

# THE WEEK.

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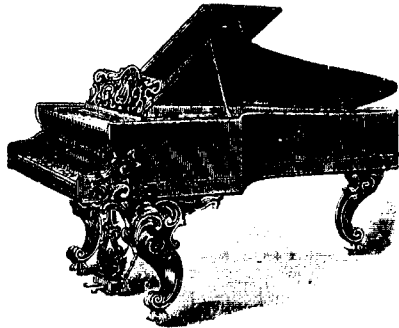
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

PRINCIPAL GRANT quite mistakes the gist of the paragraph on Imperial Federation in our last issue, if he deems it an attempt to settle this great question by authority. It struck us that Lord Derby had happily phrased the chief characteristic and a chief difficulty of the Imperial Federation—what shall we call it if not "dream?" We can hardly say "scheme" or "proposal," seeing that nothing approaching the definiteness of a scheme or a proposition has yet been put forward by the believers in the possibility of a "a complete union of the Empire." If we had confidence—as we have not—in the method of determining such a question by a balancing of great names, we might perhaps find it not difficult to offset those Dr. Grant has given us with others also Canadians of no less weight. We might also query whether, seeing that Joseph Howe was poet as well as statesman, it may not have been in the former rather than the latter capacity that the vision which he impressed upon the minds of his admiring disciples passed before him? If so the fact might justify the term used by Lord Derby. We might even question whether the maturer judgment of Mr. Blake should not outweigh his earlier opinions, or whether much value can be attached to the approving views of other leading Canadian statesmen, so long as those views are sedulously kept in the background at home and reserved strictly for use on festive occasions in the Mother Country. We quite agree, however, with our respected correspondent in his evident preference of argument to authority. Putting authority aside we are not only willing but anxious to give the best consideration in our power to the argument. Nor are we by any means unwilling to be convinced that the dream is in this case but the prophetic foreshadowing of the coming event. We have to confess, however, that we find argument exceedingly difficult, in the absence of any tangible project, even in faintest outline, which can be made the object of criticism.

IMPERIAL Federation implies common action and the submission of the minority to the majority." These words of Lord Derby sound very like a truism, but they, nevertheless, suggest very real and very formidable difficulties. Does the addition of the words "in matters of common interest," which Dr. Grant suggests, remove those difficulties, or open a way of escape from them? What would be under the projected "union"—we cheerfully substitute the word of Dr. Grant's preference—matters of "common interest"? Surely all questions of Imperial policy. If, for instance, some Jingo Premier should propose to enter on another great struggle with Russia, on some Turkish, Black Sea, or Indian question, would not that be a "matter of common interest"? Or would not a proposal like that now before Parliament to expend a hundred millions of dollars or so in the doubtful attempt to provide against an almost inconceivable contingency, by making the Imperial navy more than a match for the combined navies of the world,—would not that be a matter of "common interest"? Canadian taxpayers would no doubt have to bear their share of the burden. But how much real weight would the representatives of the Canadian minority have in deciding such questions in the Imperial Council? It is hard enough, sometimes, for a Canadian minority to submit to a Canadian majority in matters which affect both the public policy and the private pocket. It would be a very different and a much harder thing for the whole Canadian people, as an insignificant minority, to submit in such matters to an overwhelming majority, composed of those whose interests, aims and ideals would all differ widely from those which obtain in this Western world. Dr. Grant's reference to India suggests its own answer. The basis of analogy is wanting between the relation of commercial and political equality, and that of commercial and political supremacy and subjection. British absolutism is, no doubt, in many respects, a blessing to India, though even many of the natives are now becoming tainted with the western heresy that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Such a relation certainly secures unity, but Dr. Grant would scarcely recommend it for Canadians.

SEEING that we are disposed to criticize his specific for the political instability from which Canada is admittedly suffering, Dr. Grant asks us what is ours. The question is certainly a fair one, or would be, had Dr. Grant first given us some more definite information about his own than is contained in the one vague word "union." Has he or any other advocate of Imperial Federation done so? It would be unreasonable, of course, to ask at this stage for an elaborate and complete scheme. But surely, before answering the retorted question, we might fairly require some information upon such points as the following:—Seeing that Canadians are now British subjects, in what way would the proposed union give them fuller citizenship? What are the particulars—just two or three of the leading ones—in which Canada would be the gainer politically by the new arrangement? Assuming, as we think we may confidently do, that the British people would never consent to abandon their settled policy and to have their food taxed for the benefit of outlying members of the Empire, what material benefit could possibly accrue to Canada to offset the loss of revenue that must follow from the free admission of imports not only from England, but from every part of the world-wide Empire? Pending, however, the receipt of fuller information on such points, we will not plead the journalist's right to play the part of a purely destructive criticism. Nor will we take the sceptical or pessimistic rôle and ask, What if there be no remedy for Canada's state of political instability? We will say frankly that so far as we are able to see the only hope of our country's escape from present disabilities and of her rise to the dignity of full citizenship lies in the direction of independent Canadian nationality. We do not say that the time has come. The Dominion may not yet be ripe for the change. But to say to the young Canadians of to day that they may not look forward to a future when they shall be citizens of a Canadian nation is to cut them off from the one strong incentive and the one grand ambition which can make them permanently loyal to the land of their birth or adoption. We know the staple

objections. We do not admit their force. The only answer for which we can now find room is, When the principle of national life is concerned, why have not men, Canadian men, faith?

A REACTION is evidently setting in against the heroic measures which have been so popular with temperance reformers for a few years past. The principle of Prohibition has, within a few weeks, suffered severe defeats from two opposite directions. In Canada, the repeal of the Scott Act in so many municipalities and by so decisive majorities, was plausibly explained as a failure, not of Prohibition, but only of local prohibition on a small scale. What was declared to be needed for success was Provincial or Dominion Prohibition, in order that the efforts of the people in one locality might not be constantly thwarted and neutralized by the inflow of liquors from the surrounding districts. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, the people have just pronounced emphatically against State Prohibition on the solid basis of a constitutional amendment. In round numbers the vote was 88,000 for, to 182,000 against the amendment, in a total of 222,000. This result is all the more significant from the fact that the people of Massachusetts stand in the front rank of American citizens for both intelligence and morality. As was to be expected, the larger cities, with Boston leading the van, went overwhelmingly against the amendment. But even the country towns and rural districts did not throw their votes in favour of constitutional Prohibition with any such enthusiasm as was expected. The New York Nation thinks it probable that a majority of the towns having a population of less than 2,500, especially in the farming districts, favoured the amendment. But according to the count of the Boston Beacon, of 160 towns which cast 200 or fewer votes, only 79 gave a majority for the amendment, indicating that in the villages and country places opinion was about equally divided. It would be unfortunate, indeed, if the result should operate as a victory for the saloon, but that by no means follows. Many of those who were most earnest in opposing the amendment will co-operate heartily in any measure for curtailing the baleful influence of the saloon. It is evident that both in Canada and in Massachusetts a long process of education by moral influences is still necessary before stringent Prohibition is either attainable or would be capable of enforcement if secured. Of course those who believe that Prohibition is the only right and effective means of checking the evils of intemperance will keep up the agitation, as they have a perfect right to do. But it is to be hoped that they may now see the wisdom of combining with other temperance workers to secure practicable reforms, seeing that the radical one for which they are working is at present quite out of reach.

MR. DAVIN has championed the case of the disaffected Half-breeds of the North-west, and there is undeniable force in his statement of the case. The Government is, he says in effect, claiming that because the Half-breeds of Manitoba years ago accepted certain terms from the Government in lieu of their claims as original settlers, therefore the Half-breeds of the Territory who had nothing whatever to do with those of Manitoba, and were in no sense a party to the compact, are bound by the same arrangement and must accept the same terms. Apart altogether from the fairness or otherwise of that agreement and those terms, this mode of treatment would hardly be submitted to by any people of spirit. "If," says Mr. Davin, with logical directness, "you want the extinguishment of the Indian title, as it is known to rest in these North-west Half-breeds, you must go and bargain with them and with their children." This is sound and sensible advice. The failure of the Government to act upon this simple, reasonable principle in dealing with these first settlers has already cost the country dear. Mr. Davin's suggestion that a clause liberally recognizing the claims of the Half-breeds of the North-west and providing for granting land scrip to them and their children, should be added to the act, and the Judge of the Supreme Court in the North-west empowered to administer it, seems simple and practicable. Putting ourselves in the place of these poor people, does it not also seem just? And is it not in



keeping with the prime object of the free-grant system—that of furthering the settlement and cultivation of the country? There is surely land enough for all, without being unfair or niggardly to the children of the original proprietors.

**THANKS** to the action of the Premier in giving it a place on the Government orders, Dr. Weldon's Extradition Act passed through both Houses of Parliament with unexpected celerity. It now awaits only the assent of the Governor-General to become operative. Some reason to apprehend delay from this quarter arises from the fact, of which Mr. Mills reminded the Members of the Commons, that similar legislation proposed by him some years ago had been objected to by England. But had it been the intention to persist in that objection it seems altogether likely that the Government would have had some intimation of it, and would have governed themselves accordingly. The fact that the measure is merely an Act of Parliament and could be promptly repealed in case any evil or abuse should be found to follow from it, reduces any objection which might otherwise hold against one-sided action in such a matter to the minimum, and in view of the actual and growing practical evil which it is designed to remedy, it seems highly improbable that the British Government would veto it on purely theoretical grounds. It is not easy to understand why the Commons should have refused by so large a majority to make the Bill retro-active. The ordinary objections to *ex post facto* legislation seem hardly applicable in this case. Surely those who have come to the country to escape the punishment due to crime cannot, by lapse of time, have acquired any vested rights in their immunity from justice. A crime does not become outlawed like a debt. The alleged danger to innocent and unsuspecting families must surely be greatly exaggerated if not wholly imaginary. The man who has truly repented of former wrong-doing and reformed will have made what atonement and restitution is in his power, and the danger of such an one being molested after years of honest living is very small. It will be a grand thing, however, to have the doors firmly closed against fugitive criminals in the future.

**MR. WALLACE'S** Anti-Combines Bill has been extremely unfortunate. For a long time it seemed destined to perish ignominiously amidst the mass of private bills which "cannot be reached" because of the pressure of Government measures and the precedence claimed for them. When finally rescued from this limbo by favour of the Government, it was so changed in its passage through the Commons that even its warmest advocates did not seem quite certain of its identity, and the representatives of labour, whose interests it was largely designed to conserve, declared that it had become transformed in the process into a dangerous weapon for the hands of their oppressors. And now while we are studying the facts of the case, in order to discover whether the promoters or the Labour representatives are right in their views of the meaning of the Act as altered, the inquiry is made superfluous by the announcement that the Act has been so emasculated in the Senate by the insertion of adverbial modifiers, that it can no longer matter to anyone whether it is passed or not. The present probability seems to be that the Senatorial amendments will be rejected in the Commons, with the effect of throwing the Bill over to another session. Perhaps this will be the best thing under the circumstances.

**THE** paper filed on Monday in the Superior Court of Montreal by the *Mai's* attorneys, as the preliminary pleas of the defence in the action for libel brought against that journal by the Society of Jesuits, is an interesting document. The position taken is a bold one. The corporate standing of the Society is challenged on the grounds that the Provincial Act incorporating it was *ultra vires* of that Legislature; that all the members of the Society in the Province are, in virtue of the laws of the British Empire, absolutely without civil rights; that the rules and regulations of the Society, binding upon its members, are such as to prevent the Society or any of its members from holding property; that its objects are extra-provincial, its constitution and aims incompatible with the Constitution of the Province and of the Dominion, etc. If issue can be fairly joined on these points, the discussion and decision cannot fail to make the trial memorable in Canadian history. Even should these preliminary objections be set aside, and the issue joined at once on the merits of the case touching the alleged libel, the trial will still bid fair to become famous by reason of the inquest held and evi-

dence adduced touching the tenets and practices of the much maligned or very infamous Jesuits.

**PENDING** the rigid investigation that will no doubt be made into the causes of the terrible railway accident near Hamilton, it would be worse than useless to indulge in surmises, or to insinuate blameworthiness where none may have existed. None the less it becomes the sacred duty of the Government to spare no pains in the effort to ascertain whether the catastrophe can be traced to any carelessness of servants, imperfection of machinery or methods, or neglect of precautions; whether, in short, it belongs to the class of so-called accidents which may be regarded, with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes, as non-preventible. There are probably very few instances in which such a calamity may not and should not be made the means of discovering new sources of danger, and so still further reducing the chances on the side of the recurrence of such a fatality. One lesson is brought home with horrible impressiveness to all who read the newspapers. The murderous stove in the railway coach must be put away and some other mode of warming substituted. Failing this, some automatic arrangement for instantly extinguishing the fires in case of accident should surely be possible. The occurrence of such a holocaust adds greatly to the sufficient horrors of a railway accident.

**SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S** statements in the House in reply to the very natural complaints of delay in the Behring Sea matter were, perhaps, as satisfactory as could have been expected. However exasperating the strange pretensions and actions of the United States Government in the case, we see no reason to doubt that both the Canadian and the British Governments have been unceasing in their efforts to find a peaceful and just solution of the difficulty. It is highly probable that both President Cleveland and Secretary Bayard were convinced of the untenableness of their assumptions, and that, had they remained in office and been able to restrain the Senate, they would have agreed to a fair and honourable international arrangement for the protection of the seal fishery. If their successors are otherwise minded, if President Harrison and Secretary Blaine have seized the opportunity to inaugurate a jingo foreign policy, they are assuming a tremendous responsibility. No one can reasonably doubt that the British Ministry and people are most sincerely desirous of peace and friendship with the United States and are ready to make great concessions for that purpose. - But to concede claims so utterly inadmissible as those which underlie the assumption of exclusive authority over Behring's Sea could not be in the interests of peace—certainly not "peace with honour." Sir John no doubt knows whereof he speaks. His words were carefully chosen and strictly guarded, but if they mean anything they mean that while the British Government will exhaust every legitimate means of reaching a friendly solution, they have no intention whatever of surrendering the rights of British subjects on the high seas, by acknowledging United States sovereignty over a branch of the North Pacific Ocean. As every other maritime power would doubtless be with England in resisting such a claim we cannot believe that the Washington authorities are in earnest in asserting it. It must be, rather, that they are resorting to the tactics of old-fashioned "cheap Jacks" who always ask an exorbitant price for their wares in order to have ample room for the "beating-down" process.

**WHILE** all good citizens are glad that the supremacy of law in the Province of Quebec has been to a certain extent vindicated by the capture of Morrison, all who have any high sense of honour must blush to think of the means by which the capture of the outlaw was effected. The affair does not involve any nice questions of casuistry touching the obligation of the officers of the law to use good faith with criminals or fugitives from justice whom it is their duty to capture. If the reports which have thus far been made public may be relied on, a clear agreement for a three days' truce was made, not with Morrison, but with his friends, and this truce was treacherously broken by the constables who shot and captured him. The case has taken on a new phase, and one which but for the question of honour would be made amusing or ridiculous by the claim now set up on behalf of the Richmond Caledonian Society, or its officers who represented the fugitive's friends in making the truce, to the proffered reward. Whether they are moved by purely

mercenary motives, or, as we may more charitably suppose, wish to secure the money for the defence of the prisoner, they have, it must be confessed, some logic on their side. If the truce was the means by which the arrest was made possible, why should not the makers of the truce, at least share in the reward? Much praise has been bestowed upon the officer who effected the capture, but if he really knew that a solemn promise had been given that all officers and men engaged in the expedition would remain at their posts and suspend efforts for three days, admiration of his bravery must yield to disapproval of the act of treachery. We shrink from the still more humiliating supposition that his lying-in-wait was planned and approved by his superiors by whom the truce was made.

**BOULANGER** has effected another flank movement. He has transferred his precious person from Belgium to England for safe keeping. If it be true that he is to be feted by certain prominent Englishmen, it must be that the English are losing their sense of humour. It is not a little ridiculous that the man, whose chief aim is said to be to destroy Parliamentary institutions in his own country as inimical to liberty, should be obliged to seek liberty and safety in the country which is the inventor and exemplifier of the modern Parliamentary system. To deny asylum and hospitality to a political refugee would be contrary to all British principle and precedent. But it was to have been hoped that once safely bestowed on British soil, the French adventurer would have been left pretty much to his own devices. Why he should be given fictitious prominence by banquets and receptions at the houses of noblemen and political leaders it is hard to conjecture. What can British Radicalism, for instance, have in common with French Boulangerism?

**WHAT** is to be the outcome of the spirit of militarism which seems to be taking full possession of the German nation? The phenomenon is one of the strangest in history. That a people, naturally devoted to the arts of peace, and preëminent in education and philosophy, could have become in a few years transformed into a nation of soldiers, dreaming by night and by day of military glory, is indeed remarkable, and may we not add? deplorable. This process of transformation which is still going on before the eyes of all observers, cannot but have a deteriorating effect upon the national character. It must tend to lower the standard of intellectual attainment. It must seriously discourage the pursuit of art and philosophy for their own sakes. The mischief, too, seems to be due, in a large measure, to the baleful influence of a few ambitious men, the Bismarcks and Von Moltkes of the nation. Preparation for war is said to be now regarded as the supreme duty of the nation, a mischievous notion which has, no doubt, received a fresh impulse since the accession of the present Emperor, whose ideals are all of a military type. As an illustration of the working of the military craze which has thus taken possession of at least the rulers of the nation it is said that "in the German military schools one of the principal lines of study is the working out of plans and schemes for the invasion of the different countries of Europe, these plans being often suggested by the pupils, worked over with the teachers, and afterwards submitted for criticism to military officials." Von Moltke has, it is said, no less than eleven elaborate and thoroughly worked out plans for the invasion of England. There may be exaggeration in these statements, but that they represent the present tendency in German Court and military circles cannot be doubted. Such ideas cannot dominate the minds of the leaders of a nation without producing a large crop of evils. They are also dangerous as tending directly towards war, for "As a man (or a nation) thinketh in his heart, so is he." The imagination is a powerful agent in moulding character and conduct. It is not in human nature that a body of officers should spend their time in devising invasions of England, for instance, without feeling a growing wish that an opportunity might offer to put their plans to the test. No doubt there is a mighty liberal sentiment amongst the masses of the German people which must sooner or later assert itself. It may be hoped that the reaction will set in in time to preserve the peace of Europe, which is seriously menaced by these war studies and enormous armaments.

**THERE** are now some indications that the short-sighted experiment which has been demoralizing the prisons and prisoners of New York State will soon come to an end. The Yates Bill, which prohibits the use of machinery in

prisons and aims to confine convict labour to road-making and stone-breaking, will, it is said, be defeated. The *Tribune's* Albany correspondent thinks that there is a reasonable prospect that the Republicans will adopt the Fassett Bill, now before the Legislature, and carry it through. The main provisions of this Bill are sensible and commendable. As described by the *Christian Union* it "permits the court to use the indeterminate sentence for all felonies in the case of prisoners over sixteen years of age, and constitutes a Board to discharge the prisoners on satisfactory evidence of their reform. It classifies all prisoners in three grades, according to the evidence they afford of being hopeful subjects of reformatory influences. The labour of the first grade is to be adapted especially to industrial training for future usefulness in life; of the second grade to immediate productiveness and the acquisition of capacity for self-support; of the third grade solely to the production of the greatest amounts and value of salable products. The contract system, already abolished by popular vote, is not reinstated; the Superintendent is allowed to employ either the piece-price plan, or the State account plan, in his discretion; and provision is made for reducing the possible interference with the productions of labour outside the prisons to the least possible amount." The changing prison systems of New York State have acquired alternately a good and a bad notoriety, and the results of the next experiment will be looked for with interest.

**P**ITIALE is the life of a President of the United States during his first few months in office. The White House, as described by a reliable New York journal, is "the focal point of a movement of population which turns what ought to be essentially a private dwelling into the most exposed public building in the country." "Innumerable delegations and countless persons" crowd into it to see the President, "not for any serious purpose, but simply to look into his face and shake his hand." The army of sight-seers pours in a steady stream through the residence. The spectacle afforded by the armies of "officious and vulgar" office-seekers has already been described in these columns. How either the man or the nation can endure such methods of doing business, and such invasions of the sanctity of the home of the first citizen, is beyond the comprehension of the foreigner who is used to seeing these things, at least, better done at home. It is said that President Harrison chafes under the ordeal and is seriously contemplating a change, so far at least as the office-seeking is concerned. He is credited with having in mind the audacious design of removing the business offices from the White House into the State Department, and so turning at least some currents of the great tide away from his private residence. But this will require an amount of courage of which no one not an American citizen can easily form a conception. Whether President Harrison has the nerve for the task remains to be seen. If he can do it and can at the same time reduce the matter of appointments to some business system, managed by carefully chosen and responsible officials, he will prove himself a hero of the first water. And the sober second-thought of the people would, there can be little doubt, approve the reform, however the caldron of popular indignation might seethe and boil over at first. It is pretty clear that something will have to be done soon. No one man can personally examine all claims and select the office-holders for a nation of sixty millions, much less hold himself ready to be shaken by the hand at any hour by every one of those millions who can manage to visit Washington.

**N**EARLY all the New York Sunday newspapers have entered into an agreement to increase the price of their wares to five cents per copy. The *Nation* thinks that five cents is not too high a price for the amount of reading-matter presented in one of these Sunday issues. We should think not if the estimate is to be based on "amount of reading-matter." But seeing that combination is the order of the day, why not put the trade on a business footing at once by devising some convenient system of measurement and charging so much per hundred-weight or per cord? This would surely be fairer than putting the forty-page edition on an equality in price with one having only a paltry thirty or thirty-five pages! In the opinion of many competent judges the best of all reforms would be in this case total suppression. As that is now probably unattainable, the next greatest boon that could be conferred upon the too-patient public would be, instead of an increase in price, a decrease in quantity. If the advance in price could only be accompanied with some

guarantee of a proportionate improvement in quality, the result would fall little short of a great moral revolution. But we suppose that rivalry in bulk and in head-line display, rather than in the literary and moral excellence, must be accepted as a necessary evil, marking a stage in the history of newspaper development. It is probable that the combine will shortly advance the price of the dailies.

GROCCERS' LICENSES.

**W**E are not quite sure that we can even understand the reasons by which the Commissioners have been influenced in refusing to renew the grocers' licenses to sell liquors even in buildings distinct and separate from those in which they sell their ordinary commodities. As far as we understand the matter we believe the change to be mischievous.

In the first place, fussy and meddling changes are to be deprecated as causing annoyance and irritation, unless good reason can be assigned for them. It is not very long since grocers who sold liquor were required to have separate stores for the two classes of goods. It would appear that this separation has not had the effect contemplated; and now the remedy has been carried a step further in hope that the desired end may be realized. What was the end?

We have heard of only one argument against allowing grocers' licenses. It was this, that they afforded facilities for certain classes of people getting liquor on the sly. To put it more plainly and concretely, it was alleged that women were in the way of purchasing wine or whiskey and having the price of the liquor charged in their bills as for groceries. We are quite ready to believe that some such cases occur. It is quite possible that there may be half a dozen such women in the city of Toronto. But there is something quite ludicrous in the notion that the whole of the licensing arrangements of the city should be changed for the sake of half a dozen tricky women.

But surely our Reformers are not so simple as to imagine that women who play tricks of that kind in order to obtain liquor will not manage to get it in some other way. Even the poorest will manage somehow to gratify the ruling passion, and there is no passion more imperious than that of the dipsomaniac. It is truly absurd to imagine that the stopping of one avenue of supply will make even the least difference in the demand or in the provision for it.

The reason assigned for the change, then, is no reason at all. And the change itself is vexatious and will, as we believe, be productive of further mischief. We suppose that the grocers of Toronto who, at the present moment, hold liquor licenses are among the most respectable of the tradesmen in the city. At least, those whose names at once occur to us may certainly be so designated. Have any of them been making a bad use of their privileges? Have they been selling at unlawful hours or to improper persons? Have they been representing their goods as different from what they are? We have heard of no such charges; but if any one has been guilty let him be punished by withdrawal of his license, or in any other suitable manner. But why worry and injure a number of respectable citizens for the fault, if there be a fault, of one? Why subject them not only to the loss of income which must result, but to the loss of capital lawfully invested? A change of the kind proposed cannot be made without such loss.

The inevitable consequences of such a change are apparent. In the first place, it will not in any way do away with the evil, real or supposed, that is connected with the present system. In the second place, it will lead to evasions of the law in a way that will at once occur to every one who gives the least attention to the subject. But it will have another and a worse effect. It will gradually bring about the lowering of the character of those who are engaged in the liquor traffic. Respectable men will not submit to the kind of treatment to which those who are engaged in this business are now subject, and before long we shall have it in the hands of a very different class of people.

It is said that this is the intention of the people who are urging on these changes. They think if they can only degrade the character of the wine and spirit merchant in the public estimation, they will have done something to stop the traffic. Only the blindness of fanaticism could miss the fallacy of such anticipations. Where is it that the deepest degradation is found resulting from drunkenness? Not in our better class hotels, which are conducted by people who have too much self-respect to allow of such

doings, and whose interests would equally forbid such a use of their establishments. Every one knows that the scenes of riot and vice are to be found in the lowest drinking places, kept by people of no character, and, worse still, in the unlicensed "dives," which are carried on in perpetual fear and danger of a visit from the police. And this is the kind of change which these temperance reformers are labouring to bring about!

They have often been warned that they are beginning at the wrong end; but it is equally necessary to point out that they are pursuing the wrong methods. By all means let the liquor traffic be strictly regulated, as regards the number of stores, the hours of sale, and all other circumstances which may seem necessary for the protection of the public. But two things must not be attempted. Prohibition must not be attempted, for it cannot be carried out, and the endeavour to do so is always and everywhere productive of evils greater than those which were sought to be removed. The experience of the Scott Act counties is the best proof of this statement; and the almost universal repeal of the Act, wherever it has been proposed to be renewed, shows how keenly its evils have been felt. The other thing which must not be attempted is the degradation of the class of men who are engaged in the liquor business. There is no class in whom it is more necessary to find men of integrity and general conscientiousness. Such men we now possess, and we fear that we are labouring to get rid of them.

ABBOTT'S HISTORY OF GREECE.\*

**W**E have seldom lighted upon a better piece of work than this Grecian History of Dr. Abbott's. It may seem, indeed, that such a book was not wanted, for we have already histories of Greece of the greatest excellence in the works of Grote and Thirlwall, not to mention Curtius, the German historian, whose work is highly esteemed by many. We believe, however, that those who study with care this new work of Dr. Abbott's will agree that he has entirely justified its publication. As he remarks, "Though we can add nothing to the existing records of Greek history, the estimate placed upon their value, and the conclusions drawn from them are continually changing, and for this reason the story which has been told so often will be told anew from time to time, so long as it continues to have an interest for mankind—that is, let us hope, as long as mankind continues to exist."

Dr. Abbott apologizes for not giving a critical estimate of the comparative value of the original sources of the history of Greece, and it might be well to provide some such apparatus in a subsequent volume of the work. He promises us a chapter on Greek religion in the next volume, in which he proposes to bring down the history of the Peloponnesian War. We rather doubt whether he will be able to bring it down so far, if he carries it on on the same scale as that on which he has begun it.

The writing of this book strikes us as altogether excellent and satisfactory. It is lucid, without being bare, and it carries the reader pleasantly along without any painful sense of effort. To many persons it will be a relief to find that Dr. Abbott has rejected the novelties in the way of the spelling of proper names which many of our English writers had adopted from the German. No doubt there was something to be said for such a method; but one obvious condemnation of it was to be found in the fact that hardly any two writers agree how far to assimilate modern English spelling to ancient Greek. We are, therefore, glad to find old friends like Thucydides and others in the old dress in which we have known them so long.

The introductory chapter on "Hellas" gives full information on the geographical divisions and features of the whole country, together with some of the principal legends connected, especially with the rivers. In the second chapter the author attempts to show the origin of the earliest inhabitants, as far as we are able to judge from the three sources of language, religion and monuments. Each one of these sources is a little uncertain, but, upon the whole, he assigns an Indo-Germanic origin to the original inhabitants of Greece, whilst the Semitic mixture seems to be of no great importance, and to have been of later infusion from Phœnician sources. Of these settlements on the mainland of Greece, he regards Thebes, in Bœotia, as the most important. The author thinks very little of the opinion of Herodotus that Egypt was the source of much of Greek religion; and our readers need hardly be told how little confidence can be placed in Herodotus when he speaks from hearsay and not from his own observation and experience.

In speaking of the migrations and legendary history of the various tribes of ancient Hellas, Dr. Abbott seems to us to take the right course between utter scepticism and unreasoning credulity. Thus, in speaking of the History of Troy, made glorious for ever by Homer, he concludes: "The tale of Troy, then, is a myth, no less than the tales of Heracles or Theseus. But underneath it may lie a fact, which, if not historical, is yet sufficiently probable to throw doubt on the resolution of the legend into 'Solar Pheno-

\* "A History of Greece." By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College. From the earliest times to the Ionic Revolt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888; Toronto: Williamson & Co.



mena;" according to the theory of Professor Sayce that, in the siege of Troy, we have "the immemorial story of the storming of the sky by the bright powers of the day, which had been localized in Thebes, where Greeks and Phœnicians had contended for possession, being again localized by Achæan poets in the land of their adoption."

The chapter on the Homeric Poems seems to us, in a moderate compass, to give all necessary information on this subject—indeed all the information that is now attainable. In referring these poems to a period anterior to the first Olympiad, Dr. Abbott is undoubtedly right; and we are inclined to think he is justified in holding that they were earlier than the "Cyclic Poems," so-called because they fill up the gaps in early Greek history, and, with the Homeric poems, give a connected narrative of that legendary history. We are not forgetting that Dr. Paley, a strong authority on such a subject, constructed an elaborate argument to prove that the "Poems of the Cycle" were earlier than the "Iliad" and "Odyssey;" but it seems to us that Dr. Abbott's arguments on the other side, if not conclusive, establish a strong case for the priority of the Homeric poems. As regards the contents of these, he says, he is compelled to admit "that the Homeric poems are at any rate imperfect, if not fictitious, pictures of civilization." He points out their omissions, their mistakes, their inconsistencies, their disregard of geography, and their want of historical accuracy.

As regards the theory that the two great poems are made up of ballads, Dr. Abbott remarks: "This view of the origin of the poems is untenable. For not only are ballads short and the Homeric poems long, but the length is attained by inserting episodes into a definite plan, not by stringing one incident on the other." And then he quotes Mr. Lang as saying: "Ballads are not artistic, while the form of the epic, whether we take the hexameter, or the rougher *laissez* of the French *chansons de geste*, is full of conscious and admirable art."

The accounts given of the developments of the political institutions of the various Greek States are excellent and interesting. Dr. Abbott points out that even the tyrants had their place and importance in this development. One of the most interesting chapters is that which is devoted to the government and legislation of Solon. Hardly inferior in interest is the chapter on Sparta in the sixth century. The volume is concluded with an account of the "Greeks in the East." We sincerely hope that not only will Dr. Abbott soon give us the volume promised, but that he will carry on his work at least to the death of Alexander.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

SINCE the public welcome to Archbishop Duhamel, His Grace has made a progress of receptions. The Ottawa University prepared a magnificent display in his honour, in which the students outdid themselves in the tasteful and opportune. The Archbishop was attended by the Vicar-General and a body of clergy, and, upon arriving at the University at eight o'clock, was received with a burst of music, and a speech in Latin. Addresses of loyalty and affection were afterwards read to His Grace in English, French, Latin and Greek. In his replies, the reverend gentleman, however, confined himself to the two first, and to an admission that perhaps he ought to have completed the circle of compliment by airing his classics, adding that he regretted he could not express himself in Irish, in honour of the Patron Saint of the mother country of many of his auditors. Several hundreds of leading Catholics were present. His Grace is a graduate of the University of Ottawa. At Gloucester Street Convent, and again at that of Rideau Street, very pretty feminine receptions were organized, in which music and flowers, sweet faces and sweet speeches called forth some affectionate reminiscences of His Grace's travels, particularly of his residence in Rome.

The congregation of which the Rev. Dr. Armstrong is pastor, have just laid the foundation stone of a handsome new Church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Wardrope of Guelph, who was the first incumbent of the charge. The usual curios of the day were deposited, to carry to future centuries the tale of April, 1889. At a meeting held afterwards in the old edifice, a sketch of the congregation was recited, which forms the ecclesiastical history of the parish for almost half a century. In earlier days the Church was known as Bank Street, receiving its new name, St. Paul's, as recently as 1880.

The Ottawa Branch of the Evangelical Alliance has recorded its attitude towards the Great Question, by instructing the Secretary to communicate with the Montreal Executive regarding an action to test the legality of the Incorporation and Endowment of the Jesuits, and pledging liberal support and assistance.

A little ripple of expectation is passing over the Episcopal orthodox mind in view of certain rumoured tendencies toward ritualism in the Church of St. Bartholomew. A floral cross, in a too suggestively eastern position on the altar, and the shadows of a choir of surpliced boys are haunting the fertile imagination of the faithful, and already future speeches are drafted, and future victories won, with revenge of holy wrath in their trail.

The patriotic element is not so deeply agitating a motive in the bosoms of our English conferees as it is in those of the Emerald Isle and the land of cakes. The Patron Saint of merrie England calls forth fewer processions than are paraded in memorial of St. Patrick and St. Andrew, and the roses of April 23rd are born to blush unseen when compared to the shamrocks of March 17th, or

the thistles (softened into heather) of November 30th. Nevertheless Saint George had his dinner, and received the greeting of the Queen City, until in his honour Ottawa listened to a sermon in St. George's Church, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Wiman will address a public meeting here on May 4th on Commercial Reciprocity, and, under the auspices of the Board of Trade, will have an opportunity of expounding his favourite doctrines to the denizens of the capital.

The receptions in the Grand Union Hotel which have been a Saturday-nightly event during the season, received their finishing touch on the evening of the 27th. Many members have left, but nevertheless the last welcome of Mésdames Mackenzie and Laurier was as brilliant as the first. Music and refreshments, with the indescribable freemasonry of party fellow-feeling, the whole smiled upon by the chiefs out of harness, have created a factor which shall, doubtless, weigh in the balancing of electioneering scales. The House is demoralized. Members are counting their bills, of more sorts than one; and their wives are sweeping the dust off their travelling trunks. The appearance of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau at the eleventh hour has created a new proverb—He is looking better late than ever.

A curious apartment in the House is No. 6. One can never be safe in predicting just what may or may not happen within its charmed precincts, but one can't live long in parliamentary atmosphere without at least hearing of it. At present its walls echo with flattering speeches on the occasion of the presentation of an oil portrait to its original, Mr. Trow, M.P. An address was read by Mr. Laurier, expressing deep regard for the personal character of the honourable gentleman, and high appreciation for his valuable services to his country and his party. Mr. Blake was in a happy mood, and joked about the fact that chiefs may come and chiefs may go, but whips go on for ever. It appears that the honourable recipient and original of the portrait has been the principal whip of the Reform party for seventeen years. If the zeal with which he performed his duty be in proportion to the degree in which he spared not the rod, perhaps Mr. Laurier should have left his compliments for the silver tongue of Sir John.

The Hon. the Minister of Agriculture has paid a pretty little compliment to the brotherhood of the invincible press. For some years he has cultivated a taste for experimental farming, and as he can charge the debit to the country and the credit to himself, the Hon. gentleman has become enamoured of his scheme. He calls it "his hobby." I will tell you of the debit by and by. Meantime the Press Gallery has been in the habit of annually participating in the credit. A little party is arranged, which proceeds westerly from Parliament Hill, and arrives at The Farm. On the present occasion, however, the weather interfered, and The Farm was inspected from the restaurant of the House of Commons, and discussed side by side with a *recherche* menu. The Honourable Minister proposed the toast "The Guests of the Hour," and Mr. Johnson, the president of the Press Gallery, returned thanks in the usual lawn tennis style, pointing to the Experimental Farms of the Dominion as the latest among the innumerable achievements of the honourable host. Prof. Saunders, the director of the scheme, contributed information regarding the work and its progress; the Honourable Minister and others broke forth into song; the Gallery tossed up its caps for Her Majesty, and went back to their despatches.

RAMBLER.

#### IN THE CHERRY ORCHARD.

NO one else was astir, for it was still early morning, when the Dreamer stole noiselessly out of the old farm house and took the narrow path into the orchard. He was feverish for lack of sleep; his heavy head seemed filled with burning sand, his eyes ached and his hands were parched and dry. His heart had been too full of cursing and bitterness that night to let him rest, for even sweethearts can be cruel. He flung himself down by the black trunk of the oldest cherry tree and tried to cool his dry palms with the dewless grass. Carlo, the watch-dog, saw him and came slowly across the grass, looking like some comely, black monster in the morning light. Glad to be spoken to and caressed, he lay down at the Dreamer's side and poked his black muzzle close to the human face. Then he licked his master's hands, and even pretended to pinch them now and then, without, however, having the slightest intention of doing so. You want him to romp, Carlo, but he is in no mood for play.

The contact of the cool ground with the heated body was delicious. That strip of turf under the cherry tree was a pleasanter bed than the one on which he had tossed all night. It was easy for him to understand how the mere touch of Earth gave the wrestler in the old world myth strength to resist the gripe of a Hercules. The sun was shining vaguely somewhere in the hot haze, and little, tantalizing breezes wandered through the orchard, fanned his hot cheeks softly and then died away. He listened to the birds; they were singing by snatches, uttering calls and single notes, and then ceasing for a time.

There are some things only to be seen by laying the head low on lap of Earth. As the Dreamer looked upwards through the boughs to the grey sky, he seemed to be in a new world, made up of branches and cloud. Spring had come but lately; the leaves were not quite out yet, though the white clusters of blossoms were in full bloom, and the bees and great flies were busy with them. Their humming and buzzing sounded loud in the stillness of the morning. Nature sometimes seems to blunder; cherry

blossoms always look awkward—like bouquets tied to the rough joints of some fantastic scaffolding—till the spreading leaves have grown full enough to hide away the woody angles. The white of the flowers has the tinge of grey water and the masses of them are soothing to the eyes.

But the Dreamer's gaze was drawn away from the aerial world in the fruit-tree boughs to the wonder of the springing grass.

He turned on his side, and with half-shut eyes followed the long light, streaming from the east, sliding through the bare branches, and as it fell on the grass in spots and patches, making a net-work of dark, green shades and emerald lights. As his eyes were on a level with it, there seemed to be nothing but grass to the earth's centre: it was rooted in nothing: there was no foundation of soil for it. The spears of it stood close together and had grown evenly: they were fine-pointed, but with no suggestion of keenness or sharpness. There could be no more fitting resting-place for Dame Venus' snowy limbs; on these she could lightly rest and they would not crush beneath her.

But this aspect, the winning infancy of the grass, as it were, lasts only for a few days in spring: it is lost as soon as the seed-stalks sprout, and no watered and shaven lawn can afterwards compare with it.

In the meantime the morning breeze had risen and was blowing steadily, and the hot mists were dissipated. The bird-song grew fuller and more certain. Little by little the light on the growing green of the grass, the freshness of the cherry blossoms and the silent friendship of the faithful brute wrought upon the Dreamer's soul. The magic of the morning charmed away his heavy thoughts; the pain at the heart grew less and less, and into its place stole the message of peace. The fever left him and he rose refreshed, like another Antinous, from the strengthening touch of our mother Earth.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

#### BALLADE.

SAD and soft is the dirge on the Gallic shore,  
By the mournful moan of the ocean made,  
For the days and the deeds that are now no more,  
'Ere the last of the knights in his tomb was laid  
In the depth of an old cathedral's shade;  
Above are his casque, shield, banner and lance  
And the sword that had struck him the accolade,  
But dead are the legends and lilies of France.

Did he pine for the powder and polish'd floor,  
Gay dances, bright glances of masquerade?  
If he parley'd of politics, was it not o'er  
The lightning-blue gleam of his Damascus blade?  
If he sang, was it not of an old crusade?  
If he listen'd and laugh'd at a love romance,  
Would he rather not hear a good caronade?  
But dead are the legends and lilies of France.

If his lady's fair favour he sought to implore  
By a merry ballade or sweet serenade,  
Did he write it? Not he, when a troubadour  
Would willingly sing all day long if well paid  
In a rose-built bower or a vine arcade,  
Or sigh through the night 'neath the pale moon's glance,  
Whilst he dream'd of rampart and escalade;  
But dead are the legends and lilies of France.

The cathedral still stands with its grand facade;  
Some stones of the rampart remain by chance;  
There are diplomats, dances and gasconade;  
But dead are the legends and lilies of France.

SARRETTA.

#### LONDON LETTER.

JUST where the High Street turns by the Church I stood the other morning in the drizzling rain to watch for the funeral procession of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. By me on the edge of the pavement were groups of quiet people gossiping in undertones of their different affairs. The shops had put up their black shutters, for we pride ourselves here on our loyalty; and the flags flapped half-mast high in the east wind; and soon the bells in the tower began to toll in a dismal fashion, and we all felt solemn and a trifle dreary.

Across the road I could see the white head of a good friend of mine who has told me so much about the old times, half a century ago, when Kensington was nothing but a village, and hawthorn grew in the beautiful country lanes that wound towards Fulham and the river. He it was who drew for me a sketch of Leigh Hunt in his long black cloak, and with his poet's locks on his shoulders, whom my friend, who was then a shoemaker, had to dun perpetually for money owed. And he knows the house in Hornton Street where, in a back yard, the last of the sedan chairs rotted away only a year or two ago, and can point you out the inn at which the Bath coaches used to stop for refreshments; and the peaceful corner where once the little theatre stood, gone these many years. And he recollects how he and the other bold youths of the village would make up parties ten or twelve strong before venturing to deliver their parcels in the fastnesses of Brompton, as if they went alone, even in broad daylight, so surely were they set upon and robbed. It is not so long, too, he says, since a journey up to town was an event in his life, to be

thought over carefully and arranged days beforehand; it cost sixpence, and the coach started from the Church Court, and your friends came to see you off. So the old man prattles on—he has altered his early profession, and is now a toy-seller. As he leisurely counts your change from the till, gazing the while through the narrow window panes of the dark little shop as if along the sunshiny pavement he could still see the deceiver, Leigh Hunt, of whom he speaks very indulgently, or Mr. Thackeray on his way to the bow-windowed house in Young Street, or Mr. Leech riding by on horseback, wrapping up the pennies in a bit of paper, he tells of the chairs that the undertaker used to let out, and in which some of the old ladies of the Palace would always be carried to church, as was the fashion of their youth; and he knows of a sun dial, dated 1721, at the back of one of the High Street shops; he is eloquent, too, on the subject of an underground passage (found when they laid down the new main sewer), supposed to lead to the Palace from Mr. Elphinstone's Academy, visited by the great Dr. Johnson, and once the home of the Duchess of Portsmouth; and he describes how, next door to Mr. Elphinstone's, there lived a ghost till the panelled rooms were pulled down and a staring bank built in its stead; and how, opposite, were the tea gardens attached to the King's Arms, where Cockneys came to play at bowls in the fresh country air. Then he becomes silent and sad as he hears of the changes that are in contemplation, and "Ah, I remember" dies on his tongue as he is told that a corner is to be cut out of Kensington Square in order that a better entrance should be made to the new red settlement, and I don't think the assurance that a fountain is to splash on the site of Cobourg House reconciles him to the fact that so many of his landmarks are, for some new-fangled reason, to be obliterated. You will recollect what words Fuller makes use of in describing a liar: "Yea, he is dumb in effect, for it is all one whether one cannot speak or cannot be believed." I think of this sentence sometimes as I listen to my toy-seller who, in that temperate, low style, which, Emerson says, is ever the best, tells of the trivial things which have happened to him in such a manner it would be impossible to doubt a word; and I bless my stars that nature has left out of him that romancing tendency, with which Foote the actor, according to his friend, the lexicographer, was so richly endowed, and which goes far towards making its possessor dumb.

I find myself wandering away from the funeral coming nearer and nearer along by the Park. The ordinary traffic had not been stopped, but as it was early there were not many carriages on the road; indeed a few omnibuses and a sprinkling of tradesmen's carts, and here and there a heavy wagon or dray, were all we had to watch. I could have listened, if I liked, to a conversation carried on between two draggle-tailed women preparing to throw their household duties to the winds and make a day of it (as draggle-tails will always do on the smallest provocation), and who discussed in a callous fashion the chances of the children getting into mischief while their parents were off to Kew to see the Quality; or I could have gone shares in the book in which my companion was engrossed had I not preferred the crowd to Max O'Rell and his shallow judgments, preferred that *poor real life* which, with Howells, I love, to the Frenchman's unsympathetic, unliterary talk. So the minutes slipped by till suddenly our attitudes altered, and we became silent and attentive, for some one called out, "It's coming," and there swept round the corner, slow and stately, the guard of honour of her Royal Highness.

Clank, clank, came the soldiers, in their scarlet and plumes, past the lines of humanity fringing the pavements, past the Palace with its drawn blinds, and the Church with its tolling bell, the drooping flags, the shuttered Town Hall. Then all eyes were fixed on the hearse drawn by six black horses and driven by the Duchess' old coachman (who, from the height of his box, and the position in which he sat huddled up in a black coat, looked, said an irreverent giggler, near me, like the dressed up canary coachman of a street show, taking the white mice out for an airing), on the two coaches, in the first of which were the women of the household, in the other the sub-dean, the doctor, and the two equerries, one of whom carried on his knee the coronet on a black cushion, afterwards laid on the lid of the coffin. Here and there hats were taken off as the dismal procession passed—a procession that would have been shabby if it had not been for its martial surroundings—but for the most part the spectators from under their umbrellas made none of the signs of respect for the dead which is the pretty sympathetic custom abroad. A stream of idlers, splashing through the mud, tramped each side of the soldiers, much as if they were sharing in the glories of the Salvation Army, and some press men on horseback, riding from St. James' to Kew behind the farrier with his symbol of office, formed an additional escort. I think most of us had it in our minds that if we had belonged to the dead we would not have sent her alone those seven miles in the care only of a handful of servants and surrounded with all the vulgar little touches of an ordinary street sight. An hour later coaches were on the road filled with princes and princesses, but by that time the coffin, with its white flower wreaths, was already at Cambridge Cottage. It must have been, I suppose, a matter of etiquette, but to the ordinary mind it seemed something akin to a want of feeling. Critically we surveyed the cortège passing for ever out of our sight as it turned towards Hammersmith. Music should have been played, we thought, by the guard round the music-loving Duchess—some of those wonderful, wailing marches which stir one's heart-strings,

and which one hears in Germany at every small funeral; the hearse should have been open, we settled, and hung with flowers and green wreaths, in honour of the bright old lady who loved her gardens; her children and grandchildren should have been about her, instead of the indifferent soldiers, with their eyes on the nurse-maids, instead of the running mob and the riding press men. "We are too subservient to death, that *least of all evils*," cried my companion; "as I grow older it has no power to scare me, and I agree with the Moravians who ring the bells instead of tolling them when a brother or sister dies, and who look upon the wearing of black as a sin."

When the Duchess sat to Frith for her portrait, in "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales," she entertained him vastly with her humorous, clever talk. He remembers the tones of her voice, he says, and her curious, foreign accent. At first, she refused to be painted: it was a trouble, she had no time; but the Queen persuaded her, and after she had once been to Pembridge Villas, she came several times, sometimes with her daughter. She told Frith how her husband used to keep the congregation convulsed at the morning service at Kew church by a running commentary on the Ten Commandments: for instance, at "Thou shalt not steal," he would call out quite loud, "No, indeed; very wrong, very wrong; not that I ever felt inclined." It made her uncomfortable, she said. And at the play he talked loud, too. She had been with him in 1838 to Leslie's studio when the duke sat for the Coronation piece. The engraving was in the hall at Pembridge Villas, and the Duchess pointed out her husband's portrait, telling Frith at the same time that when the picture was finished the Duke asked Leslie whereabouts the Duchess was. "Her Royal Highness is standing behind the Mistress of the Robes," said the artist, who could not get the Duchess into the composition for some pictorial reason, and was afraid to tell her husband so. The duke was quite satisfied. "As long as she's there, it's all right," he answered. Once when she came to sit to Frith, she arrived very much perturbed over Garibaldi, and the fuss that every one was then making in London over the liberator of his country, whom she called many hard names. She was disgusted, disgusted with the people who were fools enough to give him *fêtes*, and drag his carriage through the streets, who followed one another without thinking, like a flock of sheep, and knew nothing really of what Garibaldi had done. "When Lord Clyde came back from the Indian Mutiny they let him drive home in a shilling cab," she said, "and now over this man"—etc., etc.

The last link has gone that connected Queen Victoria with the Court of George the Third. One can imagine with what interest the old lady was questioned as to all the great events of her life, and how she told of the manners and customs of the Dutch House at Kew, where Charlotte lay dying, when the Duchess was a bride in London, or spoke of that quiet corner in the Windsor Tower, where the King roamed, sightless and alone. It is a pity such Remembrancers should ever die.

WALTER POWELL.

A SCOTTISH SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

HOW often since I came here have I been thankful for our excellent system of free education in Canada. Some years ago the Compulsory Attendance Act came into force here, and the people assented to it in the belief that they were about to have a free system of education. They found, however, that, besides being compelled to attend, they would also be compelled to pay fees, although heavily taxed for educational purposes. Children here are *compelled* by law to attend school at the age of five, and to pay twopence halfpenny a week besides. An officer is appointed to hunt up the babies who do not put in an appearance, and though there are many who, like the mother of Moses, are fain to hide the child a while longer on account of delicacy of constitution, or tardy development, it is no use—"you pays your money, but you has no choice." The grade above the infants pay threepence a week, and above that again fourpence, besides providing books. About forty cents a month and books comes very heavy upon working men who have three, four and five children attending school; the more so, when it is considered that they are already taxed for common education.

In talking with a school trustee one day, I said to him, "What becomes of the children of a man who is out of work or sick, and has not the wherewithal to pay for his children's education?"

"Ah, but we have a fine provision for that. All he has to do is to tell the teacher, and the teacher sends in an application to the Inspector of Poor, who lays the case before the Parochial Board, and if it is found that the excuse of non-payment is true, the fees are provided out of the paupers' fund."

"That is to say, the fees of the children are paid off the rate which is specially levied for the support of paupers?"

"Eh—yes."

"But why not levy a tax for general education, and thus give every man in Scotland an independent right to free education for his children, without running the risk of having to choose between the two evils of either being fined for non-attendance or becoming a pauper?"

"Eh, but the tax would be ower heavy," said my cautious trustee.

I could not but think that to the majority of the people, whose prolificity increases as their means of subsistence decrease, a general tax for *absolutely free education* would

be very much less oppressive than the present tax with the additional imposition of such heavy fees.

I had the opportunity of being present at a school examination last week, and a more comical farce it has seldom been my lot to witness. For weeks past the teachers had been in a state of nervous worry and anxiety, getting the children instructed, drilled and thrashed up to the passing point. For, be it known, "the tawse" a flat, leathern thong, with five cruel fingers, hard and sharp, still continues to be the most convincing argument in a Scotch school; although I noticed they were all carefully gathered up and hid away on examination day. That there had been a universal scouring and plaiting of flaxen hair the previous night was evident from the many crimped, shining tresses, set off with bran new knots of blue ribbon, which adorned the heads of the girls, who, all prim and proper in their Sunday "braws," sat patiently, with the boys, hour after hour, waiting the coming of the Inspector.

The children had previously been examined in arithmetic and grammar by the assistant inspector, but they had yet to undergo the ordeal of being personally examined by the great man himself. "Great man" here means, not personal greatness, but the being endowed with absolute power to pass or not pass—to give or withhold Government grants—just as to him seemeth good. The payment of grants by results is the rule, and by one man's judgment of results a whole county of schools is punished or rewarded. From his judgment there is no appeal, except to Parliament—and Parliament, composed of men whose children do not attend such schools—upholds in every case the Government appointee.

Last year the teachers of the county of Perth, an intelligent, educated class of men and women, unanimously rose and denounced the unreasonable tyranny of the Inspector for that county, and petitioned Parliament for a change. But the petition was pooh-poohed, and thrown out, and the small tyrant upheld in his authority. And so on things will go till they come to the end of the tether, when, let us hope, the whole system will snap, and Scotland at last have free education.

How these results are obtained I witnessed with wide-eyed wonder. When the Inspector entered the room where the class of boys and girls ranging in age from nine to thirteen had been waiting for two hours, I said to myself, "Falstaff!" Falstaff in broadcloth, with heavy gold chain and seals adorning his sleek paunch, gold spectacles gleaming on his prominent blue eyes, and an unmistakable flavour of fine old port about his rubicund visage. Evidently he was in a jolly humour, for he smiled on all as he strutted in, sniffing the air, and remarking that the room was cold—too cold. The teacher had just let down the windows to freshen the air for the weary children.

"And now," said he, after some preliminary questions were answered, "we come to the Seven Years' War. Wars, like people, you know, have their ancestors. What wars were the ancestors of the Seven Years' War?" No answer. "Come, now, I cannot be losing my valuable time with you like this," he exclaimed with asperity, while the younger children began to tremble; "I ask you who were the ancestors of the Seven Years' War?" Still no answer, while the teacher, behind his broad back, shook her head menacingly at the children. "Oh! dear me! dear me! this is awful. Now, look here, children—Do you know what ancestors are? You have fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers, haven't you?" "Yes, sir," they all spoke up promptly, for had they not many of them grandfathers and great-grandfathers, who, since ever they could remember, had sat in the big chair by the ingleside, waiting for the end, poor bodies? "You wouldn't be here without your father and grandfather, would you?" "No, sir." "Well, then, what was the father and grandfather of the Seven Years' War?" Silence and dumb consternation followed the question. The children thought of their grannies and grandfathers, but could connect their venerable old memories with the Seven Years' or any other war nohow. The Inspector was now red and ablaze with wrath. He spread out his palms in an attitude of despair as he strutted up and down before the class and exclaimed, "Well! well! well! I tell you what it is, if I had children like you to teach all the year through, I'd resign my situation. I would positively not waste my valuable time upon you. Let us take something else. Now, girls, who was Prince Charlie—I ask at you because you know all the lassies were daft about Prince Charlie. Bonnie Prince Charlie, he was called, because he inherited a great deal of his mother's beauty. His father wasn't much, but his mother was a beautiful and accomplished Polish lady. And girls, I wish you to call him Charlie, not *Charlie*: any poodle dog could be called *Charlie*. Say Charlie; Bonnie Prince Charlie." It would be impossible for me to reproduce on paper the fat caressing tone in which this was said; however the girls all answered to his apparent satisfaction.

The boys, who had been nearly annihilated by their previous crossquestioning, had not quite recovered their spirits when he came back to them and questioned them about the taking of Canada by the British. Though well up in this history, they were so nervous and alarmed lest they might possibly give a wrong answer, that they, much to the discomfiture of their teacher, held back when they could well have spoken out. It was no joke to bring down *instantly* upon their defenceless heads the sarcastic and wrathful denunciations of this Man of Fate. At last they were floored by the question, "What Marquis led the French forces at the taking of Quebec?" In their histories Montcalm had not once been mentioned by his title, so the boys sat trying to think of some Marquis. "The Marquis



of Mont—? Mont—? come now, Mont—?" Suddenly a show of hands went up. "You!" said the Inspector, pointing to one whose parental consanguinity had well nigh eliminated intellect. "The Marquis of Montreal!" "Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the Inspector; "this is rich; a very good title, upon my word. Her Majesty might take the hint."

In the lesson on India he put this question: "What province did they try to wrest from the British?" "The Black Hole of Calcutta," promptly replied the same bright youth; nor was he at all abashed by the inextinguishable laughter of the Inspector and his classmates.

During a most delightful lesson in music, in which the children acquitted themselves splendidly, reading from the notes, and striking each one clear and decidedly, the following remarkable precept in hygiene was inculcated by the Inspector. Finding them so well up within the limit, he went beyond it a little, when the children faltered, finding themselves less certain. "Never mind," he said, good-naturedly, "that was a little more than was necessary. But it won't hurt you; you will be there by and by. You know when you are going a long journey you always take a much bigger breakfast than you need, for fear you may not get any dinner. Always when you are going on a journey take twice the usual quantity of breakfast!"

I have space for no more than to say that in this way are found the results which decide whether the people of any school district shall or shall not have a grant of the money for which they themselves have been taxed. *Vive Canada!* especially Ontario, and Toronto in particular.

JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

FOLLOWING the worthy example of Toronto, Montreal has at length arisen in her wrath against the Jesuits' Estates Bill. The Queen's Hall was suffocating with heat and gasping with holy indignation. All sorts and conditions of men sat in conclave till midnight. The French dailies came too late with their ominous threats that the Catholics might have prevented the gathering, as they came too late with their "Immense Fiasco," "Stupid Fanatics," "Epidemic of Fanaticism," "let the droll fellows drown themselves in their own ridicule," "so many maniacs" and "nervous attacks of ill-balanced brains." The array of speakers was as enthusiastic and representative as the auditors, and, if we may judge by the sentiment expressed and the determination evinced, the term of the Jesuits' national existence in Canada has been decreed. The verb to speak was conjugated in every mood from the indicative to the subjunctive. The "sound and fury" were there. We wait for the "meaning." Shall the verb to do be conjugated with identical completeness? Shall we shape our words into actions and with one common aim strike one common blow? Or shall we do as we have always done, succumb to lukewarmness and individual selfishness when the foot-lights of passion are put out? Alas! our poor country! If we love it we choose strange ways of expressing that love. If the prevalent disposition to weigh the value of all public spirit by our private advancement in wealth or station, which is the conspicuous weakness of Canadians, be patriotism, then Count Tolstoi is right when he calls patriotism a sin.

The Musical Chime of Bells is completed in the Church of Saint James the Apostle, and has been formally inaugurated. At half-past seven of the clock, on Easter Day, it broke the stillness of the Sabbath morn, and summoned the faithful to holy communion. The vicinity was on the tip-toe of expectation. Soft curly heads and smiling faces filled the upper windows, while white-aproned Bridgets and white-capped housemaids stood breathless in the porticos. A Guild of Bell-ringers has been formed, who have arranged the hours for ringing, and who will doubtless have the control of the management. The congregation is to be congratulated upon the liberality which prompted the donation of a gift that might have been a "joy for ever." But it is fortunate that your Montreal correspondent accepted the advance sheets of criticism for revision under the light of practical test. The low bells, from E flat to A flat, are, individually, rich, full and sonorous; but, relatively, they are wretchedly out of accord, while the tones above that are shallow and metallic, possessing no pretence to proportion with the lower keys, and are so out of tune with each other and with the rest of the scale that all claim to music in the chime must be given up. As a jingle or clang, it may serve its purpose. When we expect a jingle or clang it is no disappointment to be treated to one. But when the emotions are invited to join with the aspirations in the anticipation of musical devotion, and find their sensitive organism rudely shocked, the result is such as generally attends a similar unwarranted expression of confidence. A soul imbued with the spirit of Easter Day, and bringing to the altar of hope and gladness its flowers of harmony and melody, kneeling before perfection's sacred height in music as in all things, will not easily throw off the memory of *Nicea* as it clanged instead of chimed from the belfry of St. James, as it asked "early in the morning our song to rise to Thee" and "all Thy works to praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea" in tones in thirds and fifths and sixths, which fell in cruel discord on the harmony of the "power and love and purity" of surrounding nature. With pious awe I shut down my window and turned to the robin's

note, the bursting buds, the irrepressible sunbeams. There was chiming and not clanging.

A memorial window, the work of a Montreal artist, has been donated to the new St. James' Street Wesleyan Church in filial memory of the late Hon. James Ferrier, and awaits the completion of the building. The subject is taken from the incident of the Saviour and His disciples as they talked on the way to Emmaus, and has been most beautifully and successfully represented. The church, when finished, will be one of the finest architectural decorations which our city possesses.

The Protestant Board of School Commissioners gave an exhibition of their system of instruction in music. Two hundred and fifty young people supplied practical illustrations of the tonic-sol-fa notation in a manner which must go far to shake the faith in the old. As a medium of drill in reading music, especially for the young, the old notation more than deserves to be superseded.

The governors of our General Hospital are taking practical steps towards an amalgamation with the Victoria Hospital, or perhaps I should say with the proposed Victoria Hospital, for although it is now two years since its generous founders intimated their intention of building and endowing an institution of the kind, very little further advance has been made. The General Hospital sulked at the thought of being eclipsed if not absorbed. The town grumbled and squabbled about the locality and the site, and meantime men and women are dying for want of a corner to be nursed in. The General has now decided, that so long as its seventy years' good service will be recognized and its rights and privileges reasonably maintained, it will meet the Victoria on common grounds. A committee has been appointed and a conference is in prospect. There is, still, however, great public dissatisfaction about the site. In spite of much superior wisdom it is too near the reservoir; it is too far removed from its field of greatest usefulness. But we do with these things as we do with the Jesuits Bill; we trust to Providence helping those who do not help themselves, and when Providence declines we throw up the sponge in saintly disgust.

Every man's business is nobody's business. How different is our attitude when our own business runs a chance of becoming another's! Our merchants, chafing under the dulness of times and trade, and with envious glance towards the past and future, the east and the west have nominated a committee to draw up a circular, whose express object is to boom Montreal and to be sown over the land in the general correspondence of trade.

One of the most charming spectacles which it has been my good fortune to witness was the rehearsal of the gymnastic classes under charge of Miss Barnjum in the Queen's Hall on the evening of the 26th. Miss Barnjum has always devoted much of her time in assisting her late brother, Major Barnjum, in his efforts towards maintaining a high ideal of physical culture, and, at his death, she assumed the entire responsibility of the young ladies' and children's classes. Since the month of October these have been under training in her gymnasium, the senior class from twelve to seventeen years of age, and the junior from five to twelve, both classes meeting on successive hours on two days in the week. Many of Miss Barnjum's friends, and of the patrons of physical improvement and development in Montreal were naturally solicitous as to the result of her first session, but a few weeks were sufficient to set all fear at rest. Not only has she maintained the prestige of the gymnasium, and succeeded in securing very large classes, but she has fulfilled more than the highest expectations, and drawn around her support of a very solid and hearty nature. Her classes have been a favourite rendezvous during the winter, where her gifts as a teacher, her inexhaustible versatility of genius which is equal to anything that may turn up, have raised her to the position of a unique feature in our educational life. The exercises are performed to music, and the pupils are arranged in the most becoming of costumes, black velvet skirts with scarlet *Garibaldi* blouses, stockings and caps. At the rehearsal the Hall was literally crowded with invited guests, and swallow-coated ushers were skimming about in profusion. With pristine punctuality the athletes entered at eight o'clock, the juniors and seniors relieving each other alternately. Through clubs, bar-bells, dumb-bells and free gymnastics the fascinating performers displayed such precision, grace and beauty of line and curve that the hearts of the spectators were bereft to their very last resource in praise and admiration. What the world loses in its disregard of nature! The spectacle of a perfectly healthy man or woman, now as rare as angel's visits, must surely have been part of nature's original contract.

VILLE MARIE.

It is said that Mrs. Burnett had no intention of dramatizing "Little Lord Fauntleroy" even after Mr. Seebohm's version was brought out in London, until some of her theatrical acquaintances got at her and told her that she was losing a great opportunity. Then she announced far and wide that she was at work upon her own dramatization, and, locking herself up in her lodgings, worked steadily for two weeks; then the play was ready. It was produced at once, over the name of "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy." The spurious version was fought in the courts and driven from the field, for English laws protect American rights though American laws refuse to acknowledge English rights. English authors, it will be remembered, were as delighted by Mrs. Burnett's victory as were her own countrymen, and made her a handsome present to commemorate it.

### LOVE AND I.

LOVE crossed the threshold of my heart,  
And opened its windows wide;  
Oh, scarce I dreamed in my life before  
That my closed heart could have a door,  
Or any window on either side,  
I had lived in silence all apart.

Dear love, if you should grieve me,  
Which of us twain would open the door?  
And would it open no more, no more,  
My love, if you should leave me?

One window points to the morning east,  
And one to the evening west;  
Oh, rosy future, how fair you are!  
Oh, pallid past, now fading far  
Into the night's untroubled breast,  
You are sweet, yet I love you least.

Ah, love, if you should grieve me,  
Would the long night be wholly black?  
Would the soft, rosy light come back  
No more if you should leave me?

Love plays a little, tender song  
On a shining instrument;  
Our voices melt in its harmonies,  
And the words of the little song are these:  
Oh, love, for you all life was meant,  
To you all hopes and joys belong!

Dear love, if you should grieve me,  
Would all our silvery singing cease?  
And would its yearning soul find peace,  
My love, if you should leave me?

Love walks the round of my heart with me,  
And his hands with mine are met;  
Over my shoulder I feel him bend,  
While softly and sweetly our footfalls blend,  
The days and dreams of my life are set  
To that unwearying melody.

Dear love, if you should grieve me,  
Foot-falls, heart-beats were what avail?  
Foot-falls, heart-beats—ah, would they fail,  
My love, if you should leave me?

Love hangs the wall of my heart with scenes,  
That his own hand has caught  
From woodland ways and lilac lanes,  
Where we have roamed, and vine-wrapped panes,  
Deep-bathed in moonlight, when in thought  
The spirit close to spirit leans.

Dear love, if you should grieve me,  
No hurt could dim the days of yore,  
Their hues would deepen evermore,  
My love, if you should leave me.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

### THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

IV.—(Continued.)

"I remember well the day my picture was finished. When I had put the last touch upon it and placed it against the wall, I felt so exhausted that I stretched myself out upon the little couch in the corner of my room, and lay there without moving. I don't know whether I fainted or slept, but I remembered nothing more until I felt myself being shaken, and when I had roused up sufficiently I saw Harry leaning over me and looking into my face.

"After he had satisfied himself that I was fully awake, he said:

"I say, Paul, get up and show me this picture of yours. I want to see how it looks now that it's so near finished."

"I don't feel very well to-day, Harry," I replied, "but it's that canvas over there with its face to the wall, and you may bring it out yourself, if you want to."

"He moved my easel into the best light, and then carefully placing the large canvas upon it, stepped back and stood for a time contemplating it in silence.

"Presently he turned to me and exclaimed:

"Paul it's a masterpiece. I don't pretend to know half as much about painting as I ought to considering the time I've been at it, but I know this much that when a picture makes me keep still to look at it, why there's pretty sure to be something great around it somewhere, and you can bet I couldn't whistle in front of this one."

"After again taking a careful survey of it he continued:

"I say, Paul, where in the world did you get that face?"

"I know a girl who has a face like that, Harry," I replied.

"Well sir, she must be an angel and no mistake.

"She is Harry," I answered, and then we again lapsed into silence.

"After he had been regarding the picture for some moments longer, I said:

"Harry, I wish you would do something for me."

"Anything, old fellow; what is it?"

"Well, I don't feel like going out to-day, and I wish you would go round unto the boulevard, and tell Gothard



that the picture will be ready to-morrow for framing, and I want him to send up for it.

"He readily consented to go, and shortly afterwards left me saying he would see that it was all right.

"The next morning I was unable to rise from my bed; they sent for the picture however, and said it would be framed that same day and sent immediately over to the Palais de l'Industrie. In the afternoon Harry dropped in to see how I was, and before he left promised that he would go round next day and see if it had been sent.

"At this juncture the old man paused and said:

"I am relating these events very rapidly, my friend, but it is only because, as I have already told you, I do not care to dwell upon them at any greater length than is really necessary."

He then continued:

"It was late in the afternoon of the following day, and I had again been obliged to lie down from sheer weakness, when suddenly I heard some one running rapidly up the stairs, and in a moment more the door of my room flew open and in rushed Harry.

"I saw that he was completely out of breath, so I waited a moment and then said:

"Well, Harry, has it been sent in yet?"

"Sent in! he gasped. Well no, I should say not. It's sold. Don't you hear it old fellow; it's sold. By jove!

"Sold! I exclaimed excitedly; sold to whom?"

"Why to one of old Gothard's English customers, and he's got the funds with him in notes on your own bank—Bank of England notes my boy just as good as gold—and all that's wanting is your name on this receipt, and I bring you the money.

"How much, Harry," was all I could say.

"How much do you want?"

"As I thought a moment, I ran over all those weary days, and I said slowly, 'fifty pounds.'

"Fifty pounds nothing, he exclaimed, waving the receipt excitedly in the air, it is one hundred and fifty pounds, and he's to settle old Gothard's commission besides.

"As he said this I sprang from the bed, and grasping the receipt from the table where he had thrown it I ran to the window. It had already become quite dark, but I could easily discern at the top in figures, one hundred and fifty.

"Harry lit the little lamp, and after I had signed the receipt he seized it and rushed out again.

"I arose and paced up and down the room slowly repeating over to myself the words 'One hundred and fifty pounds.'

"Ah my friend, you could never understand the strange mingling of emotions that swept over me. One hundred and fifty pounds. Surely those days of despair must have been only a dream. Paint! I could paint a thousand pictures now without weariness. And Winnie; what would Winnie say? It had been a long weary time to wait, but I could go to her now—go to her honourably now—and she would say again 'Paul I love you most.' Yes, I knew she would say it, and then she would be mine, my own, mine for ever mine, mine!

"I turned round.

"Harry had entered the room without my hearing him, and upon the table lay the notes in a roll.

"I guess I made a pretty clever dicker this time old fellow," he said as he saw me looking at them, and then beginning to slowly count them over continued 'I want you to see that they are all right because it's a pretty large amount of money.'

"They were all right, and I was just beginning to urge him to accept a commission out of it himself, though I knew well he wouldn't do it, when he stopped me by exclaiming:

"Oh, by jove, Paul! I have a letter for you; they gave it to me on my way up the first time, and I forgot all about it in the excitement."

"He drew it out of his pocket and handed it to me.

"Seeing that the handwriting was my aunt's, I threw it down upon the table, remarking that it was not of importance and I would read it again. As I did so, however, it occurred to me that, perhaps, this letter might be in reference to my return home. I had written my aunt nearly three weeks before, saying that I would finish my picture in a few days and would then be free to leave Paris, and this letter was probably in reply.

"Would Winnie be there?"

"I waited no longer, but tore off the envelope, and as I was still trembling with the excitement of the last few moments, I asked Harry to read it for me.

"I still continued pacing up and down the room as he began to read something about like this:

"Dear Paul,—I have to tell you in the next few lines what I fear you may, perhaps, consider bad news, but as your letters have not been very ardent of late I don't think you will take it very seriously to heart. It occurred nearly two months ago, but I kept it back from you, because I was afraid that, perhaps, it might interfere with the success of your picture. From the contents of your last letter, however, I judge that it will have been finished sometime before this reaches you, and I sincerely hope that, in the success which I know it will bring, you will be able to forget this disappointment."

"I wonder what in the world it can be, Harry," I exclaimed, and then continued with a laugh: "Perhaps the chimney has been blown off the house; it would certainly be a momentous event in Seaton."

"He laughed, also, and continued:

"They say he settled five thousand pounds on her at the time of the marriage."

"That doesn't make sense," he exclaimed, and then, after a short pause:

"O wait a minute. I guess I've skipped a line or something. Now don't interrupt me again, Paul, it's hard enough as it is. Really, this is the funniest fist I ever tackled. Let me see; yes, here it is."

"Winnie was married in —"

"What's that you say," I cried, stopping in my walk near the table. "Read that again, Harry."

"As I said this I continued my walk.

"Of course, he was mistaken—a very funny mistake to make though; still it couldn't be there; of course, it couldn't; what was the use of even thinking about it; the idea was absurd on the face of it.

"All this passed with the rapidity of lightning through my mind, but as I saw him preparing to continue, I stopped in my walk to listen.

"He again read slowly:

"Winnie was married —"

"As he pronounced the words, my body ceased its nervous trembling and became cold. I said, faintly:

"Harry it can't be there; it surely can't be there. She might be dead; yes, she might, perhaps, be dead, though I don't think God would let her die when He knows she is all I have, but she can't be married; no, it is impossible."

"He glanced narrowly at my face for a moment, and then said:

"No, I guess not; perhaps, I'm mistaken, old fellow. You see it's pretty hard to make out."

"I saw he was afraid to let me know the truth, and was trying to keep it from me. I snatched the letter from his hand, and holding it to the light, read slowly, almost calmly, the awful words,

"Winnie was married in February last."

"I folded the letter and carefully laid it back upon the table; I turned slowly round to look at Harry and the next instant fell to the floor unconscious.

"My friend, I never awoke again for seven years. I was insane."

## V.

"It was in the beginning of the eighth year that I was one day pronounced sane, and released from the private asylum in London where I had been so long confined.

"They say that seven years will alter the entire substance of the human body, and it is perhaps true, but my friend I have reason to know that seven years will sometimes make a change much greater than that. When I was taken into that awful place I was a young man with life all before me, but when I came out; ah, my friend, when I came out!"

He ceased speaking, and raising his hand from his knee, where it had been resting, held it suspended in the air for a moment and sat watching it tremble. Then he placed it upon his head and slowly passed the fingers through his thin white locks.

The act was more expressive than words, and knowing well what he meant, I remained silent.

It was some moments before he spoke again, when he did so he said:

"It is perhaps strange, my friend, but I have never since had a recurrence of the malady. No, my secret is secure, for no one could ever suspect it from any act of my life since. You, my friend, have been with me a great deal of late, and you would never have known it had I not told you, would you?"

He looked at me almost suspiciously, and as there was only one answer which I dared make, I said:

"No, Professor Paul; I think on the contrary that your powers of recollection are marvellous for a man of your advanced years."

"Ah that is it," he exclaimed, "my advanced years; they all think I am only an old man. I tell you sir I am not an old man; I am young! Young! Do you hear me? I am young!"

He spoke almost angrily.

I said nothing in reply, and after sitting for sometime in silence he again addressed me in his usual low voice:

"You must forgive me, my friend. You are right; I am really old, though not in years. I tremble as I remember the awful feeling that took possession of me when I first became aware of it.

"I was on my way to the depot, where I had intended to take the noon train down to see my aunt who was still living in Seaton Village, when, in passing a drug store, I happened to see a face reflected in a large mirror that stood in the window. It was an awful face. I shuddered when I saw it. The dark eyes were sunken and dull, the skin was drawn and wrinkled, while over the pale forehead straggled a few scattered locks of long white hair. I turned to see who my companion could be that owned a face so set in misery. I was alone. Then the awful truth flashed upon me; the face was my own. A dull, sickening sensation of despair crept over me, and I felt I could go no further. I entered the shop and saying I felt unwell, threw myself down upon a lounge in the back room where the clerk had taken me. I did not cry out and there was no tear upon my cheek; but in my heart I cursed her who had brought upon me all this misery.

"I waited until it was time for the evening train, and then continued on down to the depot.

"When I reached the village I walked at once to my aunt's house, and as I approached I could see the same

little light gleaming out its welcome from the window. At the sight of it again, a flood of memories arose out of the past and swept over me almost bringing the tears. Before they could come, however, the hard thoughts had again taken possession of my heart and they were checked without falling.

"When I entered the sitting room my aunt was occupying her accustomed arm chair in its old place before the open fire. I had intended to greet her just as usual; but when I approached and saw the look upon her face, so ineffably tender and spiritual, I was somehow strangely drawn to contrast it with the bitterness of my own feelings and my lips refused to move.

"There were some young children playing in the room as I entered, and I remember distinctly noticing how the two little girls stole noiselessly out, as though frightened by my approach, while the boy crept into the corner and sat there without speaking.

"They are afraid of the madman," I muttered to myself, and as I did so the opening to my better nature closed again—closed so tightly that when my aunt arose I still said nothing.

"I was expecting you, Paul, and bid you welcome home again."

"She had come over to where I was standing and now, drawing me slowly down towards her, kissed me on the forehead.

"I still remained silent, and sinking into a chair sat for sometime gazing into the fire. I then arose, and going upstairs to the little room that had always been mine, threw myself down upon the bed and slept.

"Several days passed, Winnie's name was never once mentioned. I walked out each evening after dusk; but remained in the house during the daytime as I did not wish to be seen. I was thus thrown much in the company of the children. I noticed they did not shun me as I had thought at first, though a hush always fell upon their play when I approached.

"One evening after prayers—my aunt always had prayers in the evening before the children went to bed. She never prayed like other people, but always seemed to talk to Someone; and, though I hadn't much faith in anything, I always felt when my aunt was engaged in prayer that Someone listened. One evening, after prayers, I thought I almost felt the old feeling of tenderness stealing over me again as I sat gazing into the fire. I had been sitting thus for sometime when one of the little girls came slowly over to where I was, and looked wistfully into my face.

"There is something I wanted to ask you, Uncle Paul,"—my aunt had taught them to call me uncle—"may I ask you?"

"I nodded my assent, and she continued:

"Well it was this; why did the good Christ want to suffer for other people; was it really because he loved them so much?"

"There was something in the simple way the child asked me, that made me feel strange.

"I replied almost gruffly, 'Ask your aunt, child, she knows more of such matters than I do.'

"With a disappointed look she said: 'I asked Auntie, but she told me to ask you; that you would know, because you had suffered for others a little like the good Christ did so much.'

"I looked at my aunt; the tears were slowly trickling down her cheeks, I felt my own eyes wet, and then the big tears came one after another.

"I arose, and going up to my room threw myself down upon the bed, and wept like a child.

"I don't know how long it was till I heard my aunt call my name. She came over and sat down upon the bed where I lay, and taking my hand in one of hers, with the other smoothed the hair back off my forehead, just as my mother used to do when I was little. When she spoke it was in a very low and tender voice:

"Your life has been unhappy, Paul, very unhappy; because you were too confident in your own powers, and thought that in the fulness of your love and the greatness of your art, you would find that which satisfies, but you were wrong, Paul; you were mistaken, that is all. God knows what is best for each of us, and seeing the idol that you worshipped, He reached down His hand and withdrew it beyond your grasp, and when you looked again you saw only the darkness that had fallen between you and all you loved, and you despaired. But you were wrong again, Paul, for God had still left you the one thing most priceless of all, though you, in your blindness, would not wait to see that it remained. Listen, and I will lift a corner of the veil, and let a gleam of light as pure as heaven shine in upon your life."

"I don't want it, Aunt Hilda," I cried; "I wish I had never been born."

"Don't say that, Paul; if you knew all you wouldn't say that. The noblest woman I ever knew—the one woman you loved, Paul—loved you; yes loved you more than all, even to the end."

"Aunt Hilda, if you mean—if you mean her, she was false, utterly false; I cursed her then, and I curse her now." I would have said more, but she stopped me, exclaiming:

"Oh, Paul, Paul, if you only knew. Listen and I will tell you the story; it is not long. It begins with that awful night when the history of your long struggle in Paris, and its terrible termination, first came to her knowledge while glancing over a London newspaper."

(To be continued.)

## THREE TENSES.

## I.

"I will trust." So we say when we doubt, with uncertain feet groping  
In dark, slippery paths, dimly shown by faint stars overhead;  
When our heart's anchor drags in the sand, and we blend fear and hoping  
In a passionate prayer for the frail bark by tempest be-asted  
When a friend's face averted strikes cold to the core of our loving,  
When we lay lance in rest 'gainst, perchance, an invincible foe,  
What is ours but to say, "I will trust," by the promise disproving  
Our force to fulfil, and forecasting a future we never can know?

## II.

"I trusted." The words are a threnody, ceaseless, undying;  
The requiem of hopes and of holiness earth could not hold.  
They speak of defeat in the lists, of the wail underlying  
The psalm, the vow that is broken, the tale that is told.  
When the cup has been spilled at the lips, when the coveted blessing  
Has slipped from the grasp, when the prayer rises feebly and slow,  
Looking back on the shame and the loss, all the failure confessing,  
"I trusted," we falter, recording a past that all mortals must know.

## III.

But "I trust!" When we breathe it, and lean with the strength of our being  
On the truth of the solemn-lit stars; plant our foot on the rock—  
When we close lip on lip in a blindness of faith worth all seeing,  
And with comrade strike palm in a clasp that no doubt can unlock—  
What needs more? We have climbed to the summit, have tasted the glory  
Given once, and but once in the power of fate to bestow:  
Break the cup that hath held the rich draught—shut the book, while the story  
Still throbs with a bliss and a grandeur that only one present may know.  
Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PRINCIPAL GRANT ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

## To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The article on Imperial Federation in your last is based partly on authority and partly on argument. Allow me to meet your one authority with a number of authorities, some of them of greater weight, especially to Canadians, and to answer the argument briefly.

Lord Derby thinks clearly within his own range, but his range is limited. He is a good type of the modern "practical" man. He does solid work, but is incapable of the highest kind of work. A quarter of a century ago he was regarded as the coming man by both Conservatives and Liberals. Now, few on either side regard him as a possible Cabinet Minister. The boast of the practical man is his soundness of judgment; and his Nemesis, that in matters beyond his range he is a victim to intemperance of judgment. When dealing with questions like Home Rule for Ireland or Imperial Federation, that require the highest statesmanship, what can a man do who has no imagination, and believes that he can measure men and the universe by the rule of thumb?

Let me cite some authorities. Joseph Howe first taught me that the complete union of the Empire was a nobler ideal to look forward to and work for than its disruption. He saw difficulties in the way, but he believed that they could be overcome. Who was Joseph Howe? A poet and the greatest statesman Nova Scotia has produced. He won Responsible Government for his native Province against an imposing array of forces, and then ruled the Province for the greater part of his life. Who succeeded him? Tupper and Archibald. Both are Unionists, or to use a word I like less—Imperial Federationists. Give me a Nova Scotian on the other side, whose name is known beyond his own coterie.

In New Brunswick, again, who won the battle of Home Rule? Tilley. For nearly half a century he has been the prominent public man of the Province. He and his friends are Unionists and members of our League. Come West, and what do we find? Blake, in his Aurora speech, declaring the duties of freemen. What was duty then, must be duty still, even though the difficulties in the way seem to Mr. Blake greater now. To most men they seem less. But, when principle is concerned, why have not men faith? Who else do we find on the same side? Sir John A. Macdonald and Oliver Mowat identifying themselves with the League in England, and the latter pluckily asking, with reference to the difficulties in the way, "What are statesmen for but to overcome difficulties?" It may be said, that these men show no activity in the cause. I am glad that they do not. Their work is to execute the mandates

of the people, and they have received no mandate as yet on this subject.

In England who moved the resolution that Mr. Mowat seconded? Mr. W. H. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons, and in doing so he said that in his opinion the difficulties in the way could be overcome. The attitude of the late Mr. Forster and of Lord Rosebery every one knows. In Australia every thoughtful statesman I met was on the same side.

I submit, sir, that when such men as I have mentioned believe that a lasting union of Britain and her self-governing colonies is possible, it argues little for Lord Derby's sobriety of judgment to dismiss the subject by calling it "a dream." When he says "Imperial Federation implies common action and the submission of the minority to the majority," let us add the words "in matters of common interest," or "so far as mutually agreed upon," and who then would refuse to accept the language? No free man, no citizen who demands common rights, no one who has faith in reason. One word as to India. Britain is now politically and commercially united with India, and is not the union a blessing to both? Of course Britain is the governing power and must continue to be so for generations. But how would the addition of ten or eleven millions of British citizens living in Canada, South Africa and Australasia affect injuriously the governing power?

You admit the first position of my lecture that Canada is not in a condition of stable political equilibrium, and that the instability is a bad thing for her, fatal I may say to her true prosperity. You admit also that this instability is due to the fact that she has now arrived, in consequence of her growth, at the age of political manhood, and yet that she does not venture to take up the rights and responsibilities of manhood. Well, I propose full citizenship in connection with Imperial Federation. What do you propose? Is not the question a fair one?

You ask whether history gives an instance of real union between two people separated by even a thousand miles of ocean. Read Seeley, I answer. Once the Alleghanies, the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the barren region between the Upper Ottawa and the Red River, any one of them would have been deemed sufficient to divide nations. Modern conditions have changed all that; more truly so where the sea is concerned than the land.

Yours, etc., G. M. GRANT.

Queen's University, Kingston, Jan. 27th, 1889.

## IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

## To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In reply to your editorial article of last week entitled "Imperial Federation a Dream," I beg leave to say:

1. Canada has not grown in population more slowly than have the United States. She has, as has been shown again and again, grown far more rapidly.

2. It is not proposed by Imperial Federationists that the millions of India and of other similarly situated parts of the Empire should be given representation in an Imperial Parliament—were such a parliament formed.

The 320,000,000 should, therefore, read about 48,000,000: a difference which is somewhat appreciable, to say the least. I am, sir, respectfully yours,  
J. H. LONG.

## WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

## To the Editor of THE WEEK:

DEAR SIR,—With your permission I wish to lay before your readers a few facts in connection with the Toronto Woman's Medical College.

As will be remembered, this college was opened six years ago with an efficient staff of lecturers and a class of three students who entered for the full course, and of a number of others who wished to take the lectures in physiology, botany, etc.

Friends of the undertaking came forward and subscribed a sufficient sum to justify the Board of Trustees in purchasing a lot with a small building upon it, immediately to the east of the General Hospital. This building has been altered and enlarged to meet the requirements of the constantly increasing number of students, but it is impossible to proceed to another year's work without securing a new building, which it would be desirable to make of sufficient size and of suitable accommodation to serve for many years to come.

By reference to the college announcement of last year, it will be seen that the number of enregistered students in medicine was twenty-five, a most gratifying increase in so short a time.

The standing of the students is also matter of great satisfaction to every friend of the college and proof of careful training on the part of the Faculty. Last year all the students of our Woman's Medical College, who went up, obtained places in an examination in which forty per cent. of the candidates failed. At the council examinations the students showed themselves equal in all respects to the best of those of the competing schools, four students passing the examination for the license and five the primary examination.

There is one aspect of this work of the medical education of women which must commend itself very strongly to all who daily pray, "Thy kingdom come." I refer to the pressing need of thoroughly trained medical women

for the foreign mission field. Do we even faintly realize what an awful abyss of human agony is covered by the statement that no woman in any of the zenanas of the East, no matter what her ailment may be, dare apply to a male physician for advice or relief? Let us pray that many of those who from time to time may graduate from this Woman's Medical College will devote themselves to the noble work of alleviating the bodily sufferings of their Eastern sisters, and at the same time of telling them of our loving Saviour, who by placing us on so high a platform has thereby made us debtors to all those who have never heard of Him.

In concluding, sir, I wish to appeal earnestly to those who, either from their approval of the medical education of women for work amongst their own sex in this land, or from their knowledge of the urgent need of medical women for such work in heathen lands, are willing to aid in providing a building of sufficient size and with suitable equipments to meet the demands of the rapidly-increasing number of students.

Any contributions to this object may be sent to Dr. Nevitt, secretary of the Board of Trustees, 164 Jarvis Street.

Thanking you for your courtesy in granting the use of your columns,  
Yours, etc.,  
April 26th, 1889. J. McEWEN.

## DID SHAKESPEARE STUDY LAW?

DID the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare ever study law? If he did not, his legal acquirements, as seen in his dramas, are all the more remarkable. Mr. Payne Collier, in his "Life of Shakespeare," is strongly inclined to the belief that the great bard of Avon was employed some years in engrossing deeds, serving writs and making out bills of costs. The two most impersonal poets of the world, says Goldwin Smith, are Homer and Shakespeare, and, strange to say, the personal history of both is largely a myth. It is because of the dazzling versatility of the genius of Shakespeare that we are completely at a loss to reach inductively the occupation of his early years. He has been credited with having studied law, medicine, theology—and with having wielded for some time the schoolmaster's birch. The fact of the matter is, Shakespeare was so many-sided in his knowledge of the human mind and its various pursuits that any attempt to gather from his plays the special study or occupation of his youth must ultimately end in conjecture. Though Ben Jonson said Shakespeare "knew small Latin and less Greek," it is evident from his dramas that he had a wide knowledge of classical mythology, together with Greek and Roman history. One of the Lord Chancellors says that novelists and dramatists are continually making mistakes concerning law, such as the law of marriage and of wills. But this cannot be charged to Shakespeare. True, he does not always give you good, sound English law, but then it was not English law that obtained in Italian republics, such as Venice, when Portia was called into court. As to whether Shakespeare ever studied law, Lord Campbell, in his little work entitled "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements," says: "Were an issue tried before me as Chief Justice at the Warwick Assizes, 'whether William Shakespeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman, ever was clerk in an attorney's office in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid,' I should hold that there is evidence to go to the jury in support of the affirmative; but I should add that the evidence is very far from being conclusive, and I should tell the twelve gentlemen in the box that it is a case entirely for their decision—without venturing even to hint to them for their guidance any opinion of my own. Should they unanimously agree on a verdict, either in the affirmative or negative, I do not think that the court sitting *in banco* could properly set it aside and grant a new trial. But the probability is (especially if the trial were by a special jury of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries) that after they had been some hours in deliberation I should receive a message from them, 'There is no chance of our agreeing, and therefore we wish to be discharged;' that, having sent for them into court, and read them a lecture on the duty imposed upon them by law of being unanimous, I should be obliged to order them to be locked up for the night; that, having sat up all night without eating or drinking, and 'without fire, candle-light excepted,' they would come into court next morning, pale and ghastly still saying, 'We cannot agree,' and that, according to the rigour of the law, I ought to order them to be again locked up as before till the close of the Assizes, and then sentence them to be put into a cart to accompany me in my progress towards the next assize town, and to be shot into a ditch on the confines of the county of Warwick." Such is the manner in which Lord Campbell delivers himself regarding the probability that Shakespeare studied law. The great difficulty is to ascertain how Shakespeare was employed from 1579 to 1586, the year he is supposed to have gone to London. No sensible man can possibly imagine that during this interval the Bard of Avon was merely an operative, earning his bread by manual labour, in stitching gloves, sorting wool or killing calves! During those years Shakespeare was ripening into manhood, and with such ripening would come an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Indeed, we may safely conclude that from infancy he availed himself of every opportunity of mental culture.

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face—the dauntless child  
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.



Aubrey asserts that from the time Shakespeare left school till he went to London he was a schoolmaster. This theory, if true, would certainly account, as in the case of Samuel Johnson, for his mental development, but throws no light upon his legal acquirements. The most direct evidence we have that he was for some time in an attorney's office is an alleged libel upon him by a contemporary. The alleged libel on Shakespeare is in the following words:

"I will turn back to my first text of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators. It is a common practice now-a-days amongst a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none to leave the trade of *noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him fair on a frosty morning he will afford you whole *Hamlets*—I should say handfulls—of tragical speeches. But, oh, grief! *Tempus edax rerum*—what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled in drops will in continuance be dry; and Seneca, let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage."

Now, in Elizabeth's time the business of an attorney seems to have been known as "the trade of *noverint*," from the fact that many of the law papers began with the Latin words, *Noverint universi per presentes*—Be it known to all men by these presents that, etc. In reference to the above, Lord Campbell writes: "Therefore, my dear Mr. Payne Collier, in support of your opinion that Shakespeare had been bred to the profession of law in an attorney's office, I think you will be justified in saying that the fact was asserted publicly in Shakespeare's lifetime by two contemporaries of Shakespeare who were engaged in the same pursuits with himself, who must have known him well, and who were probably acquainted with the whole of his career. I must likewise admit that this assertion is strongly corroborated by internal evidence to be found in Shakespeare's writings. I have once more perused the whole of his dramas that I might more satisfactorily answer your question and render you some assistance in finally coming to a right conclusion."

Let us now for a moment examine "the internal evidence to be found in Shakespeare's writings" that the great dramatist must have studied law in an attorney's office. We will glance at two plays, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet." The trial comes on in the former in Act IV., Sec. 1, and is duly conducted according to the strict forms of legal procedure. Some short-sighted critics in their attempts to minimize the legal attainments of Shakespeare make use of the fact that Portia, the Podesta or Judge, is called in to act under the authority of the Doge and instance this as contrary to English law. No doubt it is contrary to English law, but English law did not govern the courts of Venice. The inviting in of Portia, a doctor of the law, has a counterpart in many of the courts of Turkey to-day. Portia asks Antonio, "Do you confess the bond?" and when he answers, "I do," the Judge proceeds to consider how the damages are to be assessed. The plaintiff claims the penalty of the bond according to the words of the condition; and Bassanio, who acts as counsel for the defendant, attempting on equitable grounds to have him excused by paying twice the sum of money lent or "ten times o'er," judgment is given:

Portia.—It must not be. There is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established.  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state.  
This bond is forfeit,  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart.

The Judge found however that the bond gave "no jot of blood," and the result was that Shylock in order to save his own life was obliged to make over all his goods to his daughter Jessica and her Christian husband Lorenzo and submit himself to Christian baptism. But it is in the grave-diggers' scene in Hamlet where is to be found Shakespeare's richest legal lore. The discussion as to whether Ophelia was entitled to Christian burial gives proof that Shakespeare must have read and studied Plowden's report of the celebrated case, *Hales vs. Petit*, tried in the reign of Queen Mary.

1st Clo. "Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?"

2nd Clo. "The crowner hath sate on her and finds it Christian burial."

1st Clo. "How can that be unless she drowned herself in her own defence?"

2nd Clo. "Why 'tis found so."

1st Clo. "It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly."

Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water comes to him and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life."

2nd Clo. "But is this law?"

1st Clo. "Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest law."

Again, take Hamlet's own speech on taking in his hand what he supposed might be the skull of a lawyer:

"Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases,

his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel and will not tell him of his action of battery? H'm! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries to have his fine pate full of fine dirt. Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures?"

It is evident that Shakespeare uses the above terms with a full knowledge of their import. The "internal evidence" in the two plays I have referred to that the great dramatist some time in his early years must have studied law is indeed very strong and could be easily further strengthened by other quotations of a like character from at least two-thirds of his plays.

Walkerton, Ont.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

### WASHINGTON FROM AN ENGLISHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

ONE American historian alone, it is believed, mentions the fact that the flags of a British fleet were half-masted at the death of Washington. The name of Washington has always been loved and honoured in England, and his portrait has always hung on English walls, in spite of his having, with Rochambeau and La Grasse, caught our poor little army in a trap at Yorktown. We have always felt that he fought against the Government of George III., and not against England. While Jefferson and his set were railing at the "harlot England" and doing all they could to keep alive the angry feeling against her, it is not on record that Washington ever uttered a bitter word against the British as a nation. When he assumed the command he proclaimed in answer to an address from citizens of New York that the object of the war was to restore the connection with the mother-country on a happier footing; and such words, while they would have been insincere in the mouth of Samuel Adams were, like all other words, sincere in the mouth of Washington. Perhaps if he had thought that there was a party at Boston which, from the beginning, had been aiming at independence, and had incited the people to acts of violence, for the purpose of preventing reconciliation, it may be doubtful whether he would have taken arms at all. To ratify a treaty with England and avert a renewal of the war he faced a storm of popular rage and obloquy which only his serene courage and towering reputation could have withstood. Posterity, at least all sane posterity, has done justice to him against his traducers; and tail-twisters, if they cared for anything beyond the mob applause of the hour or the Irish vote, might take warning from the example. It was not Washington's fault if, when he was gone, the American Republic was found, in the great struggle of the nations for independence against the tyranny of Napoleon, fighting on the side of the tyrant. It is not Washington's fault if Americans have singled out as the object of their persistent hatred and hostility the one great free nation of Europe.

Washington was, in fact, a man of thoroughly British mould, and his character was a typical legacy of the mother-country in the Colony. Transferred to England, he would at once have played to perfection the part of an English country gentleman or that of the colonel of a British regiment. He would probably have been a Whig; but so were many of the English gentry, and some even of the British colonels. Carried back to the time of the English Civil War, he would have been a member of the country party, like Hampden, or, if it be true that a personal slight had anything to do with his conduct, like Fairfax. A Republican he was of necessity, when the final rupture with the monarchy had taken place; a social democrat he never was. He speaks of the "principal gentlemen of New Jersey" with an evident respect for social grade. We may safely say that he never spelled people with a capital letter. As President he kept his state, and in that as in all other respects he stands strongly contrasted with Jefferson. As a general he was a strict disciplinarian, and by no means averse even from the use of the lash. There is not a particle of a Revolutionist about him. If he approved Tom Paine's pamphlet as a word in season he had nothing in common with Tom Paine, refused him recognition or aid as a French Revolutionist, and incurred Tom's furious hatred by his refusal. Pitt could hardly have had less sympathy with the Jacobins. He would have shrunk, we may be sure, from Jefferson had he known that Jefferson was capable of palliating the September massacres, and saying that he could see a nation reduced to a single pair rather than his political theories should not be carried into effect—he who was always railing at the clergy for their fanaticism!

Washington has more than once been compared with the Duke of Wellington. Perhaps the likeness was stronger even than is commonly supposed. The Duke was born an aristocrat, but he had been where "necessity would have the man and not the shadow;" and he does not seem to have thought much of mere rank, or to have been ever scornful of plebeian merit. He always thought a good deal of the qualities of a gentleman, and constantly remarked on the absence of them in Napoleon. But Washington also was a perfect gentleman. The characters of both men were formed by reverence for duty, which probably constituted the whole of the Duke's religion, while in Washington it was sustained by more of an

explicit faith in God. Both, when duty called, showed the same forgetfulness of self, the same power of merging individual ambition as well as interest in elevation to the common cause. Each was tried to the uttermost by the incompetency, perverseness, peevishness, and injustice of those under whom he served or with whom he acted; and each bore the trial with almost unflinching magnanimity, constancy, and patience, rising always nobly superior to calumny and cabal. Each, when denied adequate means of doing his appointed work, kept his temper and made the best use of the means that were given him. Washington's difficulties with Congress and the recalcitrant States had their perfect parallel in Wellington's difficulties with the Spanish commanders and with the Provisional Government of Spain. The two minds alike were intensely and rather narrowly practical. There is not a trace in either of speculation on politics, much less of speculation on questions of a deeper kind. The intellectual culture without which speculation can hardly begin was absent in both cases. Washington's political wisdom was simply the insight of native good sense, unclouded by selfishness, into the needs of the actual situation. It may seem to Republicans that wrong is done to the Father of the model Republic comparing him to the Tory Duke; yet Wellington in Washington's place would probably have done pretty much what Washington did. If the Duke was not a large-minded or highly instructed statesman, neither was he an obstinate bigot or a blind reactionist. He was no Polignac; he thought Polignac a great fool. That he knew the way back in politics as well as in war, he showed in the cases of Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws. If he never understood the British Constitution, or at least never talked as if he understood it, some indulgence may be extended to the straightforward good sense which refuses to accommodate itself to hypocrisies and shams. When he said that if the Reform Bill was carried he did not see how the King's Government was to be carried on, though he was derided, he uttered a home truth. By the Reform Bill, the balance of the Constitution which enabled the Crown to retain some power was finally upset; power thenceforth centred in the representative assembly; monarchical government came to an end, and it is difficult to say by what government as yet it has been replaced. Washington would, at all events, not have sneered at Wellington's saying; nor would he have sneered, as the world in general did, at Wellington's saying that if too many rewards for individual exploits, like the Victoria Cross, were instituted, "we should have everybody trying to distinguish himself." He would have agreed with Wellington in holding that for the success of military operations it was essential that individual love of distinction should be kept in strict subordination to the requirements of the common cause. Neither of them, probably, would have tolerated a newspaper reporter in his camp. It is dangerous to speak of Washington's writings without knowing better what is his and what is Hamilton's; otherwise we might say that the calm, measured, but somewhat formal, style of his despatches resembles that of the despatches of Wellington.

Carlyle, as we know, used to threaten to "take George down a peg or two;" and the lovers of fun used to wish he would keep his word, that they might hear the eagle-scream. It would have been very easy for him to show that Washington was not a hero of his own sort or one whose biography could be fitly put into the same volume with those of Odin, Mohammed, and Frederick the Great. Washington's greatness was less volcanic, not to say more commonplace. There was nothing romantic or poetic about him; he never has been, nor can we easily imagine his being, the subject of a notable poem. He illustrates the truth that the hero is made by his time, which Carlyle sometimes admits, though he is much more fond of dwelling on the antinomic truth that the time is made by the hero. On the other hand, Washington's greatness was considerably less expensive than that of Mohammed or Frederick the Great, whatever may have been the case with the greatness of Odin. It was also much more useful as an example for ordinary men. An ordinary man trying to follow Odin, Mohammed, or Frederick the Great, would be led nowhither but into a ditch. An ordinary man trying to follow George Washington might be led to patriotism, fortitude, self-sacrifice, self-control, unswerving devotion to duty. Carlyle is fascinated by the force which sets itself above ordinary law. But strict obedience to law was the common characteristic of Washington and Wellington. The fancy that the victorious soldier was going to make himself a dictator was equally baseless in both cases. Carlyle's philosophy, embodied as it is in a literary form of singular magnificence, has not only given us a great deal of pleasure of the highest kind, but done a great deal of good. It has rebuked the conceit of vulgar democracy, checked the worship of the ballot, tempered extreme Benthamism, vindicated the claims of our spiritual nature, and kept up the standard of aspiration. But we all know that it has its weak point. Perhaps its author himself would have been made sensible of its weak point if he had actually set about "pulling George down a peg or two." He could hardly have failed, at all events, to do homage to the entire integrity, soundness, and truthfulness of Washington's character. Of Washington Tenyson might have said, as truly as of Wellington, that whatever might come to light he never could be put to shame. If it were announced to-morrow that in a neglected drawer at Mount Vernon Washington's "Ana" had been found, nobody would feel the slightest fear lest the secret workings of a false heart should be laid bare.



Of the American Commonwealth as it is at present Washington must be regarded rather as the father than the founder. At least, if he was really the founder, and if what we see is right, he builded much better than he knew. He broke in such a way as fate unhappily had ordained the umbilical cord, and set the transatlantic offspring free from the European mother. By his wisdom, his force of character, his disinterestedness, the influence of his reputation, he mastered the confusion which followed the rupture and brought about reasonable settlement. His legal Constitution still remains; but the soul and the real working of the machine, how different from his conceptions! A community of freehold farmers in the North, and planter gentlemen in the South, with a moderate commercial element, all under the leadership of an aristocracy of education and intelligence—such, apparently, was his ideal; such, at all events, was the Commonwealth of a genuine Democracy with Jackson into wealth which he founded. We can hardly doubt that the White House would have impressed him as it did the surviving statesmen of his school. The table preserved in the White House on which Old Hickory played poker with the members of the Kitchen Cabinet, though it is a most venerable relic in our eyes, could hardly have been so venerable in the eyes of Washington. Finally, the American polity is pretty much now what it was when Washington left it, for slavery was comparatively of so little importance in his day that its elimination has only brought matters back in that respect pretty much to what they were. But whatever the form may be, the force which now governs is that of party. Whether the mode in which party governs is that of the Cabinet or that of legislative committees appointed by a party Speaker matters comparatively little, since the effect both as to the policy and as to the administration is the same. The political creed has adapted itself, as it always does, to the fact and to the interest of those who rule; and we are bidden to believe that Party is the normal and more than the normal, the only possible instrument of government. But party was what Washington most abhorred. He looked upon it as a passing malady of which the body politic had to be cured, and of which it might be cured by combining the leaders of opposite parties in the same Cabinet and making them serve the State together. How he expected large constituencies ultimately to be organized for the purposes of political choice and action without the machinery and discipline of party he might have found it difficult to say; but it does not appear that he exercised any forecast in this direction. Probably he thought that nominations would be settled and issues made up in the course of nature by the influence of the "principal gentlemen." From Presidential elections as at present conducted, with the carnival of intrigue, corruption, calumny, and passion which they and similar contests in all countries for supreme power under the elective system engender, we may be sure that he would have turned away in sorrow and disgust. Nor can we imagine him going through the endless interviews with office-seekers which a newly elected President now endures, or debating the claims of local wire-pullers to post-offices which now proverbially are about the most thorny of Presidential cares. One who has witnessed that scene must wonder not that the politicians are no better than they are, but that they are not much worse. Washington's spirit bore up against the winter at Valley Forge, but it would scarcely have borne up against the first month in the White House.

Would Washington, if he were alive now, be elected President? On his military record it cannot be doubted that he would. For of all political capital military glory is evidently still the most available. Jackson, Harrison, Taylor and Grant were elected Presidents on their military record alone. Hayes, Garfield and the present President were helped by it in their election. Scott, McClellan and Hancock were nominated on the same ground. The tendencies of American Democracy in this respect present a curious and paradoxical contrast to those of an old war power like England, which cannot be said ever to have treated military glory as a title to the highest civil office. Wellington, who is often cited by American historians as a parallel to Jackson, though he owed his position to his victories, had also shown high qualities as a statesman, albeit in a Conservative way: had acted on the grandest scene as a diplomatist, taking a leading part in the settlement of Europe after the fall of Napoleon; and was the real political leader of his party. The national monuments, the national museums, the statues in the squares and streets, the print-stores, the magazines, everything that appeals to the popular taste shows us that, in spite of all the enlightenment and philosophy, the popular taste still is war and that the man on horseback is still the darling of the popular heart. Besides, military glory escapes the rivalry and envy which wait on the upward steps of Clay or Webster, and at last snatch the great prize from his hand. As a victorious soldier, then, Washington would have been as sure of his election as were Jackson and Grant. But on the score of his civil character or merits it does not seem by any means likely that if now alive he would be elected President. It seems not very likely that he or any statesman of his group, excepting Jefferson, would be prominent in public life or even in politics at all. Only by supposing a total transformation of his nature can we conceive him for the sake of place or political distinction submitting his conscience to party discipline, embracing the party code of morality, learning the arts of the demagogues angling for votes by hollow professions and compliances, playing the rhetorical tricks of the

stump, manipulating caucuses, concocting platforms and busying himself impishly in the working of the party machine. The tendency of universal suffrage combined with the demagogic system of government in all countries alike, and not least in England, is to eliminate the Washingtons from public life. Whether they will ever get back again by another road is the secret of the political future. But we must repeat that if the American Commonwealth as it exists or anything that resembles it in any other country is the ideal, and if Washington was really its founder, he builded much better than he knew.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

### GEMMILL ON DIVORCE.\*

THE subject of Divorce is one of the gravest import to man, as an individual, or to society, as a whole, and from the dawn of human history to the present how it has left its solemn impress upon the religious, parliamentary, and judicial records of the world. We find mention of it as early in the Sacred Volume as the Book of Leviticus, and its latest reference to it may be found in the warning words of the august founder of Christianity himself: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if a woman shall put away her husband and be married to another, the same committeth adultery," in St. Mark x. 11-12. From these and the preceding verses it is evident that the author of Christianity disapproved of divorce, and the dividing line which to him separated it from adultery was where it is obtained on the ground of fornication, St. Matt. v. 32; but even there the solemn warning is given, "Whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery." We may fittingly close our reference to the Scriptures with the weighty words, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," Prov. xiv. 34, and after carefully considering the testimony which our domestic and social life presents to the world on the momentous question, well may we say with grateful hearts, Thank God we are Canadians! Through all the years that have passed since as a people we attained to man's estate and obtained responsible government, thence to the maturer stage of our national life as a Confederate Dominion, and so to the present day, the Canadian people, legislators, and statesmen, have stood firm and true to their high trust in this matter in spite of the lewd example of the neighbouring republic, and the immoral desires of her would-be imitators, and to-day with our simple procedure before a tribunal of competent men, chosen from the highest branch of our Legislature, hedged in and surrounded by all the safeguards that wisdom and experience can provide after proper publicity, ample notice, and due delay, the cases involving this grave question are dealt with in a manner and with results that challenge the admiration of the world.

In considering Mr. Gemmill's work it is interesting to note in his opening sketch of the origin and history of divorce in England, that "by the law of England the marriage contract was indissoluble, and when once it had been constituted in a legal manner there was no means of putting an end to it in any of the courts." Parliament, however, introduced a law for divorce in case of adultery. In Roman Catholic times marriage was deemed "a sacrament, and indissoluble," while Cranmer and his associate reformers held "the advised and lasting belief that a more extensive liberty of divorce ought to be allowed."

This view was gradually developed in the Lukenor, Lord Roos, Lord Macclesfield, and Lord Norfolk cases, where divorce was granted by Parliament on special grounds until in the Box case, in 1701, when Parliament granted a divorce *a vinculo* without any special or peculiar reason on which to found it—such as had been the moving cause in the prior cases. This divorce was granted on a Bill intitled, "An Act to dissolve the marriage of Ralph Box with Elizabeth Eyre, and to enable him to marry again."† It might be added that by the old rule proof of adultery would warrant a divorce from a wife, but it would not suffice in the case of a husband where proof of such heinous crimes as incest or bigamy was essential.

In Canada, however, the power of dealing with and adjudicating upon applications for divorce was retained by the Legislature, although the Imperial Government suggested in 1859 the advisability of establishing a Divorce Court in Canada. Since Confederation the Parliament of Canada has passed twenty-three bills dissolving marriage on ground of adultery, two annulling fraudulent marriage, and one granting separation, and rejected ten applications for divorce, and in all cases exercising "their own wisdom and discretion," freed from any "hard and fast" rules of limitation, in many cases pursuing the just and equitable course of granting to a wife the same measure of relief as would be awarded to a husband.

In considering the great good which our restriction of the power to deal with divorce to Parliament alone has conferred upon Canada, we cannot refrain from quoting part of the lofty and convincing argument of the Hon. Senator Gowan, when the matter was under discussion in the Senate: "Parliament . . . decides whether the charges are proved, whether they constitute such a case as should entitle the party to a special Act for relief, and

\* "The Practice of the Parliament of Canada upon Bills of Divorce," including an historical sketch of parliamentary divorce and summaries of all the Bills of Divorce presented to Parliament from 1867 to 1888, also notes on the Provincial Divorce Courts, etc. By John Alexander Gemmill, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-law. Toronto: Carswell and Company.

† A title used in subsequent bills for divorce till 1858, when the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes was founded.

what relief, if any, should be granted to the party in view of all the circumstances, and Parliament may, and ought always to, have in regard not merely the question as it affects the parties, but the effect in relation to the morals and good order—the effect which the passing of a particular law might have upon the well-being of the community. Parliament, as the supreme power, has its duties and responsibilities, and cannot compromise the well-being of society which has been entrusted to it under the constitution."

Such considerations as these have rendered fruitless the efforts of those who have advocated upon the floor of Parliament the establishment of a divorce court.

We cannot help commending the pure and patriotic spirit of our legislators, who have unswervingly denounced and defeated the efforts of those who have sought to establish on a basis of authority in Canada the low and degrading system of divorce which is current in the United States.

In considering the subject of marriage, the learned author quotes the forcible and impressive words of Lord Justice Brett: "Marriage is not, as is often popularly stated, a contract. If it were it could according to every principle of the law of contracts be rescinded by mutual consent. But it cannot. There is a contract before marriage, which is a contract to marry; but marriage is the fulfilment of that contract, which is then satisfied and ended, and there is no further contract. Marriage imposes a *status* which was by the law, before the statute, imposed upon the person forever," which view is sustained by an eminent Canadian authority, who says: "It has been fairly urged that if marriage could be regarded as but a contract, its nature, obligation and privileges must be sought in the terms of the contract: but it is an estate, and as such they must be sought in the nature of the estate, as instituted and expounded by the founder, that is found in the word of God."

With reference to Mr. Gemmill's work, we greet it as a decided acquisition to the legal literature of Canada, and commend it to the position of the authoritative Canadian text book on the important subject with which it deals. It is clear and comprehensive in its arrangement and details; and without attempting to present an elaborate and exhaustive treatise, the learned author is to be congratulated upon the mastery of his subject, which has enabled him to compress so much valuable matter into so small a compass, and the ability which has enabled him to treat it in a manner which renders it not only a most effective aid to the legal practitioners in its reference to the law of England, Ontario and the Provinces, the parliamentary rules, regulations and practice, including the new rules of the Senate and citations and notes of cases, forms and notes on evidence, but also to members of Parliament and all others interested in this great social and domestic question. We conclude with a reference to the comparative table of divorce in the United States and Canada, which shows that from 1867 to 1886 inclusive, there were 328,613 divorces granted in the United States, and 116 in Canada, being in proportion to population about 1 to 150 persons in the United States, and 1 to 37,283 in Canada. We may add that the mechanical features of the book are worthy of the reputation of the publishers.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### THE USE OF THE TELEPHONE ON RAILWAYS.

A NOVEL application of the telephone has been made on the railway between Saint Valeric-sur-Somme and Cayeux (France), with a view to facilitate communication between a train broken down on the line and the nearest station. *Industries* says the stations on this line are already in telephone communication by means of an overhead wire, and in the guard's van of an experimental train was fitted up a telephone, with battery of ten Leclanche cells and call bell. One pole of the battery is put to earth by being connected to the framework of the guard's van, and the other is joined in the usual way to the telephone, the other terminal of the latter being connected with a wire, by which connection with the existing telephone line can be made at any point. To facilitate this operation the wire is inclosed in a light steel tube, long enough to reach the overhead wire from the roof of the van, and provided at the end with a hook for attachment. Upon ringing up, the stations in front and rear of the train receive the signal, and conversation can be carried on with both simultaneously. The object of this arrangement is to enable the guard of a train, delayed or broken down on the line between two stations, to call for assistance. The apparatus carried in the guard's van is self-contained, inclosed in a box, and weighs only about twenty-five pounds.

#### THE WINTER SLEEP OF THE CANADIAN JUMPING MOUSE.

In the course of an interesting article on "Sleeping through the Winter," the *Standard* points out that an interesting observation was made in Canada by General Davies on the profound winter sleep of the jumping mouse, and published, with a picture, in the "Linnean Transactions" for 1797. The little animal, which was a curiosity in the summer time for its flying leaps through the long grass, was lost sight of about the month of October, and was not seen again until the month of May. General Davies solved the question of what became of it all those months. A labourer, digging the foundations of a garden-house near Quebec in the spring, turned up with his spade

a lump of clay like a cricket ball. On breaking the clod he found a nicely-moulded round space inside, within which lay a jumping mouse, with its long hind legs folded against its breast and its head sunk deeply between them. It was placed in a chip box in a warm room until it should awake; but the change of temperature had been too abrupt for it, and it never awoke. The jumping mouse cosily sleeping in a smooth nest of clay two feet below the ground brings us face to face with the whole problem of winter sleep. The animal had neither food nor air for some six months of the year, and yet it was alive, and would resume all its old agility with the warmth of summer.

FLOWERS OF THE "GARDEN OF FRAGRANCE."

[From the Persian of Sa'di's "Bostan," Chapter of Benevolence, *complet 15, et seq.*]

Of hearts uncomf'orted look to the state;  
To bear a breaking heart may prove thy fate.  
Help to live happy those thy help can bless;  
Keeping in mind thy Day of Helplessness.  
Since thou at others' doors need'st not to pine,  
In thanks to Allah turn no man from thine.  
Over the orphan thy protection spread;  
Pluck forth his soul's grief; raise his sinking head.  
When, with sad neck bent down, thou seest one,  
Kiss not the lifted face of thine own Son!  
Heed that such go not weeping! Allah's Throne  
Shakes to the sigh the outcast breathes alone.  
With kindness wipe the tear-drop from his eye;  
Cleanse him from Dust of his Calamity!  
There was a merchant who, upon his way,  
Marking one desolate and lamed, did stay.  
To draw the thorn which pricked his foot—and passed;  
And 'twas forgot;—and the man died at last:  
But, in a dream, the Prince of Khojand spies  
That man again, walking in Paradise;—  
Walking and talking in the Joyful Land—  
And what he said the Prince could understand:  
For he spake thus, plucking the heavenly posies,  
"Ajab!—that one thorn grew me many roses!"  
February, 1889. Edwin Arnold.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

CONSERVATORY STRING QUARTETTE.

THE first concert of the Conservatory String Quartette Club was not very largely attended on Monday evening. The recent plethora of concerts, as well as the coming events of both social and artistic import will probably be sufficient to account for this, as the musical value of the concert was considerably above the average. While the playing of the club was not all that could be wished it was remarkably good for four gentlemen who had not made important efforts together in a public entertainment before, and who had to appeal to an audience at the close of a season which has been unusually full of interesting performances. Viewed in the light shed by pretentious organizations which visit us irradiated by the halo of Boston and New York, this work of our local musicians is indeed good, and it must be gratifying to all our music-lovers to find that the enterprise and love of the great art, which places such performances before us, and which makes them so really good, bears such excellent fruit in so short a time. The personnel of the club is: Mons. Boucher, first violin; Signor Napolitano, second violin; Signor D'Auria, viola; and Mr. Dinelli, cello. These gentlemen are all good instrumentalists, as the solos played by some of them have abundantly proved, and their playing on Monday evening showed that they have in themselves the material for a good quartette, and also the feeling of self-abnegation which is essential for the proper rendition of a class of music, which more than any other requires a certain degree of self-effacement to make united work a success. Crudities and occasional stridency of effect will vanish as they play longer together, and artistic excellence will supplement the great charm of comparative novelty in making their concerts essentially popular ones. Two quartettes were played in their entirety, one by Mendelssohn, op. 12, and one by Haydn, op. 76, which showed a most desirable degree of versatility, and in addition to these the Serenade by Moszkowski, and a minuet by Pessard were performed. The solos of Mons. Boucher and Mr. Dinelli were worthy of the best programmes we have had here, though the weak tone of the latter gentleman's instrument was an obstacle to what might otherwise have been still greater success than he secured. The vocalists were Mrs. Clara E. Shilton and Mr. E. W. Schuch. The lady sang the "Shadow Song" from Dinorah. She has an excellent voice, which though lacking in freedom of emission and flexibility, has a rich fullness and sweetness of quality. In an encore song with violin obligato, she did not seem quite sure of her music, but she sang excellently in a duet with Mr. Schuch. This gentleman was at his best and sang "Norman's Tower" with enthusiasm, giving "The Englishman" as an encore piece. In Robandi's ever popular "Alla Stella" he made his best effort, and gave a really thoughtful and sympathetic rendition. Messrs. Boucher and Dinelli played a trio by De Beriot, with Mme. Boucher at the piano, which was one of the most popular features of the evening. The club will give another concert on Monday, May 20, with a new programme.

HERMANN, the great magician, failed to materialize this week, but theatre-goers will find ample comfort to-day and to-morrow in the performance by Miss Annie Pixley of "Flat No. 22," an amusing play full of ludicrous *contretemps*.

ON May 31 and June 1, the Juch-Perotti Company will give a concert and operatic entertainment, at matinee and evening performances, which should be largely attended.

NEXT week the long-promised Queen's Own Rifles' Entertainment will take place, being billed for Monday evening. Sixty choristers and ten end-men, an orchestra of twenty, the full band of the regiment, the bugle band and various novel eccentricities will make an attractive programme. Tuesday evening will give us the usual fine concert by the Toronto Vocal Society, with its splendid chorus, and Mme. Wilson-Osman, Miss Laura Webster and Mr. Harry M. Field as soloists; and on Wednesday, St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church will give us a fine concert in the Pavilion.

SIG. ITALO CAMPANINI is not in very good luck. He had to accept a benefit in New York last week. This is a commentary upon the improvidence of some of the operatic artists who indeed make hay while the sun shines, but who forget that the sun does not always shine, and who do not put away any of the hay.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper says that owing to the phonograph one crank on the stage may now turn out better music than ten in the orchestra.

THE Woodstock Opera Company, an amateur organization in that thriving town, has been rehearsing "Pinafore" for some months, and now the cruel hand of D'Oyley Carte steps in and says that they must pay a royalty if they wish to play the opera.

THE engagement is announced of handsome Frank Vetta, the basso of the National Opera Company, to Miss Lizzie McNichol, the contralto of the same company, whose "Lazarillo" will be remembered by those who heard the Company here.

THE *Musical Courier* says:—That was a clever Japanese who, after hearing a performance of "Die Götterdämmerung," remarked to his American cousin: "So that is the music of your future. Well, that sort of music was our music of the past in Japan." I didn't really know the Japanese were both so witty and progressive.

IN spite of the climate the Muscovites warm to a singer whom they admire. Some time ago when Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson sang in the "Barbieri," she was recalled twenty-five times, and the gas had to be turned off to stop the clamour of the audience.

VISITORS to New York this season will have a choice of comic opera. There will be six of them running through the entire season.

MASSNET'S new opera, "Esclarmonde," is ready for performance at the Paris Opera Comique, and, as far as may be judged by Paris advance criticism, is a work of high order. At the last rehearsal, Massenet, who was present, was so delighted with the way in which the music had been performed, that he exclaimed to Danbé: "When a composer hears his music executed with such perfection, he regrets that he could not do his own part better."

ONE of the most interesting of the musical features in connection with the Paris Exhibition will be the revival of some of the operas produced about the time of the first revolution. Among them will be Paisiello's "Il Barbieri," Dalayrac's "Raoul de Crequi," "Nicodème dans la Lune," by Cousin Jacques, and "Madame Angot," by Demaillet.

RAVELLI, the tenor who sang here in "Lucia" with Mme. Albani, sings in Brazil this summer, and in the winter in Germany, Russia and Scandinavia.

BOWMANVILLE will have a grand band demonstration and tournament on June 12th and 13th under the auspices of the Dominion Organ and Piano Company's band.

B. NATURAL.

NOTES.

BUFFALO BILL will exhibit his show at Paris during the Exposition.

BOWMANVILLE is going to have a novelty in the shape of a ladies' brass band.

MUSIC is progressing in the far north. Wiarton has organized an amateur orchestra.

THE largest organ in the world is being built in London for Sidney, Australia. It will cost about \$75,000.

ON Tuesday Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Morgan, Mr. E. W. Schuch and Mr. J. Bryce Mundie assisted at an organ recital at Trinity Church, Barrie.

MRS. GEO. HAMILTON, the talented soprano of Centenary Church Choir, Hamilton, Ont., has recovered from her recent illness and is now singing again.

MR. WINCH, the Boston tenor, recently assisted vocally in illustrating Mr. Joseph Gould's lecture on "Songs we hear and songs we do not hear" in Montreal.

ANTONIN DVORAK, the composer of the "Spectre's Bride," sung by the Philharmonic Society a year ago, has produced a comic opera, "The Jacobin," which has made a great success.

MR. HARRIS' Orchestral Concert at Hamilton was a decided success. Mrs. Shilton, one of Toronto's popular sopranos, assisted, who, with Mr. J. Morley and a good orchestra, rendered a programme of great excellence.

A HITHERTO unknown piano concerto by Beethoven has been found in Prague. It is in D major, and is sup-

posed to be the one that he played in Prague in March, 1795. The programme of the concert is in existence, and mentions a concerto, but without giving the key.

WILLIAM H. CRANE, on separating from Robson, will have three new plays, two of them being now in course of writing specially for him, and the third being "The Balloon," first produced in London by Charles Wyndham.

IT is not generally known of Meyerbeer that his real name was Jacob Beer. Such is, however, the fact. In his early days he received lessons from a very talented teacher and composer named Meyer, for whom he formed such a strong attachment as to lead him to prefix his teacher's name to his own. Michael Beer, the eminent German tragedian, who wrote the libretto of "Struensee," a drama of which Meyerbeer wrote the music, was a brother of Meyerbeer.

HENRY IRVING and Ellen Terry appeared in a private performance before the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Sandringham, on Thursday, in the "Bells" and in the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice." This was the third theatrical performance given before Her Majesty since the death of the Prince Consort, the first one having been at Abergeldie Castle a few years back by Mr. Edgar Bruce, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at Osborne two years ago. It is said that after this performance Mr. Irving is to be knighted and be known in future as "Sir" Henry Irving.

A NEW oratorio, "Lucifer," by M. Paul Benoit, of Brussels, was performed on the 3rd ult. at the Albert Hall under Mr. Barnby. There is no overture, and the scene opens with the spirits of the night, who are circling through the air singing of woe and death. The whole forms a chain of powerful double choruses, and at one point, where the spirits observe the approach of the arch-fiend riding on grim Death, a choir of boys shout the "Lucifer motif" through the din of the whole eight part chorus. The fiend, in a lengthy solo, frequently interrupted by the cries of his demons, issues the impious challenge to Heaven and calls the devils to arms. He invokes the power of Fire (soprano and alto soloists), Water (tenor) and Earth (bass), who, preceded by a motif expressive of "Lucifer's determination," presently appear. The first part ends with a lengthy eight part chorus (that is to say a semi-chorus of twenty-four voices and the two full combined choirs) descriptive of the abject state of mankind. In the second part, in a series of solos from time to time freely mingled with choruses in highly diversified fashion, the powers of Earth, Water and Fire explain the methods they will adopt to effect man's ruin. The third part opens with Lucifer's battle motif, but the demon calls in vain for the elements to ruin man. The spirits of day, answered by the hosannahs of the full chorus, announce the rising of the sun. The elements are subjugated by the powers of Light, and, as a last resource, Lucifer calls up Death. It is in vain, for amid heavenly hallelujahs the grim monarch is conquered, and Lucifer falls into the abyss. Then come the choruses of mortals—children, women and men—describing the beauties of nature, the joys of love and the happiness of knowledge, and finally, in a double chorus with quartette of soloists, the whole universe sings a hymn of praise to the Almighty. The music is very intricate, and in many places most daringly original.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF INDIA. From 1746 to 1849. By Col. G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. London: W. H. Allan & Co., 1888.

THIS new edition of Colonel Malleon's narrative of the decisive battles of British India will be welcomed alike by military men and by students of history. The work, which first appeared some six years ago, takes a high rank among military histories, for its author is one of the best informed writers of the time on Indian affairs, and has been long known as an enthusiastic student of military annals in our Indian Empire. The work ought to be found a very fascinating one by the young, for Colonel Malleon writes, not only with an intimate knowledge of the history, but with great powers of scientific narration and a soldier's keen interest in the stirring scenes he describes. The story which the volume has to tell is how the British won India. It narrates the history of Hindustan from the period when British prowess wrested the Carnatic from the French and made good its footing in Bengal to the era of British dominance over the whole country, with the annexation of the Panjab and the other military events preceding the mutinies of 1857. The volume fitly opens with the battle of St. Thomé, the first of the decisive encounters between the European and the Asiatic in the East. This affair won the Carnatic for the French, who were soon only to hand it over, however, to Clive and the British, and to see not only Madras, but Bengal and Orisa succumb to their English conquerors. St. Thomé was fought in 1746. The second act in the drama in Madras was Clive's daring attack upon the French at Kaveripak, a battle which the historians have curiously under-rated, but which not only founded the reputation of British arms in India, but led to the transfer of preponderance in Southern Hindustan from the French to the English. Six years later came the victory over the Bengalese on the well-fought field of Plassey; and, in 1759, the battle of Biderra, which ruined the hopes of the Dutch in Bengal, and gave that province to the British. With the year 1781, back we go to Madras. At that period Southern India was troubled by the robber chieftain,



Haider Ali, and Porto Novo is fought and the aggressive schemes of the native soldier of fortune crumble to dust. Eighteen years later brings a new region into view and new actors upon the scene. On the field of Assaye, Wellington, at a critical era, saved India. Central and Western Hindustan was under the rule of the Marathas, and British pluck had now to deal with the several forces of that great confederacy. Assaye and Laswari decided the issue between native and British supremacy. The winning of these two battles not only gave the English dominance in Southern and Central India, but extended British sway to the Panjab. Before we reach that northern territory, British arms had, however, work to do in Rajputana, many of the chieftains of which had put themselves under British protection. The main incident which our author here narrates in connection with this district is the storming of Bhartpur, in 1826, by Lord Combermere. The success of this siege increased the prestige of British arms in India and prepared the way for the final struggle with the Sikhs and British supremacy in the Panjab. The events connected with the latter are contained in Colonel Malleson's closing chapter on "Chilianwalla and Gujarat." Nothing could be more spirited than the author's narrative of the incidents of these well-fought fields, the first of which brought Gough's army perilously near to disaster, though Gujarat was a splendid and decisive victory. For a time triumph in the Panjab was in grave peril, during the mutinies of 1857, but happily that peril passed and administration in the region is still British. Aside from the military history, there are some valuable political lessons to be learned from Colonel Malleson's work. What these are, the reader will doubtless find out for himself, and if he is of our mind he will assuredly appreciate both their force and their truth.

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1863-1888. Edited by James Macaulay, M.A., M.D. London: John Murray, 1889.

Hardly ever has the saying that "we change with the times," being more pointedly illustrated than in the case of the present heir-apparent to the British Throne, and the duties we have come in these later days to expect from him who bears the honourable title of the Prince of Wales. In the past history of England a scion of the royal house was called to duties on the field of battle rather than in the arena of social life, and his efforts on behalf of the people were, as a rule, not those we should now tolerate or deem in any degree commendable. Our more fortunate times have given a wiser direction to the more pacific energies and the milder enthusiasms of royalty. They have supplied opportunities of great social usefulness which were in large measure impossible in the militant character of an earlier age, or, if possible, were not taken advantage of when the times were favourable to the discharge of beneficent social duties. How great has been the change, few indeed stop to think. The volume before us provokes abundant thought on this matter, and elicits admiration for the untiring energy and self-sacrifice which have marked the conduct of the present heir to the Crown in fulfilling the exacting duties of his high station. The obligation to serve the people in ways which our modern society imposes on representatives of royalty has, as no one will doubt, been recognized to the full by the Prince of Wales. For nigh a quarter of a century he has given daily, we might almost say hourly, evidence of this honest and faithful acceptance of the duties which we have come to look for in a member of the reigning house.

The duties may be said to be pleasant and agreeable, but it cannot be denied that they are incessant and onerous. How wide and varied, too, have been their field. They comprise every active interest in literary, artistic, religious and charitable work. Nor are they associated merely with an agreeable day's outing, in laying a foundation stone or in the unveiling of a statue. The demands are much more exacting and serious than this. They appeal for assistance in the wide name of humanity; and from the Prince of Wales they have met with ready compliance and with hearty sympathy and encouragement wherever the demands have been preferred. One day it has been a Sailors' Home or an Orphan Asylum that has called for his presence and aid; the next day has brought a demand to befriend the cab-drivers of the metropolis, or an appeal on behalf of improved homes for the poor. The addresses in the volume are models in their way. Repeatedly do they evince genuine feeling and something far higher than a perfunctory performance of the duties of the chair. Though usually brief, they are always apt and genial, and never intrude with a disturbing or *mal à propos* topic. On every page do they bespeak not only reverence for duty, but the possession of personal qualities in the speaker which go far to explain the Prince's popularity in society, and to account for the affection and loyal interest with which he is everywhere regarded. The editor's work has been well done, and the volume should meet with a large measure of acceptance. An admirably etched likeness of the Prince appears in the volume.

CALLAWAY'S POPULAR EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—At 11 p.m. on Friday, 26th ult., a large and select party, bound for Vancouver, Victoria and various parts of California and Washington Territory, left the Union Station in the commodious and well ventilated tourist sleeping cars. These excursions, which are now justly celebrated as affording a cheap and comfortable mode of travel to the "West," are accompanied to destination by an experienced "conductor." The cars, which are carpeted throughout and fitted up complete with curtains, mattresses, folding tables and all other conveniences, run through to the Coast without change. Similar excursions will leave Toronto on May 10th and 24th, and parties wishing to have the benefit of the special advantages offered, would do well to make early application for tickets, berths, etc., so that the necessary accommodation may be reserved. Tickets may be procured and berths reserved at any C. P. R. ticket office or at 110 King Street West, Toronto.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. RUSKIN is rapidly regaining health and with it renewed interest in literary work.

THE next volume in Cassell & Co.'s "National Library" will be Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick."

AFTER twenty-four years of service, Prof. Henry Morley is about to resign the Chair of English Literature at University College, London.

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the United States "is a land flowing with petroleum and poetry, both of which it exports freely."

THE Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford is preparing for the press some hitherto unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

WE give elsewhere Prof. Goldwin Smith's valuable paper from the *New York Independent*, entitled "Washington from an Englishman's Point of View." Readers of THE WEEK, we are certain, will peruse it with pleasure.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press the second part of Sir John Lubbock's "Pleasures in Life;" Mr. Wilfred Ward's account of his father, Wm. George Ward, to which Lord Tennyson will contribute a preface; and Mr. Julian Corbett's new novel "Kophetua the Thirteenth," the scene of which is laid in Central Africa.

IN their Classics for Children, Ginn and Company will have ready in May "The Two Great Retreats of History," a volume containing Grote's history of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from Babylonia, and an abridgment of Count Ségur's history of the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. They have in preparation "Heroic Ballads and Poems."

ONE of the best hits at the Browning Clubs is that related by Mr. Arlo Bates in a recent *Book Buyer*:—"I heard on the street the other day one newsboy yell derisively to another, who vulgarly advised him to 'Go soak yer head.' 'Oh, yer go home and read Brownin'!" What the dirty little gamin thought it meant, and where he got the phrase, are alike mysteries to me; but who, after that, can say Boston is not the home of true culture?"

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY will issue immediately Mr. Wilfrid Ward's account of his father, William George Ward, the author of "The Christian Ideal," and his connection with the Oxford movement. The book ought to be of unusual interest, not only because of the man himself, but also from the light it should throw upon the history of a remarkable period. Lord Tennyson, an old friend of Mr. Ward's, prefaces the book with some memorial lines.

OVER THE CATARACT.

WHEN the brave Stanley and his tireless followers were pushing their way into Central Africa, they came one day to the bank of a mighty river. Footsore and weary they quickly launched their boats, and found rest and change in floating upon the smooth surface of the stream.

Soon, however, the watchful eye of the great explorer sees unmistakable signs of the near presence of a cataract. The current grows swift, tiny bubbles float by. The signal is given to land, and the party seeks safety on the low, shelving bank.

One daring spirit, however, pushes his little canoe into the middle of the stream and goes resolutely forward, with the seeming intention of finding whether the river is navigable.

In vain his comrades shout and gesticulate, rushing wildly along the river bank in pursuit. Not until the loud thunder of falling water breaks upon his ears does he attempt to turn.

Alas, it is too late!

The oars are wrenched from his hands, the boat is tossed wildly about, a mere atom in the seething waters, and in a brief moment, which seems an age to the lookers on, it is dashed to pieces against a huge boulder on the very brink of a frightful precipice.

In vain our comrades are kindly warning us of our danger. Our columns have often portrayed the fearful scourge that surrounds us. Often we hear the expression, "Is this fearful scourge more prevalent than in olden times?"

We say "No."

The recent discoveries of the microscope have developed the real cause of so many terrible fatalities and brought out the fact that many of the symptoms which are called diseases are but symptoms of kidney disorder.

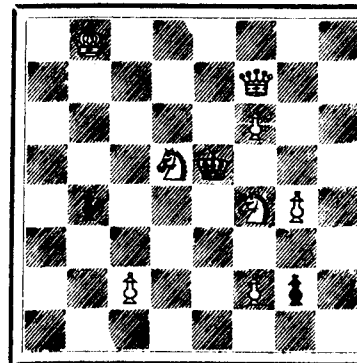
People do not die because of the kidneys ulcerating and destroying their spinal column, but because the poisonous waste matter is not extracted from the blood as it passes through the kidneys, the only blood purifying organs, but remains, forcing its way through the system, attacking the weakest organ.

The doctors call this a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom.

Understanding this, the reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many common diseases is plain. It removes the causes of disease by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition: enables them to perform their functions and remove the poisonous acids from the blood; purifies the blood and prevents the poisonous matter coursing through the system and attacking the weaker organs and producing a malady which the unsuspecting victim fears is, and the heartless practitioner pronounces, a disease, because of his inability to remove the cause.

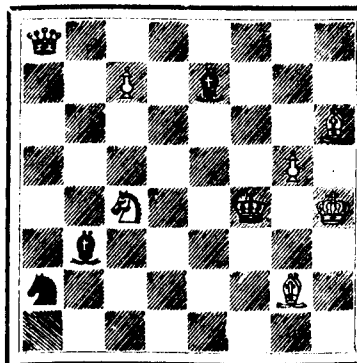
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 353.  
By V. SCHIFFE, Vienna.  
From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 354.  
By E. CARPENTER, Tarrytown.  
From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- |                |             |          |        |
|----------------|-------------|----------|--------|
| No. 347.       |             | No. 348. |        |
| White.         | Black.      | White.   | Black. |
| 1. B-K 6       | K x B       | B-R 7    |        |
| 2. R-Q 7       | K-K 4       |          |        |
| 3. R-K 7 mate. |             |          |        |
|                | If 1. K x P |          |        |
| 2. R-K 2 +     | K moves     |          |        |
| 3. Kt moves.   |             |          |        |

Correct solutions received from W. L. S. to Problems No. 343, 344, 345, 346 and 347.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. S.—In Problem 341, if White play 1. Kt-K B 2, Black will play P-R 8, becoming a Bishop, and there is no mate. There is a dual in Problem 344. Your move of B-Q 4, in Problem 348, is wrong, as no mate will follow if Black reply P-B 4.

GAME BETWEEN MR. W. H. JUDD, OF HAMILTON, AND MR. J. MCGREGOR, OF TORONTO.

Played at Hamilton on Friday, the 19th April, 1889.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
MR. MCGREGOR.	MR. JUDD.	MR. MCGREGOR.	MR. JUDD.
1. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	38. P-B 5 + (b)	P x P
2. P-Q B 4	P x P	39. Kt-B 4 +	K-R 2
3. Kt-Q B 3	P-K 3	40. P-K 6	R-Kt 2
4. P-K 4	B-Kt 5	41. P x P	P-Q R 4
5. B x P	Kt-K B 3	42. P-R 4 (c)	R-K 1
6. B-K Kt 5	P-K R 3	43. P-R 5	R-Q 2
7. B x Kt	Q x B	44. Kt-Kt 6	R-Q 4
8. Kt-B 3	B x Kt	45. K-B 4	K-Kt 1
9. P x B	Q-Kt 3	46. Kt-R 4	Q R Q 1
10. Q-K 2	Castles	47. Kt-B 3	K-B 1
11. Castles, K R	Kt-Q 2	48. R-K 3	K-K 2
12. P-K 5	Kt-Kt 3	49. R-K 1	P-Kt 5
13. B-Q 3	Q-R 4	50. R-K Kt 2	R-K Kt 1
14. Q-K 4	Q-B 4	51. Q R-K Kt 1	K-B 1
15. Q-K 2	Q-R 4	52. K-K 4	P-Kt 6
16. Q-K 4	Q-B 4	53. R-Kt 2	P x P
17. Q-K 2	Q-B 5	54. R-Kt 8 +	K-B 2
18. Q-K 4	Q x Q	55. R x R	B-B 7 +
19. B x Q	P-Q B 3	56. K-K 3	R x K B P
20. Kt-Q 2	Kt-Q 4	57. Kt-Q 4	P x P
21. P-Q B 4	Kt-K 2	58. R-K 8 +	K-Q 4
22. P-B 5	R-Q 1	59. Kt-Q 2	R-K 4 +
23. Kt-Kt 3	Kt-Q 4	60. R x R +	P x R
24. B x Kt	R x B	61. R-Kt 1	P x P +
25. P-B 4	P-Q Kt 3	62. K-B 4	P-R 5
26. Q R-Q 1	B-R 3	63. R-Q R 1	B-Kt 6
27. R-B 2	Q R-Q 1	64. Kt-K 4	P-Q 6
28. K R-Q 2	B-B 5	65. K-K 3	K-B 5
29. P-K Kt 3	B-Kt 4 (a)	66. K-Q 2	K-Q 5
30. K-B 2	B-R 5	67. Kt-B 3	K x P
31. K-K 3	K-R 2	68. K x P	K-Kt 5
32. R-Q B 1	K-Kt 3	69. Kt x P	B x Kt
33. P-Kt 4	R-Q Kt 1	70. R x B	P-R 6
34. R-B 3	R-Q 2	71. R-B 2	K-Kt 6
35. Kt-B 1	P-Kt 4	72. R x P	P-R 7
36. R-Q R 3	P-B 3	73. R-B 6	K-Kt 7
37. Kt-Q 3	R-K B 1	74. K-K 4, and Black resigns.	

NOTES.

- (a) B x Kt, followed by P x P, would give Black the better game.
- (b) A good move.
- (c) P-Q 5 best.

U. S. CHESS TOURNAMENT.

NEW YORK, April 27.—At the Chess Tournament to-day Weiss won from Gunsberg, Blackburne from Gossip, Lipschutz from Showalter, Taubenhans from D. G. Baird, Martinez from J. W. Baird, Pollock from Delmar, Burn from Hanham, Judd from McLeod, Bird from Mason, and Burrille from Tschigorin. The score now stands:

Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.		
Weiss	21½	4½	Baird, D. G.	12	14
Blackburne	21	5	Bird	11½	15½
Burn	20	7	Pollock	11½	15½
Tschigorin	19	7	Burrille	10½	15½
Gunsberg	17	8	Showalter	10	16
Lipschutz	16	10	Hanham	8½	15½
Taubenhans	15	11	Martinez	9	17
Mason	14	11	Gossip	6½	17½
Judd	14	13	Baird, J. W.	5	21
Delmar	12½	12½	McLeod	4½	22½



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I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and, though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation creates a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft and pliant, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is a perfect hair dressing. —Mrs. Malcolm E. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

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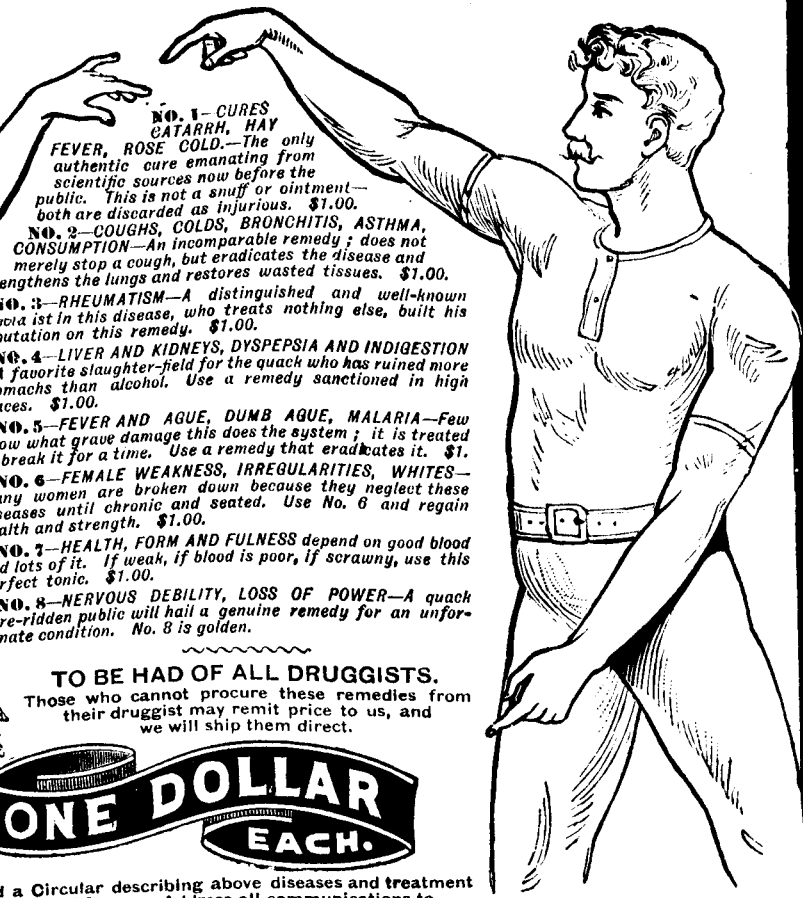
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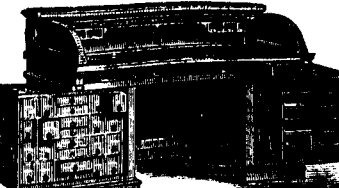
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