

THE WEEK:

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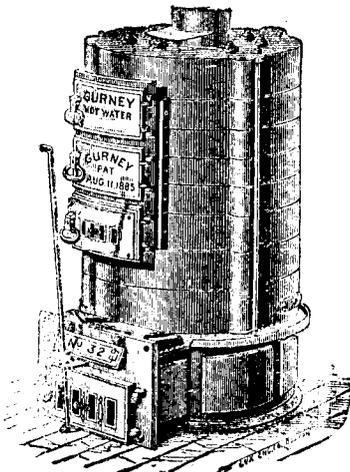
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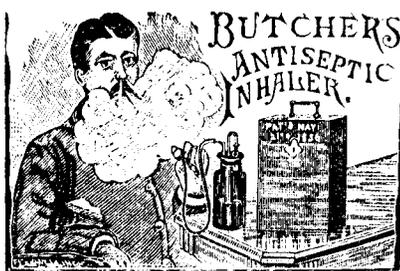
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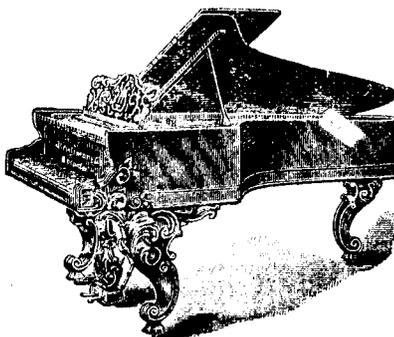
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THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

DURING the twenty years which followed the opening of British ports to the merchandise of the world free of duty, the colonies were held in little favour in England. A millennium of free commerce and universal peace was believed to have arrived; all nations were to be brothers, and it was of little import whether the colonies remained British or declared their independence. The argument was generally on the side of the latter. Newspapers published at intervals statements of Imperial expenditure on the outlying dependencies, the greater part being lavished on the Crown colonies—*islands scattered over every sea and garrisoned by the army and navy as protectors of British commerce—and very little on the larger colonies.* Periodically the *Times* addressed to the colonial peoples broad intimations that the sooner they took their departure the better it would be both for them and the Mother Country. The present writer in those days waited upon an Under-Secretary for the Colonies to give him the prevalent Canadian views of the connection, and the view of leading men of England may be gathered from the remark which this official made to a mutual acquaintance: "We cannot do what he wishes; he wants us to say that we desire to keep the colonies!"

The rejection of Free Trade by the greater nations of the world had some effect in banishing the anti-colonial fever; but the eager desire shown by France and Germany of late years to acquire territory in Asia, Africa, and Polynesia completed the work, and brought about the Conference now in session in London. The English mind loves a simple precedent, and is apt to follow wherever it leads. A very common syllogism in London newspapers used to be—Rome, Athens, and Venice were republics, and they were warlike; the United States is a republic, and it must necessarily be warlike. It may safely be said that this formula caused more than one surrender of British territory to our neighbours. In regard to the colonies the false syllogism was—the thirteen North American provinces separated themselves from the Mother Country; other colonies will, of course, do the same. In one case the British mind failed to appreciate the difference between a republic with a few square miles of territory, seeking to extend its boundaries, and a republic in possession of half a continent; in the other they forgot that the thirteen colonies were driven to revolt by tyranny condemned by the highest intellects of the England of that day—tyranny the repetition of which no single Englishman would now entertain for a moment. John Bull failed to appreciate the colonies at their true value, until France and Germany showed the way, and then it was as clear to them as the sun at noon.

The previous blindness was dense, the new light was dazzling. The British people suddenly realised the fact that they possessed in North and Central America, in South and Central Africa, and throughout all Polynesia, from the Mauritius to the Fijis, territories of vast extent, peopled by men of British race, which might be retained perhaps for ever, at least

for a long period, in friendly alliance with the Mother Land. They also realised that in the far North Atlantic, the North and South Pacific, the colonies possessed the only mines of coal, at once the means of pursuing commerce and of preserving it from attack. The coal of Nova Scotia, of Vancouver, and of New South Wales, places Great Britain in a position to meet the world in arms; it gives her the control of the seas, without which her mercantile prosperity would vanish before the enmity of any strong rival. The colonies contain territory (leaving India out of the account) larger than Russia, and the means of supporting a prospective population many times larger than any European country. More than all, the populations are self-governing. Most of them pay the expenses of their own Administrations, even the salaries of the Governors sent from England. How dense must be the insular ignorance of Englishmen—to which Professor Seeley, of University College of London, lately drew the attention of his countrymen—when they were willing to cast off these vast territories and numerous allies because the connection with them was maintained at the cost of a sixtieth part of the national income!

Now that they have come to their senses, Englishmen have gone to work in a sensible way to correct past errors. In old days colonies and colonists were treated in Great Britain very generally with contempt. The people of the smallest independent state were regarded as of more importance than men of British race, supporters of the English Crown. This has been changed, and though great wealth, which few colonists possess, will always give greater prestige in England than anything else, there is a determination in the minds of the ruling classes to show that they value colonies and colonists more than they ever before conceived possible. In inviting a Conference with colonial delegates, British public men have likewise shown good sense in putting out of view all ideas of arranging or even approaching an arrangement in the direction of Imperial Federation. They may privately elicit opinions from the delegates on the subject, but will not propose action. The question of defence will be the chief if not the only subject of discussion. It is a difficult one, and it is, to say the least, improbable that the Conference will come to a definite conclusion upon it. Discussion may, however, elicit views which will produce practical results further on.

It is impossible to adopt one system of defence to be carried out jointly by Britain Less and Greater, which would suit all the colonies. Their vulnerability varies as widely as their latitude and longitude. Thus, the Australian capitals, large and wealthy cities, are situated very near the ocean, and might easily become the prey of a flying squadron of French, German, or Russian ships, able to escape the vigilance of a British fleet. So vividly is this possibility felt that Australia already possesses an iron-clad, and would probably not object to a moderate expenditure on land fortifications. If they were separated from Britain, they would be compelled to undertake these works, and cannot expect the Mother Country to relieve them from it. As to vessels of war, Britain maintains a considerable force in Polynesia to prevent piracy, to keep order on islands more or less savage, and to give protection to her mercantile fleets, which are to be found in every part of Polynesia. It seems to the present writer questionable whether the Australasians can fairly be called upon to pay Britain for the use of these ships. If Australia were independent, the ships would be there; they do not cost Britain more because Australia forms part of the Empire. If the colonies were called on to pay part of the expense, they would ask for some measure of control over the outlay and the movements of the ships, and hence would probably arise jealousies which it would be better to avoid. Very soon, no doubt, we shall have the Australian view of the matter. In regard to the army the Australians will be as ready to arm their population in defence of their country as Canadians are. There may be conflict about the question of a standing army; but it is to be hoped that Britain will not insist upon expenditure in that direction beyond the needs of the colonies and their financial resources. Her military advisers, being regular soldiers, despise militia; but on this continent a citizen soldiery has proved successful in putting down domestic strife, and with Britain mistress of the seas there is no danger of invasion by forces with which Australian volunteers would be unable to cope. They would surely be able to fight in defence of their homes as well—let us say—as the Boers of the Cape.

Canada has less reason to fear attack from hostile maritime Powers

than Australia. Although we have one near neighbour much more powerful than us, we do not fear her. We have faith in her respect for the independence of other nations, her sense of right, her Christianity. Against maritime attack on the Atlantic coast Canada is protected by the proximity of Britain, and the consequent promptitude with which cruisers could be sent to her aid on the outbreak of war. St. John, Halifax, and Charlottetown must, however, be protected by forts. Something has been done already, and more may be necessary. The ingenious torpedo must also be made ready for any eventuality. On the Pacific coast we have no towns likely to excite the cupidity of an enemy. The port of Esquimaux must be guarded; but it is the summer station and repairing place of the Imperial North Pacific fleet, and protection for it is as much a British as a Canadian question.

Most of the islands which own the lordship of Britain are already well protected, and their populations are so small that the Mother Country is not likely to call upon them for heavy contributions toward their defence, and with the larger colonies it will be well not to be too exacting. They are straining every nerve to open their territories for settlement, and will grudge money taken from the best means of making them strong in war, viz., increase of population and wealth. As the resources of Australia, Canada, and the Cape increase, it may be confidently anticipated that their contributions to the defence of the Empire will become more liberal. The argument of economy will always be a strong one in favour of Imperial union, and the stronger it is the better. Any necessary disbursement now will be cheerfully met, but it should be made as little burdensome as possible.

GORDON BROWN.

IN THE SPRING.—I.

EVERY new spring seems a new creation, only less wonderful than the first, and a fresh revelation of beauty and divinity to man. Nature makes one more effort, and surely this time she will attain the ideal,—the perfectness to which all things tend. The seeming failures of the past are as nothing to her, the autumn and winter are forgotten; here and now at last is a new beginning, and an infinite possibility. And so it is that heaven lies about us in spring no less than in our infancy, and in this new world, we, ourselves, are again as gods, knowing good and evil, and capable of the greatest things.

Though spring speaks thus in the air and the sunshine, in the running streams, and the budding trees, yet the inspiration and the poetry of the season have their fullest expression in birds and wild flowers.

To the soul in sympathy with Nature even the cawing of the crows is sweet music when first it breaks the dreary silence that filled the air and the woods all the winter. But the voice of the crow is not significant of the spring, since many of these birds remain with us during the winter, in the shelter of our thickest woods and cedar swamps.

The robin is the real harbinger of spring—the first bird-herald of the new era. Throughout the whole country everybody awaits his coming. School-boys and school-girls watch for the first robin. All the country papers announce his arrival, and even the great city journals join in the welcome. No one sees him on the way; yet some morning, as if he had just flown down from the skies, there he sits on the topmost spray of a bare tree, and the glad news goes from mouth to mouth that spring has come. The earth is bleak and bare; there is no sign anywhere that Nature will ever wake again from that dead sleep; yet the robin sings as cheerily and hopefully as if all the glory and joyousness of spring were already here, and his song-bursts are to us both an inspiration and a prophecy. Even with the snow a foot deep, as it was last year in the first week of April, this brave bird showed no loss of courage. There was an old and empty nest on the bough near him—last year's nest!—but he cared not for that; he would build another, and this new hope filled him with melodious joys.

This year the robins reached Canada at an unusually early date. They were seen in the trees on the grounds of University College in this city on the 8th and 9th of March. An enthusiastic bird-lover, writing to the *Globe* from Sault Ste. Marie a few days afterwards, reported these birds in his vicinity early in February, both this year and last.

But this fact does not warrant the assumption of a warmer climate for the Sault district. Such early arrivals so far to the north must be phenomenal; and the later appearance of birds in the lower parts of the Province may be partly accounted for in another way. It has lately been made known by Canadian ornithologists that the smaller birds in their migrations to the north are averse to crossing the great lakes. Their strength of wing does not seem to be sufficient for so long a continuous flight. Some that attempted it have been seen to alight on early passing vessels, in a much exhausted condition. The probability is that by far the greater number come to a stop when they reach the great lakes on their northward flight. Here they remain, perhaps for several days, and are seen flitting along from tree to tree on the shore, until they reach the ends of the lakes; then they cross the river, and continue their flight to the north. The absence of any such obstruction on that meridian may partly explain the comparatively early arrivals at the Sault. It is certain that extraordinary numbers of birds are observed for a few days during the migration season at such points as the Mackinac Straits and the Niagara River.*

* I am indebted for the facts of this paragraph to a valuable book entitled "The Birds of Ontario," recently published by Mr. Thomas McLlwraith, of Hamilton.

But we return from this digression. It is in the nest-building season that the robin sings his sweetest songs. Long before sunrise he pours forth his melody from the tree tops, and this is the first sound of morning that greets the all-night watcher. Then, in the evening, after he has been hard at work all day, plastering his house in the orchard, he sings his evensong, and the dusk thrills with his raptures. After a rain-shower, too, he will be seen on the top of his favourite tree warbling hopefully to his timid mate, of brighter skies and happier days. Even in the intervals of a storm, when the clouds are yet dripping, he sings courageously, until the heavy pelting drops of the fresh shower drive him to shelter.

Poets and writers of all kinds have united in glorifying the nightingale and the skylark of England, but no strong voice has ever sung the praise of many of our American birds. Yet there is a rare sweetness in the robin's strain, and if it could be translated into words there would be a poem of bird-song such as not even Shelley has written. It is but a simple homely air, not a fine or varied melody; yet it is rich and deep, and full of unutterable affection and tenderness.

The brown thrush and the wood thrush reach us from the south shortly after their cousin, the robin; but they are shy birds, and are not often seen except by those who are looking for them. They love to build their nests in thickets on the sides of small streams in quiet ravines. The cat-bird is more familiar in his habits; but neither these nor any others of the thrush family are nearly so numerous as the robins. Yet the cat-bird, the brown thrush, and the wood thrush, are even sweeter singers than the robin. The wood thrush is, without doubt, the best singer among our northern birds. Its note is finer, more varied, and more continuous than the robin's; and it is, moreover, entirely free from a certain harshness which breaks the robin's strain. At times the wood thrush abandons himself to a wild ecstasy of melody that entirely transcends description. On such occasions his song is scarcely excelled by that of his more famous relative, the mocking-bird of the South.

The blue-bird is also one of our earliest and most welcome spring comers. Though not a singing bird, it is much to be admired for its grace of form, its rich colouring, and its quiet, gentle ways.

Meanwhile our homely little Canadian gray-bird has arrived, and soon afterwards we mark the coat of yellow and black, and the long, undulating flight of the goldfinch. As May advances we greet the martens, the swallows, and the little yellow bird or wild canary, as it is sometimes called. Now, too, in the meadows the gay bobolink flutters in the air, his head quivering with sweet, tremulous raptures, till he drops down quietly beside his soberly dressed mate on the nest among the dandelion blooms. The golden oriole and the scarlet tanager reach us next, and seem like bits of the tropics that have, by some chance, been caught on the south wind, and blown to us here. The tanager is the most brilliantly coloured bird that visits the North. When it settles on a tree after its meteoric flight the branch seems all aflame. With the coming of these two birds summer may be considered to have fairly set in.

It is interesting to notice the unsettled air of our song birds for the first few days after their arrival. The crows have the business-like ways of old residents; but the smaller birds fly hither and thither in an aimless, uncertain fashion, like a dazed new-comer in a large city. The country seems strange to them yet. It is all so different from the summer glow and the breezes of balm in the land they have just left. At times they seem quite bewildered. But they become more composed presently, and set vigorously to work to build their little dwellings.

A. STEVENSON.

MY DIARY IN HONOLULU.—II.

Nor long afterwards we were again invited to the palace, and shown some ancient native curiosities. The privilege of viewing the relics of ancient Hawaii is so seldom accorded to any one that we considered ourselves fortunate. In the old days the *malos* of the men and dresses of the women were made of *tapa*, a roll of which we examined with interest. It is made by beating the fibres of the bark of certain trees into a pulp, which is pulled and stretched to the desired thickness and width, then dried in the sun, and, when in condition, it is dyed various colours, and marked out in patterns of every description. It is not made now, as the ease-loving natives could never be induced to take so much trouble. Before the arrival of the missionaries all the natives were entirely nude, except on going to battle, when the chiefs wore wonderful garments, made by massing and weaving together the tiny feathers of a certain bird. The king showed us a large cloak in his own possession. It was as large as a counterpane, and made of millions of the single yellow feathers of the wing of a small black bird called the *Ti*, once very plentiful, but now almost exterminated by the sportsmen. These feathers were woven into a fine kind of twine or fibrous lace work, one feather laid over another, and each feather only an inch long, and of the most brilliant vivid gold colour imaginable. This robe had a broad border of sapphire blue satin, which threw the gold colour into high relief. It was a most beautiful and wonderful piece of work, and no doubt took years to accomplish. There was also a strip of fibrous canvas made of the yellow feathers, but with a double border of a small, bright crimson feather; and laid along the strip at regular intervals were rows of shining human teeth. It gave me an uncanny kind of shiver, as the word cannibal came involuntarily to mind; but his Majesty hastened to tell us of the old custom, of which this is a relic, of extracting the teeth from any chief after death on the battlefield, and thus preserving them as a sign of prowess for posterity to gaze and wonder at. We saw most beautifully carved and polished calabashes, and a perfect model of a native grass hut; some bowls, made from coconut shells, looking almost like ebony, were much admired, as were the immense

strings of a very tiny white shell, only to be found on the Island of Nihau (Neehow), and which were worn as necklaces, but only by the reigning chiefs or their families.

In our frequent rides and drives we were interested observers of the process by which *poi* (pronounced with a short, sharp accent), the staple food of the natives, is made from the *taro* (tarro) root. This *taro* has leaves very much like the calla, and the ground in which it is to be planted is prepared in terraces, so that any stream of water can be diverted into the "patches," as they are called, and gradually completely irrigate them without any great exertion—a thing which the Hawaiian native abhors with a holy horror. A hillside covered with a succession of these *taro* patches is always a fresh, cool thing to look at, each patch being outlined by banks of grass, on which one may walk from one terrace to another. The *taro* roots, after being boiled until soft enough to have the rough, fibrous skin peeled off, are transferred to a wooden bowl, and mashed into a thick, heavy paste. This is diluted with cold water to the consistency of sago, of which it has much the same taste, and is then put into calabashes, sometimes into one for the general table. The whole family assemble to enjoy it; each man, woman, and child dips two grimy fingers into the glutinous mass, gathering as much as possible, and throwing back the head, when the fingers are placed in the mouth, and the food sucked off them with immense gusto. The process is performed with astonishing rapidity, and is a most horrible sight. *Poi* has all the elements necessary to nourishment, and is often prescribed to invalids as being remarkably easy of digestion. Many white people relish it eaten with salt fish, beef-steak, or with milk and sugar. The natives have what are called "poi dogs," similar to small, white, French poodles, which are greatly petted, fed on nothing but *poi*, and then—eaten! It is one of their most highly relished delicacies, but I never heard of an English visitor being induced to taste poi dog. In old times the natives lived on a nearly vegetarian diet—onions, sweet potatoes, bananas, and some species of seaweed, with the addition of fish, either cooked or raw; but now to these they add those choice delicacies, the flesh of the pig and poi dog. Their ordinary beverage at feasts is soda water, with large quantities of whiskey and gin. A most intoxicating liquor is obtained from the root of the *ava* plant, which is chewed into a slimy pulp by female retainers attached to the household for this purpose (a most revolting idea), then put into bowls, and left to ferment. A liquor resembling whiskey is made from the *ti* root, and also from the leaves of the sweet potato, as also from the prickly pear. In fact the natives will get drunk on anything. Eau de Cologne will form material for a debauch; pain-killer, also, they are fond of, and Worcester sauce is a great treat if they can get enough of it.

The Hawaiian, as a rule, cannot tolerate regular work, and as domestic servants they have no idea of business obligations, and will stay in a place until the novelty has worn off, and no longer. My first "help," as they are often most inappropriately called, was a daughter of the native minister, named Mary Mohoi (Mohoy), a tall, stout girl with a very black face and frizzy hair. She was fond of sitting with unoccupied hands in the same place for hours together, assuring me at frequent intervals how glad she was to come and help me. Her nights were spent at home, and the days when she came to us were scattered over broad intervals, until I gave up trying to employ her regularly. Part of the time she spent in a neighbouring wood, making long wreaths of strongly scented ferns and leaves, which I afterwards found hanging over my toilet table. Mary came one day to tell me of the festivities which were to take place at the wedding of an extremely pretty half-white girl and Ah Sam, a Chinaman. This girl we frequently met riding in a deep Mexican saddle, and looking quite a picture in her brilliant crimson *holobu*, the long flowing dress worn invariably by Hawaiian women, with a straw hat trimmed with fresh flowers on her small, well-shaped head. She was a very haughty looking damsel, and rarely vouchsafed a smile in return for our *Aloha!* Ah Sam was not an ideal looking bridegroom, being fat, greasy, and coarse in appearance. However, he strove to make amends for these deficiencies by presenting his bride elect with a very expensive trousseau, furnishing the wedding feast himself, and afterwards taking his parents-in-law to live with them.

A few months' residence in Hawaii will give the visitor a sufficient knowledge of the language for ordinary purposes. There are two odd terms which are invariably used in the Islands. If one wishes to describe the position of a house, field, tree, anything, in fact, and it is toward the mountain, you say it is *mauka* (mowka); and if nearer the sea, you call it *makai* (mākye). One never says north, south, east, or west, right hand or left, but always "mauka" or "makai." Even the place of a piece of furniture is thus designated. Another convenient word is *mahoppi*, the synonyme of by and by. It is the first Hawaiian word one learns, and the first unpleasant experience one has to submit to. A native never does a thing now which can by any means be done "mahoppi;" and some have said that *mahoppi*, like to-morrow, never comes!

This inborn aversion to labour is, no doubt, the result of the tropical climate, in a land where nearly everything grows almost without care and culture. The luxuriance and variety of vegetation is forcibly suggested by the varying tints of green in a Hawaiian view. I remember Miss Bird speaking of this in her "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," and fully agree with all she says as to the extreme beauty of the foliage there, though perhaps no colour but green may be seen for miles. The ragged—always ragged—leaves of the banana have a deep green, slightly yellowish tint; the cocoanut palm has even more yellow in its feathery tops; the *chia*, or mountain apple, has the rich green of an oak, the *maile*, mangoe, and lime trees the same; while the *rukui* is a light, almost pea-green colour. The *pauhala* or *hauhala* (ho-ha-la) is, while a sapling, very like a young aloe, the leaves being long, pointed, and of two shades of green; in

growing it assumes a curious shape, the main trunk throwing out straggling branches and clumps of leaves, each clump, like a separate plant, growing at the ends of these strange-looking arms; at a distance they are very tropical in appearance. The *koa* is an ugly tree, but the wood is beautiful in appearance, and is much prized for furniture. At one time sandal wood was found in great quantities in the Islands, but from sheer carelessness the tree has almost disappeared. The magnolia tree is especially admired from its lovely white blossoms, set like ivory jars among the thick glossy leaves of deep shining green.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

M. TAINÉ ON NAPOLEON.

M. TAINÉ has published in advance a few chapters of his long-expected fifth volume, on the "Origin of Contemporary France." After finishing with the Revolution, he naturally arrives at Napoleon Bonaparte. The historian is dazzled by the man, and frightened by the conqueror. He views Napoleon as the constructor of a social edifice of which he was himself the architect, builder, and proprietor, from 1799 to 1814. He made modern France, and profoundly stamped on his collective work the indelible mark of his unparalleled individuality.

M. Taine writes, or rather compiles, his history after his later method, which is not the best. He ransacks official archives, and the contemporary records capable of shedding light on Napoleon's career. He collates and co-ordinates this mass of documentary evidence; sums it up; presents it to the jury—the public—and leaves them to judge. The reader is invited to read and study a *résumé* of the *pros* and *cons* bearing on the greatest of men since Alexander or Julius Cæsar, but of whose private life we know but little. Even those best posted in Napoleonic bibliography will find many curious and interesting details respecting "the little corporal." By his instincts, temperament, faculties, passions, imagination, and morality, Napoleon seems to have been cast in a separate mould, and made of different material, than other men. Corsican, that is to say Italian, he was only French by compulsion, for after the defeat of Paoli, Corsicans became subjects of France. Napoleon adored Paoli, and asserted that his own father, instead of signing away the independence of his country, ought to have died for its maintenance. The sentiment explains why Napoleon remained all through his adolescence anti-French. At the college of Brienne, he hated his fellow-students so intensely as to never associate with them during recreation hours; he preferred to remain in the library, assuring Bourienne he would inflict all the evil he could on the French, and this lava-hate still flowed till Barras, having heard of Bonaparte's decision of character from Junot, sent for him, and after three minutes' reflection, Napoleon was entrusted to administer to Parisians that Vendémiaire grape-shot they never wholly forgot. It is only just to add, he would have given *mitraille* with the same impartiality and indifference to the *Conventionnels* who employed him.

It was from his mother, Letitia Romolino, that Napoleon inherited his temperament and will. During the invasion of Corsica by the French, his mother, then *enceinte* of her future great son, took part in the resistance; flying over mountains on horseback; joining in night surprises; using a musket; braving and supporting all the privations, fatigues, and losses of war. She was "a head of a man on a woman,"—a woman primitive, unspoiled by civilisation; who cared nothing about well-being; had even no exalted ideas of personal cleanliness, but energetic as a Highland chief; with heart as strong as body, habituated to danger, and accustomed to extreme resolutions.

Madame De Staël observed that Napoleon was a Robespierre on horseback. She was more exact when she said he could neither evoke nor feel sympathy. He was more or less than a man, who viewed a human being as a figure, a thing, but not an equal. He hated no more than he loved; there was only himself, for himself; and mankind—all pawns—composed, in his eyes, merely a game of check or stale-mate. He belonged to the petty Italian tyrants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But he was the direct descendant of the grand Italians, of the men of action, of military adventurers, usurpers, and founders of transitory States. He inherited their blood and their innate moral and mental structure. When the Pope hesitated to come to Paris to crown Napoleon, the Conclave being divided by the Austrian and Italian vote, the latter won. "After all," said they, "it is an Italian family that we impose to govern the barbarians; so we shall be revenged on the Gauls."

Bonaparte was a tremendous worker; three hours' sleep sufficed him. And he could just engage in the latter with the same business regularity as any other matters he took up by turn. He often worked with his Ministers from ten in the evening till five in the morning; he roused them up if they commenced to nod, and reminded them that France expected they would give value for their salaries. At other times he would retain them in consultation from nine in the morning till five in the evening, with only a quarter of an hour for a meal; he himself never sat longer at table than ten minutes. He was as fresh at the close of such councils as at their commencement. He knew the smallest details of each Ministry, and fatigued Ministers to death by the minuteness of his questions, which he disdained to notice. What exhausted other faculties appeared to be a recreation for his own. His mind was not only a magazine of facts, but a factory of ideas, always producing, ever storing up; insatiable as the grave; inexhaustible as the ocean; incessant as time; and his brain worked thus during thirty years.

Neither mind nor body appeared weary with Napoleon; he could deal with several questions simultaneously; good or bad news never deranged him; he was quietly engaged draughting the Code when he received the news of the disasters of the Egyptian expedition. He quietly began to

draw up new combinations. It may not be uninteresting to know that his march on Moscow was only a preconceived plan to reach India, backwards—since he failed by the Egyptian route,—to strike at England. With Russia at his feet, either as a satrap or an ally, he would, with his new auxiliaries, reach Tiflis, and then the Ganges; "for it only required the touch of a French sword to demolish, in all India, the scaffolding of England's mercantile greatness, when France would have conquered the independence of the West and the liberty of the seas."

Napoleon, by his attitude, avowed opposition; he could crush with a glance, and this absolute and authoritative ascendancy was aided by a matchless intelligence. He was ambitious, as the chief of a *Condottiere* band. There was no halting-point for him between the throne and the scaffold. He desired to master France, and through France, Europe; he juggled alike with ideas and peoples, religions and governments. He played man with an incomparable dexterity and—brutality; the choice of means, as well as the choice of ends, was indifferent to him; he was a conjuror in seductions, in corruption, and intimidation; admirable and frightful at once; "the little tiger," as Cacaault called him, could be superb in the midst of a flock he cowed. Napoleon has been compared to Dante and Michael Angelo, only they manipulated paper and marble; it was upon living man, sensitive and suffering flesh, that Napoleon operated.

THE SOUTH AND IRELAND.

THE following utterances of President Lincoln, in declaring his principles with regard to the settlement of the differences between the Northern and Southern States, were received with enthusiastic applause, but seem much at variance with the sentiments now so freely and frequently expressed on the other side with regard to the state of Ireland.

The historian of his inaugural journeys writes: "By his every speech, at every stage of his journey, he was lifting men above the sphere of party politics and personal preferences into that of political duty and the broadest statesmanship."

Mr. Jefferson Davis, in an address at Montgomery, Feb. 18, 1860, declared that "the time for compromise is now past; and the South is determined to hold her position, and make all who oppose her smell Southern gunpowder, and feel Southern steel if coercion is persisted in."

Mr. Lincoln, in the first of his state papers, after expressing his opinions on the different points of controversy, proceeded to plead with those who loved the Union:

"I hold that in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the union of the States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied if not expressed in the fundamental law of all national government. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. No State, out of its own mere notion, can lawfully get out of the Union.

"Upon such questions we divide into majorities and minorities. If the minority does not acquiesce the majority must, or the government must cease. If the minority will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in time, will divide and ruin them, for a minority of their own will secede from them, whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

"It is impossible to make intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends?

"The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people; and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. . . His duty is to administer the present government as it comes into his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by him, to his successor.

"You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

EVOLUTION TESTED BY SCRIPTURE.

A LECTURE on the Darwinian theory of Evolution was delivered at the South Cliff Lecture Room, Scarborough, England, on Tuesday, February 1, by Miss A. E. Darwin, who is a first cousin of the eminent naturalist and founder of the theory—the late Charles Darwin—and daughter of the late Sir Francis Darwin, Derbyshire. The Rev. J. A. Faithfull, Vicar of Holy Trinity, presided.

Miss Darwin, in commencing her address, avowed herself to be a firm believer in the plenary inspiration of Holy Scripture as delivered to us in the Authorised Version. The theories based upon the discoveries of physical science, and bearing the name of Charles Darwin, commended themselves to men's minds with ever-increasing force, as corroborated by medical, botanical, and geological testimony. The clear teaching of Scripture appeared to her to meet and ratify the development-theory in a most wonderful manner. She thought the great stumbling-block in the way of the acceptance of the development-theory was the problem—When did man become possessed of a soul, and thus become a moral and responsible being? She could see no way out of the difficulty but by granting the fact of a dual creation—of a developed, pre-Adamite man, pre-existent for unknown ages, and, until the Flood, co-existent with the man, Adam, God's direct and miraculous formation out of the dust of the ground. There was much striking testimony in support of this view, while it explained much that was obscure

in the sacred writings. She observed that the charge given by the Almighty to man, in Genesis i. 28, contained no recognition of man as a moral and responsible agent. She conceived, therefore, that this developed being was a fierce, soulless creature, whose intelligence was for a long period only just sufficient to enable him to subdue and destroy the lower animals according to his requirements. The lecturer here referred to the finding of flint hatchets, arrow heads, etc., in "deposits" of the earth that must have been formed hundreds of years before Adam was formed out of the dust. We were distinctly told that this first creation or development of man took place during the sixth great period, or "day" (it being now generally believed that those so-called days in reality meant enormous periods of many thousands of years each). Then came the long pause of the seventh day, or a period of immense duration; and during this period the progress was still upward.

In illustration of the vastness of these geological periods of time, Miss Darwin quoted from a very interesting account of the famous Kent cavern, in the neighbourhood of Torquay, in which there are two layers of stalagmite, one five feet and the other twelve feet in thickness—to say nothing of the intermediate layers of cave earth; and it had been shown that a layer of one inch of stalagmite could not be formed in much less than 5,000 years! In the very lowest of these strata, mingled with the bones of many extinct animals belonging to the Tertiary period, were found human bones, and arrow and hatchet heads made of flint. Even bone needles, with an eye carefully drilled, were found in the first five-foot thickness of stalagmite. The antiquity of these things was so overwhelmingly great as to make the brain reel in trying to compute it. Pre-Adamite men were also able to build habitations for themselves (Miss Darwin here referred to the "lake-dwellings," remains of which have been discovered.) She said it was remarkable that amongst the great number of articles that had been found, and that were made by the pre-Adamite men, nothing had been found which appeared in the least like an agricultural implement. She considered that these men had not sufficient intellect to lead them to sow seed in hope of future crops. After the seventh day (Miss Darwin was understood to say), it is stated, "And there was not a man to till the ground." The earth had not then been cursed, and it brought forth abundantly without cultivation. Adam had not then sinned; and his work in the garden seems to have been simply enjoyment, the training and pruning of luxuriant beauty. Miss Darwin proceeded to say that then God formed Adam; at once treated him as a responsible being; placed him in the garden; gave him a definite command "to dress it and to keep it;" and threatened him with death in case of disobedience. For Adam in his unfallen state there "was not found" (the expression seemed to infer a search) an help meet (or fit) for him. The inference was that those creatures of the degraded type were not "meet" or good enough for Adam, (though after the fall the case appeared different); therefore God, by another direct and miraculous act, formed woman, and brought her unto the man. Then followed the account of the temptation and fall, Adam and his wife being in full possession of their moral and religious faculties. We were told three times that they were formed of dust, but the expression, the lecturer remarked, was not used in reference to the first creation. With Adam's sin came the promise of the Saviour; with the evil came the remedy. Pre-Adamite man being soulless, the Saviour's work was not, until Adam's sin, necessary. Adam seemed fully to have understood the promise, and to have instructed his sons; for it appears that Cain and Abel were alive to the necessity of offering sacrifices.

The murder of Abel by Cain, and the flight of the latter, was next mentioned, the lecturer asking, Who were the people of whom Cain stood in so much fear? Then, Cain's wife was mentioned. Who was she? Miss Darwin thought it was clear she was one of the pre-Adamite race; she had no name. Miss Darwin said she believed that the ancient Eastern belief that women have no souls took its origin from Cain's wife, and that the treatment of women, as a lower race, in uncivilised countries, was traceable to the same notion. The wives of Lamech—Adah and Zillah—she regarded as of pre-Adamite origin. Then came a consideration of the passage "the sons of God" forming connections with "the daughters of men." In Luke iii. 38, Adam is called the son of God. At the birth of Enos, the son of Seth, "men first began to call themselves by the name of the Lord." It was not stated (the lecturer remarked) who was the wife of Seth. Perhaps we must believe that she was his sister. Then came twelve generations, from Adam to Noah. By this time, the population must have been pretty widely distributed. We are told only of five generations on Cain's side, but if they increased in the same ratio, it was highly probable that the two families met with each other. The women seemed to continue of the lower type; and it was twice mentioned that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives." It was also stated that "when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, daughters were born unto them;" but it was not said that any daughters of God married the sons of men. The lecturer took it that the connection between these two widely divergent races resulted in a healthy, vigorous offspring, the "giants and men of renown." From the time of these marriages the downward course of the human race seemed to have become frightfully rapid. Noah alone, who was of the race of Shem, seems to have been preserved upright in the midst of the general corruption. There was something significant about the birth and naming of Noah, as if his father, another Lamech, prophesied of his future greatness. The passage, "the earth being filled with violence," the lecturer said she took to be owing to the prevalence of the animal element as derived from Cain's marriage. The marks in our bodies which assimilated us to the lower animals were also owing to the same source, continued in the marriages of Noah's sons. (It seemed highly probable, too, that Ham formed a connection with these

"daughters of men.") In Gen. vi. 3, God says, "My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that *he also* is flesh." What was the inference from that word "also"? Did not this read as if the race of Seth, kept pure for twelve generations, had so lowered themselves by these marriages that they had become a part of the brute creation, and were fast losing all sense of their moral obligations? The lecturer believed God was speaking of the pre-Adamite creation when He said "the earth is filled with violence *through them*," and "God repented that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart,"—and she thought that verses 5-7 and 11-13 in chap. vi. had reference to the mixed race which resulted from the alliances of the descendants of Seth with those of Cain. For, of the ages preceding Adam, nothing was said of the wickedness of the world; for, being soulless, and therefore irresponsible, they could not be wicked, any more than could the animals that only followed the instincts of their fierce nature. But the mixed races inheriting, from Cain their father's side, human intellect and conscience, thereby became responsible beings, having knowledge of good and evil; and they seem to have become so utterly vile that the Almighty condemned them in a mass. God spoke of *them* to Noah in a manner which clearly showed that *He* was not of the same race at all, being of the incorrupted line of Seth. God said "the end of *all* flesh is determined upon by me." This did not include Noah; for if he were part of this race, why save him alive amid the general doom?

Miss Darwin referred to the little girl "Krao," or "the Missing Link," who was brought to England in 1882. She saw her in Derby, in 1884, when the girl was six years old; she was very intelligent, could speak a little English, and was learning to read. She was covered with soft dark fur, excepting on the hands, and on the inner side of the arms the fur was much thinner. This child was not a monstrosity, but was clearly, Miss Darwin believed, the type of a distinct race, and being gifted with human intelligence, one could but think she might claim descent from the sons of Noah, — a human creature with a soul to be saved. Before Adam's fall there was no need of a Saviour; pre-historic man was soulless, therefore irresponsible. In the history of Esau and Jacob there was very strong and most interesting evidence in favour of the theory of the dual creation. Alluding to the reversion, or "harking back" to previous traits in the breeding of birds and animals, the lecturer believed the physical peculiarities that are recorded of Esau constituted him a clear instance of reversion to the pre-Adamite type of man. Isaac gave the blessing, intended for Esau, unconsciously to Jacob. He blessed them alike, with the fatness of the earth; but he added, "Be lord over thy brethren, and let *thy mother's* sons bow down to thee." Why the mother's son? Was it an allusion to the pre-Adamite type having come in the maternal line, "the *daughters* of men?" The elder or pre-Adamite type was not entirely to die out, but to be subordinated to the higher nature. In the birth of those children the sequence of race was preserved. They were twins, showing the connection of the races; Esau's was the elder type, but even in the act of birth Jacob tries to hold back or supersede his brother. Esau is said to be Edom, or the father of the Edomites; and all through the books of the prophets God's heaviest denunciations were directed against Edom. Esau's wives were of the daughters of Canaan, of the Hittites and Hivites. Rebekah expressed her dread of Jacob's marrying as Esau had done, the daughters of the land, or of Heth, or of Canaan. The lecturer thought there was strong presumptive evidence that Ham had formed one of the marriages with a descendant of Cain, before the Flood. Ham's son, Canaan, was cursed by his grandfather apparently from no fault of his own. The probability was that he, and perhaps Cush also, had reverted to the original type, of which God had expressed his abhorrence; and that was the reason why the Israelites were so repeatedly urged to drive out the inhabitants of the land and utterly destroy them. The Canaanites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, were spoken of as if they were a distinct and abhorred race. The mysterious passage, "For the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full," seemed to correspond with the threat of the destruction of mankind by the Flood—"The long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noe" for 120 years. Miss Darwin said she believed that reversion to the animal type was much more frequent and of greater extent than we had any idea of. Esau in his marriages was most likely to ally himself with those whose nature most resembled his own. One of his grandsons was Amalek, the father of a tribe of giants; and giants also were the Anakims, whose stature so alarmed the twelve spies. Where the animal element prevailed, there seemed to be the greatest wickedness. Nimrod was a grandson of Ham's, and the beginning of his kingdom was Babel or Babylon, which was said to have been built by "the children of men," an expression she could not recollect as being used anywhere else in the earlier books of the Bible. In conclusion, Miss Darwin said she felt that in this lecture she had but scratched the surface of a rich mine. She recommended her hearers to further work out the ideas she had set before them; and she resumed her seat after thanking them for their kind attention.—*Scarborough Gazette*.

HALF a century ago when, for ordinary school purposes, the Latin grammar was all in Latin, and the Iliad "ad novissimæ Heynii editionis textum expressa," was the Greek text with a severe title-page on which the publisher's name stood in Latinized-English, but without note or comment of any kind, the writing-master was a recognised institution. His vocation may now be said to be extinct, and, together with the use of translated and annotated grammars, the British youth of the present generation are allowed the luxury of writing as badly as they please. After all it is, perhaps, natural that instruction in round text or running hands should have been merged in the home and preparatory training of school-boys. In England, writing, like dancing, may be very well taught and acquired in the domestic circle; there is no room for its inclusion in the crowded time-tables of modern schools.—*The Athenæum*.

SPRING.

SHE comes across the starry world of space
With soft, life-giving moisture on her wings,
Healing the scars of cruel Nature's stings,
And with the light of morning on her face.
Where'er she moves fresh flowers her passage grace,
As sweeps her cloudy drapery o'er the lea,
The best of Nature's magic daughters, she
Who makes the bare, gnarled woodland bloom apace.
And she is holy—for she speaks to man
Through her warm breath and life-awakening showers,
Of the beneficent and heavenly powers
That guard with blessings all his earthly span,
That after all the care, the toil, the strife,
He too may bloom with new and fuller life!

C. L. BETTS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

DEAR SIR,—I was very much pleased to see the attention of your readers called to the Audubon Society in the article on "Birds and Bonnets" by "Fidelis." The writer, however, does not seem to be aware of the existence of a branch of that society in Toronto. It was organised more than a year ago, under the auspices of the Natural History Society, and Mr. S. Hollingworth was elected local Secretary; the work of obtaining subscribers has been, since that time, steadily carried on, until there are now over one hundred members. But these can be but a very few of all the people of Toronto who sympathise with the movement, and I am satisfied that it needs only to be made known, and brought before the public, to grow rapidly in numbers and influence. Honorary Vice-Presidents have been appointed in Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, Lady Macdonald and Lady Stephen among the number. Will not the ladies of Toronto set a similar example? Communications on the subject can be sent to Mr. Hollingworth, at 394 Yonge Street; he will be glad to forward pledges for signature, and will also take subscriptions to the *Audubon Magazine* and donations towards defraying the cost of printing, postage, etc., there being no membership fee.

Toronto.

Yours truly,

G. S. W.

POPULAR PREACHING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Two reasons have been assigned by different writers in THE WEEK for the success of preachers of which the Rev. Sam Jones is a type. One reason is that they are "practical," and the other is that they are "odd." I do not think either of these reasons is quite sufficient to account for Mr. Jones's success. A man may be both practical and odd, and yet be quite incapable of attracting and retaining popular attention as he does. The real secret of Mr. Jones's success, and of the success of most popular preachers, I believe, is to be found, first, in the fact that they succeed in making their hearers believe that they (the preachers) are in earnest, and that they are themselves convinced of the truth and importance of the message they deliver; and, secondly, their vocabulary is always well within the comprehension of the people they address.

These qualities of earnestness and simplicity of language are too often disfigured by irreverence. The fact that such irreverence is perpetrated and tolerated indicates that both the preacher and his audience have a low conception of the majesty of God, and it may, therefore, be doubted whether the good done by such preachers is not likely to be marred, if not altogether destroyed, by fostering in the hearers a habit of irreverence fatal to the growth of true religion.

No preacher was ever more practical and earnest than S. Paul, and from his own account of himself, none ever depended less on tricks of oratory. Those who are inclined to tolerate irreverence in the pulpit should try to imagine S. Paul preaching a sermon interspersed with bar-room slang and comic stories à la Sam Jones. The Christian religion has not changed since S. Paul's day, and the same sobriety of thought in the discussion and enforcement of its principles is as necessary now as it was in his time. To assume that the spirit of the age is right in requiring religion to be treated in a semi-burlesque way in order to attract the multitude, is to assume that the inspired Apostles did not know the best and most effective method of preaching the gospel. The New Testament might possibly have been a more amusing book if it were interspersed with jokes and slang; but can any one in his senses believe that if it were so interspersed it would have had the same influence which it has had on the life and conduct of humanity?

Sam Jones and other popular preachers of that kind are, no doubt, natural orators, and whatever they may say, they are sure to say it in a way that cannot fail to arrest the attention of their audiences. At the same time, though every preacher cannot be a natural orator, yet all may well endeavour to realise in their pulpit addresses the necessity of earnestness and simplicity of language.

I think it must be conceded that too many sermons are conceived and delivered in a perfunctory spirit. If a preacher desires to be successful in the best sense, he must be in downright earnest, and deliver himself so as to show his hearers that he is in earnest. Remembering, too, that all his hearers are not equally educated, he should be at pains to use simple language.

H.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Notice to Canadian Writers.

A PRIZE of one hundred dollars will be given for the best POEM on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

A similar prize of one hundred dollars will be given for the best ORATION on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

The right of publication of both poem and oration to be reserved to THE WEEK.

The competing poems and orations must bear on them a motto, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with this motto and the words QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.

THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

THE paper on the present state of the education laws with reference to religious teaching in schools, and the system of separate schools, read by the Rev. Mr. McLeod at the meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association, is instructive; and one rises from its perusal almost agreeing with Mr. Milligan that perhaps it would be better to secularise the schools, if by so doing the separate school system could be done away with. But yet, some religious instruction is given in the schools under the present system, while if they were secularised, this advantage, partial as it is, would be lost; so perhaps it would be wiser to choose the lesser of the two evils. Only the mischief is that the existence of a separate school system leaves a door open unavoidably to just such interference with the school regulations as have been suspiciously frequent in Ontario since 1878. For these the Government are clearly responsible; and if they would purge themselves of the suspicion that attaches to them they will accede to the request of the Association and return to the regulations in force prior to 1878, under which, amongst other things, the public schools were opened and closed with the reading of Scripture and with prayer. The selection of passages of Scripture for this reading, on the principle adopted in the International Sunday School Lessons, is also a recommendation in which we can heartily concur. But, on the other hand, we cannot agree with the Association in recommending the compulsory teaching of the English language and use of the Ontario text books in certain Roman Catholic schools in the eastern part of the Province. These schools are mainly French Roman Catholic, and to insist on the use of the Ontario text books, instead of the Quebec ones they are accustomed to, might give the Catholic Church in Quebec a precedent—which it is not likely to make use of, however,—for insisting that all the Protestant children in the public schools of that Province should use Roman Catholic text books. And so might the compulsory teaching of the English language in these schools: it is doubtless right that English should be taught there; but the Association would have met the needs of this Dominion better, as inhabited by a bi-lingual people, if they had recommended that the teaching of French as well as English should be compulsory in all the schools of the Province.

THE Gloucester fishermen are not pleased with the President's declaration that the Retaliation Act will, if at all, be put in force, not to give Gloucester a monopoly in American fish markets, but to vindicate the honour and dignity of the nation. They probably foresee that if the difficulties they and their representatives in Congress have fomented should culminate in damage to the general business interests of the country, away might go the monopoly they have had all along in view in their recent procedures. Meanwhile, the President's letter is distinctly hostile to England as well as Canada, for when he wrote it he had in hand the despatch of the British Government supporting the Canadian position. And what is to be the result? Canada would deserve to be treated with contempt if she gave way to the unjust demands of however big a Power; England will not force her to do so; this is precisely one of those cases where the States excels in arrogant pretension; and so—is there to be war over these codfish? Or has the United States Government sufficient faith in the justice of its cause to submit its claims to arbitration?

In an interview with Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, the Apostle of Commercial Union, a Washington newspaper correspondent has learned the

interesting fact that what first called Mr. Butterworth's attention to the subject of Reciprocity was the strained relations between the United States and Canada, growing out of the Fisheries question—"Concurrently with which," said Mr. Butterworth to his interviewer, "I observed an attempt on the part of prominent persons in England and in Canada to make the Canadian Provinces a part of the Empire of Great Britain. The relations between Canada and the Mother Country were to be made closer, commercially and politically, by having the several States or Provinces of the Dominion represented in Parliament: the Lords and Commons to legislate for Canada, much as our Federal Government does for the several States." Mr. Butterworth, we fear, is not a very accurate observer; such ludicrous ignorance as he displays of the nature of the connexion between Great Britain and Canada is ominous for the success of the panacea he would apply to the present difficulty. However, being satisfied that the result of these negotiations, whatever it might be, must be a condition of estrangement between his country and Canada, he framed his Reciprocity Bill, which, it must be admitted, shows that his insight into the advantages that would accrue to his country under it is much better than his political knowledge. Referring, for instance, particularly to the lumber trade, he avows himself a Protectionist. But, he says: "We are contemplating the possibility of a lumber famine in the not remote future. According to careful estimates the fact is made apparent that the forests of this country [the States] will be used up long inside of twenty years, and as the area of timber-producing districts grows smaller the price of lumber increases. Well, there are limitless forests in Canada. We need that lumber, and it is absurd to say that reciprocity wars against the system of protection, as it relates to the lumber business." So it seems our forests are to be denuded to pay for the surplus manufactures the fiscal system of our neighbours excludes from every other foreign market, and which we shall have poured into this country as a convenient sacrifice market, with doors wide open under Commercial Union.

It looks much as if the Prohibition movement in the States is about to give way to a true Temperance movement—a High License crusade against spirit drinking. In the State of New York a bill, affecting, however, only the cities of New York and Brooklyn, has passed both Assembly and Senate and now awaits the action of the Governor, which discriminates between spirit licenses and wine and beer licenses, and between saloon licenses and shop-keepers' licenses, imposing a license fee of \$1,000 on saloons where spirits may be drunk on the premises, as against a fee of \$100 on places where only wine and beer may be drunk and on shops for the sale of both spirits and wine and beer not to be drunk on the premises. The objection often raised that under any such discriminating system of licenses spirits will be sold clandestinely by the holders of wine and beer licenses only, is met by a provision that if any person shall keep on hand [the sale need not be proved] any intoxicating liquors other than those permitted in his license, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and his license shall be forfeited. This bill was carried through the New York Legislature by the Republican party, and similar bills have been introduced by the same party in the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey; and the *Christian Union* is inclined to the belief that the Republican party is about to take hold of the temperance question in earnest, and upon a platform of restriction and regulation, as against Prohibition on the one side, and free trade in liquor on the other. In so doing, the *Christian Union* believes the Republican party is moving in the right direction, though it has not yet reached the goal: that goal, in its judgment, being the prohibition of all saloons, but not the prohibition of all liquor selling, an end to which a High License system may gradually lead.

SOME statistics bearing on the relative efficiency of restrictive and prohibitory legislation, published lately in the *New York Evening Post*, seem to place the greater efficiency of the High License system beyond a doubt. The figures are taken from the reports of the inland revenue officers (who are thought to be independent of local political sentiment) and were gathered by a lawyer of Michigan, and presented by him to a recent meeting in favour of the tax system of that State. They show that the numbers of persons engaged in any way in selling liquor were as follows in the several States mentioned:—

	PROHIBITION STATES.		
	Before Prohibition.	After Prohibition.	Increase.
Iowa	3,834	4,033	199
Kansas	2,339	1,850	(decrease) 489
Maine	30 years' prohibition.	1,256	Not given.
Rhode Island.....	1,471	1,369	(decrease) 112
	HIGH LICENSE STATES.		
	Before High License.	After High License.	Decrease.
Michigan	6,444	3,461	2,983
Ohio	High tax; 1 year's result.		1,019
Illinois.....	13,000	9,000	(approx.) 4,000

From these figures it is plain that while High License has uniformly had the effect of reducing the number of liquor sellers, Prohibition in one instance has had the effect of increasing their number, and in none of greatly reducing it. Is it any wonder, then, that Michigan the other day rejected Prohibition? But, it may fairly be asked, if Prohibition *increases* the trade, why do not liquor dealers become Prohibitionists? The answer is that under Prohibition the trade passes into the hands of the druggist; and liquor dealers, not being qualified for the pharmaceutical branch of that business as now conducted, are excluded from sharing in its extended profits.

FROM the business-like way in which the Colonial delegates in London have begun their work, we feel inclined to expect good results from the Conference. The consideration of Imperial Federation is excluded, and the attention of the delegates concentrated on the practical objects of commercial intercourse and defending the sea-borne commerce of Great Britain and her colonies in time of war. In this, Canada, as possessing large maritime interests, has a very real concern—a concern which, if the Conference be successful, will be shared in by Australia and the Mother Country, the whole Empire in common bearing the burden of defending the interests of each constituent member. The cost of constructing purely defence works for each colony, ought, we should say, to fall on that colony alone. It would hardly be reasonable to expect Australia to contribute to the cost of dockyards and batteries at Halifax or Esquimaux; and the naval force necessary to defend these works should also be at the sole charge of the colony. But the commerce of the high seas, as well of England as of the colonies, should be protected by the navy of the Mother Country, which has incomparably the greater interest in that commerce, and which might be considered as fairly recompensed for the cost by the secure naval stations afforded in the several colonies by the local defence works and forces. The maintenance and defence of the minor coaling stations would also, as a matter of course, be a concern of the Mother Country, just as would that of the Crown colonies and the Imperial Fortresses of Malta and Gibraltar; though in cases where there are mixed Imperial and Colonial interests, as at Halifax, it would seem to be but fair that the Mother Country should share the expense of maintenance and defence with the Colony.

THE French Canadians are strongly opposed to Imperial Federation; but they have taken alarm about the purpose of the present Colonial Conference needlessly. Lord Salisbury stated in opening the proceedings that "he did not recommend to the consideration of the Conference ambitious schemes of making a constitution for the whole Empire. . . . Before the German Empire was united there were two forms of union—the customs union and the military union. *Neither of these was possible in the British Empire*; but a union for mutual defence was possible, and the accomplishment of this was worthy of the best exertions of England and the Colonies. To secure such a union constant communication and consultation between the different parts of the Empire was necessary." This, and not "to forward Imperial Federation," is what the delegates have met to do; their function is consultative, not legislative, though it is possible that if their deliberations be distinguished by wisdom, the Conference may as a result acquire a character and authority it does not yet possess. It is anomalous that Canada is so disproportionately represented, as to numbers, at the Conference: the whole Dominion has but two representatives there, while the Australian colonies, with but half the population, have twelve. This preponderance of the Australian delegation, outnumbering the delegates from all the other colonies, inclusive of Canada, may well give rise to a belief that the Conference is held chiefly in the interest of those colonies with which England has the greater trade; but Canada, if she is to enter into any arrangements agreed upon by the delegates, ought to be adequately represented. At all events, our French *compatriotes* need feel no alarm: whatever may be done at the Conference must be ratified by the Dominion Parliament, and there the French-Canadian Nationalists probably hold the balance of power.

WHAT do the Nationalists expect to gain by carrying the war into "Lansdowne's country?" Lord Lansdowne is the Queen's representative in Canada; but how is his conduct as an Irish landlord to affect his public position? Do the Nationalists expect the British and French Canadians to join the Irish in denouncing Lord Lansdowne to the British Government because he has evicted two of his tenants for not paying the rents they had covenanted to pay? These gentlemen—who were not poor men or mere tenants at will, but well-to-do farmers, holding under lease, the one standing at a rental of \$6,835, the other at \$3,800—were quite well able to pay, but chose to adopt the plan of campaign in order to force Lord Lansdowne to allow the tenants in Queen's County, where their farms

were, the same scale of abatement he had allowed to his tenants in Kerry. But the Kerry tenants occupy almost without exception small holdings situated in a mountainous country, and have besides suffered exceptional losses; while the Queen's County estate consists of large farms whose occupants are in much more comfortable circumstances. Lord Lansdowne therefore allowed a reduction of rent to his Kerry tenants, but none to those of Queen's County; and the question now proposed to be asked of Canada by the Nationalist Crusaders is: Has a creditor a moral right to demand payment in full from solvent debtors, while allowing a considerable reduction to the insolvent or the unfortunate? The Nationalists say No; we have devised a Plan of Campaign to enable us all, solvent and insolvent, prosperous and unfortunate, to obtain the same rate of abatement; but this code of ethics is not likely to find favour, outside the National League, in Canada.

WE suppose it is useless to hope that the Ontario Legislature will refrain from adding its voice to the chorus of protests against the Coercion Bill uttered lately by a number of State Legislatures. Wherever the Irish vote is important this may be expected. We can only trust that our Legislature will, at any rate, avoid the inappropriateness that distinguishes these utterances, as well as the bombastic terms they are in general couched in. Common sense, of course, it is too much to expect in a measure whose very existence proves the absence of all common sense. What right these local vestry-parliaments in America have to interfere between the British Government and its subjects within the British Isles may be manifest to the politicians whose trade depends on the Irish vote, but to all others it is invisible. Certainly the protests can do no good. In spite of the rhodomontade cabled to this side by Irish newspaper correspondents, we believe the fact to be that the alleged agitation in England against coercion is confined to the Gladstonite and Irish factions. Noise enough is being made, but neither branch of this party is remarkable for modest reticence. The solid sense of the Liberal party is behind Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain; and what that party have determined on is that Mr. Gladstone shall, at all costs, never again be entrusted with the reins of power. Rather than that—rather than surrender themselves and Liberalism to the Par-nellites—they are prepared to defer their own measures, and to steadily support the Conservative Government, even if it do err in some small things. Better that than bring greater evil on the country. And in pursuance of this policy Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain will vote for the Coercion Bill, which, moreover, they heartily approve, and which will become law in spite of—or perhaps, in some measure, in consequence of—these Irish-American protests.

A NEW and decidedly original proposal for honouring the Queen's Jubilee has come to light in England, and the suggestion has been the theme of mirth to not a few writers on the press. It is to present Her Majesty with fifty original novels, by fifty famous novelists. Even within the short time in which they must be written, there is nothing herculean in the labour of writing fifty novels, as they are nowadays turned out; neither, perhaps, will there be much expenditure of thought or racking of brains to find suitable titles for them when they are written. This difficulty, however, presents itself: not who are to be called upon to write them, but upon whom will fall the delicate task of picking out the fifty famous men—and women, we suppose—who may be regarded, without a murmur of dissent, as the chief representatives in England of the high art of fiction. Upon what principle which constitutes success and confers the title "famous," is the umpire to be guided, and by what standard of taste are the rival novelists to be judged? Again, is the appraiser of literary values to be guided by quantity or quality? For instance, is Mrs. Oliphant or Mr. James Grant, who have each written their fifty novels, to be rated below Mr. Shorthouse, with "Sir Percival," and but one earlier success; or must both give place to the ingenious author of "She," who carried the temple of fame by storm with his thrilling romance of "King Solomon's Mines?" But another impatient query demands an answer, whether promise should not be recognised as well as fulfilment—whether, as some one asks, the author who has written "Twice Divorced" shall not be tried on the merits of that story, but on the more promising one to follow—"The Down was on his Lip?" Manifestly, the whole idea of selecting the authors who are to write these Jubilee stories, and the getting them out and duly titling them when they are written, is surrounded with difficulty, which is further increased when the question arises, when all is over and done, whether the Queen will be got to read even a line of one of them.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, with that sympathetic interest in literature, and in the masses he would have nurtured in it, so characteristic of many of England's public men of to-day, has been addressing a public audience in

the neighbourhood of London on the Pleasures of Reading. One of the chief points in the address was a warning to his hearers not to become bookworms, but to combine with their love of study the good old English delight in outdoor exercise and fondness for field sports. Our noble English literature furnishes abundant confirmation of the wisdom of his advice. The authors whose works have done most to mould the English character, and to throw the charm of their personality over generations of readers, have been those who were not bookish, and who drew their material as well as their inspiration from contact with their fellow-men. This is eminently true of such writers as Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, Dickens, and Kingsley, of the past, and of a host of men of to-day, such as the author of "Tom Brown," and the many other healthy, breezy writers of modern fiction and adventure. From this class have come the great popular books of the world, the books that have taken a deep hold on the human heart and that diffuse the atmosphere of universal love and brotherhood. In the creations of these writers we feel an interest which no learning of the library can lessen or displace, and the spell of their fascination will doubtless endure for all time. The same may be said of music in its effect on the popular ear. All the classical music in the world, and we do not hold it in light esteem, will never produce the effect of some national song, or ballad of the people, into which has entered the large human heart of its composer, attuned to sympathy for his brother-man. There is a place, of course, for the fruits of laborious research, and, it may be, life-long investigation; but it will be secondary to that occupied by the great, unbookish literature which has no smell of the cloister, and which, whatever it may lack in scholarship, is dear to the heart of the people. Sir John Lubbock's admonition is worthy of heed by those who are pursuing literature in Canada; and our writers will do well to remember that the more their work is racy of the soil, and the more living is its interest in every vital concern of the people, the more real and lasting will be its hold upon the nation.

SOME remarks made by Dr. Jowett, the Professor of Greek at Oxford, have revived the question between ancient and modern languages as subjects for a University curriculum. The question is in reality absurd. No rational comparison can be drawn between the classics and modern languages as instruments of education. The classics are a body of literature which, on account of its intrinsic excellence, the comprehensiveness of its range, and the perfect structure of the languages in which it is embodied, has hitherto been supposed, rightly or wrongly, to constitute the best instrument of culture. They commend themselves as a system of intellectual training, overrated possibly, and it may be, obsolete and destined to be superseded, but still a system of intellectual training. Modern languages are not and do not pretend to be anything of the kind. They are useful and graceful accomplishments, often possessed, in a high degree, by persons whom no one would call trained or cultured. The best places for learning them are not the Universities, but the countries in which they are spoken. Three months in a boarding house at Paris, where only French is spoken, will do more than three years at Oxford. A modern language, it is true, is the key to a literature out of which you may perhaps carve a curriculum as good as the classics, though it would be no easy matter to get the same breadth and variety of culture within the same compass. But to speak of learning to read and speak French as a substitute for learning Greek and Latin, we repeat, is absurd. We cannot help regarding with a little jealousy the tendency to compel everybody to speak French. Latin, which was once the common language of educated Europe, was neutral. French is not neutral. It carries with it the pretensions of France to supremacy among nations. It propagates French ideas and sentiments in diplomacy as well as in other spheres, and we doubt whether this is an unmixed benefit to humanity. Why is every Englishman to be bound to speak French when hardly any Frenchmen speak English? The Master of Balliol, it seems, proposes, at his entrance examinations, instead of Greek, to require French or German. What would he say to requiring the candidate, instead of Greek, French, or German, to write a really good piece of English?

It is not easy nowadays to get yourself prosecuted for heresy. But the Rev. C. J. H. Fletcher has succeeded in doing this by a sermon entitled "The Taking Away of the Veil," preached by him before the University of Oxford. The points against him are that he denies the Fall of Man and the Resurrection of Christ, and that he claims for the teachers of the present day the right to correct the Apostles and the Church. He also, if we do not misconstrue him, denies the Atonement and the Miracles. Nothing but scandal, of course, can come of the prosecution. Yet clergymen ought to remember the pledges they have taken and the obligations they have voluntarily incurred, and not fling bombshells from the pulpit.

SONNET—SHADOWS.

OUT of the murky clouds the moon rose fast,
And with dispelling force her silver beams
Clave through the darkness in a thousand streams
Of glory, as in dreamy thought I pass'd
Down the dim glades, where gloomy cedars cast
Uncertain shadows, shifting with the gleams
That fell from cloud-rifts, and my doleful dreams
With their too fickle movements did contrast.
For all my fancies sprang from one desire,
Like shadows cast by some strong, central light—
Sharp-outlined, motionless, subdued, empight,
Dark interferences of steady fire.
Love is the sun, illumining life's day,
And doubts, the shadows thrown along its way.

G. B. B.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—I.

LET us go back for a moment into the centuries, when men began to weave from mere threads of history the legends that have come down to us. In Thrace, they say, in a low, thatch-roof cabin were two young people. No need to say a youth and maiden, for ever since male and female talked of "Paradise Lost," male and female have endeavoured to believe in a "Paradise Regained." The evening hearth-fire shadowed their forms around the room and on the rafters. He, called by his tribe to fight, lingered, unwilling to say good-bye. She, through tears, looked unceasingly upon him; whilst her thought, fertilised by furrowing grief and the heart's ecstasy, warm as summer showers, gave quick birth to an idea. She saw his image in his shadow on the wall, and soon, with a half-burnt ember, her hand had traced its silhouette. There was no need for detail; for every glance affection cast upon the sketch in after days filled it with the fancied presence of her warrior. Here was a life made happier; here was a new art born. And ever since, up the centuries, this art has grown, until, through the perfections which halo its height, it can look away down the pathway of history to its birth place, and give honour, as it does so, to the love that brought it into being.

From the beginning, portrait painting has had her sanctuary in human friendship; for this sentiment contributes most of her commissions, and most of the subjects of her study.

We are asked, What place does portraiture hold amongst competitive branches of painting? We answer, the highest but one, and reach our conclusion in this way: painting, for convenience, is divided into departments—still-life, landscape, marine, animal, and figure painting. We will give a word to each. The first, from its limitation to inanimate objects, is classified lowest. Distinct from this is the landscape. Here is to be had widely varying range of scene, which, with change of light, gives new suggestion and constant change of effect, so that, with the come and go of seasons, themes for the landscape painter are both plentiful and fascinating. Closely allied with landscape, but higher in degree, comes marine painting; higher, because the atmospheric changes in the former have in the latter corresponding and multiplied effects of sea as well. Fewer men have written in colour the story of the sea, or solved the enigma, if we may so term the secret, of its movements. Loftier and deeper is the gamut of its changes rung from the calm of sultry summer down to its diapason of storm. Higher in order comes animal painting. More searching study and more active pencil are needed here, for we are introduced, not to passive Nature under atmospheric influences, but to an active order of thought; to that which, by movement and expression, affords us entertainment, and which approaches the border-line of the nature human itself. Higher again, and ascending away into limitless possibilities, is the figure painter's art. In the treatment of the human figure, so subtle in its movements, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," the artist has unbounded scope. For all the prejudices of the mind, all the passions of the soul, all the aspirations of the spirit, dwell in and animate the human frame. Through the adaptability of the human character to every emotion, his thinking power can create, and because the frame, through its nerves and muscles, can be made to give expression to these emotions, it becomes possible to represent, by forms of mankind, every sentiment, passion, or abstract idea that can have place in his mind. For illustration, the birth of the clear atmosphere (an idea the most abstract and vague that can be imagined) is represented in sculpture—a handmaid of figure painting, by Phidias, in the frieze of the Parthenon, as Athene,* coming out of the head of Zeus, who sits upon the hill Olympus. Other attributes of Nature and principles of human life—how aptly they are personified in sublime mythology, and how beautifully they are crystallised into classic form by this Hellenic people: Ceres, with her sheaf

* Ruskin's "Queen of the Air."

and chariot of the seasons; Phœbus, with the chariot of the sun; Justice, with her balances; Truth, with mirror; Hope, with anchor, and bestial baseness in the semi-human satyr,—are some of their allegories. By these we can see that those sentiments which associate themselves even with the highest spiritual exercises, can be personified by human types which seem to correspond.

But man is the creator of history. In the annals of his enormous activity, the situations, which we call events, furnish the painter with constant opportunities to employ his brush. His canvas may teach truth through the allegories it lifts up, and it may reflect, as a mirror of truth, the events of the passing years, just as the painter chooses. The relationship of the painter of allegory, who gives us images of his fancy, to the historical painter, who conjures up images of facts, is not the most intimate. The "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, for instance, has little intimacy in point of character with the "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher," by Maclise. Differing critically in the sources of their motives, they may bear, perhaps, striking analogy in their delineation of subject or theme, as the "Siege of Jerusalem," by David Roberts, and the same subject treated allegorically by Kaulbach; but the skill that will weave from the skein of fancy into patterns of art those fillings of power and of beauty which awaken reverence and inspire uplifting thought, is of loftier and more spiritual order than is that which will reproduce in dramatic lines the story of the deeds of mortals. We bow into the place of honour then the painter of heavenly allegory, and bid him preside over the princes of his profession. But, mind you, the supremest regard must be had for the artist's capability to feel deeply, and render truly, the spirit and beauty of his theme; for, as Grace says, "One man may gloriously exalt a mushroom or bank of moss in painting it, another might scandalise Minerva by his coarse and crude representations."

Higher than action we esteem the actor. An author is greater than that which he creates. Can the work of any man approach the man himself? To portray the actor is to paint the action in him, and paint it so that it can be perceived. If you deny this fact, portraiture must descend to mere painting of objects such as still life, a place to which it has never yet been assigned; but if you grant it, portrait painting must assume a higher place than has hitherto been given, and will receive homage with lifted hat from men who have not before accorded to it more than a passing nod.

Circumstances largely govern the actions and achievements of men. A man's environment stamps itself upon his character, and his character is written upon his face. The muscles of expression, developed by exercise, give to a man the look and air of the order of thought that is habitual to him. Like the lines and scars on Cromwell's face, of which he says they were scored by his wrestlings with poverty, and those influences external and internal that had been adverse to his rise to eminence. Don't argue, please, that this makes man to be the creature or the slave of circumstances. The fact presents rather, like the knots upon the fir tree, the markings of his growth. Conditions, hereditary and accidental, are formative material which builds and shapes a child into the man of action. He is creature of circumstances in that, being the offspring and outgrowth of natural laws, he depends upon these for sustentation of life; but he quickly learns to discourse upon these laws, and to harness the forces of nature to do his bidding. He becomes, as far as outward and regular habits of nature are concerned, a governor of circumstances, the arbiter of his fortunes and his destiny. It is only to the inner and unseen forces, and to the irregular and spiritual influences which enter into his life, that he is the obedient servant or the consenting slave. But it is from these latter he obtains the secret power which inspires his outer life. And, whilst we regard these forces in their influences upon his will and character, they become recognisable as features of his life. He would be incomplete without them. They give him his air of command, of benevolence, etc. We perceive also that he rises, through his hereditary infirmities, by these inspirational powers, in dignity and energy; he engages in the work of organisation, and of creating those situations which he records as events of history; he possesses the attributes of ideal deities, and shares, indeed, the prerogatives of Divinity in the will and the judgment, and in co-workmanship in his sphere on earth with our Father in heaven. Here stands upon the dais of our studio the highest thought of God amongst the works He has made; it is a page of eternity written upon by the finger of time; a soul stamped with character; a being who stretches forth his hand to turn the wheel of restless affairs. To paint him you must paint what he is; you will then paint what he has done, for it is written upon him; you will paint what he would do, for that is the declaration you read as you look upon him. On the other hand, to be a historian you must paint an action chiefly to glorify its hero. Is it not a higher privilege, a subtler task, to

paint the hero himself, whose thought inspired that action? In painting him do we not paint the action and the history together with him? Whilst they have helped to make him what he is, they are not the man, but may be said to be his belongings. To which shall we accord the higher esteem? In Ruskin's pointed aphorism, "It is nobility of idea that ennoble art," we have, by a not unpleasing inference, the place of the portrait painter above his comrade the historical painter.

J. W. L. FORSTER.

BEAUTY.

PLUCK not the beauty of to-day,
Though it lie sweetly near the way—
Lest some to-morrow
Sigh and sigh at its decay
And thy late sorrow.

To inhale it daintily and fly,
To glance at beauty and pass by,
Scorning to stain it,—
This is to keep its shy face nigh,
And to retain it.

The joys of Eden, tasted, pall;
Yet Eden, Eden is to all,
And all assail it;
Its heaven lies just outside the wall;
'Tis hell to scale it.

—J. H. MORSE.

AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.

READINGS, which were highly appreciated, from her popular novels, written under the *nom de plume* of John Strange Winter, were given last month by Mrs. Arthur Stannard, at a grand evening concert, in the Town Hall, Kensington.

Lady Iddesleigh is at present engaged in classifying and arranging her husband's letters, with a view to preparing material for a biography, which will be written by a member of the family.

It is reported that Charles Dickens, the younger, will visit America this year, and give readings from his father's works.

The short life of Carlyle is not, after all, to be written by Mr. Justice Stephen for Mr. John Morley's "English Men of Letters," as the family strongly objected to its being entrusted to a friend of Mr. Froude.

M. de Lesseps is about to bring out his memoirs in a couple of volumes under the title of "Souvenirs de Quarante Ans."

"Parleyings with Certain People," Mr. Browning's new volume, proves unfortunately to be discourses with individuals almost unknown, except to students in special directions, as will be evident from the following list: Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Bubb Doddington, Francis Furrini, Gerard de Lairese, and Charles Avison. The principal portion of the book is introduced by a dialogue between Apollo and the Fates, and concluded by one between John Fust and his friends. Amid much in all this that is obscure, and which will be thought by many fantastical, there are passages which will appeal to all lovers of genuine poetry, and bright thoughts thrown out here and there in a rich flow of words. The only lyric in the book is to be found in the address to Gerard de Lairese, which is thus introduced in some reflections on the development of various forms of Art:

Here's rhyme,
Such as one makes now—say when Spring repeats
That miracle the Greek bard sadly greets:
Spring for the tree and herbs—no spring for us!
Let Spring come; why a man salutes her thus.

Dance, yellows and whites and reds—
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads,
Astir with the wind in the tulip beds.
There's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grasses and daisies small
On a certain mound, by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bed-fellows.
On the mound wind spares, and sunshine mellows:
Dance you reds and whites and yellows!

Another of the best passages in the book occurs in the chorus in the dialogue between Apollo and the Fates:

Infancy! What if the rose-streak of morning
Pale and depart in a passion of tears?
Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning,
Love once—e'en love's disappointing endears,
A minute's success pays the failure of years.

Age? Why fear ends there, the contest concluded,
Man *did* live his life, *did* escape from the fray.
Not scratchless, but unscathed, he somehow eluded
Each blow Fortune dealt him, and conquers to-day!
To-morrow—new chances, fresh strength we might say.
Laud then Man's Life—no defeat but a triumph.

Mr. Luke Fildes has been elected a Royal Academician. He is well known through the coloured engravings of his best pictures brought out by the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News* of preceding years, of which the most popular probably was, "I'm Going a Milking, Sir, She Said."

In the Spring Exhibition, Haymarket, Middle. Rosa Bonheur exhibits

a picture with the curiously inappropriate title of "The Picnic Party." The subject is not agreeable, but shows the artist's power as an animal painter: a large fox with an expression of the utmost ferocity on her face is awaiting her cubs, who are struggling through the grass, before mangling the wild rabbit she has killed. Mother Reynard is full of vitality, and is portrayed with masterly skill and knowledge. Another painting by the same celebrated hand, called "Foraging in the Forest of Fontainebleau," an admirable study of wild boars, is also on view, together with "The Fern-gatherer," by Sir John Millais: a flaxen-haired girl, who is a true type of Scottish beauty, standing in a wood with a freshly-gathered bunch of ferns in her hand. The drapery and background are unfinished, but the head and luxuriant hair show that firmness of touch, combined with extreme refinement and completeness of finish, which are characteristic of the great artist.

M. Gerome, France's naturalised American, has laid aside the brush for the chisel, and will exhibit in the Paris Salon a fine figure of Omphale leaning on Hercules' club, while the hero reclines at her feet with bandaged eyes.

A Jubilee costume ball will be given by the painters of the Royal Institute of Water Colours, on May 16th, the Prince of Wales having fixed the date.

A large picture in oil of King Carnival entering Venice, by Miss Clara Montalba, is being prepared for the Royal Academy. She intends to return to Italy early next spring. Miss Hilda Montalba is painting a portrait of her sister Clara, and Miss Helen Montalba is modelling a bust of the same lady.

M. Meissonier is working at a large canvas in which he has depicted dragoons galloping past Napoleon with their heads uncovered; he calls this half-mournfully his swan song. It is intended with other paintings for exhibition.

The arrival of M. Coquelin in New York will be anxiously expected by all lovers of the sock and buskin; he comes to America his brow wreathed with the laurels of the academic Théâtre Français, of which he has risen to be the first comedian, as Rachel was the first tragedian. To it he belongs by right as did she, while neither Fechter nor Mme. Sara Bernhardt were wholly at home within its walls. He will be the fourth distinguished actor who has crossed the Atlantic to play upon this continent, his predecessors being Rachel, Fechter, and Sara Bernhardt. M. Coquelin is less known, and his advent less widely heralded, but his success upon the Parisian boards is none the less an established fact. He has abundant natural gifts for the stage: a trim figure, a clever face; his eye is quick and penetrating, his voice wonderful, at one moment ringing out in clarion tones, the next exquisitely modulated to the gentlest whisper. He is a master of diction as the French call it, of delivery of the art of speech; he has a memory remarkable even among actors, broad, liberal humour and exuberant, contagious gaiety. His powers were ripened by severe training under Regnier at the Conservatory, and later at the Théâtre Français, where the pupil and the teacher played together. Under Regnier's eye he practised the great comedies of the French stage, and when Regnier retired M. Coquelin succeeded of right to the possession of Molière's own parts in the company that he founded, and not in Molière alone but in Regnard, Tharvaux, and Beaumarchais did he excel.

In more modern comedy he has been equally fortunate. He followed Regnier as Don Annibal, in "L'Aventure," and as Destournel in "Mlle. de la Seigleire," and held his own against the memory of his master. On the revival of "Ruy Blas" at the Français he appeared as Don Cesar de Bazan. He also created the Tabarin of M. Paul Ferrier and the gifted apprentice in the "Luthier de Cremona" of M. François Coppee, both tender and poetic pieces, in which tears lie hidden behind the laughter. Among the plays in which M. Coquelin hopes to appear in America, besides Don Cesar de Bazan, "L'Aventure" and "Mlle. de la Seigleire," already referred to, are M. Sardou's "Pattes de Mouches," known in English as "A Scrap of Paper," and Bayard's "Mari à la Campagne," adapted into English as "The Colonel." He will also act in one of Molière's comedies, the "Precieuses Ridicules," and probably also in the greatest "Tartuffe," of which he has made a profound analytical study. M. Coquelin is not only an actor, but a lecturer and an author. Of all his literary works, by far the most important is the essay on the "Actor's Art," "L'Art et La Comédie," a discussion of the principles of his profession which is singularly suggestive; of this there is an American translation by Miss Alger.

The comic opera of "Erminie," by Jabowski, a new Polish composer, produced at the Grand Opera House last week, proved one of the few successes which has characterised this winter's barren theatrical season. The plot of the piece is very slight, but the music is pretty throughout, the choruses were good and effective, and the dresses exceedingly fresh and artistic. "Erminie" seems to be a foreign adaptation of Gilbert and Sullivan's popular ideas, and proves that the mine of those prosperous originators is practically inexhaustible, for in "Erminie" we have a Watteau addition raised on their foundation. The two Rogues, who are the life of the opera, are strongly suggestive of the Koko element we were introduced to in the "Mikado," and the twain would seem to have a professional career before them in their own line, of which Mr. Daboll is the most attractive exponent, Mr. Solomon's "Cadeaux" being perhaps a trifle too broad in its burlesque. It is a pity that Englishwomen cannot be substituted as easily for *Americaines* as Englishmen for *Americains*. The difference in voice and pronunciation between the two sexes and races was never more apparent than in the Casino Company. The leading artistes spoil the effect of every word said or sung by an inevitable nasal tone which marred the melody of otherwise well-rendered songs; an exception must be made, however, in the case of De Launey, the young Captain, cleverly personated by Mr. F. C. Daboll, who is evidently of

foreign extraction. The pink ballroom scenery, designed and painted by Henry E. Hoyt, was an especially charming selection of colour, and the interior in the last act was equally creditable to his design and execution. E. S.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AFTER READING MR. SHORTHOUSE'S NOVEL, "SIR PERCIVAL."

WHEN tears, when heavy tears of Heaven-sent sorrow
Bathe the lone pillow of the mourner's bed,
Who holds no hope of an immortal morrow
With his beloved dead;

If he but pray in faith—the fervent prayer
Shall like a vapour mount the inviolate blue,
To fall transfigured back on his despair
In drops of blessed dew,

Nor fail him ever, but a cloud unceasing
Of incense from his soul's hushed altar start,
And still return to rise with rich increasing,
A fountain from his heart,—

Pure fount of peace that freshly overflowing
Through other lives with radiant love runs on,
Till they too reap in joy who wept in sowing,
Long after he is gone. —*London Spectator.*

HORSE TRADING IN IRELAND.

THE following story was told to a clerical friend in the West of Cork by a countryman named Dinny Cooley:—"Good morrow, Dinny; where did you get the horse?" "Well, I'll tell your Reverence. Some time ago I went to the fair of Ross, not with this horse, but another horse. Well, sorra a wan said to me, 'Dinny, do you come from the Aist, or do you come from the Wesht?' and when I left the fair there wasn't wan to say, 'Dinny, are you going to the Aist, or are you going to the Wesht?' Well, your Reverence, I rode home, and was near Kilnagross, when I met a man riding along the road forinst me. 'Good evening, friend,' said he. 'Good evening, friend,' said I. 'Were you at the fair of Ross?' says he. 'I was,' sez I. 'Did you sell?' sez he. 'No,' sez I. 'Would you sell?' sez he. 'Would you buy?' sez I. 'Would you make a clane swop?' sez he; 'horse, bridle, and saddle, and all?' sez he. 'Done!' says I. Well, your Reverence, I got down off av me horse, not this horse, but the other horse, and the man got down off av his horse, that's this horse, not the other horse, and we swopped and rode away. But when he had gone about twenty yards, he turned round and called after me. 'There niver was a man from Ross,' says he, 'but could put his finger in the eye of a man from Kilnagross,' sez he; 'and that horse,' sez he, 'that I swopped with you,' sez he, 'is blind of an eye,' sez he. Well then, your Reverence, I turned upon *him*, and I called out to him: 'There niver was a man from Kilnagross,' sez I, 'but could put his two fingers in both the eyes av a man from Ross,' sez I; 'and that horse that I swopped with you,' sez I, 'is blind av both his eyes,' sez I."—*The Spectator.*

SHAKESPEARIANA.

Once, during the days of his early struggles, Edwin Booth was playing in Virginia, at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theatre was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer, expected to call late at night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the trial scene, when they heard a whistle, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived, and would leave again in ten minutes. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away, they were in a quandary.

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated, and we shall have a free fight. The only thing to be done is to get up some sort of impromptu ending for the piece, and ring down the curtain. Go ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here." And he hurried away to get the luggage aboard.

Ned, of course, was Bassanio, and he resolved to rely on the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to get through with it. So, when old George Ruggles—who was doing Shylock—began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked straight up to him, and solemnly said:

"You are bound to have the flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life!" said Ruggles.

"Now, I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth; "in addition to this big bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of nigger-head terback, a shot-gun, and two of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blarneyed if I don't do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon-hunters to a man.

"And to show that there's no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginia reel."

When they got on board the steamer, the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked:

"I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I never thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him."

MUSIC.

THE TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

THE programme of the concert to be given by this Society, on Tuesday next, promises to be a very attractive one. The work of the Society includes some numbers of the highest order, amongst which are "Who is the Angel that Cometh," specially composed by Henry Leslie for his own choir; "Hushed in Death," by Dr. Hills, and the beautiful motett by Gounod, "Come unto Him." M'lle Arturi is to sing from her own repertoire of Italian opera; it will be her last appearance, as she leaves shortly for Europe. The very effective scena from "Semiramide" will be given by M'lle Arturi with the co-operation of the Vocal Society. Extra seats are being arranged for, as all the regular seats have been taken.

THE influential names of those gentlemen appointed to look after and organise a first-class band in the City of Toronto are no doubt to be respected. The want is a genuine one, and the committee selected in every way fit for its work, comprising the names of our most eminent professors, as well as of the more or less distinguished patrons and amateurs that yearly increase among us. Yet the want, though genuine, is not so pressing as several others. The complaint recently overheard by a guest at the Board of Trade Banquet is true enough. There is no local organisation capable of preferring suitable musical entertainment at such gatherings. The local bands are well enough in their way, and might be heard a little oftener, we think, in fine weather, to our own enjoyment and their own good. The theatre orchestra is fair, and occasionally much more than fair; it can play exceedingly well, but it remains a theatre orchestra, and loses when transported, even in thought, from the surroundings of foot-lights.

The formation, therefore, and maintenance of a first-class band would be a matter to be grateful for, and we quite understand the light in which the promoters of the scheme see it—a very strong light, indeed, as we are aware. Yet, casting away the more business like aspect of the matter, the state of the case as regards art is this: we require a band, it is true, but we require other things infinitely more. It is not possible, even in Toronto, where a decidedly utilitarian spirit prevails to the exclusion of purely artistic goals, to entirely govern the community according to business ends. When the latter principle prevails, art is sure to suffer.

Now what, as a musical city, and one ambitious of being so considered, Toronto does really require, more than anything else, is a resident orchestra. Musical work moves, in these days, very rapidly, and in ever broadening ways towards the one goal—oratorio and cantata, and even opera performances. Our best concerts are found upon some of these models, and this is not alone true of Toronto, but of all the surrounding towns in Ontario. How ridiculous it seems that for upwards of twenty years we have had performances of the "Messiah," the "Creation," etc., the chorus steadily enlarging and improving, more expensive and distinguished soloists being engaged each succeeding year, and yet comparatively little being done towards the permanent and systematic amelioration of the orchestra! Most certainly, if the suggestions as to formation of the band be carried out well—and in Mr. Bayley's hands the matter is entirely safe—the local orchestra will be enriched by superior wind and brass instruments, and it will then be a comparatively easy undertaking to complete the strings of which we have already a very fair number, and in this hope we can wish all success to the endeavours of those gentlemen who have the musical interests of Toronto near to heart.

SERANUS.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.

THE sixteenth and last of this series of concerts, of which this has been the first season, took place on Wednesday evening, March 16. Mr. Henschel, a musician of great artistic merit, has arranged and conducted them. They have been patronised by the rank and fashion of London, and the public are indebted to him for providing good music, music of the highest class, for very small fees. The orchestra is composed of eighty picked men, whose instruments sing as if unanimously inspired by the conductor's spirit, answering to his slightest movement. Mr. Henschel also always has a vocalist, to break what, to some people, would be the monotony of merely instrumental music. Certainly the change enhances the charm of the return to it. This last concert was opened with C. Von Weber's "Jubilee Overture." It was written in 1818 to celebrate the Jubilee of Augustus III. of Saxony. Our National Anthem is introduced as a coda, which is very grandly worked up, and is fortissima throughout. The reason of the introduction of this tune is that it is the national air of several sections of the German Empire, Saxony amongst the number. The performance of this striking overture was, of course, appropriate at this concert, which comes nearest to the great national celebration next June.

Schubert's beautiful symphony in C (No. 7) was next performed. Though very long, it was listened to throughout with great attention, and received tremendous applause at its conclusion. It is one of Schubert's most interesting works, but it is thanks to Robert Schumann that it has been placed in its proper light before the musical world. Ten years after Schubert's death Schumann discovered it in MS., and at once arranged with Ferdinand Schubert (the composer's brother) to send it to the Director of the Gewandhaus Concerts, Mendelssohn being then the directing artist. His first glance sufficed to convince him of the beauty of this masterly production, and it was received with universal admiration. It is now considered a priceless treasure.

Lohengrin's "Legend" and "Farewell to Elsa" was magnificently sung

by Mr. Edward Lloyd. With none of the stage surroundings, he threw himself into the spirit of the situation, and gave it with dramatic force. The ethereal chords on the violins, which introduce this exquisite solo, and the accompaniment throughout, with the melody and motif of the Holy Grail now and again appearing, is indeed very lovely.

The "Kaisermarsch" (Wagner) was the concluding number. The German National Hymn is majestically introduced and worked into this grand march. The fact that it was inspired on the election of the German Emperor to Imperial office, at the end of the Franco-German War in 1871, made it a particularly happy selection at this moment—on the eve of the great fête in honour of his ninetieth birthday. Thus the two remarkable monarchical events of the day were appropriately remembered by the opening and concluding numbers on the programme.

Mr. Henschel is a thorough musician, and the four recitals that he and Mrs. Henschel (who sings very charmingly) have given in the Prince's Hall have been much thought of by music-loving people. The Princess of Wales was present at the last one.

FREDA.

London, March 18, 1887.

MUSIC.

Anglo-Canadian Music Company:

"MY SWEETHEART," (SCOTTISCHE). Charles Coote.

"BLACKBERRIES," (POLKA). Auguste Van Biene.

"KATRINA," (WALTZ). May Astlere.

Some pretty additions to the dance music repertoire—the last mentioned by far the most melodious—but not so easy as the others.

MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE has collected in a volume the series of articles published in THE WEEK as "Jottings along the C. P. R.," describing the journey from Ontario to the Pacific Coast, with an excursion up the Kootenay. The articles have been revised throughout, and some additional chapters added, the whole now giving much valuable information about the far West and British Columbia, with its mining industries, not to be obtained elsewhere. The volume is on the eve of publication by Mr. C. Blackett Robinson.

WE are pleased to see that steps have been taken by the Canadian Institute in the direction of our recent editorial note on the "Mineral Industries of Canada." In a very interesting paper on the "Iron Ores of Ontario," read on Saturday, Mr. James T. B. Ives, F.G.S., pointed out the great necessity for systematically recording the information obtained during mining operations with a view to establish laws in connection with metalliferous occurrence. This matter was previously strongly recommended by Sir Wm. Logan, Dr. Sterry Hunt, and other eminent scientists, and also by the Geological Section of the British Association, at the Montreal meeting, in 1884. The Institute have named a committee to take steps to call the attention of the Dominion and Local Governments to the advisability of some legislation with a view to obtain systematic statistics and information about our mineral production, which has been greatly neglected in the past, and which every day is growing more important to the wealth and prosperity of Canada.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

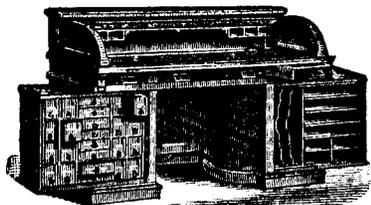
AN important work on Russia is about to be brought out by the Harpers. The general title of the book will be "The Russian Church," its author being Mr. Albert F. Heard, formerly Consul-General of Russia at Shanghai. The work will deal with the introduction of Christianity in Russia, its development and its influence with the people. Chapters will also be devoted to descriptions of Russian monasteries and sketches of the priests of the Russian Church.

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE is devoting all his time to the gathering of material for the second volume of his life of Benjamin Franklin. For this volume Dr. Hale has succeeded in securing considerable information and documents of a most interesting and rare character. Additional material for the work is now being secured by specialists and correspondents in Europe, "and this," states Dr. Hale, "will make my progress with the book necessarily slow. I doubt very much, because of this, if the volume will be issued before next October."

THE first number of the new *American Magazine* will be ready this week, when a first edition of 75,000 copies is to be put on the market. From a glance at the advance sheets the following is a partial list of the contents: "The Raquette in '55," a description of the Adirondack Mountains in 1655, will be the opening article, and is written by Professor Van Buren Denslow; Edgar Fawcett contributes the first chapters of his new serial of New York society life, "Olivia Delaplaine"; J. T. Trowbridge recounts his "Experiences of an Author"; Z. L. White, the Washington newspaper correspondent, gives a series of offhand sketches of prominent United States Senators, accompanied with portraits; Rev. John P. Newman tells of "General Grant's Habits"; Rose Eytinge writes of "The Smallness of the World," and W. H. Rideing will describe "Literary Life in Boston."

THE May issue of *Harper's Magazine* will contain an important article entitled "Recent Movement in Southern Literature," by Charles W. Coleman, Jr., with portraits of such rising southern authors as George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Mary N. Murfree), Robert Burns Wilson, the Kentucky poet; Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Malcom Johnston, Julia Magruder, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Grace King, Amelie Rives, and others. Mons. Coquelin has a copiously illustrated article on "French Actors and Acting," and Mr. Charles C. Marshall will write on "The American Mastiff." Richard Henry Stoddard has contributed a poem called "Frowns and Tears." Mr. George William Curtis pays a glowing tribute to Henry Ward Beecher, and dwells on the patriotic preacher's love for humanity, home, flowers, and children. Mr. Howells reviews the early letters of Thomas Carlyle and those addressed to Miss Welsh, Mr. Lowell's "Democracy," and the works of the Russian novelist Tolstoi.

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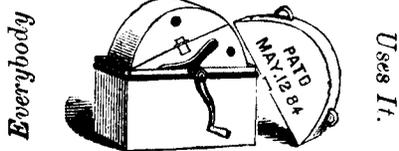


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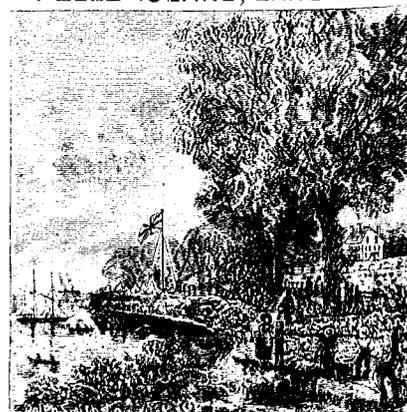
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