and only ten copies made for private friends, was not published till 1799, and then at Florence. The title is an epigram upon the Gallic cock. The brochure has just appeared at Rome as a popular edition and is destined for actuality work by forming the present hate of Italy against France. It is a very painful volume no matter how it may be examined. Alfieri is ranked as the modern tragic poet of Italy. Born at Asti, in Piedmont, in 1749, he was sent to study in the College of Nobles at Turin. He left the college at sixteen, more ignorant than when he entered, and commenced a scamping tour over Europe. He was convinced of two facts—that he was uneducated, and that he had a talent for writing tragedy in verse—his ideal.

Sick at heart in having nothing to do he fell back on study to kill ennui. Result—at the age of twenty-six he produced his tragedy of "Cleopatra," which was a success. Then followed a series of other tragedies, all founded on types of liberty and protests against tyranny. He died in harness in October, 1803, and was buried at Florence, between Machiavel and Michael Angelo. His complete published works comprise thirty-seven volumes; but then he was a tremendous worker. Six years before his death, when aged forty-eight, he commenced to study Greek. He was stimulated to study poetry and write dramas in order to win the affection of the Comtesse d'Albany, his *mia-donna*, the separated wife of Prince Charles Edward; he lived with her during the separation from her husband and wed her after his death. She shares Alfieri's tomb.

Alfieri was too passionate a politician to become a successful poet, hence why his dramas lack evenness, simplicity, and attractive grace, either to captivate minds or to stir hearts. Still he is accepted as a model for modern poets. His comedies are not good, and perhaps on the whole his autobiography is his best production.

How did it come, then, that Alfieri, whose maternal tongue was French, and who spoke only that language with his *inamorata*; who was an aristocrat, and a high priest of liberty, anathematized the French tongue, the French aristocracy, the French revolutionists, and all that was French? The only people he admired were the English, and that apparently on account of their hippic or "horsev" qualities. When Alfieri was introduced to Louis XV., at Versailles, the monarch snubbed him; his tragedies were roughly handled by French critics; he had invested a good deal of his fortune in French funds and was paid in barrowsfull of assignats. Finally, when he quitted Paris in August 1792, with his countess, who enjoyed a pension from the French court of 60,000 fr., the *sans culottes* seized his post horses; he lost his library, several of his works, and his furniture, which were unjustly sold, he being classed as an *émigré*.

Alfieri vented his indignation in his "Misogallo" a volume of 150 pages, partly prose and partly verse, wherein he has collected all his epigrams, made at the expense of the French. The diatribes or invectives have not the advantage of being eloquent or witty. He is far behind Henri Rochefort in the genius of *mots* and of stinging pleasantries. Botta has not inaptly described Alfieri: "When kings were flourishing, he hated them; after the Revolution, he cursed the Republic." There are three dialogues; an imaginary speech delivered by Louis XVI. before his judges; one between the ghost of that monarch and Robespierre; and the last between a freed man who is French, and a free man who is an American. The latter sustains that the English are the people the freest and least corrupted in Europe; and the French nation incapable and ever unworthy of knowing liberty.

The Italians, who have considered it expedient and patriotic to reprint this opusculé ought never to have forgotten that from the days of Charles VIII. and Louis XII.—when Milan proved ever the "tomb for the French invaders"—down to Solferino and Magenta, Italy would never have won her present unity were it not for the blood, the treasure, the armed intervention of France in 1859 against the *Tedesco*, who was as much an hereditary foe as the Gaul. The French, Alfieri states, are "an inferior race, excellent only in toilette, dancing and cookery. Inferior to other nations in war and in naval contests, and to the Italians in the sciences, arts and poetry." Yet France has produced not a bad crop of heroes and geniuses in all these departments of life. "Since a century the French have corrupted the world," but Alfieri forgets that the Italians ably contributed to corrupt France—through the Medicis.

Alfieri out-Taines Taine in his hatred of the Revolutionists; he cries *mea culpa* for having once written an anti-Bastille ode; and asserts, "that no people will be able to become free with the aid of the French." Pity he died 57 years before Solferino. But poets are not always prophets. Alfieri laid down that "hatred of France ought ever to be the policy of Italy." To-day, unhappily, that policy is in the ascendant. Again: "The French have

always been slaves; their country is a reunion of nobles, without honour; of plebeians, without shame; possessing a king, *without a head*." Odd epithet to apply to Louis XVI., three years before he was guillotined. "France is always *enceinte* of the liberty, which is never born." There are several very scatologic remarks, that decency forbids to quote. The charge of cowardice brought against the Gauls may be passed over; but we smile at the remark, that if the French conquer, it is "due to their offensive odour which puts their enemy to flight."

It appears that "the French language is most villainous, and the French, the most villainous of people; they are barbarous by their name, their language and their—nose." This is neither serious polemics, nor evidence of literary ability. But the pity of it, Iago, O Iago, the pity of—publishing such invectives between sister-nations, and at such an explosive moment. "Misogallo" is a poem of hate; compare it then with another, the "Châtiments" of Hugo, where the French poet rises to next to the sublime, at once in satire, song, odes, and action. Alfieri was the disciple of Voltaire and of Rousseau; he was an aristocrat to the marrow, yet he played with Republicanism in order not to recognize above him the authority of a Superior, or of a King. When at London, he avowed he felt ashamed to be Italian; when in Italy, he confessed that was not his country. When the French, under General Buonaparte entered Italy, Alfieri refuted in his country house outside Florence, not sharpening his sword, but pointing the epigrams of "Misogallo." And all the time the French soldiers were taking, unconsciously, a witty revenge on the Gallophobist, by acting his tragedies—"Virginia," "Timoleon," "Saul," "Brutus," etc., on the Italian stage, thus rousing Italians up to liberty. And Alfieri insisted not the less on having his rights, as dramatic author, paid him by the *sans culottes*. That surpassed the Church that made Molière and his troupe pay tithes, while refusing them Christian burial when they died.

#### AMID THE HEMLOCKS.

GOLDEN now and red, the west:  
Gaunt, the pines upon the hill:  
Running, murmurous, towards its rest,  
Golden now and red, the rill.  
Dull, the lichens on the stones;  
Grey, that yellow were and bright:  
Black, the spectral elm tree moans  
At the coming of the night.  
"Tell me, hemlocks tall and still;  
Stoop and whisper—not so low  
That the running of the rill  
Might drown what I long to know.  
"Tell me"—and the hemlocks bend  
As I tell my strange vague fears;  
And when, passion-wrought, I end,  
Lo! the glisten of their tears.  
Dumb, the hemlocks; but there rose  
—Rose from out the ruddy west—  
Choric voices, and they chose  
One faint word for chorus—"Rest." G.

#### AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM THE ROCKIES.—III.

WE left Banff with regret after some weeks' hard, but pleasant, work sketching the mountains and the delightful valley of the Bow River, our parting wish being that a few more roads and bridle-paths might be made so as to render the many beauties of the place more accessible. One is especially needed along the side of Squaw Mountains, from which the view of the valley and the surrounding mountains is the best obtainable as the distance is short, although we found it difficult, two swift streams having to be crossed on fallen trees, and a lot of tangled brush having to be crawled through. We also thought a few more notice-boards containing information as to direction and distance of objects of interest would be useful.

Leaving this pleasant spot we came on to Field and proceeded to explore the surrounding country. At Field itself the interest is limited to the view of one or two mountains which are too close to be properly seen, but a few miles farther west, in the flats of the Kicking Horse and Ottetail Rivers, the scenery can best be described as magnificent. These rivers have a habit of spreading themselves abroad, so to speak, and dividing themselves into numerous branches, thus leaving a number of islands covered with trees, and many others which are long reaches of sand and broken rocks, the whole making fine foregrounds for the mountains, of which the finest are the Van Horne range, with Mounts Deville and King immediately to the west, the beautiful Ottetail range with its banks of snowy glaciers grouped together to the south, and, to the north, a fine range of nameless mountains with two extensive glaciers glistening in the sun. Behind, to the east, rise Mounts Field and Stephen, at a better distance now than when seen from the station, altogether making one of the finest panoramas that can be found throughout the line, and the walk along the old tote road from Field was not regretted. Ree's Lake, too, seven miles from Field, is another point that is well worth a visit, though at present it is approached only by a bridle path, and the river has to be forded, no bridge being available except the so-called natural bridge a mile or so higher up the river, where the rocks approach so nearly that one can jump across.

At Leauchoil, two stations west of field, the Beaver-foot Mountains and Valley were sketched; and here we found the whole population to consist of one young woman and two small children, the men of the place being all out at work on the line. On our return in the evening we found only one man capable of speaking English, the entire community being Swedes, knowing only their own language and having little chance or prospect of learning any other under the circumstances. According to this learned man, who was a splendid specimen of an athlete, and as good tempered and genial as all Swedes seem to be by nature, Leauchoil is a favoured spot, the winter being short and mild, the Chinook winds coming up the valley and seldom allowing the cold weather to continue long. As, however, all things go by comparison, and he came from a part of Sweden where he said "you can see the sun shine for months together," it is possible that what he considered a short winter would be long enough.

Leaving this contented people dwelling in their happy valley, the next halting place was the far-famed glacier where the snug little Swiss chalet-like hotel nestles down under the shadow of the miles of ice and snow surrounding it. After passing through the sunny valley of Columbia where the hay was being gathered in and feeling the sun oppressively hot at Donald, the contrast with the cloud-covered mountains and passing showers of cold rain was great. Still to be on speaking terms with a real, actual, glacier of immense extent and untold age, to be able to walk on it and peer into the abysmal crevices of unknown depth with a changing play of light, now blue now green, in its translucent walls, is worth a little discomfort and exertion. But what has happened to our old friend the Ice Cave? It seems to be shrinking and closing up. Two years ago one could wander about in it to a certain extent; now it has become smaller and less imposing as a feature in the scene. But there is so much left to contemplate that in spite of the hut provided for those enthusiastic explorers who want to stay all night and go on exploring in the morning, no one seems to have measured the extent of the ice-field or the thickness and depths of it. Contemplating this enormous mass of ice one is tempted to ask how it got there. It evidently did not accumulate there as have the smaller glaciers on the higher mountains by the added winters' supply of snow which the summers have been too short to entirely melt. This is too low down and of too large extent to be accounted for in this way, besides it seems to be constantly diminishing and that is not to be wondered at when one sees the rivers that flow perpetually from it. Is it not possible that it and similar glaciers are a remnant of the old glacial period left in such positions that, although slowly and surely diminishing, they are still to a large extent preserved from destruction by the added snow of the winters being nearly equivalent to the loss caused by the heat of the short summer?

The large forest fires of this summer, and consequent great quantity of smoke which has shrouded the mountains so long, have caused a much greater denudation of the higher mountains than usual, which is quite perceptible to an artist who sketched the same mountains two years ago. In 1887 I made a study of this glacier from snow-shed No. 17, and this year I did the same and was astonished at the much greater extent of rock which was visible on the latter occasion. However, there is no doubt it will last our time and—"after us the deluge." So many people wish to stay over and inspect this natural wonder that Mr. Perley's hotel cannot always accommodate them, and it is in contemplation by the Canada Pacific Railway to build a larger one, but the present edifice is so comfortable and well-managed that I for one should be sorry to see it demolished, and hope it will be left standing by its larger neighbour for those who prefer snugness and comfort in a small compass.

Here Mr. Bell-Smith joined our party, and "Mt. Sir Donald by Sunset," "The Hermit Range—Evening," may be looked for about next May as the result of the three artists' efforts to improve the moments as they flew. After these efforts our party moved on to North Bend whence we could catch the morning train, and by the kind permission of Mr. Abbott be set down at any point of the boiling Fraser surging between the rocky banks that we desired to commemorate. We desired as usual more than we could get, the weather being very fitful in its moods, but about five miles from Yale we succeeded in securing some sketches of the most interesting points on the river.

I have omitted to state that on our way to North Bend we had ocular demonstration of the extraordinary run of salmon of which the papers have spoken so much this year; the Eagle River flows down to Shuswap Lake and for many miles runs side by side with the railway which crosses it several times. Whenever it was in sight, and shallow enough to allow the bottom to be seen, we could see the fish with their heads up stream in such numbers that they must have averaged over two to the square yard in very shallow places. They were aground and on sandy islands as well as along the banks, and lay dead and dying in numbers uncounted. All the upper waters of this river are shallow and we estimated that for perhaps ten miles there must have been two fish to the square yard, which, in a river averaging thirty feet or ten yards (and it must be more than that) gives the number of fish at 352,000. This looks like a fish story, but I am not claiming that I caught them all, besides it is my first offence in this line.

To go back to the Fraser where all these fish came from, it is a grand river for artists and full of picturesque turns and points till it reaches Yale, after which it spreads out and becomes quite pastoral with splendidly wooded islands, which would make fine places for residences in that mild,

equable climate; and with rich soil for fruit and vegetable culture. A few settlers seem to have commenced to cultivate the soil, but there is plenty of room still; the trouble being, I am told, that almost all the good land is held by speculators and so the deluded emigrants wander on and end by leaving Canada behind to become citizens of the United States. This, if true, is a pity and keeps the country back, but possibly the cost of clearing the timbers off has something to do with it. I will give, in my next letter, some account of the expense of clearing the land where the big trees grow; and although the Fraser delta does not in its upper reaches quite equal the Vancouver trees, still its produce in that line presents a serious obstacle to farming, as such trees cannot be put on sleds and hauled away by a pair of oxen.

T. MOWER MARTIN.

#### A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

IN this age of system, this methodical era, when the practical is the desideratum and romance is at a discount, the profession of arms, once so prolific of every kind of excitement, has necessarily lost much of the attractiveness it possessed to adventurous souls. We can no longer look upon the pictures sketched for us by Scott in "Quentin Durward," by Grant in that fascinating boy's book, "Second to None," and many others, and feel that any of the conditions that surrounded the stripling aspirants of those days remain for us in this age of examinations and scientific slaughter. Unhappy the recruit who, deluded by dreams of speedy promotion and a gay life, bids farewell to prosaic commerce for the call of "Boot and Saddle." He soon finds that, with exceptionally hard physical work, every step in rank entails some sort of examination, from the field officer who has just gained the elysium of freedom from various "red books" down to the beer-befuscated lance-jack who nightly knocks his head against the late-signalling code or skeleton-drill.

With the death of the Honourable East India Company, familiarly known as "John Company," the last nursery of these military adventurers may be said to have disappeared. It is true that in Turkey one has recently found conditions favourable to the nourishment of the species—Hobart Pasha, *par exemple*, and some French officers, but few we think would accept the other conditions necessitated by such location.

But our main object in this paper was to give a short account of a Neapolitan "soldier of fortune," whose early career is obscure, but of whose later life in India some few curious facts are known. His was scarcely an admirable character, for he displayed the utmost callousness and blood-thirstiness, mingled with a strange partiality to the virtues of men whose greatness he could appreciate, and clothed with the most refined courtesy and grace of manner possible in an Italian gentleman. Perhaps, from the very mixture of his character, he was the better fitted to control the tiger-like disposition of the beings over whom he held a true reign of terror.

Avitabile, for that was his name, was governor of Peshawar under Ranjeet Singh, and certainly in his own peculiar way improved the city, quieted the province and repressed crime to a great extent. He had seen much service, had been lieutenant of artillery under "le petit Caporal," had thence strolled off to serve the Shah of Persia, and finally wandered to Lahore, where he gained Ranjeet Singh's favour through an English officer named Allard. He inhabited an extraordinary house built by himself, large, not without some pretensions to beauty, but disfigured by tawdry paintings and villainous stucco-work representing scenes in Sikh mythology. Here he lived *en prince*, with pomp and splendour unlimited, having for example the housings of his stud all of solid gold. A man of great determination and talent, capricious, abominably cruel, he was utterly unscrupulous as to the way in which he increased his already large fortune by heavy fines, which formed the perquisites of the governor. As a sort of glimpse at the actual man, take the record of a single morning, in which he is said to have had a dozen culprits hanged before him, inspected his poultry yard (he was a connoisseur in poultry) and enjoyed a concert from his collection of musical boxes by way of recreation before dinner.

Withal, he was a good soldier, a just man, as the native ideas go; that is, he was impartially unjust to all ranks and religions. In appearance he was rather *outré*; tall, burly, ordinarily attired in a heavily-laced Horse Artillery tunic, wide crimson trousers drawn in at the ankle, a golden girdle, and jewelled sabre, his bronzed and Jewish features adorned with fierce mustachios twisted like bayonets, and an immense imperial; the whole crowned with a gold-laced forage-cap, rarely laid aside.

Such was the individual; as to his rule, one who knew him intimately says: "As a Sikh official he is compelled to respect and enforce the religious prejudices and rules of his Rajah. He alleged to me that he was once reluctantly obliged to hang upwards of 60 Muhammadans at the same time for the offence of killing oxen for beef, and this in order to prevent a more wholesale destruction of life by the enraged Sikhs. For himself, he disclaims any creed, and his estimate of the value of human life is negative. The only point on which he is at all sensitive is the esteem of the English officers of his acquaintance. He permits no juggling on the part of his officials. Breakfasting with him one morning, I observed that a large box, secured by a padlock, was let down by an iron chain, outside the window, into a much-frequented thoroughfare.

This was to receive all petitions, and none could be intercepted *en route*, for Avitabile himself keeps the key. He was only to be described by the word *bizarre*. At 9 a.m. he would be tenderly caring for a favourite fowl, at 9.30 presiding over the hanging of five culprits—by the heels, generally, for he was curiously particular as to the mode of execution. This was the man who, on bidding me farewell, said in French, quite sentimentally, almost affectionately, "Remember that in Peshawar you have always a friend." But is "ami" after all equivalent to "friend"?

Frightful, indeed, must have been the rule of the native governors when the *régime* of Avitabile was accounted benevolent. We learn from his own mouth that for every Rs. 1,000 of taxes collected, some Rs. 2,000 of property was injured or destroyed. The tender-hearted creature once confessed that, suspecting a small chief of playing tricks, he seized and condemned him to a heavy fine. To enforce payment, he had him stripped and cold water poured over him night after night, and, said Avitabile, in an injured tone, "The scoundrel died without giving me a sou." In another instance, a man had assassinated another, and to obtain the price of blood Avitabile kept him in prison a short time and then exposed him stark naked to the scorching sun and insects, with a coat of red paint on the half of his body, and finally, as the culprit continued obstinate, the *mother* of the murdered man was permitted to slaughter him with a knife, which she did in a delirium of savage joy. There were distinctions, however, for when an "Akali," a Sikh holy man, ran "amuck" one day, Malay fashion, through the streets, killing and wounding eight persons, Avitabile only chopped off his hands, whereof he died at sundown.

Like all rulers of the Sikhs, he was not without his troubles. His troops mutinied constantly, but by stratagem and daring he was as often enabled to outwit or quell them. Finally he retired from the Sikh service, and his further fortunes are unknown, at least, to the writer. He visited England and was lionized to some extent by his old acquaintances, but after this he settled down somewhere, and probably after such a life of adventure died of sheer inactivity.

R. W. ARNOT.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HOWELLS AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Will you allow one of Mr. W. D. Howells' many English admirers to say a word in answer to Miss Murray's article in your issue of August 2 last entitled "Democracy in Literature," which is, in substance, an attack on that author.

The essence of Miss Murray's charge is that Howells' characters are real, not ideal, that instead of teaching us to think nobly of the soul, "he shows us merely the ignoble passions and pursuits of everyday life." But does it not occur to Miss Murray that it is even more essential to think *truly* of the soul than to think "nobly" of it, and if the average soul of the day is petty and ignoble he does us manifest service who lets us "see ourselves as others see us"?

Miss Murray contrasts Scott's imagination with Howells' realism, but in the delineation of character imagination is out of place. Its proper sphere is plot and circumstance, and plot and circumstance are, in modern judgment, of unmeasurably less importance than delineation of character. The characters of Scott that Miss Murray instances, except perhaps Jeanie Deans, have, to my judgment, no moral superiority over the "lower class" characters painted by Howells, and are, moreover, nothing like so lifelike. Miss Murray, it may be noticed, does not name a single one of Scott's knights and ladies. I fancy she felt that they are worthy pasteboard knights and wax doll ladies. Scott's charm is not delineation of character but the interest of his plot and incident and his realistic portrayal of historical accessories, the same quality devoted to scene-painting which Howells devotes to character-painting.

When Miss Murray says that "the best evidence of the little real value of such work (as Howells) is that time so speedily consigns it to oblivion," she is surely a little premature. Howells' reputation, in this country at least, is not on the wane but on the increase. Thackeray, Howells' great exemplar, is surely as much one of the immortals as Scott. How many writers of the school of Scott have utterly disappeared from fame?

I should call Howells the American Thackeray. His style is consciously modelled on Thackeray. He has much of that writer's charm of manner, and, to my thinking, sometimes excels him in knowledge of human nature as it is. He has certainly caught the tone of thought of the present age. His characters are admittedly imperfect beings, though it is gross exaggeration on Miss Murray's part to say they cannot excite either sympathy or admiration, "nothing but pity akin to disgust." They at least aspire to nobility if they do not attain it, and do not their weaknesses represent accurately the weaknesses of the present age?

Howells is not a preacher but an artist. He makes no pretensions to be a preacher, but that is no reason for denying his undoubted skill as an artist. Miss Murray may find Howells' account of the every-day life of American men and women dull, but few of his English readers do. This may be partly due to the fact that America is a foreign country to us, and that Howells' descriptions have the additional charm of bringing us into acquaintance with foreign modes of life, but it is far more due to the fact that true artistic capacity always commands the interest

and admiration of readers, and none the less because it merely shows us what is passing before our own eyes, made vivid and impressive by the touch of genius.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THOMAS DICK.

## THE PROGRESS OF INDIA.

MONEY, and much good Lancashire money too, has already gone to cotton-growing districts in the far East, and the Blue Book on the progress and condition of East India is pregnant with facts that it behoves Lancashire men to ponder and take to heart. The British House of Parliament, like Martha of old, is busy with many things; it has but scant leisure to devote to the interests and welfare of the many myriads of its great eastern dependency; but for those who study the signs of the times and take pains to keep themselves abreast of what is going on in India, there is much valuable information afforded in the "Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India (1887-88)," which has just been published. Official documents, as a rule, confine themselves, and rightly so, to more or less bare statements of fact. The inferences to be drawn therefrom are left to the intelligence and imagination of those more immediately concerned with the facts themselves. Under the head of manufacturers a simple statement is made, though no conclusion is drawn, which, as it stands, speaks for itself to those who can grasp the far-reaching possibilities of the future. "Without any protection, favour, or advantage, other than is afforded by cheap Indian labour, and by the production of raw materials in India, an important manufacturing industry is growing up, and steam-power factories are at work, among which those for spinning and weaving cotton, for spinning and weaving jute, for making paper, for husking and cleaning rice, for sawing timber, and for brewing beer are the most important." In view of a statement like this—when face to face with these rival Frankenstein's, many of whom are the direct creation of British capital and British industry—is it to be wondered at if timid calls for protection, and still louder cries for Free Trade, are to be heard making their voice audible in the land? It is not so much the actual facts themselves as they exist at the present moment, though they are already sufficiently alarming, which frighten people and make them anxious and nervous—ever on the lookout for a panacea. It is rather the potentialities of "important manufacturing industries" abroad which tend to make the more far-seeing and cautious of Lancashire merchants and manufacturers dubious and hesitant as to the future in store for the important manufacturing industries of the County Palatine. According to the statement under review there were 97 cotton mills at work, of which three fourths were in the Bombay Presidency, representing a total capital of one hundred million rupees. In the present delicate state of the silver market it might be unsafe to appreciate the value of this capital in sterling gold, though, if bimetalists had their way and silver were made dear, the millowners of Bombay, as well as the silver kings of Nevada, would soon find the exchange value of their property considerably enhanced. These cotton mills employ over 80,000 hands, and, with their 18,400 looms and 2,375,379 spindles, consumed 2,526,000 cwt. of raw cotton in 1887-88, as compared with 2,371,000 cwt. in 1886-87. Indian fabrics and products, made on a small scale by workers at their homes, have for years past been giving way before the far cheaper cotton yarns and fabrics, and before the iron or steel products of British factories; but it is probable that, as far as the great staple is concerned, the Indian cotton-manufacturing trade has increased, is increasing, and will continue to increase. Both cotton and consumers are on the spot. Hongkong and Shanghai are nearer to Bombay than are Manchester and Liverpool; they already draw much from India that was formerly supplied by Lancashire, and when railways once begin to work, and the interior of China is more and more opened up, it will not be long ere what has been done in Bombay may be repeated in Ningpo. They are not troubled in those far-off regions, where the people are many and cash is scarce, with much talk of eight-hour days. The factory inspector is an unknown being, and it is all very well for the protective spirit in England to propose, as the only obvious course, the restriction of the working hours of India. The reports received from all parts of the Lower Provinces of Bengal agree in stating that, in spite of the importation of cheap European piece goods, cotton is still woven by local weavers in every district. As a rule they know no other work, and cling to their ancestral business to obtain a precarious means of living. Will the historic New Zealander of the future, as he wanders by the dales of Derbyshire, the vales of Yorkshire, and the hilly country side of our own native Lancashire, have a similar report to make of the condition of the mill hands of his day? "This industry," the report goes on to say, "is, however, on the wane, as the weavers cannot compete with Manchester in the production of cheap goods. In Burdwan a revival of this industry has been noticed in the last two years; but generally, although those who can afford them prefer the country cloths, which are of a better texture and more durable, the cheapness of Manchester goods drives the local manufacture out of the market." The day was when local weavers were not known in merry England. Silas Marner is no fancy picture drawn from the depths of an historic consciousness, and there are old men yet among us who have shaken hands with many a prototype of the gentle weaver of Ravensloe. As he and his fellows had to give way before the advancing march of labour-saving machines,

may not a similar fate be in store for the descendants of those local weavers whose uneventful story has been told so well in the "Annals of Rural Bengal"? Be that as it may, and whether silver, cheap or dear, will accelerate or retard the coming of day, it is certain that the manufacturing industries of India have made astonishing strides of late years. Thanks to the extension of canal irrigation in Northern India and the abolition of the eternal Customs line, the growth and consumption of sugar have greatly increased during the past 15 years. The average consumption of sugar is 26lb. per head of the total population per annum, and an average Indian's yearly expenditure on salt, at 12lb per head per annum, would be half a rupee a year, as against 1½ rupee spent on sugar. The area under tea cultivation and the yield of tea in India continue to increase. Twenty-five jute mills, mostly in Bengal, employed 56,000 hands and worked up 175,000 tons of jute, or 30,000 tons more than in 1886. Forty-two rice mills and 38 saw mills employed over 40,000 hands, and it is significant to notice that 19 breweries, three of which were opened in 1887-88, produced during the year 4,860,000 gallons of beer and porter, the principal customer for which was the Commissariat Department, which buys the malt liquor for the use of European soldiers. The conclusion of the whole matter, unpalatable as it may sound to dwellers in the manufacturing districts of this country, seems to be that India, thanks to the efforts of the government in promoting railways, canals, and great irrigation works, and thanks, too, to the mass of British capital that has in course of time found itself attracted thither, is rapidly becoming a most serious competitor.—*Manchester Examiner*.

## TRUE TALE.

THE Hon. John Lavender did not take much stock in the temperance question. Without living either an extravagant or infamous life, he had managed to incur the displeasure of the powerful prohibitionist party who heard with unconcealed disgust and wrath of his excellent dinners and luncheons at which wine and beer made their regular appearance, to say nothing of artistic *petits soupers* and nightly glasses of comfortable grog. It was such a pity. He would be such a prop to the party could he be but won over, bringing so many other valuable men with him.

But argument, abuse, flattery, and persecution alike failed to win him over; the darling sinner remained unconverted, the valuable recruit not forthcoming. Finally the advent of a so-called evangelist more than ever strengthened the position of the party which felt that one more mighty endeavour must be made in the direction of the Hon. John Lavender. He must be made to capitulate. Accordingly the siege began. The Hon. John was the recipient of dozens of letters, satirical, abusive, darkly anonymous, Biblical, threatening and amusing, some ill-spelt, hysterical and vulgar, some dignified, coherent, eloquent and earnest, but all of course bearing distinctly upon the matter of total abstinence.

"Come, brother, come!" ran one, better spelt than the others, "quit the fiery gulf in which you have plunged your soul; leave, ere it be too late, the pernicious practices of an undisciplined youth; begin, before you enter on middle life, to live for the world, for humanity, for your poor, suffering, degraded brothers and sisters, instead of to yourself."

So long and boldly was the siege continued that the Hon. John so far overcame his prejudices as to attend a meeting presided over by the inspired evangelist of American birth with a diamond stud and very shiny black hair. The performance did not exactly thrill him or awake him to a sense of his own utter frailty and wicked irresponsibility, yet it must be confessed that it greatly interested him. The vast crowd, the perfect order, the absolute silence and spell-bound attitude of the audience, the extraordinary confessions of the speaker, who seemed to be on terms of wonderful intimacy with both his Maker and his evil angel, all impressed him with a sense of its novelty. He went to another meeting. He went to a third. The party was delighted. At last he had been caught, at last he belonged to them, having happily repented of the error of his ways and turned his back for ever upon the enemies in the gate. The Hon. John Lavender would certainly soon have appeared as a speaker upon the temperance platform, and been shown up consequently in the evening papers, had it not been for a trifling incident which happened to him the morning following the third meeting at which his presence had electrified the "party." Being a bachelor, he did not always trouble himself about returning punctiliously for luncheon to his house, which was a good distance from the business centre of the town, preferring an *al fresco* meal at a restaurant. The morning in question he stepped into the classic shades of Hodgins' and ordered his modest chop, fried potatoes, cheese and glass of beer. A more fastidious gentleman did not live, and yet he only cared to live simply, and "What more does a man want at this hour of the day," frequently said the Hon. John Lavender, "than a chop, fried potatoes, a scrap of Stilton and a glass of beer?" Soon absorbed in a paper, he did not notice a new-comer who appeared to find some difficulty in choosing what suited him, until, aroused by the overhearing tones of the guest and the apologetic reasonings of the waiter, he turned his head and recognized the evangelist!

That gentleman took no notice of him and continued his search in the bill-of-fare.

"Say, you haven't got any soup?"

"No, sir," said the grieved waiter. "Very sorry, sir."

"Sorry! so you ought to be. Got oysters?"

"Yes, sir; raw, fried, stew and scallop. Do you a stew in three minutes, sir?"

"Well, a stew then, and I'll have some raw as well. Selects—I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Well, I guess I'll have a porter-house steak for one. Well-done—mind, I'm very particular. Mushrooms, got any mushrooms?"

"No, sir. Mushroom ketchup, sir."

"No mushrooms! Why, what a place to feed at! Well, then you may bring me a small omelette—ham omelette, mind—some buttered toast and some sweet potatoes, if you've got any. And I guess I'll finish up with some pumpkin pie and an apple."

"Pumpkin pie, sir; yes, sir. Anything to drink, sir?"

"Ice-water," replied the evangelist in a tone of self-satisfaction that recalled his anecdotes of divine society to the listening ear of the Hon. John. What did the man purpose doing with all the food? Surely he did not mean to eat it, but intended carrying some of it away for philanthropic purposes. But the Hon. John Lavender was mistaken. Slowly the evangelist arranged all his dishes in front of him in a kind of greedy complacency that irritated the watcher to an excessive degree. The omelette and steak he eat from off the one plate; he tried each sauce on the table one after the other smelling and sniffing at them in different shades of disgust; he found fault with the toast and he sent back the sweet potatoes; he actually put his knife in his mouth and drank ice-water with his mouth full; he wasted a portion of everything he had ordered—having ordered more than he could possibly finish—and he kept the unfortunate waiter running backwards and forwards in a fever of doubt and agitation. The Hon. John looked on in surprise and disgust. Was this the man who the night before had advocated self-control and self-denial, and had almost succeeded in inducing him to look more favourably on the side of prohibition? The Hon. John betook himself with a sigh to his chop and the paper, making grim efforts to forget the sensuous satisfaction of his friend across the room. But he was not allowed to forget. He could hear him eat when he was not looking at him.

"This is horrible," thought the Hon. John, and rose, putting his paper in his pocket. As he got up, the evangelist sighted the empty glass, which, however, plainly showed that it had held beer.

The next moment a hand was laid on the Hon. John's shoulder.

"Friend," said the evangelist, "take a word in season from a stranger who yearns over your soul."

"Confound you. Leave my soul alone!"

"One moment. Think, oh! think before it is too late. Why, you're just travelling the wrong way as fast as you can go, and setting an example calculated to ruin men, body and soul. Why, look here, I—"

"This is too much," ejaculated the Hon. John. "You dare to talk to me about an example! Why?"

It is only necessary to state in conclusion that the evangelist appeared next day in the pulpit with a blackened eye and a resigned expression, while the extreme "party" never numbered the Hon. John Lavender among its members.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *Musical Times* for September contains two lengthy and striking articles; one on "Canadian Copyright," the other on "Ladies' Surplised Choirs."

VERDI has just arrived at the bathing place St. Dalmas du Teude, and will produce a new opera "Le Joueur de Luth," founded on the same plot as Bellini's "Beatrice." It will perhaps be remembered that Mario tried to resuscitate this work in 1854, but the libretto was so weak and so unfit for the stage that the attempt did not pay him. It now appears in a new dress.

ON Tuesday of this week the first important local concert of the season took place in the pavilion. Sig. Rubini, under whose auspices it was given, proved himself, chiefly through his compositions, a cultured and advanced musician. He was assisted by his pupils, Miss Maud Harris, Mr. John Moriey and others equally talented, and by such well-known professionals as Mr. Harry Field and Mdlle Strauss. The concert was well attended and gave great pleasure to the audience. Sig. Rubini is engaged at our flourishing institution, the College of Music, and also takes private pupils.

IN *Murray's Magazine* for September Mrs. Kendal commences what she terms her "Dramatic Opinions." From the recollections contained in the article we make the following selections: "Both my father and my mother were on the stage; so were my grandfather and grandmother, so were my great-grandfather and great-grandmother; so were my great aunts and uncles, my simple aunts and uncles, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, my nieces. I hardly have a relation in the world that hasn't been on the stage, except the new-made knight, Sir William Tindal Robertson, the member for Brighton; but his father, my uncle, was an actor for some years. We are very, very proud of the fact; when I say we, I mean the Robertson family. *We* sounds regal, doesn't it? but I can't say *us* because that wouldn't be grammatical, so I am

obliged to say *we*. Yes, we are proud of it. The blood of the Montmorencys doesn't fire up more when they speak of their long line of ancestry dating from the Conquest, than the Robertson blood burns with enthusiasm when speaking of our long line of descent from actors of old. And we shall, I hope, do nothing in the future to lessen that enthusiasm. I am the twenty-second child of my parents. Yes, the twenty-second. My brother Tom, the author, was my father's eldest son. I am the youngest of the family. I never knew my brother Tom except as a man grown up—such a great many brothers and sisters came between us. It appears that my mother wrote to Mr. Chute, of Bristol, and said: 'You were a poor actor once in our theatre; you have now one of your own; let me be an actress in it.' Mr. Chute said 'Yes; and in that theatre I was brought out as Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Gentlemen who acted with me were Mr. George Melville, William Rignold, and George Rignold. A clever lady, Miss Cleveland, who now is Mrs. Arthur Stirling, was the Eliza. I was cast for the part of Eva, which contained three or four little songs, because I used to sing as a child, and was supposed to have something of a voice. At the end of the play I used to be carried up to heaven with Uncle Tom. I was put in a kind of machine, something was put round my waist, and I went up in a sort of apotheosis, as in 'Faust and Marguerite.' I remember, too, that all my hair was let down my back. I was very fair when I was a child. You can imagine that, as one grows older, hair gets darker if nature is not interfered with." Mrs. Kendal next took singing lessons and played in burlesques at Bradford. She then continues: "After leaving Bradford, I came to London, and played for six weeks at the Haymarket Theatre with Mr. Walter Montgomery. The Hon. Louis Wingfield played Roderigo; he was a great friend of my brother's, and a great lover of art in every way. During the time that I was there Mr. Ira Aldridge was engaged to act. Mr. Ira Aldridge was a man who, being black, always picked out the fairest woman he could to play Desdemona with him, not because she was capable of acting the part, but because she had a fair head. One of the great bits of 'business' that he used to do was where in one of the scenes he had to say, 'Your hand, Desdemona.' He made a very great point of opening his hand and making you place yours in it, and the audience used to see the contrast. He always made a point of it, and got a round of applause; how, I do not know. It always struck me that he had got some species of—well, I will not say 'genius,' because I dislike that word, as used nowadays—but gleams of great intelligence. Although a genuine black, he was quite *preux chevalier* in his manners to women. The fairer you were, the more obsequious he was to you. In the last act he used to take Desdemona out of bed by her hair, and drag her round the stage before he smothered her. You had to wear sandals and toed stockings to produce the effect of being undressed. I remember very distinctly this dragging Desdemona about by the hair was considered so brutal that it was loudly hissed. Those are the main points of my performance in 'Othello,' to the success of which I am afraid I did not very much contribute. The reason I played 'Lady Macbeth' was that there was nobody else to play it except a very old lady. Mr. Phelps had to choose between this very old lady and myself. Mr. Brough told Mr. Phelps that he had better take me, as, whether I could do it or not, I had at that time so completely got the Hull people to like me that they would forgive me anything. I was put in a garment of my mother's. Mr. Brough, thinking that this was a hazardous experiment, put it in the playbills 'for the first time.' I went on, and was received tremendously, and, having been taught by my father, I suppose I got through it somehow, and was vociferously cheered. From Hull I came to the Haymarket under Mr. Buckstone, where I remained seven years. There I met my husband and married. I went to the Haymarket a single girl, and left it the Matron of the Drama. I have often been asked, I may say by thousands, both in letters and in conversation, as a matter of interest to my friends and from curiosity by others, why my husband and I always act together, and have never been parted. I wish to state to the public why it is so. My father was an actor who said he believed that the greatest amount of domesticity and happiness in a life devoted to art could exist upon the stage, provided husbands and wives never parted. If, on the contrary, a man, because he could earn £10 a week more, went to one theatre, whilst his wife for a similar reason went to another, their interests tended to become divided; their feelings ran in separate grooves, and gradually a shadow would grow up at home which divided them for ever. On my expressing a wish that I should marry an actor, he said that only on this condition would he allow me to marry my husband—that we should never be parted. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean always acted together, and she endorsed my father's words. If my husband and I had been separated, if he had played parts to other women, if other women had played parts to him, and I to other men, and other men to me, there is no doubt that certain go-ahead people would have preferred it, and we should probably have been worth thousands of pounds more to-day; but, on the other hand, there is another section of the public who say they like to see us act together; that the very fact of knowing we are man and wife gives them a certain satisfaction in witnessing our performance, which they would not otherwise feel. That, however, I must leave for the public to decide; as far as we are concerned, however, it was a vow made to my father, from which my husband has never departed; and if, when we are dead, we leave our children less money,

let us hope they will respect what we have done. Letters have been written to me, and friends have come to me and argued the point, saying it would be more interesting to see another man embracing me. Where the interest comes in I do not know. Also that it would be infinitely more fascinating if somebody else acted with my husband. I believe there is a little sort of story going forth that the reason of all this is to be found in the existence of a peculiar green-eyed monster in Mrs. Kendal's heart. Poor lady! It is a blessed gift that her shoulders are broad, because I have found that if a woman has lived many years happily and creditably with her husband some reason or reasons must be given."

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE LAND OF THE VIKING AND THE EMPIRE OF THE TZAR. By E. Fraser Blackstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Canadians who travel don't generally, when they come home, tell us much about their wanderings, but Mrs. George Tate Blackstock is a welcome exception to the rule. Norway, Sweden and Russia furnish the scenes and most of the characters, and perhaps the authoress is happier in her descriptions of people than places—a most excellent fault, especially as we hear Mrs. Blackstock has a novel promised for next spring. The country-folk of Scandinavia and Russia are quaintly and graphically described, and the reader will hardly weary as he follows the wanderings round St. Petersburg and the long journey from the brilliant Russian Capital to Moscow and on to Poland, which conquered land's misery and decay call forth the authoress' anger. Mrs. Blackstock has evidently been a diligent student of Russian history and occasionally pays her readers the delicate compliment of assuming their knowledge of it greater than it really is. In the charming little book some sketches are brief—perhaps too brief—and we hope Mrs. Blackstock will tell us more again. The letter press and general execution of the volume is excellent, but there can hardly be a word of praise to the publishers for the illustrations which are lifeless and add but little interest. Altogether "The Land of the Viking" is a notable contribution to Canadian literature.

LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE AU DIX SEPTIÈME SIÈCLE. An Account of French Society in the XVII. Century from Contemporary Writers. By Thomas Frederick Crane, A.M., Cornell University. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The French *Salon* is just now attracting numerous students of its peculiar features and perhaps not a few would-be imitators. Prof. Crane's little volume will be responsible for seventeenth-century airs, graces, and lost arts of deportment and conversation—it is so well edited and arranged, besides being accompanied by excellent notes and the famous map on *Carte de Tendre* from Mlle. De Scudery's "Clelie." The performance in this country by Coquelin and his unrivalled company of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" stirred up intense interest in a period so remote and yet so vivid, recalling in its affectations and conceits the tendencies of the modern æsthetic school. Prof. Crane is a trained specialist in French criticism, and his work will doubtless be shortly in universal use as a text book in schools and colleges, for which it is carefully revised and edited.

MISS SHAFFTE. A Novel. By W. E. Norris. New York: Henry Holt and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a book of exceptional English value, full of life-like, natural, easy dialogue, ordinary characters and situations placid to a degree. The author displays all the gifts of the modern English novelist of the third or fourth rank, and gives us something to think about in the delightful cordiality and sweet temper of the heroine, and much to admire in the manliness of Lord Walter. Lammergeier and his wife, as adventurers in London society, are well drawn. The scene shifts from England to Rome, where glimpses of the Coliseum and anemone-covered country roads afford a pleasant relief.

"A REAL WORKING MAN" in *Macmillan's* for September is alone worth all the articles put together. Straightforward, natural, trenchant, pathetic—it marks another signal victory in the line of pure literary achievement which for so long has characterized this periodical. Then "The Ethics of Pessimism," with something of a Mallockian tinge, is also tersely, brightly written, with a liberal sprinkling of epigrams. "Marooned" can, of course, only be interesting to those who are unable to purchase the complete tale in our cheap editions and so have to take it in instalments. A study of the sixteenth century, "Captain Antonio Rincon" is by Mdme Darmesteter, and Mrs. Oliphant's "Kirsteen" advances steadily in interest.

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's* for October, already to hand, swerves easily round from Edgar Fawcett's clever but too realistic, and therefore unhealthy, "Solarion" to a picture of West Point life, in which an impulsive Creole and a cool-headed New Englander contribute. It is a triumph in melodrama, one chapter ending with, "Dead-white lips formed the words. 'Remember! I trusted to your honour.'" And another with, "His hand never moved, but she heard the whisper that was almost a hiss: 'I will not lie! You have sold yourself!'" A second is

long enough for a fate. A moment later the little cortège was in motion for the church. But for that one moment the June sunset played about the brown head of a bride bowed before the scorn of the only man she loved." The story is a curious mixture of Marion Crawford, Amelie Rives and G. P. R. James. "The Trials of Magazine Editors," by James Henri Browne, is a piece of masterly self-denial throughout. We can imagine rejected contributors cutting the leaves eagerly to ascertain whether their letters have been inserted and commented upon. Such is not the case, yet the writer puts his woes very legibly before us while careful of others' feelings. Maurice Thompson's fiction doubtless finds readers, but we preferred him when he was not so popular nor so widely read, in the days when he was known only as the poet of wild honey, bees and blooms; herons, marshes, and all the sweet, unaffected impulses of his early showing as a poet. "With the Wits" is a department conducted by R. J. Burdette, J. Armory Knox and others, supposed to be funny.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD TENNYSON will contribute a new poem to *The Weekly Scotsman* of September 14.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS' paper in the October *Belford's*, "Does the Majority Rule?" will be looked for with interest by a large class of readers.

M. RENAN quotes Lord Tennyson as the authority for the story that once, when on tour in Brittany, the landlady of his inn refused payment of his bill, remarking: "Oh, no, sir. Have you not been the bard of our King Arthur?"

MR. L. MALET'S new story, which is of the outspoken order and is chiefly concerned with the effects produced in after years by the youthful weakness and wrong-doing of its protagonist, will be begun in *The Universal Review* for October.

ANOTHER Canadian lady, or at least Canadian by adoption, comes to the front with literary work. Among the book notices will be found some words about "The Land of the Viking," the author being Mrs. Blackstock, of this city.

MISS SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, so well-known to our readers, appears in a recent issue of the London *Athenæum* with a characteristic paper, half essay, half review, of Miss Bird's Japanese book. It is something like success to gain entrance to the exclusive columns of the *Athenæum*, and we heartily congratulate Miss Duncan on her achievement.

MR. W. S. LILL'S forthcoming book, "A Century of Revolution," will probably awaken discussion. It is described as a philosophical estimate of the French Revolution, regarded in the light of the experience of a hundred years, and with special reference to the political and social problems of the modern world. Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish it.

In spite of the absorbing question of the strikes, *The Pall Mall Gazette* has found space for a discussion as to the smallest book in the world. The best claim seems to be made out for a book containing poems by Mrs. Hemans, Byron and Schiller, with an engraved portrait of each of them, and measuring three-quarters of an inch in height by half an inch in width.

*Canadiana* for September contains two exceedingly interesting papers on colonial days and topics, "Capt. Marryat at St. Eustache," and "Colonial Privateers in 1812." Mr. P. Gagnon contributes a picturesque little *feuilleton* on an "Old Picture in Quebec." *Canadiana* is edited by W. J. White, M.A., Vice-President of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS make a number of interesting announcements, among which we note: "The Letters of Horace Walpole," edited by Charles D. Yonge; "The Land of the Viking," by E. Fraser Blackstock; "The Story of Boston," by Arthur Gilman; "The Industrial Progress of the Nation," by Edward Atkinson, and "The Public Regulation of Railways," by W. D. Dabney.

PROFESSOR N. S. SHALER, of Harvard, estimates that in New England the cost to the public arising from ineffective roadways, as well as from the waste money expended on them, amounts to no less than an average of \$10 a year on each household. He has written a striking article for the October *Scribner's*, making some very practical suggestions on the whole subject of the improvement of the common roadways of the United States.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who is now cruising among the South Sea Islands in a trading schooner, sent the last instalment of "The Master of Ballantrae" from Honolulu before starting on his long voyage. It will appear in the October *Scribner's*, and is said to be an intensely dramatic conclusion to the strongest of all Stevenson's romances. This story will soon be published by the Scribners in book form, with all of William Hole's illustrations.

UNFAVOURABLE comments having been recently made on the fact that Lord Tennyson still draws his pension from the civil list, although he is now a rich man and there are many poor and even needy authors, the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* writes: "Though the Poet Laureate receives the money, he does not use it for his own purposes, but spends it entirely on the relief of members of the literary profession who are in distress."

CARMEN SYLVA has published a real treasure in her new volume, consisting of national songs of the Dimboritz Valley. The collection entitled, "The Rhapsodies of the Dimboritz," was gathered by Helen Vacaresco, the talented

lady in waiting of this talented queen, and then translated by her mistress. As is common to the poetry of these regions, we find here also the melancholy strain. Simple and touching is the song of a young girl, who is busy spinning her own shroud.

IN the current number of *The Contemporary Review*, Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., takes George Gissing's novel, "The Nether World" as a text, and summons attention to the "problems which it will be impossible for Government or Society much longer to ignore." From his own experience of the pitiless misery and degradation in great cities, he bears witness to the truth of the novel, declaring that "not one element of disaster is over-coloured, not one touch of wretchedness exaggerated."

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS will publish next week *Select Poems of William Wordsworth*, edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe, Litt.D., and accompanied by a map of "Wordsworthshire," and illustrations of its scenery by E. A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, and others. It will not only serve as a literary guide-book to the work of the great poet, but also as an actual and unique guide-book to the intending traveller in the Lake District. It is the fiftieth, and, as it were, a commemoration volume, in the series of "English Classics," which have made the name of Rolfe a household word.

MRS. BURNETT writes to Mr. Bok, of *The Boston Journal*: "There is nothing which strikes me as being much more appalling than the modern interview, in which the most modest persons appear—or, I should say, are made to appear—to harangue for hours with inflated glee on the subject of themselves and their affairs, seeming to regard the most trivial details of their careers as worthy of a place in public interest in common with their simplest remarks. Consequently, I never willingly see an interviewer unless I am entrapped into it, and when this last occurs I devote all the energies of my mind to saying nothing whatever."

*Outing* for October is a very good number, indeed. It marks an improvement over previous numbers, and such articles as "The Trail of the Bison," illustrated by Julian Ralph and E. B. Gorton, "A Tricycle Tour in the Essex Country," "The Granite Club of Toronto," beautifully illustrated, and "The Valkyrie in British Waters," readily show the advance made. An unusually interesting story, by Captain Hawley Smart, is begun in this number. It is entitled, "Flycatcher, a Tale of the Hunt Cup." Other articles are "From Lake Nipissing to Ottawa," illustrated; "Fishing for Whiting on the Irish Coast," "Among the Basque and Navarrese," "An Osculation," "October" and "Feronia" are poems of much merit. The editorial departments give useful information on many topics of interest, and the records chronicle, as usual, the achievements of our athletes.

THE trouble in South Africa would appear to be seriously endangering English prestige. The concluding pages of Thomas Hughes' "Life of David Livingstone" contains a summary of the probable causes and results of the whole matter, one in which great commercial interests are involved. The presence of Germany on the east coast has resulted in various industrial and racial problems that appear to depend upon English policy for their solution. Bismarck, "never a man for colonies," has, however, pledged Germany to the same course as England, and several of the leading periodicals this month devote space to a rehearsal of the question. The article reprinted this week from the *Fortnightly Review* is written by Flora L. Shaw, and its title, "Dry-Nursing the Colonies," is, at least, satirically suggestive. The *Contemporary* also contains a paper, "Can We Desert Egypt?" in which African policy is dwelt upon at length.

AN essayist in the current number of *The Fortnightly Review* says: "Unfortunately, there are no contemporary English novelists who have sufficient genius and hold upon the public to enable them to drive out the rabble of trash-mongers. All the greatest writers of fiction in our time are foreigners, and with a few exceptions it is to them that we must look for a faithful picture of life as it really is in its most essential and cogent relations. In the works of such students of humanity as Turgénief, Tolstoy, Freytag, Bourget, De Maupassant and Daudet lies the best chance of diverting attention from the rubbish at home." Who will swallow this extraordinary statement in face of such works as George Meredith's "Egoist," "Diana of the Crossways," "Ordeal of Richard Feveril"; the delightful and occasionally powerful volumes given to us year after year by Besant, Black, Hardy, Blackmore, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Walford, Mrs. Harrison (Rose Kingsley, or *Lucas Malet*) Clark Russell, Christie Murray, and hosts of minor writers, who deserve something better than the epithet of "trash-mongers." Such a paragraph as the above will naturally filter all through the American press, and it is a pity that Englishmen do not write more carefully about their contemporaries.

IN another column will be found a communication dated Edinburgh, Scotland, from which readers of THE WEEK may gather that Mr. W. D. Howells has one warm admirer, at least, on the other side of the Atlantic. The writer takes up cudgels on behalf of the American novelist as resolutely as Miss Murray did for Scott and other English creators of fiction, or *fictionists*, as Maurice Thompson delights to call them in that awkward American-English that so many contributors affect in modern transatlantic periodicals. With the opinions of Mr. Dick, many, no doubt, will agree, but few cultured and critical minds will, we fancy, be found to accept as a dictum, that Thackeray was the prototype of Howells. When the

question becomes one of merely instituting comparisons and formulating theories, it is hardly worth considering. The laughter and tears, the smiles and cynical sighs, the wealth of pathos and humour combined, the mastery of foreign moods (read the Paris "Sketch-Book"), the beautiful English of the "Roundabout Papers"—when the critic comes down to plain dealing with so-called parallels, he finds little in the collected writings of W. D. Howells to measure with all these attributes of the great Englishman. Did not our correspondent mean Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Alexander, or Anthony Trollope—and not William Makepeace Thackeray? There is something of all those three minor novelists in Howells.

UNDER the heading, "Cheery Stoicism," the *Spectator* notices one of the most notorious publications of the year. Mr. Ernest Benzon, one of the "hundred young idiots who in every succeeding year pass through" certain dangerous but dazzling experiences connected with gambling, book-making and money-lending, has given to the world his autobiography. This frank and delightful volume, destined, let us hope, for the amelioration of the race, and to serve as a warning—a kind of three-volume "I told you so," furnishes the *Spectator* with a peg to hang some admirable remarks on "Whining." "The world is not only ceasing to think whining discreditable, but is determined to develop the practice by every means in its power. Everybody who suffers, or thinks he suffers, is encouraged to consider himself 'a case,' to moan over his wrongs, and to accuse either individuals or society at large as the relentless 'causes' of them. It is 'a woe' to be a criminal, or a drunkard, or an unsuccessful man, and if the unemployed, or the sot, or the convict will only howl at some one as the cause of that woe, the Press is ready to pity and relieve him. . . . It was a generation bred on Rousseau, that king among whining *littérateurs*, which sanctioned or endured the Terror, and though Englishmen are not Frenchmen, they share with them a common human nature. It is those, we notice, even now, who whine most who threaten most; and the double tone of the beggar—his readiness to whine or curse—is part of universal human experience."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A PERSEVERING ARTIST.

THE zenith of realism has been attained by an artist of Munich. His ambition was to paint cherubim; but though it was easy enough to affix a pair of wings to a naked child, to suspend it in an effective manner in mid-air—the natural pose of cherubim—was a different matter. He tried them sitting, standing and lying; but his realistic soul was vexed—they didn't look like the real thing. At last a happy inspiration occurred to him, and he employed a farmer and his wife to toss their wing-decked infant in a blanket the while he himself took a series of instantaneous photographs. From these he is said to have obtained most satisfactory results.—*Belfast Paper*.

THE QUEEN IN WALES.

THE Queen's success in exciting loyal enthusiasm in Wales has revived in London rumours of an approaching visit in Ireland. The probabilities of her acceding to the manifest desire of the Ministry, and especially of Mr. Balfour, and thereby strengthening the influence of the Government in that quarter of the United Kingdom, are discussed in detail in our cable letter. The Queen has never lacked the spirit required for such an undertaking, even in the most turbulent periods of Irish revolt against English rule; but the present emergency does not seem to make urgent demands upon her courage. The island is at peace and fairly well satisfied with the attention which it is now receiving from the rival English parties, one of which aims to arm it with Home Rule, while the other is deliberately calculating the cost of endowing a Catholic university. The Queen could not choose a more favourable opportunity for an Irish journey.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

EDUCATION A HISTORY OF CRAZES.

THE history of education in this country for the last fifty years has been a history of crazes—the method craze, the object-lesson craze, the illustration craze, the "memory-gem" craze, the civics craze—calling upon the children of eight to ten for information as to custom houses, post offices, city councils, governors and legislators—the story-telling craze, the phonics craze, the word-method craze, the drawing and music craze, besides the craze for letters and business forms, picture study and physics. Now arrives manual training. Happy is the community where those in charge of the schools have maintained their clear judgment above all these fluctuations, shiftings and tinkering, and have kept in view the real object of school education, "to give a knowledge of self, to promote morality and refinement through the teaching of discipline and self-control, and to lead the pupils to see that the highest and only permanent content is to be obtained, not in the valleys of Sense, but by continual striving toward the high peaks of Reason."—*New York Evening Post*.

THE AMERICAN VIEW.

CANADA is said to feel very much disgust at the selfish indifference of England to her grievances in the matter of our seizure of her sealing vessels in Behring Sea. In this case, as in every other of recent date, the English Govern-

ment takes an entirely and exclusively English view of the situation. As Englishmen get the work of preparing all the sealskins, whether they are taken by English or American vessels, she is not concerned as to which nationality does the work. Nay more, a quarrel with the United States might result in our taking measures by which this profitable business would be transferred to American furriers; so there is a substantial reason for keeping the peace with us.

The people of this country know well the experience through which the Canadians now are passing. We had our share of it more than a century ago, and decided it to be intolerable. Our neighbours to the north have the remedy in their own hands. It is to cut loose from England and set up for themselves. The weakest independent country on this continent enjoys a better chance of getting its rights than does the strongest and wealthiest dependency of a European power. We believe the Canadians to be wrong in their present contention as to their rights. But certainly there would be comfort for them in the independence which would enable them at least to assert they were right, and to appeal to the public opinion of mankind. From even that poor privilege their dependence upon England debars them.—The American.

THE EDITOR.

Who fills our hearts with fearful dread?
Who makes us quake e'en in our bed,
And madly long to punch his head?
The Editor.

Who scans our verses with a smile,
O'er which we've spent the midnight oil,
Whose horrid grin a saint would rile?
The Editor.

Who calmly blasts our hopes, just when
We soared above all other men,
And called him "brother of the pen"?
The Editor.

Who cuts up tales with fiendish glee,
And fault-finds till we're fain to flee
Far, far from that sarcastic "we"?
The Editor.

Who's cursed and prayed for every day,
According to his "yea" or "nay,"
Who gets all his own wicked way?
The Editor.

Who makes us yell and gaily sing,
Or madly dance a Highland Fling,
When "in" we've got a little thing?
The Editor.

Yet let us wish him happiness,
Though of our lines he makes a mess;
Long life to him, and great success—
The Editor.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

AFRICA will tempt the avarice of every race on the globe within the next century. Within the next five centuries it may become one of the great factors of civilization, crowded with nationalities which may possibly hold the balance of political power and dictate the policy of the rest of Christendom. It is the only large area on the globe that remains unconquered. On its Mediterranean sea-coast are a few tangled tassels of the robe of civilization—Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli. On the west is the struggling Republic of Liberia, which has never received the credit it has so hardly earned. On the south the British have captured a few square miles with valuable harbours, and on the east are scattered hardy colonists with their herds of cattle. Still, Africa is comparatively unknown as yet. Fifty years ago it was the Dark Continent; but travellers have recently explored its inner depths in part, and come back with tales of inexhaustible resources, of mineral wealth, of a fertile soil capable of supplying breadstuffs to the people of the whole planet. The merely tentative commercial relations with Africa which now exist have resulted so favourably that pioneers are all agog with excitement. The dream of the future is a golden one and the prospect is alluring. The total value of exports and imports by the white men who live along its fringe of sea-coast is estimated at nearly \$400,000,000. British trade is worth \$125,000,000 of this sum, while France claims as her share something like \$100,000,000. The interest of Americans in Africa is so insignificant that it scarcely deserves mention. What bright and glorious visions will soon attract the genius of men to that last remnant of undeveloped territory! Within the next five hundred years that entire continent will become the heritage of enterprise. Great cities, huge manufacturing centres, will be found on its rivers, which resemble the Amazon and the Mississippi. Wheat fields, cotton fields, coffee plantations, will be found everywhere. Its forests of valuable timber will yield to the woodman's axe, and saw-mills on every stream will make the music of wealth and progress. Cables to the metropolis of Europe and America will record the discovery of new gold mines in the mountains and the prospects of the crops on the plains. The savage aborigines will be driven from their possessions or absorbed by the new civilization, and in the streets of some prosperous city on the Niger, the Chadda, the Congo or the Zambezi, on fete

days, will be heard the "Marsellaise" and "Hail Columbia," or the stirring melody which informs us that John Brown's soul is marching on.—New York Herald.

THE CRITIC'S FUNCTION.

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century seems likely to be known in history as a period of critical rather than of creative activity in literature. The great writers of the Victorian age are dead, or have ceased to produce literature worthy of themselves. Of the bright galaxy of American authors that were in their prime twenty-five years ago, but three stars are still visible, and these have paled their fires. To speak less poetically, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes alone survive, and from them no further achievement of the first quality is to be expected. In Germany and France the same is true—the great writers have gone; and while writers as great may be coming, they have not yet arrived, or are, at least, not recognized. In fiction alone is any considerable creative work done. But the critics grow apace. Their name is legion, their origin autochthonous, their spirit Ishmaelitic, their activity incessant, their prolificacy portentous. It is easy to flout them, as Disraeli did when, with biting sarcasm, he defined a critic as an author who has failed. A critic might retort that Byron showed his own confidence in his recipe by following it faithfully, but critics are notoriously meek under abuse. On the whole, the criticised flock of authors have had their revenge on the critics, most of whom would have been forgotten if they had not been "damned to everlasting fame" in some immortal work, as the fly is sometimes preserved in the precious drop of amber. But the critic is, after all, a useful animal. The author is often unjust to him, and he is still more often unjust to himself. Criticism is not fault-finding, though both critic and author are but too prone to forget this essential truth. A critic, as the etymology of the word implies, is a judge—one who weighs evidence, who impartially examines, discerns, separates, distinguishes. It is no less the office of the judge to acquit the innocent than to convict the guilty. It is a small part, and the most disagreeable part, of criticism to point out defects; is the more agreeable, as well as the more important, work to recognize beauties, and to help others to see them. The true critic is a cicerone, a guide, whose business it is to point out to others the points of interest, the strokes of genius, the felicitous achievements in literary art, in the work under review, and to assist others to form a just and intelligent judgment as to its total merits. Anybody can find fault—anybody, that is to say, who has a small soul, a feeble wit, and a bitter tongue. But to criticise, in the true sense, demands a large soul, a trained mind, a catholic taste, a receptive spirit. The just judge must sometimes pronounce sentence against an offender; the conscientious and faithful critic must sometimes speak scathing words of condemnation. Bad work must be pronounced what it is, for if criticism is not truthful it is nothing. But the true critic will be as hearty in recognizing good work as in condemning bad; his praises will be as freely bestowed as his blame; and he will always rejoice when his conscience absolves him from the duty of censure, and warrants him in inviting a warm but discriminating admiration for the work under review. A good critic will, above all things, shun indiscriminate praise or blame. He will regard gush as only one degree less culpable than slander; for to bear above bearing false against him. In short, he will try to speak the truth, as any honest man should, neither less nor more. It will, of course, be the truth, as he sees it, that he will speak—coloured more or less, unavoidably, by his peculiar training, prepossessions, and acquired beliefs. But better than this can no man do—except to recognize the limits of his intelligence, the fallibility of his judgment, and the equal presumptive honesty of those who differ from him. It is in this last point that many critics, otherwise well equipped, grievously fail.—New York Examiner.

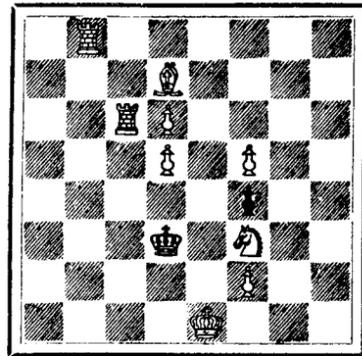
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CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 395.
By F. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.

BLACK.

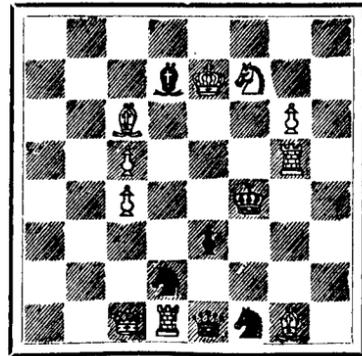


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 396.
By B. W. JOHNSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 389.

- White. 1. R-B 5, 2. R-B 6, 3. P mates. Black. B-B 2 moves. If 1. P moves + B x P +. 2. P-Q 5 +, 3. P x B mate. With other variations.

No. 390.

- White. 1. B-Q 4, 2. B x B, 3. Q mates. Black. P-B 4, P-B 5, 1. K x B, K x P. With other variations.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB, AUGUST 3RD, 1889, BETWEEN MR. FISHER, OF DAYTON, OHIO, AND MR. A. T. DAVISON, OF THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

Table showing chess moves for Mr. Fisher (White) and Mr. Davison (Black) in a King's Bishop's Opening game. Moves are listed in numbered columns for each player.

NOTES.

- (a) Wins; the position here is very interesting. Black has other moves. (b) K-K 2 best. (c) K-K 2 again best.

RUSSIA has lost her oldest journalist by the death of Krajewski, who died a few days ago at the age of eighty. Having studied at Moscow, he began life as a teacher of history to the Cadet Corps, but soon followed journalism. He managed successively the Otetschestvennyya Sapiski and the Petersburg Wedomosti, and founded in 1863 the Golos, which he soon made into the most important journal, and which soon made him a wealthy man. But six years ago it fell a prey to the enmity of Count Tolstoi. Since then Krajewski has lived retired at his villa, but he continued to take a keen interest in one public movement, namely, the sitting of the School Commission to raise the state of the people. He has left legacies to the schools in St. Petersburg, as also to the Universities of Moscow and Petersburg, where his two sons, now deceased, studied.

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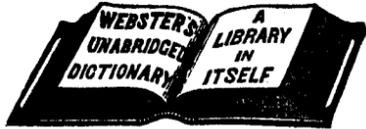


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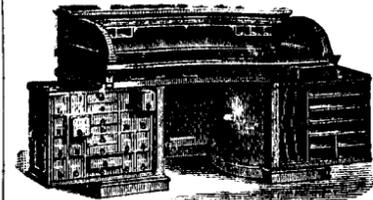
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