

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No 21.

Toronto, Thursday, April 21st, 1887.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents.

A Blue Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription is due. We should be pleased to have a remittance. We send no receipts, so please note the change of date upon address slip, and if not made within two weeks advise us by post card.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,000,000
Reserve - - - 1,600,000

DIRECTORS:
HENRY W. DARLING, Esq., President.
WM. ELLIOT, Esq., Vice-President.
Hon. William McMaster, George Taylor, Esq., Hon. S. C. Wood, James Crathern, Esq., T. Sutherland Stayer, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq., Geo. A. Cox, Esq., John I. Davidson.
General Manager, B. F. Walker; Assistant-General Manager, J. H. Plummer; Inspector, Wm. Gray.
New York Agents.—J. H. Goadby and Alex. Laird.
BRANCHES.—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Norwich, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Seaford, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock, Blenheim, Jarvis.
Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and South America.
BANKERS.—New York, the American Exchange National Bank; London, England, the Bank of Scotland.
Chicago Correspondent—American Exchange National Bank of Chicago.

THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized, - - - \$1,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - - - 500,000
Capital Paid-up, - - - 325,000

HEAD OFFICE,—TORONTO.
Board of Directors.
DAVID BLAIN, Esq., - - - President.
SAM'L. TREBBS, Esq., - - - Vice-President.
E. P. DWIGHT, Esq., A. McLean Howard, Esq., C. Blackett Robinson, Esq., K. Chisholm, Esq., M.P.P., D. Mitchell McDonald, Esq., A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.
Branches.—Brampton, Durham, Guelph, Richmond Hill and North Toronto.
Agents.—In Canada, Canadian Bank of Commerce, in New York, Importers and Traders National Bank; in London, Eng., National Bank of Scotland.

THE FEDERAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid Up - - - \$1,250,000
Reserve - - - 125,000

S. Nordheimer, Esq., President.
J. S. Playfair, Esq., - - - Vice-President.
Edward Gurney, Esq., Wm. Galbraith, Esq., B. Cronyn, Esq., H. E. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., J. W. Langmuir, Esq.
G. W. Yarker, - - - General Manager.
A. E. Plummer, - - - Inspector.
BRANCHES.—Aurora, Chatham, Guelph, Kingston, London, Newmarket, Simcoe, St. Mary's, Strathroy, Tilsonburg, Toronto, Yorkville, Winnipeg.
BANKERS.—American Exchange National Bank in New York; The Maverick National Bank in Boston; The National Bank of Scotland in London.

JOHN STARK & CO.

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange,
BUY AND SELL
Toronto, Montreal & New York Stocks
FOR CASH OR ON MARGIN.
Properties bought and sold. Estates managed. Rents collected.
28 TORONTO STREET.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid-up\$1,500,000
Reserve Fund..... 500,000

DIRECTORS.
H. S. HOWLAND, President.
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-President, St. Catharines
William Ramsay. Hon. Alex. Morris.
Robert Jaffray. P. Hughes.
T. K. Wadsworth.
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier. B. JENNINGS, Inspector.
HEAD OFFICE, - - - TORONTO.
BRANCHES IN ONTARIO.
Essex Centre, Niagara Falls, Welland, Fergus, Port Colborne, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Toronto—Yonge St. cor. Queen—Ingersoll, St. Thomas.

BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST.
Winnipeg. Brandon. Calgary.
Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

THE QUEBEC BANK.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1818.
CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE, - - - QUEBEC.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
HON. JAS. G. ROSS, - - - President.
WILLIAM WITHELL, Esq., Vice-President.
SIR N. F. BELLEAU, Kt., Jno. R. Young, Esq., R. H. SMITH, Esq., WILLIAM WHITE, Esq., Geo. R. BENEFREW, Esq., JAMES STEVENSON, Esq., Cashier.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN CANADA.
Ottawa, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Pembroke, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Thorold, Ont.; Three Rivers, Que.
AGENTS IN NEW YORK.—Bank of British North America.
AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

Liverpool & London & Globe INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$97,500,000.
ASSETS, \$33,000,000.
INVESTED IN CANADA, \$900,000.
HEAD OFFICE - - - MONTREAL.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, Montreal.
Jos. B. REED, Agent, Toronto.
Office—90 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1809.
Fire Premiums (1884) \$7,000,000
Fire Assets (1884)..... 13,000,000
Investments in Canada 982,517
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life).. 33,500,000

Toronto Branch—26 Wellington St. E.
R. N. GOOCH, } Agents, Toronto.
H. W. EVANS, }
TELEPHONES.—Office, 423. Residence, Mr. Gooch, 1081; Mr. Evans, 3034.

The Glasgow & London Insurance Co.

Head Office for Canada, - - - Montreal.
Government Deposit\$100,000 00
Assets in Canada 177,086 60
Canadian Income, 1886..... 238,000 00

MANAGER, STEWART BROWNE.
Inspectors:
W. G. BROWN. C. GELINAS.
A. D. G. VAN WART.
Toronto Branch Office—34 Toronto Street.
J. T. VINCENT, Resident Secretary.
CITY AGENTS—WM. FAHEY, W. J. BRYAN.
ophone No. 418.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y.

ESTABLISHED 1825.
Subsisting Assurances \$100,000,000
Invested Funds 32,000,000
Annual Revenue 4,000,000
Investments in Canada 2,500,000
Deposit in Ottawa for benefit of Canadian Policy-holders 583,975
W. M. RAMSAY, Manager.
MONTREAL.

Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS, Over - - - \$114,000,000.
Toronto General Agency has removed from 53 King St. East, to 69 Yonge St. (ground floor).

Accident Insurance Co. OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE, - - - MONTREAL.
Claims paid, over 15,000. The most popular Company in Canada.

MEDLAND & JONES, GEN. AGENTS

EQUITY CHAMBERS,
No. 1 Victoria Street, Toronto.
Agents in every city and town in the Dominion

Murray Hill Hotel,

PARK AVENUE,
40th & 41st Sts., New York City
Both American and European Plans.

HUNTING & HAMMOND.

Baggage transferred to and from Grand Central Depot free of charge.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co'y.

INCORPORATED A.D. 1855.
Subscribed Capital, - - - - \$3,500,000
Paid-up Capital, - - - - 2,300,000
Reserve Fund - - - - 1,181,000
Total Assets, - - - - 3,301,651

OFFICE:
Company's Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
Sums of \$4 and upwards received at current rates of interest, paid or compounded half-yearly.

DEBENTURES.
Money received on deposit for a fixed term of years for which debentures are issued, with half-yearly interest coupons attached. Executors and trustees are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this Company. The Capital and Assets of the Company being pledged for money thus received, depositors are at all times assured of perfect safety.
Advances made on Real Estate at current rates, and on favourable conditions as to repayment. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures purchased
J. HERBERT MASON, Man. Director.

JEWELL'S

RESTAURANT,
10 Jordan St., - - - Toronto.

GUNS!

Our Fire-Arms Catalogue for 1887 IS NOW READY, And will be Mailed Free on Receipt of Address.

Mention Fire-Arms Catalogue.
CHAS. STARK,
52 Church St. Toronto.

Toronto Paper M'g. Co.

WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.
CAPITAL, - - - \$250,000.
JOHN R. BARBER, President and Managing Director.
CHAS. RIORDON, Vice-President.
EDWARD TROUT, Treasurer.

Manufactures the following grades of paper:—
Engine Sized Superfine Papers,
WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER
Machine Finished and Super-Calendered)
BLUE AND CREAM LAID AND WOVE
FOOLSCAPS, POSTS, ETC.
— ACCOUNT BOOK PAPERS:—
Envelope and Lithographic Papers,
COLOURED COVER PAPERS, super-finished.
Apply at the Mill for samples and prices
Special sizes made to order.

Old Country Watches

AND
Time Pieces of Complicated Structure
SKILFULLY REPAIRED
AT
DOHERTY'S
360 QUEEN STREET WEST.

Watch Glasses - - - - 5c.
Fine Mainsprings - - - - 75c.
Cleaning - - - - 75c.
Other prices in proportion.

SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY REFUNDED
ELECTRO-PLATING, GILDING,
COLOURING, etc., done on the premises.
Get price list and references.

FOR SALE!

A FINE
BRICK RESIDENCE

With four acres beautiful grounds, situated in
EAST HAMILTON,

And therefore free from city taxes. Street cars pass the property, city water and gas, all modern improvements in connection with the house. Barn, coach house, an dwelling house for hired man. This property for sale at a great bargain. Apply to

RALSTON & IRWIN,
31 JOHN ST., HAMILTON.

EPPS' COCOA.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING
Only Boiling Water or Milk needed
Sold only in packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS
LONDON, ENGLAND

Attractions for the week commencing
Monday, April 25th.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

26th and 27th,
WILSON BARRETT,
IN

**Chatterson—Coloured Sergeant and
a Clerical Error.**

28th, 29th and 30th,

CLARA MORRIS.

HERR PIANO CO.

THE BEST IN QUALITY AND TONE,
AND THE CHEAPEST.

For Sweetness, Brilliancy, Power, Action,
and Durability are unexcelled. Seven differ-
ent styles to choose from. Purchasers will
do well to examine our stock, or send for
illustrated catalogue and price list, before
going elsewhere.

HERR PIANO CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

90 to 94 DUKE ST., TORONTO.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES:

47 Queen St. East, Opp. Metropolitan Church.

I HAVE FOUND THAT
EDWARD LAWSON'S

SIGN OF THE QUEEN,

93 KING STREET EAST,

IS THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Pure Teas and Coffees

Also Pure Confectionery, Wedding
Cakes Etc.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

**ESTERBROOK STEEL
PENS**



Superior, Standard, Reliable.

Popular Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

**SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS**
Are The Best

English make. Established 1860.

USED BY THE BEST PENMEN
Noted for superiority of metal, uniformity
and durability. Sold by all stationers in
United States and Canada.

**John Heath's
PENS**

Turned-up Point, Bronzed
Fine or Medium, 25.6d.
Golden Coated, 35.6d.
Per Gross

JOHN HEATH'S
TELEPHONE PEN
027A-F

Speak for
Themselves

Registered
Or in 6d. and 12 boxes. All Stationers Sample
Box 24 kinds 7 stamps BIRMINGHAM

Mailed on receipt of value by Copp, Clark & Co.,
Warwick & Son, and W. Bryce, Toronto.

JUST READY.
(KNIGHT-ERRANT)

A NOVEL.

By EDNA LYALL,

Author of "Donovan," "We Two," "Won by Waiting."

12mo, cloth. Price \$1.50. Uniform with the author's previous books. Miss Lyall's novels have met with a flattering reception from the class of readers that look for a high ethical purpose in fiction. Her books, while animated by an underlying religious motive, have a strong interest, derived from well-drawn characters and well-wrought plots.

DAWN.

A NOVEL,

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "She," "The Witch's Head," etc.

In two volumes, 12mo, paper cover. Price, 50 cents. In one volume, half bound, 75 cents.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
1, 3 & 5 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

HOT WATER HEATING.

RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

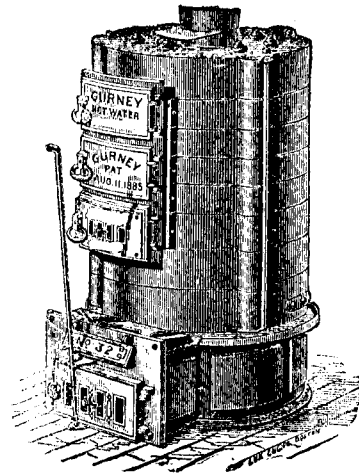
Messrs. The E. & C. Gurney Co., Winnipeg:

DEAR SIRS,—I have used your No. 25 Hot Water Heater in my house last winter, and I am pleased to say that I consider it a success. We have had three months of very severe weather, the mercury hovering around the thirties during most of that time.

The Heater combines simplicity with efficiency to a large degree, and the arrangements were such that the very best results are obtained from the fuel consumed. I have no hesitation in recommending your Heater as one well suited for this country.

Yours, etc.,

ARCH. McNEE.



Gurney's Hot Water Boiler,

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR HEATING

Dwellings,
Offices,
Green Houses.

Manufactured by

THE E. & C. GURNEY CO., TORONTO.

—: SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR ON HOT WATER HEATING:—

**FRANK WHEELER,
Hot Water Engineer,**

56, 58 and 60 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO.

Plans, Estimates, and Specifications prepared for every description of

HEATING AND VENTILATION

First-class competent Engineers sent to all parts of the Dominion. Perfect work guaranteed. Correspondence solicited.
"It takes a heap of love to make a woman happy in a cold house."

FRANK WHEELER, Hot Water and Steam Heating Engineer,
56, 58 and 60 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

ILLUMINATED
ADDRESSES
A SPECIALTY

HOWARD
DESIGNER
REMOVED
TO
53 KING ST. EAST

BUTCHERS
ANTISEPTIC
INHALER.

Hope for the Afflicted

The only Sure Cure for Consumption,
Asthma, CATARRH, Bron-
chitis, and all
Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, or Nasal
Organs, is

Butchers Antiseptic Inhaler.

By using which proper healing remedies are
supplied directly to the affected parts, ren-
dering immediate relief and a permanent cure

Highly recommended by all physicians. Send stamp for pamphlet, containing wonderful testimonials, to

Antiseptic Inhaler Co., 4 King St. East, Toronto.

TODD and Co.

Successors to

QUETTON ST. GEORGE & CO.,

Offer the following Pure Wines for
Medicinal and Family use.

RED.

VIN ROUGE, \$2.00 Per Gal.

ALICANTE, 4.00 "

WHITE.

MARSALA, \$3.00 "

MADEIRA, 4.50 "

WINE & SPIRIT

MERCHANTS,

16 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

TELEPHONE NO. 876.

WINES.

PORTS—

Comprise Hunt & Co's, Sandeman &
Co's Old Commandador (30 years old).

SHERRIES—

Julian & Jose, Pemartin's, Yriarte's
& Misa's.

STILL HOCKS.—Deinhard's, Lauben-
heim, Mierstein, Rudesheim, Johannis-
berg.

LIQUEURS—Curacao "Sec." Menthe
Verte Forte, Marasquin, Chartreuse,
Creme de Rose, Creme de Vanille, and
Parfait Amour.

CHAMPAGNES—

Pommery & Greno's, G. H. Mumm &
Co's, and Perrier's.

NATIVE WINES IN GREAT VARIETY

Goods packed by experienced packers and
shipped to all parts.

CALDWELL & HODGINS,

Grocers and Wine Merchants,

248 and 250 QUEEN ST. WEST.

Corner of John Street.

The Caligraph.

EMBRACES

The Most Good Points among
Writing Machines.

ADDRESS—GENERAL AGENCY,
15 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO

**Golden Medical
Discovery**

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the
fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Gold-
en Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a
fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and
soundness of constitution will be established.
Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors,
from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption,
to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Es-
pecially has it proven its efficacy in curing
Salt-rheum or 'Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint
Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, En-
larged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consump-
tion (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its
wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and
nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spit-
ting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis,
Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affec-
tions, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly
cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver
Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is
an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

**DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-
Bilious and Cathartic.**
25c. a vial, by druggists.

THE WEEK.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No 21.

Toronto, Thursday, April 21st, 1887.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
Canadian Opinion.....	Carter Troop. 331
In the Spring.—II.....	A. Stevenson. 332
Slavery in Canada.....	John Reade. 333
Letter from Rome.....	L. L. 334
Notes from Paris.....	335
TOPICS—	
The Church of England and the University Federation Bill.....	336
The Irish Resolutions in Parliament and Assembly.....	336
Programme of the Dominion Government.....	336
Disallowance.....	336
Prohibition in Michigan.....	336
Commercial Union.....	336
Annexation.....	336
The Agrarian Question in Ireland.....	337
Home Rule.....	337
Mr. O'Brien's Mission to Canada.....	337
The Charge against Mr. Parnell.....	337
NEVERMORE (Poem).....	M. Fanning. 338
PORTRAIT PAINTING.—II.....	J. W. L. Forster. 338
THE ALPS IN WINTER (Poem).....	Alfred Hayes. 339
AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.....	E. S. 339
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	340
FROM ONTARIO TO THE PACIFIC BY THE C. P. R.....	G. Mercer Adam. 340
A HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.....	G. Mercer Adam. 341
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	341

CANADIAN OPINION.

WHEN compared with Provincial opinion, the general opinion of the Dominion, the opinion which in independent States would be called national, is strikingly deficient in force and harmony. A Toronto paper lately cried out against the over-expression of Provincial views. "What we want is the national opinion," it declared, and in the hearts of all true Canadians the feeling would find a ready response. Provincialism is the bane of the Dominion—self-seeking, short-sighted Provincialism; and unhappily there is little to counteract it. Our protected and dependent political position ministers directly to it, as self-reliance and independence would militate directly against it. Colonial life is not national life; it will not give rise to national feeling; it is neither so stimulating nor so inspiring as national life; neither are its aspirations the same, nor will it move our hearts nor stir our minds in the mystic way that national life will; but it fosters aggressive Provincialism, encourages the formation of cliques, produces an unhealthy sentiment instead of a robust and hearty patriotism, and, as the writer has frequently claimed elsewhere, to this want of national life and feeling must in large part be attributed our literary feebleness and the paucity of ideas which Canadians have contributed to the thought of the world, to the higher life of mankind.

It is the aspirations of a land which draw the people together, making them to be of one heart and one mind, and what can the aspirations of a colony be other than those eminently and distinctly commercial and industrial? Such aspirations are all very well in their way, no doubt, but they alone will not make an united people. Where interests clash, and what seems desirable for one portion of the community is injurious to another, the result can be no other than ill-feeling and discord. When community of feeling is dependent upon trade it is preëminently necessary that the trade should be natural, and of sufficient extent and importance to arouse an interest that shall be mutual and lively, even though not especially disinterested. Such a condition of affairs is difficult to find, and it has not been found in Canada. Our inter-provincial trade is not great enough to serve as a bond of union, to arouse an active interest in the different divisions of the Dominion. We Canadians must look for something else, something higher and better to bring us together in spirit and in fact, if we as a people would work out our own salvation. The interest we display in our fellow-countrymen is a very lukewarm interest, altogether wanting in the highest essentials; the East, the Centre, the North-west, the West, even our two greatest cities, Montreal and Toronto, are strangely ignorant of all that peculiarly appertains to one another.

There is a Canadian sentiment undoubtedly, weak and halting though it be, but that it is of some force the Dominion itself bears living witness. There are many—and the writer counts himself among the number—who believe all that is needed to transform this weak sentiment into a strong and vivifying patriotism is that Canada should be endowed with the higher attributes and the more ennobling responsibilities of national independence

Our nationality is an unrecognised nationality; it will never be strong until it is recognised, and it will never be recognised until it is strong. We do not appreciate or study the literary productions of our fellows until they are recognised abroad, and we shall not appreciate or study ourselves until as a people we are recognised abroad. Here we have perhaps some explanation of our want of interest in the thoughts and opinions and doings of one another. The political and moral status of Canada is such that it does not inspire in our hearts the respect which must be the foundation of all true and lasting love. For the purposes of money-making it may be best that Canadians should not be responsible for their own protection, that they should be dependent upon another people: they can devote their minds and souls to the pursuit without any disturbing element. But those who ponder these things will know that the sense of being a protected people cannot but have a deep influence on us morally—an influence that makes for no good. Of course, if the great questions of peace and war are put beyond the control of Canada, Great Britain must in justice be responsible for Canada's protection. But whilst our protection is all that is just, is it all that is wise? Great Britain's protection might or might not be adequate—it would probably be very inadequate from the Canadian's point of view, as we all have rather exaggerated ideas concerning England's protection. But this is not the point to which special attention is directed. It is to the position we occupy. It ought not to be that a community of people numbering five millions should be in so humble a position that they must, whether they will or no, take part in a war, and be obliged to suffer from all its horrors and devastations at the pleasure of another and distant community. This aspect of the question has never been sufficiently realised owing to the comparative insignificance of the wars in which Great Britain, with one exception, has been engaged since the bloody days of Napoleon Bonaparte. As long as we are content to be dependent in any way on another people, we Canadians shall never accomplish anything really great in the realms of art and literature and politics. Of course there will be individual exceptions, as there have been in the past, but the spirit of a dependency is not the spirit which has made an England, a Germany, a France.

When we think of these things we shall see that a strong and healthy Canadian opinion cannot be expected under the present circumstances. Provincialism will rule until national responsibility comes in to struggle with and overcome it. Until then, all that we can do is to see to it that nothing is done to augment this bane of our life, this greedy Provincialism, and nothing left undone that may tend to the reduction of the evil. If it be true that our constitution is imperfect in its financial details, and that injustice is done to this or that Province by the arrangement which now obtains, it is a matter for the Federal Parliament to deal with; and any interference on the part of Provincial assemblies cannot but have unsatisfactory and even dangerous results. Nothing can be more unseemly and undignified, nothing can be more injurious and unpatriotic, than these incessant agitations, these demands for better terms, which are ever threatening the peace and even the life of the Dominion, and which are now about to burst forth anew with increased vehemence and bitterness. This state of things is greatly to be deplored and condemned. But it cannot be too strongly impressed upon our minds that condemnation, without an effort being made to remedy or improve that which is condemned, is almost worse than useless. Condemnation must be followed by action, and without action condemnation is a most unprofitable, not to say unmanly, way of showing our disapproval. There are few indeed in this country who have not political duties to perform, and the conscientious discharge of these duties is only less incumbent upon us than the discharge of our religious duties. As to the question how and in what definite practical way the work of exciting an interest in the affairs and well-being of our fellow-countrymen, even though they do dwell in another Province, of broadening the views of all engaged actively in dealing with the public concerns of the various divisions of the Dominion,—how this good work may best be approached, is a problem to which there can be no answer to suit all enquirers and all circumstances. If the Canadian press were more under the influence of patriotism, and less under the dominion of Party and Provincialism, the good it might accomplish in this direction would be inestimable; but the newspapers that would not sacrifice the interests of the country in order to gain a party advantage are lamentably few. Indeed

some of our papers are so devoid of honour, that the defamation of the country and attempts to ruin its credit are not of infrequent occurrence. No class of people have more opportunities for doing good, for elevating the tone of the people's life, for removing prejudices, and imparting wisdom and knowledge, than have journalists. But how many of them not only waste but abuse these opportunities? Provincialism, sectionalism, selfishness, is more encouraged than discouraged by a large portion of the press, more especially by that portion which happens for the time to be opposing the Government of the day.

But none of these evils are irremediable. Let us rise up and fight against them. We Canadians have much to inspire us with faith both in ourselves and in our country, and our need is that we should feel this, that it should take possession of our souls, that it should wax strong and become a living and active power amongst us. Belief in the endurance of our nationality, in the stability of our institutions, is steadily, if slowly, gaining ground. We are beginning to love our country, and to cherish our traditions. The notion of being swallowed up, of losing our identity by annexation to the United States is a notion that has ceased to be entertained by Canadians. A small minority of residents in some parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may, for economic reasons, consider annexation a thing to be desired; but it is safe to say that this minority would dwindle down to numbers very small were the restrictions placed upon international trade less burdensome than they are. The political institutions of Americans have no fascination for Canadians. There are not wanting evidences to prove that our nationality, weak and imperfect though it be, is yet sufficiently strong and mature to be independent of Custom House support. It is independent, too, of any feeling we may have for the Americans themselves. When the author of "Greater Britain" visited our country twenty years ago, he remarked that Canadian loyalty to the British connection appeared to consist merely of hatred toward the United States—a very extreme view surely, but without some grains of truth. The inherited antipathy to the Americans is one of the characteristics of Canadians, and, though happily much less bitter than in days gone by, is yet in our more fashionable circles a characteristic still marked enough to be sometimes conspicuous and often amusing. But we all know there is oftentimes a sincere mutual admiration and affection between individual Canadians and Americans, instances of which will daily multiply as the social intercourse between the two peoples grows greater and greater. It is to be regretted that the American Congress has, in so many cases affecting the interests of Canada, pursued a course not altogether consistent with the justice and urbanity of so great a people. Its present attitude, for instance, is one not calculated to promote that friendliness of feeling so much to be desired between the Dominion and the Republic. Its action serves to keep alive that antipathy which all right-thinking and high-minded men on both sides of the line would gladly see die. It is unjust, however, to bring an indictment against a whole people; it is unjust to visit upon a whole people the sins of its Government, to judge a whole people by the utterances of blatant demagogues, or by the expressions of a press too much given to pandering to the taste of a large section of its population whose delight is in Fenianism, whose joy is in dynamite. If there is much to condemn amongst our neighbours, there is also much to admire, and we must remember that it is easier to condemn than to admire. Some years ago Lord Dufferin declared that "the Americans are wise enough to understand that it is infinitely to the advantage of the human race that the depressing monotony of political thought on the American continent should be varied and enlivened by the development of a political system akin to, yet diverse from their own, productive of a friendly emulation, and offering many points of contrast and comparison which they already feel they can study with advantage." Whether or not the Americans are gifted with the wisdom imputed to them by the eminent Earl, Canadians have made it manifest that they, at least, think it would be to the advantage of the human race that there should be such a country as Canada and such a people as Canadians.

CARTER TROOP.

Montreal.

IN THE SPRING.—II.

THE beauty and joyousness of spring is not all expressed by the birds. The wild flowers of the woodlands and pastures are no less eloquent. While yet the snow is lying deep in the recesses of the forest and swamp, the outskirts of the woods and the grassy margins and fence corners of the cultivated fields are bright with flowery constellations.

One may derive an intense pleasure, simple and pure, from the observation of the order and progression of the blooming of the flowers. A subtle mystery involves the beginning of things, a charm that allures and delights the lover of nature. But he will need to begin his visits to the

forest very early in the season. Though nothing may have sprouted at his first coming, he will find a ramble at this time both pleasant and refreshing. On the edge of the woods the snow has melted into pools of water, which have already become the abode of innumerable frogs. Their plaintive pipings cease abruptly at his approach; for these wood frogs are very shy and mistrustful of the ways of men. The bare limbs of the trees and the dull gray of the fallen leaves are dreary enough, even though the sight is relieved here and there by the bright scarlet berries of the winter-green, half concealed beneath the rich glossy green leaves. But all the air is filled with the delicious woodsy odour of dead leaves, and the moist bark of trees, the faint, sweet scent of the fresh swelling buds, or the resinous fragrance of whispering pines.

When a week has passed, let the rambler visit again his favourite woods. The pools have nearly disappeared, and the ground is rapidly drying up. Then he becomes quickly sensible of some strange influence abroad. It stirs in the soil and the trees; it permeates his own being. A silent but mighty spell seems to have been laid upon all nature. A quiet ecstasy of expectation is upon him. At last he reaches a sunny spot on the sheltered side of a great elm, where only a week since nothing was to be seen but dead leaves; now he finds a little garden of beauty. The hepatica* and the claytonia are in full bloom, yellow violets are peeping out, and perhaps a trillium is just unfolding its single bud of garnet and green, or an adder-tongue droops its yellow lily.

Next week he may find, as well, the pure white flowers of the wood-anemone and the blood-root, and the pink-tinged and sweet-scented blossoms of the trailing arbutus or Mayflower. But the last flower is rarer in most localities than the others mentioned, and also shorter lived; and one may spend many hours in vain hunting for it. About the same time the woodbine begins to bloom, but its pale yellow flowers are seldom noticed.

The dandelion is among the earliest of our wild field flowers, and in the late autumn its last blossoms gleam among the falling snows. Last year the dandelion flowered in the sunny lawns of Toronto as early at least as the 3rd of May; frost-bitten and withered, the brave flower was still blooming on the 15th of November.

The dandelion has not been glorified in poetry and song, but it is not, therefore, the less beautiful. The violet, the lily, and the rose are not all of Nature's handiwork in flowers. Burns found the daisy beautiful; he did not make it so, and it may be that the poets have not seen all the flowers. Common the dandelion is, to be sure, but common also are the stars, and the splendour of the moonlight on the water, and the golden burst of the sunrise over the hills. We cannot afford to lose any portion of the beauty of nature because of its commonness; no one can find a higher beauty, many can possess no other. And then scarcity is not an element of beauty. The fault may be in ourselves; perhaps our eyes are dulled with so much seeing, since beauty abounds. The children at least, fresh and unprejudiced, appreciate the dandelion. After the dreary winter, boys and girls welcome with shouts of gladness the first yellow blossoms glowing in the grass. They adorn themselves with dandelions, they take them to their desks in the schoolroom, and they fill the parlour vases with them in their homes.

Few appreciate fully the exquisite grace of form and delicacy of colour in our spring wild flowers. Compared with them, the early flowers of the garden are gross and common-looking. "Consider the lilies of the field," said the Master ages ago, and there is still untold wisdom in the counsel. For in our highly cultivated varieties of flowers there is something missing—we scarcely know what—of the beauty and charm of the natural blossom. Jacqueminot roses and quadricoloured pansies have a certain gorgeous beauty in their colour and structure, but for sweet and simple loveliness there are people who prefer the briar rose of the roadside or the little blue violets of the shady pastures. Then the devotees of fashion and of a certain artificial style of art have very much doubted if indeed the wild flowers are more beautiful than the splendid array of "kings in their glory." Yet it is safe to say that the old assertion would bear the test of an actual comparison of the objects named. We have no monarchs in America to experiment with, but let us suppose that his serene and unspeakable highness of Turkey were to visit our country. We may with an effort imagine him reclining with all his magnificence of robes and jewels in a little woodland plot of wild flowers—on a shady green bank of hepaticas and anemones, if you will, and how coarse and cheap and mean-looking then the glory of Solomon becomes! The flowers cry out against the desecration, and we feel they are justified. Let us acknowledge forthwith that with all our skill in art and industry a forest flower confounds our greatest pretensions.

There is inspiration, too, in the wild flowers. That is a tender story of the African explorer, Mungo Park, despairing and exhausted, lying down to die on the banks of the lordly Niger, yet rising again inspired and cheered to nobler effort by the beauty of a little flower that chanced to be growing near his closing eyes. And to the jaded man of affairs of our modern days, weary to death with the din of towns and cities, and the dreary routine of daily life, there is no other such refreshing as he may obtain from a walk through field and forest, if he will but yield himself to the soothing influences of the beauty that surrounds him. Here is the true recreation and the beginning of a new life.

Many city people do not know what fine opportunities there are for the observation and enjoyment of wild flowers in their vicinity. Yet within a few minutes' walk of the tramways of most cities there are patches of woodland, and ravines and valleys, where our native flowers are to be found in great abundance and variety. But the amateur searcher must go with-

* We are indebted to our contributor for a fine specimen of the *Hepatica*, picked in the Rouge Valley, April 15th—the first wild flower of this season, we should suppose.—ED.

out prejudices. The wild flowers are democratic, and the fairest of them often grow in the most unlikely looking places. An upturned tree-root, a decaying stump, a scrubby thicket, a rough gully, a marshy spot, or a stone heap, will usually well reward exploration.

The true lover of flowers is best content to watch them where they grow, without plucking them. I know of one such, of so gentle a mind that he will walk out of the city week after week to gaze upon some favourite plot—or perhaps a single wild rose bush—as one would go to see his friends, and he will never carry away with him a single blossom. He cannot bear, he says, to destroy so much beauty and so rare a life before its time. He knows, too, that the simple loveliness of the wild flowers would be lost apart from their natural surroundings. It is perhaps a pardonable fault in so many people of the city that they do not seem fully to enjoy an outing in the woods unless they pluck and carry off a large bouquet of the most beautiful flowers they find growing there. They wish to take with them some portion of the freshness and beauty of nature to relieve the monotony of artificial living. Yet nothing is surer than the total disappearance of the finest wild flowers in the neighbourhood of our cities if this process of destruction continues.

In the middle of May the violets, blue, yellow, and white, and the trillium, are still in full bloom; but the anemone and the hepatica are disappearing, and the trailing arbutus, the spring beauty, and the adder-tongue are altogether gone. And now the red columbine is just drooping its first fair flowers over the dry roadside and on sandy or gravelly banks, and the wet places are all aglow with the gorgeous yellow of the marsh marigold. Most of the wild fruits are also in blossom about this time, as the wild strawberry, the red currant, and the June berry; and the branches of the wild plum and cherry are covered white and thick with fruitful snows. June comes in with daisies and buttercups, soon to be followed by blue bells and roses and lilies, and all the beauty and delight of a new summer.

A. STEVENSON.

SLAVERY IN CANADA.

AN appendix to the third volume of Abbé Tanguay's *Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes* sheds light on a subject which has given rise to considerable controversy—the existence of slavery in Canada both before and after the Conquest. The learned and laborious genealogist has had exceptional opportunities for obtaining accurate information on this vexed question, and his testimony, backed as it is by indisputable evidence, may be accepted as its final settlement. "It is impossible to deny," he writes, "that slavery existed in Canada before and after the cession of the Colony. It existed, not only in fact, as is proved by the subjoined list, but also by right, or rather, by law, as indeed Commander Jacques Viger clearly demonstrated in his memoir, published by the Historical Society of Montreal."

The three documents which, according to M. Tanguay, prove that slavery prevailed in Canada, are the Ordinance of Randot, of April 13, 1709; the Hocquart Ordinance of September 1, 1736, and the judgment of the King's Council of State, of July 23, 1745. The first of these documents orders that, under the King's good pleasure, all the Panis and negroes who have been, or may subsequently be purchased, shall belong in the fullest sense to those who have acquired them in the quality of slaves. By the second, that of Intendant Hocquart, all emancipation of slaves is declared null and void which has not been registered before notaries, of which registration, moreover, a minute must be entered in the office of the royal jurisdiction. The royal judgment of 1745 declares that negroes escaping to the French Colonies, with whatever effects they may have, shall belong to the most Christian King. We have here, as Abbé Tanguay points out, evidence of three phases, or stages, of slavery. The Randot Ordinance legalises what was previously an irregularity or abuse; that of Hocquart recognises slavery as an order of things already established, and which cannot be proceeded against except by the observance of the most solemn forms, while the judgment of 1745 is complementary to its predecessors. It is worthy of notice, in connection with the documents to which M. Tanguay directs attention, that in the *Collection de Manuscrits* published by order of the Quebec Legislature, vol. iii. page 21, there occurs a letter from M. de Vaudreuil to the Minister, dated October 14, 1716, in which, after complaining of the extreme scarcity of labourers, the Governor-General urges the home authorities to imitate the Dutch and New England Colonies by introducing negro slaves. Such a policy, M. de Vaudreuil maintains, would tend to increase the prosperity of New France, and to enlarge its commerce. The farms could then be easily and profitably cultivated, and the mines could be worked to advantage. This letter certainly implies that if there were negro slaves in Canada, they were very few. And, in fact, Garneau informs us that, when the request was made in 1688 to the Government of Louis XIV. for negroes to be sent to Canada, the reply was not favourable. It would seem that, notwithstanding the refusal, or rather the withholding of cooperation on the part of the Minister, the people of Canada took the matter into their own hands and, not obtaining negroes, enslaved certain of the Indian tribes, especially the Panis, or Pawnees. It was probably in view of this proceeding on the part of the Canadians, that Intendant Randot issued the Ordinance of 1709, thus preventing breaches of law by adapting the law to the people's needs and wishes. Abbé Ferland, in his *Cours d'Histoire*, mentions an incident which shows that negro slaves occasionally made their way from Albany, or Boston, to Montreal, or Quebec. Toward the close of the summer of 1732, he writes, three Englishmen, furnished with passports from the Government at Albany, came to Montreal to demand the surrender of a negro slave who had fled from his master and sought refuge in Quebec.

M. de Beauharnois replied that, if the man wished to return, he would not be detained; but if not, the right of asylum would not be denied to him. M. Ferland argues from this that slavery in Canada was of a restricted nature. The whole question, he thinks, is involved in a good deal of doubt, but one point is plain, that the Canadians made slaves of some of the wilder Indian nations, such as the Renards. In such cases, the captives were carefully instructed by their masters and mistresses in the truths of religion, and, when willing and qualified, were baptised. Abbé Ferland also tells a tragic story of a negress who belonged to a Madame de Francheville. The unfortunate woman was accused of having caused a terrible conflagration which devastated Montreal in 1734, and in order to make her confess the crime, she was submitted to the question, ordinary and extraordinary. "Nevertheless," adds M. Ferland, "it is evident that there were but few slaves in Canada, and that their servitude was much less severe than that which prevailed in the British Colonies." The negress in question was, it appears, a native of Portugal, and had been purchased by M. de Francheville in New England.

M. Tanguay gives a list of about one hundred and fifty slaves, male and female, whose names he found in the registers in the course of his investigations. A good many were stationed at Michilimackinac. One, named Jean François Regis, had been given to the mission there by the Chevalier de la Verendrye, in 1749, on his return from his exploration in the far West. Some of them are the children of married slaves. Only a small number appeared to be negroes—the majority being evidently Indians. One, belonging to Madame D'Auteuil, is set down as having been born in 1699 and having died in 1799. Several others died, and, it is to be inferred, as slaves, after the Cession.

In the 46th article of the capitulation of Quebec, signed by General Amherst and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, it is stipulated that the negroes and Panis of both sexes shall remain, in their quality of slaves, in possession of the French and Canadians, to whom they belong, who are to have the liberty of retaining them in their service or of selling them—in the former case being also authorised to bring them up as Roman Catholics.

Such are the main facts regarding the reign of slavery in Canada under the old régime. That the transfer to the British Crown caused no sudden change in the condition of those held in slavery is not only implied by the article of capitulation just quoted, but is clearly demonstrated by advertisements in the newspapers of the different Provinces. In his "Toronto of Old" the Rev. Dr. Scadding gives several instances of such advertisements in Upper Canadian papers, even after 1793. The Act then passed at Newark or Niagara "forbade the further introduction of slaves, and ordered that all slave children, born after the 9th of July in that year, should be free on attaining the age of twenty-five." At that time, as Dr. Scadding tells us, most gentlemen, from the Administrator of the Government downwards, possessed slaves. A slave of Solicitor-General Gray, named John Baker, manumitted by his master's will, bearing date August 27, 1803, survived until January, 1871, when he died at Cornwall, at the alleged age of one hundred and five. In connection with the Gray *familia* it may be mentioned that, in May, 1866, Mr. Douglas Brymner, Archivist at Ottawa, published in a communication to the *Montreal Gazette*, a letter dated Kingston, February, 1804, in which Major Gray, formerly of the King's Royal Regiment, gives Mrs. Valentine, then residing at Joseph Anderson's, Cornwall, Eastern District, an account of an interview with "Lavine, mother of Dorin," doubtless "the faithful, black woman-servant, Dorinda," of the will quoted by Dr. Scadding. At Quebec, also, a Bill was introduced in 1793 to deal with slavery, but it did not become law. In 1799 a petition was laid before the Assembly by certain citizens of Montreal complaining of the lack of provision in the law for the punishment of disobedient slaves, and asking for redress. In the following year another petition was presented, asking for the passage of an Act affirming the legal existence of slavery, under certain restrictions, and defining negroes and Panis in servitude to be property. A committee having taken charge of those petitions, a Bill was introduced to regulate the condition of slaves, to limit the term of slavery, and prohibit the further importation of slaves into the Province. Not till January, 1801, was the Bill read a first time, the second reading followed in a few days, and then the Bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Though it was brought up again in 1803, it never reached the final stage. It was not until 1833 that slavery was formally abolished in Lower Canada. Practically, however, it had ceased to be a recognised feature of the social life of the Province long before that date. The last slave sale within its limits took place in 1797, and it was afterwards annulled through defective title. After the close of the eighteenth century enlightened public opinion proved stronger than legislative enterprise or courage, and the enactment, which made slave-holding illegal, had been anticipated by a whole generation.

In the Maritime Provinces the early newspapers contained advertisements of slaves, fugitive and vendible. In 1800 the legality of slavery was tested in the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, and the judges were equally divided on the question. Before that date, however, events had taken place which made the colonists more eager to part with than to retain the sons of Ham. In 1794, Col. Morse, R.E., as we learn from the Archives Report for 1885, made a return of the disbanded troops and loyalists settling in Nova Scotia. He gave the coloured population as about 3,000. The old British inhabitants he estimated at 14,000, the Acadian French at 400, and the new-comers (negroes included) at 28,347. Under the category of servants he reckons 1,232 persons. It is evident, therefore, that some of the coloured people were in the enjoyment of freedom. Before the close of the year, New Brunswick was constituted a separate province, and, from the test case just alluded to, it would seem

that slavery, in some form, continued till the end of the century. In 1792 it is on record that over 1,200 negroes were deported from Halifax to Sierra Leone. Whether they were all coloured loyalists who had taken refuge on British soil after the Revolution, or comprised some old-time slaves manumitted out of deference to a change in public sentiment, there was no great reason to regret their departure, as they subsequently gave much trouble to the Sierra Leone authorities. Nova Scotia was destined, nevertheless, to have their place supplied, before many years had gone by, in a manner that eventually sorely tried her patience. In 1795 a rebellion took place in Jamaica, the insurgents being fugitive Maroons who had intrenched themselves in the mountainous district of Trelawny. General Walpole succeeded in bringing them to terms, having promised the leaders that if they capitulated he would guarantee them against banishment. The island authorities disregarded his promise, and, in spite of his indignant protest, resolved to transport the five hundred prisoners to Nova Scotia, with the proviso that if proved unacceptable there, they should subsequently be packed off to Sierra Leone. In 1796 they arrived at Halifax, where the Duke of Kent then held military command. At the suggestion of His Royal Highness, they were set to work at the fortifications of the citadel, and their work and behaviour proved so satisfactory that the Government invited them to remain in the province. The severe winter, however, was a harsh experience for them, and they shivered and pined for a warmer climate. In the spring, with some reluctance, they resumed their work, but at the approach of winter again the old trouble was renewed. It then began to be plain that to acclimatise them would be a tedious and somewhat costly process, and it was ultimately decided to ship them to Sierra Leone. There they were highly appreciated, their conduct being exemplary in contrast with that of the refractory "Nova Scotians" who had preceded them. But they still yearned for their native Jamaica, whither at last most of them were allowed to return.

After the departure of the loyalist blacks and the Maroons, it can hardly be imagined that the coloured population of the Maritime Provinces was very large. The war of 1812-14 brought, it is true, more runaways from Maryland and other Southern States who had, in the first place, taken advantage of the situation of affairs to flee for protection to the British fleet. It is not likely that any of them relapsed into slavery, nor, indeed, would public feeling have permitted such a relapse. By the last census of the inhabitants of the Dominion, 21,394 were returned as of African origin. Of these, 12,097 resided in Ontario; 7,063 in Nova Scotia; 1,638 in New Brunswick; 155 in Prince Edward Island; 141 in Quebec; and 301 in the other Provinces and Territories. That this element in our complex nationality is, for the most part, of comparatively recent introduction, there is indirect evidence to show, though, doubtless, here and there may be the descendant of a slave of the old *régime*, or the early years of British rule. As to slaves of Indian origin, the Panis or Pawnees, they seem to have won their liberty before their coloured brethren. Still another phase of the slavery question is that which has to do with white prisoners kept in servitude by Indian captors. Of men and women who passed through such an experience, Canadian history is not without example.

JOHN READE.

LETTER FROM ROME.

THERE are some places in this world, some marvellous cities and scenes, which even the most conceited amongst us must never feel themselves quite ready to behold. It is not that our pleasures are few, but rather that we are so little prepared for them. A very profitable life might be spent—the first half in learning about Rome, the second in visiting it. Nor is mere study a sufficient preparation. The knowledge of dry facts will help you but a step towards the full enjoyment of this wonderful city; so wonderful because no being on earth fails in finding here something to captivate and charm. Taste and sentiment and that capacity for worship, should be cultivated to the highest degree; for we have need of all that is best in us by nature and many of the subtle perceptions art can bestow, worthily to gaze upon what even a Philistine has pronounced "The world's tip-top show." But, again, the poet, the artist, the philosopher, each has his favourite haunt, his favourite *coup d'œil*. I wonder why, then, we ordinary mortals may not be allowed to choose, to look at things in our own peculiar way. While a spectacled antiquarian ponders over the half-obliterated inscription, another finds equal edification marking the less mystic characters on a Roman face. Contemplating that grand wilderness of ruined temples and deserted streets, the historian will fill it with clamorous life; but the melancholy dreamer loves it better thus, peopled by naught save moonbeams, mists, and memories. Why we feel deep dejection if, once within the sacred walls, there springs not within us a gourd-like enthusiasm for every branch of art; why we should deem it incumbent upon us to walk out of the Eternal City so many animated directories—it is hard to say. For after all the question is scarcely, How many beautiful objects have you seen? but rather, Of how many have you felt the loveliness? When our lips involuntarily quiver, our eyes fill at the mere mention of that gorgeous view—Rome lying at our feet as we stand on the Pincian Hill; when from looks alone can men discover how grand appears to us a "Dying Gladiator," or an "Apollo Belvedere," then need we envy little the frantic sight-seer who has marked every day of his stay in Rome by visiting a score of churches, and who with no difficulty could recite you the contents of a Vatican catalogue.

It takes so little to darken the bluest sky, or make a rainy day the brightest in our existence, that first impressions of places and persons are by no means to be relied upon. We are not seldom blinded by the thought: "We near the land for which our souls have yearned;" and then again,

though the face which meets us may far surpass our dreams, a disappointment is always felt at first in not finding the very physiognomy we expected. There is infinite interest, however, in the perusal of the scores of enthusiastic outbursts from pilgrims to Rome through all centuries. But, I think, we shall henceforth have fewer of such curious studies. Not exactly that enthusiasm is dying out, only the entrance to this great city, like the entrance to many other things on earth, is changed. Scarcely have we time to dry our eyes after a sad farewell to Florence than we must smilingly salute Roma. Alas! that sometimes our sweetest pleasures must be gulped down like a collation at a wayside station. The train awaits us, and the guards cry out impatiently "Avanti! avanti!" According to Monsieur Rousseau, "On jouit moins de ce qu'on obtient que de ce qu'on espère." It is just this hope, "drawn out," that we wish to experience in approaching Rome, instead of which we are dashed into the very heart of the city ere we hear: "Ecco Roma!" Picture what travelling hither must have been in the old carriage days. It is early spring, the hour sunset, when heaven is placing upon the head of its favourite champion a golden crown of victory; when purple banners float in the west, and a hundred iron tongues murmur, "Eternal!" For no triumphal entry of a Caesar could the city wear a more gorgeous aspect. We have approached at reverential pace; and the towns passed since our arrival in Italy—but so many "courtiers leading to a king!"

However, even from the unfortunate occupants of a prosaic railway carriage, we may gain a little diversion in compensation. The pretty enthusiasm of the school girl, the grave pleasure of the *savant*, the forced interest of the insolent dame, and finally the ecstatic joy of the gentle curate, form a combination of delicious contrasts. Especially interesting is this latter, when with glowing cheeks he murmurs Martin Luther's "I salute thee, O holy Rome; Rome venerable through the blood and the tombs of the martyrs!" Only, as he is not Martin Luther, he will doubtless never feel any disappointment; nay, perchance, be as ready to leave behind him his faith as his heart.

It was *fête* this first day of ours in Rome, and we spent it with feelings much akin to those of a Frenchman who arrives in London on Sunday. The farther southward you travel through Italy the more numerous become the holy days; and the more religiously are they kept, the greater is the outward light, and the more obscure the inward darkness. I do not say one is a consequence of the other, I merely remark a fact; and this state of things culminates in Naples, where life appears to be nothing but a long, lazy *festa*.

Our first impressions of Rome were not pleasant ones. Of course we knew that near us lay the grandest church, the grandest palace, and the grandest ruins in the world; only we found ourselves in a labyrinth of houses prodigiously gloomy and prodigiously high, and streets, or rather alleys, prodigiously narrow, where men and beasts hustled each other with unbecoming familiarity. Added to this, most of the shops were closed, and I know of nothing more ghastly and depressing than lines of shutter-covered windows and iron-barred doors. So, like many others, not dazzled from the first, we began to question whether there was anything to dazzle; but all this changed on the morrow.

Though it is out of my power to take you for systematic "Walks in Rome," still I shall with pleasure be your cicerone through some desultory wanderings. Not even S. Peter's and the Vatican will tempt you, I think, ere you have glanced, if but for a moment, at Roman ruins—the Fora and the Coliseum. Thus silent and deserted, with the nervous ebb and flow of life around, they seem, as it were, the Past lying in state, the strong, fierce Past, to us weaker-willed mortals almost incomprehensible in its firmness. As I look into its face—scarred and strange, yet wonderfully beautiful—tottering columns, crumbling arch, and ruined temple bring before me that picture of fallen pride—Milton's Satan, degraded, cast out, thrown from highest heights, but prince, but ruler, still.

Trace with me these ruins. They lie in the southern portion of the city. We will wander from the Fora of the Emperors to the Forum Romanum, and the Forum Boarium. The first we may examine is that of Trajan. Alas! but for the scanty remains of granite columns, one might well question what stood here. The beautiful halls for public recreation, the magnificent basilica and libraries, and all the dazzling brightness of gilded statues and magician-like creations have vanished. The Forum of Trajan is now the haunt of an indefinite number of comfortable looking cats, supported entirely, the bystanders assure us, by the efforts of an eccentric English dame! At the farther end of the excavations rises a column in perfect preservation. A spiral band of bas-reliefs covers the thirty-four blocks of marble which compose it; but the figure of Trajan which once crowned the top, is now supplanted by that of S. Peter.

Thus threading our way along these narrow, ugly streets, every here and there we find with delight a column, a frieze, some exquisite piece of work, so that it is like rummaging in an old rag shop, where from out the tattered rubbish falls a strip of rich brocade or gold-embroidered stuff. Some few pillars belonging to the Temple of Mars Ultor are all that remain of the once magnificent Forum of Augustus. Two half-buried Corinthian columns and the part of a frieze give one an idea of how beautiful must have been the Temple of Minerva, adorning the Forum Transitorium, or Forum of Nerva. In a dirty court must we look for the remains, a few huge blocks of stone, of what cost 100,000 sestertia (£900,000). Some pronounced this Forum of Julius Caesar the most superb of all. Grand as they were, however, these Fora must ever have been, as they are to-day, infinitely inferior in importance and interest to the Forum Romanum. Used chiefly for judicial proceedings, they were built rather as ornaments to the city than for political purposes. But it is the spot where we stand now, that, after all, means Rome to us:

"The Forum,—whence a mandate, eagle winged,
Went to the ends of the earth."

The Capitol forms as it were a gate to this chaotic world; for immediately behind it stretches the sad wilderness of ruins far down to the Coliseum. I have seen somewhere a beautifully imagined representation of Hades, a sort of æsthetic Hades, not hideous with vulgar flames and rude noise, but filled with crumbling temples—the shattered life works of a hundred poor souls! Does the scene before you not seem a little like this? The to-morrow of human greatness—and yet, and yet not so, for the best part of it lives on in the world's brave, struggling hearts.

The buildings about the Forum stood in surprisingly close proximity; for to-day we find the ruins of no less than three temples in a space remarkably narrow and not exceeding the length of the Capitol. Of these three edifices the only remains are the marble pavement of the Temple of Concordia, three columns of the Temple of Vespasian, and eight of that of Saturn. To our left we discover the bases of a great number of pillars standing in rows; they are part of the Basilica Julia, begun by Julius Cæsar and finished by Augustus, "who dedicated it in honour of the sons of his daughter Julia." Partly for a law court and partly for an exchange was such a basilica intended. But here we are interrupted, for it grows towards sunset. Dangerous mists are rising, and wandering among the ruins is only safe in the warm light. We will return to-morrow.

L. L.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

M. BARDOUX, ex-minister, studies the French *bourgeoisie*, or middle classes, from 1789 to 1848, and contrasts its once omnipotence with its present decadence. He relates and analyses the life, tastes, beliefs, and sentiments of that layer of society at the close of the last and the early part of the present century, and which made France before the advent of Democracy, that is of universal suffrage, in 1848. The *bourgeoisie* had two ambitions, the constitution of a civil and of a political society. It has succeeded in the first, the second has apparently slipped from its grasp. Yet it was admirably trained to accomplish both, due to centuries of patience, study, and struggles.

In 1789 the middle classes of France knew what it was to be annihilated forever; it was in the name of common right it attacked, destroyed the past, and reconstituted civil society. And it succeeded, because its aims had roots in the very heart of the nation itself. The *bourgeoisie* was less happy in the constitution of a political society. At two periods it was in this respect omnipotent—in 1789 and under Louis Philippe,—when its chiefs were masters of the destinies of France. The women of the middle classes, by their manners and influence, nobly did their duty; they lived virtuously and retired. Their *salons* were the *rendezvous* for the pleasures of the mind, and the temples wherein were guarded the ideas of liberty and humanity. The excesses of the Revolution changed the feelings of the *bourgeoisie* from enthusiasm into animadversion. Madame Helvétius is the type of this change. Then came the years of the Empire, when the middle classes were all silence, and when their apostles were satirised by Napoleon as "ideologues."

With the arrival of Guizot in Paris, in 1809, the *bourgeoisie* plucked up heart of grace, after the downfall of Napoleon. But what changes between 1809 and 1848! two invasions, the restoration of the Bourbons, the renaissance of liberty, the triumph of the *bourgeoisie*, and its collapse with the fall of government it set up—Louis Philippe's. Since the advent of universal suffrage, in 1848, the middle classes are being submerged by the uprise of the *couche* below them—the democratic. They now realise the famous phrase of Guizot: "the *bourgeoisie* can only practise a policy of resistance, but not one of political action." M. Bardoux asks, with pardonable anxiety, What will be the new world coming into full life and power in France, and who can restore to her middle classes the virility and unity of action of the past?

THE Russians have always liked Paris; despite the invasions of Moscow and the Crimea, it is their city of predilection. There are many reasons for this: the *boyard* comes only for pleasure, and, as he pays liberally, there is no limit to his enjoyment. Then, in Russia, public and intellectual life are at zero. Hence the mind of a Russian, like that of an infant, longs for pleasure. This is why St. Petersburg and Moscow are the chief markets for French actors and actresses, novels, perfumery, jewellery, and *articles de Paris* in general.

It is easier also to gain admission into French than English or German society. Such is the opinion of M. Tchêdrine, a Russian, in his "Paris and Berlin." Not many travellers indulge in gush over the latter city. In Paris, says the author, there is no melancholy in the air, all is sunshine, save in winter; the *milieu* is gay and the shops brilliant and purse-attracting, the restaurants luxurious, the gardens animated, the streets coquettish. M. Tchêdrine is most enthusiastic over the shops; he never would be tired purchasing knick-knacks. This implies a good banker's credit, and such is an infallible means to enjoy travelling. He alludes to the richness of the museums and galleries, and notes pertinently they are open to all, because owned by all. He further remarks that "Parisians are not *flâneurs*, but beneath their love of pleasure they have a base of working character. Three things fill up the life of the ordinary Parisian it seems: work, pleasure, and, from time to time, a revolution."

GEORGE SAND was in every way a remarkable woman, and never more so than in the declining years of her life, when her mind, full of tenderness and greatness, was always clement and encouraging for rising talent. In the closing years of her life her only happiness was to become a child again,

to discover joys for her grandchildren, and to associate with them in their pleasures. This indicated not weakness, but serenity of mind, exempt from weakness, the repose of conscience which viewed and judged passing life without fear as without feebleness. This was at her provincial residence at Nohaut, where the famous writer passed her grandmother days in a sort of tranquil majesty, where two generations were grouped round her, and where she taught the latter to read by an ingenious system of her own. Her fireside was of the happiest; there only the noise of the world reached her by its echoes.

Madame Sand had at Nohaut a famous theatre of marionettes, or puppets, which her son, after her death, brought to his Paris residence at Passy. Now it was on this household stage she rehearsed all her pieces, by means of the *pupazzi*, before she handed over the plays for public representation. Modern stage writers since have adopted her idea. These private puppet representations were mounted and interpreted with a solemnity that would appear bordering on the comical if occurring in another *milieu*. But they suggested many valuable and important corrections to the authoress. The audience at each spectacle was naturally as select as limited; and George Sand and her daughter-in-law ever attended them in full dress, as if for a *première* at Paris.

BARON DE CASSE draws attention to several unpublished letters of the First Napoleon, not to be found in the thirty-two magnificent volumes brought out between 1854-70 by Napoleon III., under the editorship of his cousin, Prince Jerome. In August, 1801, Napoleon tells his youngest brother, Jerome, later King of Westphalia, to pursue his sailor career practically, and to become the best of middies. He does not object to his dying young, provided he can cover himself with glory. To his elder brother, Joseph, who was king of Naples and Spain, he writes from Milan, December, 1796: "The dances, the plays, and the ladies of Milan are the most beautiful in the world, and form the grand preoccupation of every one." In the following May he writes also to him: "Malta has cost us two days of cannonading; it is the strongest place in Europe." Later, he directs that "the interest on 100,000 francs, which he has invested in the pawn offices, be added to the capital. Tell Louis to give good advice to my wife."

In March, 1800, he wrote to Joseph: "Monsieur de Staël is in the most profound misery, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you see her still, persuade her to allow her husband a pension of 1,000 or 2,000 francs per month." In 1803 he wrote from the camp at Boulogne respecting "Paulette"—the pet name for his youngest and handsome sister, Pauline, married to General Leclerc, who was killed at St. Domingo; later she became the Princess Borghèse: "Paulette states the bans of her marriage have been published; let mamma write to the mother of Prince Borghèse at Rome, introducing her." In 1805 he wrote from Alexandria to Cambacères: "No act is necessary to annul the marriage of Jerome with Mdle. Paterson; if he wishes to contract a new union in France the registrars will admit it, and they would be acting right. Miss Paterson, I see, has been at London and created a sensation; that condemns her more than ever."

These letters were discovered in Corsica by the brother of the notorious anarchist, Blanqui. The earliest date from October, 1783, when Bonaparte was only fourteen and at school in Brienne. He always wrote to his father in a spirit of affectionate gravity, displaying quite a paternal interest in the bringing up of his brothers. Joseph was intended for the church, his uncle Fesch being then an archdeacon. Joseph was weak in health, and deficient in boldness to become a soldier; besides, he "was lazy and had no other idea of army life than to reside in barracks and be a man upon town; he had talents for society and tact for the frivolities of the world, but for campaigning that was doubtful."

When a sub-lieutenant, and quartered at Auxonne in July, 1788, the future emperor was low in health and lean in purse; he wrote to a family friend: "I have no other resources than my work; I dress but once a week; I sleep but little since my illness; I go to bed at ten and rise at six, and only eat once a day." He was then nineteen years of age, and these habits characterised him through life. He never cared for table pleasures; a chop and a few glasses of Chambertin wine formed at any time and moment his chief daily meal, and that he despatched in ten minutes. He always recommended those who expected a good dinner to seek an invitation to the table of his marshals. Napoleon III. had the reputation of giving the worst dinners in France. Napoleon I. was a short sleeper, and could go to sleep at any hour if necessary. He exacted never to be awakened unless there was bad news to communicate. It is also asserted he rarely ever dreamed.

An elderly man once consulted Sir William Gull about a severe complaint, but there was a formidable obstacle to diagnosis in the patient being horn-deaf. "What do you have for dinner?" roared Sir William into his right ear. "Oh no!" was the reply, "plenty of that—two miles regularly after breakfast, and two more before dinner." How long do you lie abed of a morning? "Well, doctor, I shall be sixty-nine this day three weeks." Without further parley the doctor gave him some simple prescription, the form and manuscript of which he seemed much to admire for a little; and then, offering his fee, he retired. But at the door he turned round, and, in the loud rattling tones of one long very deaf, called out: "Doctor, can you cure deafness?" Sir William bowed, shook his head, and made his lip express "no." "I thought so! You have been very kind to me. Therefore I make you welcome to this prescription," which he pulled from his pocket, adding "It cured me!"

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

TERMS.—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage pre. aid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than FIVE lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, *Business Manager*, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher*.

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 State is in Ontario professedly and even ostentatiously secular; yet the Government, in its University Federation Bill, proposes to interfere in an internal concern of the churches in a manner that savours of the closest possible union of Church and State. As the one most directly concerned, the Church of England has been the first to protest against this assumption of the Government to prescribe for it the terms upon which its own clergy shall receive theological degrees, and to delegate this assumed authority to another and equally pronounced secular body—the Senate of the University. But all the churches may be affected by this surprising development of the theory of Church and State. Surely the Government is going beyond its province in arranging for the granting of degrees in Divinity without any application or authority from the churches, and then putting this dangerous power to lower the value of degrees in commission to irresponsible bodies. We commend to the notice of our readers the protest of the Bishops and other authorities of the Church of England, published in the *Mail* of Tuesday, and trust it may be followed by equally plain and vigorous action from other religious bodies.

By their anti-Coercion resolutions, both the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures commit themselves to the principle that any one self-governing part of the Empire has a right to interfere with the government of any other part; and they invite the British Parliament to remonstrate against any local bill pending at Ottawa or Toronto, whether it be a Scott Act, or a University Federation Bill. And this they do, not in order to give expression to the sentiment of the country or the Province on a general question affecting all, but as the mouthpiece of one nationality only, to curry favour with whom they commit the whole country, of every nationality, to a protest against the principle of Coercion of Crime. All others than the one nationality so favoured, forming by far the greater majority, are opposed to any such interference in the internal affairs of the British Isles, with which they hold the British Parliament is quite competent to deal; but this is disregarded, and the Legislatures of both Dominion and Province, speaking solely for a small portion of the people whose votes the members fear to estrange, have the audacity to address this impertinence to an independent Parliament as the voice of the Canadian people. It is nothing but the voice of the Irish voter in Canada, and in nowise expresses the opinion of the country; and we trust the British Government, recognising this, will administer such a rebuff to the meddlers as will not be forgotten.

THE opening proceedings of the Dominion Parliament disclose that the Government are quite alive to the importance of maintaining Canadian rights with a firm hand, if we are to obtain any fair settlement of our differences with the United States. The construction of a canal on the Canadian side, at Sault Ste. Marie, is required to complete the independence of our lake route; and therefore it is a work that ought to be done irrespectively of a possible closure to Canadians of the present canal. The canal will be but a mile long, presenting no great engineering difficulties, and will cost but a million—a trifle in comparison with the moral strength it will give the country. The Canadian Government, it is satisfactory to learn, are kept, not only fully informed, but consulted, with respect to the negotiations on the Fishery question; therefore we may hope that no settlement will be made flagrantly inimical to the interests of Canada. The proposed Depart-

ment of Trade and Commerce may effect much good. Trade and commerce is a most important interest to most Canadians, and should be placed in charge of an efficient Minister and Department.

THE growing difficulty between the Dominion Government and Manitoba respecting Disallowance, may be happily settled if the suggestion of the Speech from the Throne, delivered at the opening of the Manitoba Legislature, be adopted. The Speech asks for authority for an appeal to the Imperial Government for relief, if the policy of Disallowance be persisted in by the Dominion Government; and this appears to be the only probable means of relief in sight. The Dominion Government is bound by the contract with the C. P. R. not to authorise the construction of any railway south of that line, except such as shall run south or to the south-west; nor any to within fifteen miles of latitude 49. To obtain relief from this contract, failing concession by the C. P. R., a higher power must intervene, which it would probably do in favour of the Province, in view of the changed circumstances of both Province and railway.

THE uncertainty of the result of voting for Prohibition in Michigan is at any rate a good argument for local option. Whether Prohibition be carried or lost the question is decided by a majority or minority of only some thousand or two in the whole State. The State is divided into two camps; all the towns voting by large majorities against Prohibition; all the country parts by equally large majorities for it. If local option instead of Prohibition had been the question, the districts in favour of Prohibition would have made their panacea a law to themselves. But, no; they must also make it a law to everybody else; and so they have probably lost it altogether. And supposing they have carried it by a narrow majority, can they expect to enforce it in the towns, where its opponents are as ten to one? They had better have chosen local option; letting each homogeneous district adopt the law that suits itself best. This would not be perfection; but it is nearer to what should be aimed at—that every individual may be his own Prohibitionist if he likes, but nobody else's.

UNQUESTIONABLY important material advantages would accrue to Canada from Commercial Union. Mining especially, of all sorts, and the lumber trade, would be at once stimulated, and employment given to a good many people by the influx of much-needed foreign capital, and this would give a stimulus to the farming interest. But to the manufacturer and the artisan we fear the new order of things would be most disastrous. Middlemen would flourish on the business the throwing down of the customs barrier would pour upon them; but manufacturers, almost universally throughout Canada, except in some specially Canadian industry native to the soil, would soon meet the fate that usually awaits the small, poor, and comparatively unskilled competitor in business of a wealthy and highly skilled one. The tendency of trade is towards specialisation—towards adopting methods of production that will effect the greatest saving on old-fashioned methods; and this movement is fast bringing about the absorption of small businesses into large ones, where a saving is effected in the cost of management, in time employed on production, in a minimum of waste of material. With the Canadian market open to the highly developed business methods of the Americans, what probability of life would remain to the "small businesses" that now subsist here? Can a manufacturer whose business is adapted only to the somewhat crude requirements of a market of five million of people probably compete successfully with another whose business, long established and brought to the highest perfection, is extensive enough for the developed needs of a market twelve times as large? Does not every experienced merchant know that this latter, having secure possession of such a market, can afford to give away a thirteenth part of his products in the foreign market if by so doing he can crush out dangerous competition there, while at the same time maintaining the value of the other twelve-thirteenths at home by disposing elsewhere of his surpluses? This mainly is what the Canadian market will inevitably be used for, while Canada is under a foreign flag. The cheap labour to be found here will not help native industries, nor, except in a few special cases, induce the immigration of American manufacturers, who already manufacture at home more than they can consume, being shut out from foreign markets by their fiscal policy. Curiously, trade sticks by as well as follows the flag. While Canada remains a foreign country, Americans will get all they can out of it; and they will not feel that interest in developing its resources to the common profit of its people as well as themselves that they feel in developing the resources of a State of the Union.

THE ruin of Canadian manufacturers must involve the interests of other classes—the artisan and the trade labourer, unable to find work here,

must emigrate; the farmer will lose on one hand more than he has gained on the other. The only people that are likely to flourish are the few speculative gentlemen whose personal interest lies in bringing the two countries into closer connexion; agents and middlemen of all kinds, who will represent American business houses here; and the labour employed by any particular industry that may be incidentally developed in the course of the American quest of profit. And such being, as we believe, the likely consequences of adopting Commercial Union, it would be as well, perhaps, at this early stage of the discussion—at the beginning of what promises to be a vigorous pro-American trade crusade—to pause and enquire whether the blessing of Commercial Union may not be purchased at too dear a rate. Mr. Wiman told us the other day, in his address to the Canadian Club, that the Americans would certainly neither pay us money for our Fishery privileges nor grant partial Reciprocity in exchange, and therefore, he urged, we had better agree at once to full Reciprocity, or Commercial Union: that is, as we can expect to get no fair recompense for a portion of our property that the Americans covet, we had better make them a present of not only that, but of all else we possess besides. And for what? In spite of protests to the contrary, does anybody of experience believe that with Canada reduced to the dependent condition we have depicted; or, to take the brighter picture held up to our view by the Commercial Unionists, with Canada made prosperous by American gold and enterprise, swarming with American exploiters,—can anybody believe that Annexation would be far distant? And is that what we wish for? It is the fish the Americans expect to catch when they bait their hook so temptingly with Commercial Union; but are we so in love with American morals and manners that we are ready to cut short our national growth in order to become Americans? It is fitting that we should look honestly at all the consequences of the contemplated union, even at this early stage of the courtship; for an engagement on the basis of Commercial Union would inevitably involve final marriage. It is best that we should do this at once, while the courting is all on one side; otherwise we may drift unconsciously into a most dangerous flirtation, from which it will require all the parental authority of the Mother Country and the energy of Young Canada to rescue us. Of the former, it is probable, we may rest assured. The days are past when England was ready to throw her colonies away—when Mr. Gladstone with but a little persuasion would have given up even Gibraltar to Spain; and we are much mistaken if the opening of an alternative route from England to the East and Australasia across this Dominion do not bind the Dominion to the Empire with a force that nothing but the disintegration of the whole fabric can dissolve. And as to Young Canada—have our young men no national aspirations? That is incredible to anyone who has observed the awakening life, the pulsings of the national heart, evident in so many directions of late. Canada is not a nation, as the boy is not a man; but natural growth will correct that defect. It may be hoped the man may still continue to stand beside his Mother—he can do so without any loss of manhood; but to be absorbed in his youth into the American Union, as one State or two among forty to be reduced to the hopeless dead level of republican mediocrity, would be most deplorable annihilation—annihilation of a fresh, vigorous individuality that, standing in advantageous contrast to a neighbouring society framed on a different pattern, cannot but be good for the future of both.

EVENTS are proving the truth of the prediction uttered by Mr. Goldwin Smith last summer, that the victory then gained by the Unionists was not the end, but the beginning, of the struggle for the maintenance of the Union. When Mr. Gladstone gave the sanction of his great name to the demands of the Nationalists, he flung a brand into British politics that will burn while he lives, and cause the combustion of much besides the rubbish of the Irish question. Home Rule in the shape he proposed will, it is certain, never be granted while England remains so greatly the foremost member of the United Kingdoms; but some fair system of local government for Ireland, satisfactory to Irishmen, will no doubt be evolved during the present agitation, and when the dust of the bitter controversy has cleared away, Ireland, let us hope, will smile once more, with its soil in the undisputed possession of its peasantry. To bring this last and greatest desideratum about, sacrifices must be made, both by the present nominal owners and by the nation. Absentee landlordism, and perhaps resident landlordism, is responsible to a very large extent for the present troubles; and in the coming settlement regard may justly be had to the revenues that have been drawn from the land, and in great part spent elsewhere. Landlords as well as tenants have their duties; and if it is true that by evading these duties the landlords have already received the full value of their land in rents that have been used wholly for personal purposes, they must not expect

to receive the value over again in compensation, now the reckoning has to be made. Some reduction in their claims is reasonable; but as this might press hard on present possessors—the “innocent holders”—or on mortgagees, the nation at large ought to contribute to the settlement. Justice must be done all round, that all may be satisfied. Twenty or thirty million sterling spent in this way, would be the very best investment England could make just now.

WHAT sum in reason that could be named would be too much for England to pay for the cure of the ill that has afflicted Ireland? Even the hundred and fifty million that Mr. Gladstone's land-bill of last year would have involved would not be too great a price, and might have been paid if Mr. Gladstone had not coupled it with the grant of Home-Rule, and raised suspicion about the wisdom of his scheme by credulously holding out that the sum would be repaid by his proposed Home-Rule Government. If there had been no Home-Rule in question, that scheme of land-purchase, modified in the direction of insisting on the landlords' participation in any needed sacrifices, might have passed. But Mr. Gladstone has abandoned that part of his plan; and, holding to Home-Rule, has driven this like a wedge into the side of England, splitting its society from top to bottom—splitting his own party into two irreconcilable camps, and, as is probable, utterly wrecking it. If he live for a few years longer, the great Liberal party will be but a memory, represented in a surprising evolution by such politicians as Harcourt and Labouchere. The one reputable name on its rolls now is Mr. Gladstone's, and that is justly sufficient to make it respectable in the eyes of a large portion of the people: but, he gone, with all else that was respectable in it joined to a man to the Unionist party, nothing will be left to save it from the disrepute to which low courses are now fast bringing it. Happily, the end is certain; and this the optimistic Parnellite sympathisers who are to-day as confidently predicting the final triumph of Home Rule, as they were a year ago the then triumph of Mr. Gladstone, might profitably bear in mind; the political brigands who follow Mr. Gladstone's unhappy lead, and are aiding the Parnellites to wreck the British Parliament, are not of the class the English people usually entrust with the office of Government. During the past two centuries there have been Whig Governments, succeeded by Tory Governments, which have again given place to Whig; but it will be observed that always these changes have taken place when the superseded Government had ceased to be respected. That was of late beginning to be the case with each successive Gladstone ministry; and it is now glaringly so with the Gladstonite party—always excepting, however, Mr. Gladstone himself. Almost every man of repute in public life supports the Unionist cause, whether as Liberal-Unionists or Conservatives. A few there are, like Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery, whose personal attachment for Mr. Gladstone keeps them by his side; but is it likely that, he removed, such men will continue in company with the Harcourts, Laboucheres, and Morleys, who will then have control of the forlorn Home-Rule rump? Rather is it likely that the Home-Rulers will form an insignificant and harmless, though noisy, faction, while a new great Unionist Party, comprehending all that is best of Conservatism and Liberalism in the three Kingdoms, will carry on the work the present great Liberal leader has so lamentably led his forces away from in pursuit of this *ignis fatuus*.

SOME restraint ought to be put on Mr. William O'Brien's projected agitation against Lord Lansdowne in Canada. The Plan of Campaign should not be put in operation here; nor should we permit our public men to be terrorised by Irish agitators. If Mr. O'Brien sets foot in Canada, he ought at any rate to be placed under the strictest surveillance. When statesmen like Mr. Chamberlain are threatened with assassination for opposing the designs of these self-elected Irish tribunes, everybody connected with a Conspiracy which notoriously has a murder wing, should be closely watched. Mr. O'Brien's mission may recall an old Fenian reminiscence: an Irish agitation, not unlike that proposed to be raised by Mr. O'Brien, had for one result the murder of D'Arcy McGee.

IT is fair to Mr. Parnell for the present to discredit the authenticity of the letter imputed to him by the *Times*; but he must not remain long “undecided whether to prosecute the *Times* or not.” During some weeks, the *Times* has been publishing a series of articles plainly accusing the Parnellites of complicity with the murder wing of the Irish Conspiracy; this charge the Parnellites have treated with a disdainful but somewhat suspicious silence; but now that the charge is crystallised in this way, it must be met if our belief in the innocence of the accused is to continue.

NEVERMORE.

DREAMILY watching the heaving surge,
I heard old Ocean swinging slow,
From stormy tones to plaintive dirge,
For lost ones sleeping calm below.

The waves gleamed soft and glistened bright ;
In them as rippling o'er the shells,
It only seemed to sheathe its might,
While tolling for lost souls the knells.

Rolling they broke, and gliding near
Far reaching lapped the pebbled shore,
Their curling crests suppressed a sneer,
And hoarsely whispered—"Nevermore."

Montreal.

M. FANNING.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—II.

IN claiming this position for portrait painting above the painting of history, let us illustrate by two pictures—the first, the Battle of Gettysburg. For a series of historical events full of dramatic play, of deep emotions, of breathless interest, Gettysburg will satisfy the chronicler. But the artist must go through the mass of detail, requiring weeks, visit the positions held by the various brigades, see in effect the cannonade, the wild charge, the heroic defence, retreat, rally, sulphur, dust, commanders, men—everything. But all this cannot be given in a picture, one event alone being sufficient for the canvas. He must choose, therefore, some leading incident to hold the primary place in his picture, and a few minor incidents to sustain the character of the leading thought. Character demands supremest attention ; it underlies and controls the whole intention of the picture. The character which is to invest the *motif* must be embodied in some leading figure, wisely placed, on which, for pictorial effect, the light must be focussed. The accessories which repeat the thought are of importance ; these, leading away in forms determining the lines of the picture, are relieved from the mass of material which fills the background by appropriate tones to graduate the distance. The day is hot ; a glimpse of sultry sky reveals the fact. Smoke, belching from artillery, conceals the horizon ; but smoke of musketry leads up to the front, and sweeps right across the canvas. Near the centre of the picture General Meade looms out amongst his staff, posing, between calmness and excitement, splendidly for a picture. The boys in blue have just charged over the foreground, and those in gray may be seen in glimpses to the left, getting ready for disordered retirement. A dismounted field-piece forms, with a horse and rider thrown to earth, a strong mass of colour for the foreground. A shell is bursting just at the point where the radiating lines of fire and fragments balance the line of distant "Round Top." The flash brings into focus the highest point of light, and answers as a foil to the broader light which glows upon the General's face. This broader light is seconded upon the faces of his staff ; it falls next upon the hero who bites the dust ; then illumines the cloud that rolls away the battle-smoke. This is the picture of Gettysburg ; but not all the picture. You have caught the idea of a leading thought, have you ? then look into the General's face and read it, for it is written there. The whole battle is going on in his mind, and his face is a mirror of it. Observe the faces of his staff, and see if they are not appropriate accessories to his. And then the on-rushing column ; note their movements, man by man. Each form is full of intensest action, and the whole is a whirlwind of life. Read the weary marches in the worn-out shoes of the dying soldier ; the chilly night-dews on his earth-painted and tattered blouse. Read the home-thought—or perhaps it may be a curse of bitterness—that curls and quivers on his lip. Oh no, there is a smile wreathing its mysterious garland of a whispered prayer to rest upon those parted lips ! The light of another bivouac is flushing his cheek, and kindling in eyes that shall look no longer on red and shot-ploughed fields of earth, but forever upon the sunlit fields of peace. Now we begin to see Gettysburg ; for our latent thought is stirring itself to take up suggestions like loose threads of a garment, and, with their aid, discover what was in the artist's mind through the long weeks of his work, what were the legends from which he shaped his picture, and the story of the day and hour he chose to tell us of.

Now, let us sketch a portrait. It shall be of the commander of the Union forces on the occasion referred to. As he advances to the place assigned him, the enigma which first confronted us begins to unfold itself, and the complex nature of the man becomes simplified by degrees. See how every feature of his face tells what he has come through. The conditions attending his rise from a junior officer up to receiving command before Gettysburg are written in display lines—strong, plodding, earnest manliness, with a flavouring of reticence, the latter contributing in no

trifling degree to his receiving an appointment over more prominent political and military men, and helping very much the impression of his ability as a strategist. The painter's question is, How shall we bring into unison on the canvas all the features of his character ? His whole frame is the battle-ground of forces in his being, or the playground, it may be, according as they are found at variance or in agreement with one another. But what is to give the key to the situation ? Has he any peculiar characteristics ? Is there an all-controlling bias that bends and directs his energies ? If he were a domestic man, and we were to paint him under the genial influences of home life, our task would be lighter ; but it is General Meade we look upon and whom we must portray.

We are confronted with a greater work than the battle-piece of Gettysburg ; for in it was studied the history of an event, but in him we are studying the history of a life. In the battle picture were grouped figures and smoke to give the effect of movement in wild earnestness, and effect is the only thing we seek ; for in this portrait we have the pulsing life and thought that sent armies careering like a swollen torrent over the valleys, giving in brief the causes and their outworkings of effect as well. In the former were adapted the cloud, the men, and the shell to the relating of an incident—adaptation merely ; in the latter we must take the strong lines of character and the subtler lines, which are like shifting hieroglyphs, and, like a skilled interpreter, write their meaning in light and shade. In the former were employed means for giving expression, fullest expression, to the events of a passing hour ; in the latter we have the history of successes and reverses traced in Nature's handwriting upon his face, carried in the movements of his frame, perceived in the working of those innate forces which helped him on his march to eminence, gathering by intuition the whole volume of impressions, which serve a purpose in giving to the likeness its truest expression. To such a task let none approach but with reverent head. The after generations will know him better by his portrait than by what the books have said of him. Now we are ready to commence the picture. The leading line of character—that which touches most points—is active thoughtfulness. Arrange his muscular frame and well-poised head so that every line and every fold of drapery even will exhibit the peculiar stamp of the man. Do you realise what we have undertaken ? You say, in colloquial language, we have undertaken to handle the man who handled the armies of North and South, and we can't do it. But employing the resources of our experience with men, interchange of thought by anecdote, jest, and repartee, by waking up the memory of events, discussing the wrongs and rights of peoples, the dangers and hopes of the times, or any other theme—we discover the lines of character and the grouping of qualities of physical and mental nature. We find them all leading up to their features of expression. Upon them we play as upon a harp of many strings, and the response is unison and beauty. The subject has come to us through a constant run of impressions ; these the pliant pigments have received, and the result is resemblance. After many times recasting the effects of the picture, and after weary and persistent study, there stands out from the canvas the image of General Meade, a greater picture than that of Gettysburg, more full of suggestion. It is more full of suggestion, because it contains and reveals more. A subject taken from quieter circles of society will reveal less character, because he has had less of the exercise that develops character. And even if General Meade required a home portrait—a picture to adorn a quiet space above the fireside, for home, the dwelling place of peaceful thoughts, the altar for the tenderest and happiest gifts—much would be left out that found a place in the other. There would be no eye-flash of hot action, no scenting of battle afar. Such would be out of place then. And yet the tracing of all those strong experiences in stormy campaignings would be seen to linger, but only to weave their lines into wavelets that ripple and dance under the sunlight of home.

Queries as to method cannot be answered. The most enthusiastic and patient student alone may find his way into the sanctuary of this art.

If the painter can invest the portrait with what he realises of the life and character of his subject, another man, as he looks upon the picture may read as from a volume the character and life it represents. This may be found true in many portraits by Vandyke, Velasquez, and others. What is here said will not permit the inference that photography, with its repute for exactness, can give a better portrait of a man than what some term the unsteady touch of pencil or brush. The fact that the camera has no soul and only one eye is not the least against it. But we may have to talk about photography in its relation to portraiture again. The perception, interpretation, and expression of character are of infinite value above the swing of draperies, or arrangement of colours. To secure those qualities in an eminent degree is a gigantic task. It is the portrait painter's great problem. In it he confronts his titan difficulty, in its solution he achieves his true success.

J. W. L. FORSTER.

THE ALPS IN WINTER.

DEAD silence ; and a loneliness so vast,
So awful in its self-sufficient calm,
The very shadows of the starward spires,
Scarce creeping, flake by flake, along the snow,
Seemed fearful of their presence ; stealing past
Like sinners that have entered unawares
The Holiest of Holies ; for it seemed
Death's inmost temple, whose high psalmody
Is silence, and whose worship breathlessness.

Death's solemn temple, whose huge buttresses
Were planted, and its deep foundations laid,
In molten crystal, when this world was yet
One furnace ; whose gigantic aisles were hewn
By earthquake ; whose stern columns were upheaved
By fire, and carved by the stormy hand
Of everlasting winter ; whose wide floor
Was paved with ice and strewn with winnowed snow,
Grain upon grain, for ages ; and its dome
Girdled with fretted pinnacles of pearl,
Built without bound, and gemmed with countless worlds.

ALFRED HAYES.

AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.

To those who are desirous of studying Mr. Browning's "Parleyings with certain People of Importance in their Day, etc." it may be interesting to know who the shadows addressed are, and what the topics connected with their names.

Bernard de Mandeville was an Anglicised Dutchman, who wrote a considerable quantity of questionable philosophy in the reign of Queen Anne. His chief work, "The Fable of the Bees," or "Private Vices Public Benefits," which second title gives a clue to the scope of the book, attracted a good deal of attention in an age which had no lack of thinkers.

The reader whose mind is not open to philosophy will find, probably, the parley with Christopher Smart and that with Daniel Bartoli, the most interesting in the book. Smart, as perhaps the erudite know, was a single-song poet, guilty of much feeble rhyme and one fine poem, which may not be worthy, as Mr. Browning asserts, to station the writer between Milton and Keats, but which, at least, was wonderfully different from the rest. It is a very fitting problem for a poet-philosopher to solve, as well as a very curious enquiry in itself. Poor Kit Smart was no elevated individual ; he was irregular, foolish, perhaps vicious, and he ended by being mad. Of Daniel Bartoli, we humbly confess we know nothing except what Mr. Browning tells us—that he was a Jesuit and compiler of saintly legend ; the poet parleys over a story which is no legend but a chronicle, and which he represents to the old monk as nobler and purer than any of his legends. Bubb Doddington may further be conversed with, through Mr. Browning, "On Public Virtue," which is the least attractive parley of all. More agreeable is the musing called forth by Gerard de Lairese, a Dutch painter who lost his sight, and then wrote a book upon the ideal of art, finding the beauty of the old Greeks behind many homely scenes of nature, widening out of the common every-day world which Mr. Browning smiles affectionately at. Another very characteristic talk is with Francis Furini, a painter priest "who walked Tuscan earth" about two hundred years ago, and who, having in his love of beauty painted from the nude, repented much on his death-bed, and left instructions that all these pictures were to be burned.

THE graceful and sympathetic attempt of the Dean of St. Paul, in a recent number of *Macmillan*, to elucidate "Sordello," recalls an epigrammatic criticism on this early work of Browning, recorded by Canon Farrar in his lecture on the poet, given in Toronto two years ago. The learned divine quoted from a personal friend who had confided to him that the only two lines of the whole of "Sordello" he understood were the first line, "Who will shall hear Sordello's tale unfold," and the last : "Who would has heard Sordello's tale unfold ;" and that neither of these were true.

MISS CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE has bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, her entire collection of oil paintings and water colour drawings, the bequest being made on condition that a suitable, well lighted, and fire-proof building be set apart for them. She also left \$200,000 to be held in trust for the purpose of keeping the collection in repair, and for the purchase of original modern oil paintings of acknowledged merit, which are to be added to it from time to time.

It is a matter of regret that the late A. T. Stewart was not inspired with like public mindedness, for on the death of his widow and dissolution of his household in March, his works of art were disposed of by auction sale. The length of time over which Mr. Stewart's purchases extended was forcibly indicated by the varying character of his pictures and statuary. Most of these earlier investments, both in colour and marble, have now a curiously simple-minded and archaic character : the difference between some of the Dusseldorf and Munich school and the statues and paintings of Fortuny, Meissonier, and Boldini is now the difference between two schools of art, and seems to indicate two entirely distinct mental attitudes. The acknowledged masterpieces of the Stewart collection are most of them well known by various reproductions in black and white ; but one of the largest and most worthy, the noble "Environs of Fontainebleau," by

Auguste Bonheur is almost unknown in its smaller state, and is superior as a piece of painting and a work of art to the famous "Horse Fair" of his distinguished sister. The Gérômes and Fortunys of the collection have a wide reputation. The "Chariot Race," of the former is far better than it is represented, and his famous "Pollice Verso" is full of dramatic instinct. Of the blaze of sunlight that floods Fortuny's "Plage de Portici," and of the admirable skill, as artist and painter, displayed in his "Serpent Charmer," it is impossible to speak too highly. The former picture was purchased by Mr. Stewart at the sale of Fortuny's effects in 1875, the price at which it was secured being the highest paid, 49,800 francs.

THE March celebration at the Union League Club, New York, was most interesting. It was arranged by the recently elected Art Committee, which decided to make a good showing of native work if possible, and so restricted the painters of the Old World to some ten or a dozen canvasses out of the seventy-four exhibited.

The American pictures represented most of the well known names of the art catalogues, and set forth very fairly the admirable, if somewhat limited, range of the artists. That sustained flight of imagination, that subtle and exact science of observation and draughtsmanship, which exalt the works of Gérôme or Meissonier or Detaille, were all wanting. Of the pictures of foreign painters some were lent, others offered for sale. Among the costly works of art contributed by Mr. Martin was "La Charette," a Corot, for which he is said to have paid \$12,000 ; also Detaille's "Return from a Grand Manœuvre," and a "Charge of Dragoons at Gravelotte," by De Neuville, one of the most conventional and unsatisfactory of his compositions. "The Duel," by Pottenkoffen, a low-toned forest scene, with riderless horses in the middle distance, in some respects is certainly the most masterly work in pastel ever exhibited in America. Mr. W. C. Van Horne bought at this exhibition "Old Road to the River," by Bolton Jones, a most idyllic scene, for which he only paid \$1,200. Some of the gems of Mr. Richard B. Halstead's sale of paintings passed into the hands of Canadians—"A Woodland Brook," by Bliss Baker, was bought for Mr. R. B. Angus at \$2,800 ; also a Cazin, and Kowalski's "Whipper-in." Mr. D. McIntyre, another Montreal collector, purchased a celebrated picture, by Erskine Nicoll.

ONE of the best criticisms on Mrs. S. James Brown Potter's first appearance at the Haymarket regrets that her advisers should have allowed her to make her *début* in such a character as Anne Sylvester, in such a piece as Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife," which is in fact nothing but a nineteenth century play of modern manners ; while Mrs. S. Potter, to suit her style, must have romance or poetry. She is emotional, magnetic, ideal, and is fettered by the restraints of fashionable gown and furniture. She forced all her effects, and exaggerated every scene ; she was over-emphatic in word, in movement, in bearing, until suddenly in the last act she changed the whole manner of her playing, when with quiet came effect, with repose came interest. No one could believe that an actress who had played three acts so badly could play one so well ; but so it was. Mrs. Brown Potter has a brain to think, if not the skill to execute ; she has power ; she has intelligence ; she has imagination. If she studies and perseveres, she will one day turn her back on drawing room dramas, give an impulse to the classic and poetic drama, and soar to the heights of Shakespeare and Victor Hugo. Mrs. Potter was faithfully coached by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft (not by Mrs. Kendal) ; but her temperament is not for the Bancroft school at all. Given so much promising material, old John Ryder, the Juliet maker, would have turned her out a very reputable Shakespearian actress ; but in these degenerate days, alas ! where is a lady to go whose ambition soars higher than genteel domestic drama ?

SELDOM has Shaftesbury Hall been filled by a larger audience than gathered there on Thursday evening, April 14th, to do honour to Will Carleton, the popular poet of the people and the fireside, who visited Toronto at the invitation of the Press Club ; it should have been to him a gratifying evidence of the appreciation his poems have met with in Canada. The assembly was, it must be admitted, not a fashionable one, and was largely composed of the dissenting element of the city ; but all who were not present have good reason to regret that they missed the opportunity afforded them of becoming acquainted with a man who is the author and exponent of what may be called American Poetic Realism. Mr. Carleton is not an elocutionist, but he has a resonant voice, an impressive countenance, and considerable dramatic power, as well as a most sympathetic personality. His lecture was in itself a novelty, being treated not in prose but in verse. The subject, "Home Life and Influence," appeals to every heart, and the different phases it presents enabled Mr. Carleton to introduce some of his popular pieces, as well as some entirely new poems, in illustration of the Home and the Hearth. The originality of language which is one of his strongest attributes, together with that keen sense of humour and pathos he has made so exclusively his own, were admirably elicited and skilfully blended in his varied recitations. The large assembly present were completely absorbed for the two hours during which he carried them with him from grave to gay, without either book or note to assist him, revealing not only his poetic inspiration but the power of a very remarkable memory, which never once failed him during the evening.

THE success of the Kermess is now an established fact, and all the ladies who devoted boundless time and endless trouble to the accomplishment of so brilliant an entertainment must feel that the result exceeded even their most sanguine expectation. The readers of THE WEEK, we feel sure, endorse the prophetic spirit of our issue of the 7th April, which foretold "an intellectual and spectacular treat prepared for the Toronto public, guaranteeing the 50 cents admission a cheap investment." The dances alone

were well worth the money, as no one can doubt who observed them carefully and critically from the galleries. The beauty and grace of the Flowers, the industry and activity of the Bees, left nothing to be desired; while the effective rendering of the Italian and Russian dances, with their careful studies of steps and figures, reflects the greatest credit upon the performers. The *Fête des Enfants*, as witnessed at the matinee, was a most finished exhibition, in which the varied costumes of the little ones were artistically conceived, and the plan of their movements admirably thought out. It is to be hoped that the receipts have realised a sufficient sum to make a handsome profit for that most deserving institution, the Infants' Home, which will ever be associated with the name of one of Toronto's greatest public benefactors, Lady Howland. Her memory must have often recurred to the minds of those at the Kermess who were ministering indirectly to the needs of the children, in whose welfare she was so deeply interested.

E. S.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CHARACTER OF LORD CLIVE.

The impression he leaves is that of force and grandeur; a masculine understanding; a fine judgment; an inflexible will, little moved by real dangers, and by arguments and menaces not at all. He exercised a supreme control over those who shared his counsels or executed his resolves. Men yielded to a pressure which they knew could not be turned aside, and either partook of its impulse or were crushed by its progress.

When overmatched by his enemies he appears in even greater grandeur. He meets the most formidable accusations with bold avowal and a confident justification. He makes no attempt to soften his enemies or conciliate the public, but stands on his merits and services with a pride which in other circumstances would have been arrogance.

After acknowledging his errors, history presents few great characters more blameless (?) than that of Clive. Though stern and imperious by nature, his temper was proof against a thousand trials, and in a life spent amidst scenes of blood and suffering he has never been accused of a single act of cruelty. He coveted money as an instrument of ambition, but he never acquired it in any manner that he did not openly avow, and he scorned to preserve it by swerving a hair's breadth from his duty. His few political offences he was led into by zeal for the public, and for the same object he sacrificed the peace of his last years and risked his accumulations of wealth and glory. He possessed undaunted courage, a strong understanding, sagacity, and soundness of judgment, and unrivalled vigour in action. A mind so endowed rises high above ordinary imperfections; at worst it is a rough-hewn Colossus, where the irregularities of the surface are lost in the grandeur of the whole.

Though naturally bold, open, and direct, Clive did not despise the use of artifice when his purposes required it, and it is this propensity that casts a shade of meanness over his great qualities that prevents that unmixed respect which so powerful a character must otherwise have commanded.—*Persia and the Persians*: S. G. N. Benjamin.

THE FOUNDER OF FRENCH RULE IN INDIA.

Three days after the signing of the suspension [of hostilities] M. Dupleix sailed for Europe. The pride and haughty demeanour of this great Governor, with his rigour in exacting duty, and the toils which his ambition imposed on all his officers, had made him many enemies among those subject to his authority. But these feelings were extinguished on his removal. The glory attained under his government was remembered, and every Frenchman agreed in considering his dismissal as the greatest misfortune that could have fallen on their nation. Later times have confirmed their judgment. We look with admiration on the founder of the European ascendancy in India, to whose genius the mighty changes which are now working in Asia owe their being; the first who made an extensive use of disciplined Sepoys; the first who quitted the ports on the sea, and marched an army into the heart of the continent; the first, above all, who discovered the illusion of the Mogul greatness, and turned to his own purposes the awe with which weaker minds still regarded that gigantic phantom.

His many great qualities were not without alloy. Though free from any act of atrocity, he showed in his official conduct a total disregard of the principles of morality and public law, with an insincerity and love of artifice degrading even to a character less elevated than his. It is said by Orme that he could not preserve his coolness when in the tumult of instant danger: but this deficiency (if it can be believed) was amply compensated by the courage with which he contemplated dangers of other descriptions, at which the stoutest soldier might have trembled.

By his accounts, which he delivered to M. Godeheu, it appeared that he had expended for the public £300,000 more than he had received. These funds were supplied from his private fortune or from loans on his personal credit. The repayment was basely withheld by the Company; his services were forgotten by the Crown. The most he could obtain was a protection from the legal claims of his creditors, and, after nine years of soliciting and of litigation, he died, a memorable example of the ingratitude of a court and nation to whose glory his whole life had been devoted. *Persia and the Persians*: S. G. N. Benjamin.

NO MOTION, NO LIGHT.

All bodies, whether far or near, are visible to us by means of their unrest. No motion of particles, no light. If all the bodies in space were absolutely tranquil we should never see them. But the normal condition of everything in nature is a state of most beautiful and exquisite unrest.

Scientific men call this a state of vibration; but we need not quarrel about terms. Everything in nature, far or near, is in this state of unrest, and if it were not so there would be for us no External World. From every material substance, including all distant worlds, the vibrations of their smallest particles or of their largest masses come to us along a medium which scientific men call ether, not that they know all about it, but because it is necessary, in order that their work may go on at all, that they should assume that there is something infinitely finer than matter, and not at all like the attenuated matter which pervades all space. This ether forms the highway along which the vibrations due to the state of unrest of matter travel to our eyes, whence they are conveyed by a new channel to our brains, thus begetting in our consciousness the impression of the material world.

It is thus that modern science explains a truth known in its most general form as early as the time of Plato, who, in his "Timæus," writes that there is no light without fire.

In fact, all light is originally produced by the vibration of particles under the influence of heat. Heat somewhere, whether in the sun, or a candle, or an electric spark, is the producer; reflecting surfaces anywhere, whether they be clouds in Jupiter, or a tree, or a ceiling, are the distributors.—*Chemistry of the Sun*: Prof. J. Norman Lockyer.

FROM ONTARIO TO THE PACIFIC BY THE C. P. R.*

NEARLY a century has passed since the first white man (Sir Alexander Mackenzie) succeeded in threading his way across the prairies of the North-west and over the Rockies to the sea. Not many years, however, have elapsed since this feat was paralleled, though under less rigorous conditions, by the railway surveyors, who sought in the mountains a practicable iron pathway to the Pacific. And now, the road which but yesterday was a dream is completed, the links are continuous in the chain of interprovincial connection, a continent has been spanned, and the story has passed into literature. In the dainty little volume before us we have, with some additions, the substance of the very interesting series of papers, entitled "Jottings Along and Off the C. P. R.," which appeared in THE WEEK, from the graceful pen of a lady. We are not told whether it was by design, or by felicitous circumstance, that Mrs. Spragge found herself, on her way to the West, boarding at Winnipeg the first through train from Montreal to the Pacific, on Dominion Day of last year. That historic "first through train," however, carried with it to the Mountains one who could well and fitly describe the eventful journey, and recount to her readers, with all the vividness of reality, the scenes and incidents met by the way. Re-perusing the narrative in its completed form, we feel ourselves more than ever under the thrall of the writer, for we seem to make the journey with her, to see the sights which she saw, to experience the same sensations, and to have every sense sharpened in sympathetic response to the mental touch of our delightful companion. There, before us, are "the vivid blues and greens, where the land and sky seem to meet upon the horizon, and the eye is almost wearied by the glare of colour on the scented prairie." Before us, too, are peeps of the Assiniboine, the alkali ponds of the treeless plains, "the large, gray cranes, roused by the train, flapping solemnly over the white, sandy beach on the margin of the ponds, and flying off across the dark green water." There, also, are "the scampering gophers, sitting up on their haunches, like rabbits outside their holes, and peering with curious eye at the train as it rolls by;" and there, too, are "the occasional skulls and bones of the buffalo bleaching in the sun, while their trails are visible crossing and re-crossing the plain in all directions, marking its surface with deep, indented lines." Onward, "the air gets keener and fresher as the sun descends, the shadows grow longer, and chase one another over the broken ground as we rush away due west into the sunset." The clouds on the horizon, our author reports, are golden; those on the east a rosy pink, lying on a bed of steel-blue sky. Then Calgary is reached, and our traveller breaks her journey to walk over a bit of the prairie, carpeted with flowers, and, mounting the highest hill near by, she takes her first look at the Rocky Mountains, rising like a rampart in the distance, and glistening, as she tells us, in some reflected light that did not catch the valley below. Still onward, "through a wild region of tall and slender spruce and pine into a narrow, rocky defile, the Kicking Horse River rushing and tumbling alongside, and tossing its foaming waters over boulders and rocks, as if striving to escape from its narrow bed." Finally, the magnificent mountain panorama is outspread to view, and "peak towers above peak on both sides of the line, carved and moulded by the hand of Nature in every possible form of crag and precipice, as if lavish of design; their snow-clad summits glistening in the early sunlight with such dazzling brightness that the eye is glad to travel slowly down, over the reddish-yellow rocks, on which the snow was resting in shady nooks and crevices, to the bare walls of the same warm colour below; then on to the dark forests of spruce and fir straggling up from the sea of green beneath."

But here, breaking the eternal solitudes, comes up from the plains and the east afar off, the fevered voice of editorial admonition: "Economise your space!" and the spell is broken through having to respect the inexorable conditions. We can go no farther with our charming cicerone; and her graphic account of the scenery on the summit of the Selkirks, her thrilling descriptions of thunderstorms and Nature's varied moods in the mountains, her poetic photographs of the Columbia Lakes and the Kootenay Valley, the incidents of miner and ranche life in the region, with her subsequent diary in British Columbia *en route* for the hither sea, must be left

* From Ontario to the Pacific by the C. P. R., by Mrs. Arthur Spragge (E. S.). 186 pp., 18mo. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 1887.

untracked and all but unindicated. Left to the reader, also, must be the interesting opening chapter, giving a brief account of the C. P. R. and its wonderful enterprise, with the facts and figures of unusual value to those contemplating a holiday or business tour to the Pacific. We must congratulate Mrs. Spragge on her work, and on the felicitous manner in which it has been executed. She is a close observer, has a keen eye for the beauties of Nature, and a graphic, often eloquent, pen in describing scenery, and in investing its transcription with reality. In the re-perusal of her book we have had fresh delight, which our readers, if they follow our example, will not fail to experience. Nor will they fail to join us in expressing the hope that our author, on some further holiday, may soon take us on another and equally pleasant excursion.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.*

ADOPTING the title of Mr. Green's well-known work on the English people, Prof. Bryce, of Winnipeg, has just issued in London and Toronto a work which he calls "A Short History of the Canadian People." The volume differs little, either in plan or in purpose, from the ordinary Canadian histories, though its author claims for his work that it is neither a "drum and trumpet history" nor a "mere record of faction fights." In so far as the strifes of the battle-field and the legislative chamber enter into Canadian history, these strifes we find dealt with in the volume before us; hence, in this respect, the author has not specially struck out any new path for himself. Nevertheless, the work has features of its own which distinguish it from other native histories, and commend it to the favourable recognition of Canadian readers. This much, at the outset, we gladly and ungrudgingly say of the work; though we notice that the author, not in the best taste nor in the most Christian spirit, as we think, has an inconsiderate fling at his contemporaries in the field of authorship, whom he charges with "gaining a livelihood without rendering value to unsuspecting book-buyers" by joining with publishers in the "nefarious" work of making Canadian literature subservient to the interests of the book-maker's pocket. Here is Prof. Bryce's aspersion on his brother-authors engaged in the arduous and ill-requited work of doing something for Canadian literature in the department in which he himself is a worker: "Some partisan purpose to serve, the *cacoethes scribendi*, or the unworthy motive of receiving Government patronage, have induced a somewhat prolific crop of political biographies, local 'histories'—mere uninteresting and unsympathetic collections of facts, dry and raw manuals, known as 'school histories,' all dishonouring to the name historian, and producing on the public a nauseating effect on the mention of the name of history. If the historian be not free and courageous enough to give his opinion, history is valueless." It is a matter of little moment to whom our author here refers; but we cannot help saying that the passage, and Prof. Bryce's general tone in referring to the product of British-Canadian literature, are indicative of a spirit the reverse of helpful to native letters, unkind to those engaged with him in authorship, and apt to raise the question, how far Prof. Bryce's own work and motives are higher and better than those he thus offensively arraigns. Nor is our author's dictum to be taken without question, that history is valueless unless the historian be both free and courageous in the expression of his personal opinion. It is by no means desirable—in the main, indeed, it is not often expedient—that the historian should intrude his own opinion. His purpose is rather to get at facts, and to present them dispassionately, with due regard to their influence, near and remote, on the events and characters under review. Neutrality, in fact, should be his aim; and where the historian has forgotten this, history, as a rule, we know, has become biassed and partisan. Much, of course, will be forgiven if an author is interesting, and invests his subject with the charm of a good literary style; but style will not go far if the writer's work or his judgment are not to be trusted, and if his facts bear a partisan hue.

But this remark, we fear, will excite anticipations in the reader's mind which Prof. Bryce does little to satisfy. Our author has nowhere committed himself to the expression of any very pronounced or mind-arresting opinion; nor does he possess any unusual attractions as a writer. He never gets away from his subject, rarely treats us to any acute thought, and seldom indulges in any broad generalisations. Throughout the volume he is a painstaking, conscientious, but matter-of-fact historian, never exciting us to enthusiasm, and himself somewhat under the spell of the prosaic incidents of his narrative and the unenlivening statistics of the country's expansion. Where his theme might be expected to quicken his pulse, the weight of his pen seems to cramp his hand and check any tendency to fervour. As an instance of this let us quote the concluding paragraph of the section dealing with the heroic conquest of Quebec and the close of the French régime. The paragraph reads like the jottings of some jaded itinerant, and reminds one of the dreary sententiousness of a "school history" index.

"Vaudreuil," writes Dr. Bryce, "withdrew to Montreal, and, to his disgrace, threw the blame of the defeat on the dead soldier, Montcalm. Brigadier-General Murray now remained in command in Quebec. In the following year De Levis attacked Quebec, coming from Montreal. The British forces left Quebec, and received the attack at Ste. Foy, near the city. The French were successful. The British fell back on the city. A pillar at Ste. Foy commemorates this victory of De Levis. The arrival of a British fleet made De Levis' efforts hopeless. This fleet destroyed the

six French vessels above Quebec. It but remained to take Montreal. Generals Amherst and Murray, coming from Schenectady by way of Oswego, and down the St. Lawrence, landed on Montreal Island, and invested the city on the 6th of September, 1760. On the 8th of September Governor Vaudreuil yielded, and New France became a dependency of Britain, so that by 1761 French rule had ceased in every part of Canada, having endured for a century and a half."

Within the limits we have indicated, our author, however, has done good work in this "History of the Canadian People," and given a new setting to the old facts of the country's history. Occasionally he turns aside from the main highway of recorded events, and leads us pleasantly through some unfamiliar by-paths, here and there throwing light upon matters hitherto unknown or obscure. Of this character are the opening chapters, to which the author has devoted much research, and not a little congenial study. These are entitled "Prehistoric and Early America," and "The Ancient Inhabitants of Canada,"—the former dealing with geological data, the myths and traditions of the Norse Explorers of the Eastern coast of the continent, and the French, English, Spanish, and Portuguese discoveries; and the latter with the present Indian tribes, the old Mound Builders, and the language, manners, and customs of the Aborigines. Following these are two chapters, one on "The Old Colonies Along the Atlantic," and the other on "The French Régime in Canada and Acadia." In these chapters, if the history does not lend itself to broad and luminous treatment the fault can hardly be said to be the author's, for the narrative covers a long period of years, and for the most part deals with a succession of more or less bald and unrelated facts. Even where the incidents are thrilling, however, the author rarely pauses to produce effect, and the reader loses the delight which a little more enthusiasm and picturesqueness of narration might afford him. But crowded as are the pages of this period with the story of the passing years, that the narrative is not less graphic than it is must be a surprise to the critical reader.

The most interesting chapters of the British period are those on "The Loyalist Settlement," "The King's Country," a record of colonisation; and that entitled "The Making of Canada," dealing with immigration into the upper Province, the doings of the Family Compact, and the constitutional struggles which preceded Rebellion. Interesting also is the chapter on the later and formative period of the nation's life, with the record of progress in the various Provinces, and the narrative of occurrences which ushered in Confederation. Instructive, too, though it has elsewhere been fully dealt with, is the chapter on "The Remote Kingdom of the Fur-traders," and that final one on "The Canadian People Under Confederation." With some statements of fact in several of these chapters we should have liked to deal, as well as with one or two expressions of opinion from which we strongly dissent; but space will not at present permit of our taking these up. For the same reason we must also forego dealing with a portion of the closing chapter on "Native Literature," the least satisfactory section of the book. From his remarks on Anglo-Canadian literature we infer that Professor Bryce is either indifferently read in the literary history of Canada, or utterly lacks sympathy with the aims and achievements of native authors. Dr. Bryce's cynical and unpatriotic reference to Canadian periodical literature, and his feigned consideration in abstaining from mentioning the names of what he is pleased to term "untimely and unproductive enterprises," are not creditable to him as a Canadian writer. Nor is he more complimentary in speaking of the newspaper press, few reputable specimens of which would seem to come under our author's observation.

The closing section on "The Destiny of Canada," is equally disappointing, principally in its hazy utterances about Imperial Federation, and the evident disinclination on the part of the author to commit himself to any emphatic expression of opinion. Secondly, and more seriously, it totally fails to set before the reader the perils which have long beset Confederation, and is silent on those discordant elements, now finding sinister expression in many of the Provinces of the Dominion, which detract from the homogeneity of the nation, and menace the path of the Canadian people. But we must be content with what the author has given us, and overlook what he has not; seeking in other quarters, and hoping that at another time what is now lacking may be supplied. For what Dr. Bryce has given us we must at least be thankful; and if we have dwelt upon his shortcomings rather than upon the merits of his book, it is because we had looked for better things, and particularly for a more chivalrous tone and manner in the author's treatment of intellectual matters, and the product so far of native literature.

G. MERCER ADAM.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

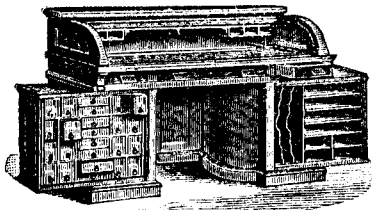
We have received also the following publications:

- AMERICAN MAGAZINE. May. New York: 130, 132 Pearl Street.
- FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. May. New York: 53-7 Park Place.
- LIBRARY MAGAZINE. April. New York: John B. Alden.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. April. New York: Macmillan and Company.
- CHURCH REVIEW. April. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- ST. NICHOLAS. May. New York: Century Company.
- LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. May. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
- CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. April. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publication Company.

In connection with the Jubilee celebration, Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, London, have in preparation, in several popular forms, "The Queen: Her Early Life and Reign," popularly written and illustrated; also touching on the refining influences of the last fifty years. Also, "A Victoria Birthday Book," illustrated with portraits.

* A Short History of the Canadian People, by George Bryce, M.A., LL.D., Professor in Manitoba College, Winnipeg. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company, 1887.

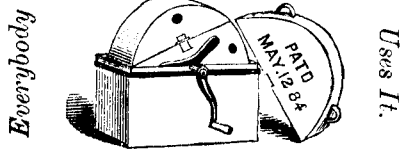
W. STAHLSCHMIDT & CO.
 PRESTON, ONTARIO,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
 Office, School, Church and Lodge
FURNITURE.



Rotary Office Desk, No. 51.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

THE
Eagle Steam Washer



WITH OUR
EAGLE FAMILY MANGLE
 AND
MATCHLESS WRINGER.

Good Agents wanted in every county in Canada. Write for terms to

FERRIS & CO., 87 Church St., TORONTO.

DAWES & CO.,
 BREWERS AND MALTSTERS,
 LACHINE, - P. Q.

OFFICES:

521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
 20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX.
 383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.



MESSRS.
O'KEEFE & CO.
 BREWERS & MALTSTERS,
 TORONTO, ONT.

SPECIALTIES—

ENGLISH HOPPED ALE
 In wood and bottle, warranted equal to best BURTON brands.

XXXX PORTER

Warranted equal to Guinness' Dublin Stout and superior to any brewed in this country
 CANADIAN, AMERICAN, AND BAVARIAN HOPPED ALES AND PORTER.

Our "**PILSENER**" LAGER has been before the public for several years and we feel confident that it is quite up to the best produced in the United States, where ale and lager are fast becoming the true temperance beverages; a fact, however, which some cranks in Canada have up to the present failed to discover.

O'KEEFE & CO.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.
MR. J. W. L. FORSTER,
 (Pupil of M. Bouguereau, of the Art Association of France,) makes a specialty of
PORTRAITS IN OIL,
 Studio—81 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

MR. HAMILTON McCARTHY,
SCULPTOR,
 (Late of London, England.)
 Statues, Busts, Relievi and Monuments.
 Room T, YONGE ST. ARCADE, - TORONTO.

MISS JANE H. WETHERALD,
Teacher of Elocution and Public Reader.
 17 BLOOR ST. EAST, - TORONTO, ONT.
 Graduate National School of Oratory, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL A NEW LITERARY WORK OF GREAT MERIT. Our Agents are not only making money, but everywhere interest and please the people. It is highly recommended by professors, teachers, business men and women, young and old, as a book that should be in the hands of every Canadian. Write for terms and territory at once and engage in a noble work.—DOMINION PUBLISHING HOUSE TORONTO, ONT.

WALL PAPERS.

Our new Show Rooms are now open with a large assortment of room papers, comprising this year's CHOICEST DESIGNS in English, French and American makes. Excellent value in all the Cheaper Grades.

J. McCausland & Son
 72 TO 76 KING ST WEST, TORONTO.

CARPETS!

WM. BEATTY & SON

Have opened out their **SPRING IMPORTATIONS**, which are larger than those of any former season. Selections have been made from over thirty of the leading manufacturers in Europe and America, ensuring a Complete Stock, which, for Quality, Style, and Variety, is not to be surpassed by any similar house in Ontario.

Axminster, Wilton, Velvet and Brussels Carpets in great variety.
 A special line of Best Five-Frame Brussels, at \$1.10, Cash.

Tapestry, Wool and Union Carpets in all grades.
 Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs and Mats. Art Squares in Velvet, Tapestry, All Wool and Union, all sizes.

The **CURTAIN DEPARTMENT** is complete with Turcoman, Silk, Madras, Lace, etc., in all styles.

SOLE AGENTS for the **GOLD MEDAL** and **NEW YORK CARPET SWEEPERS.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WM. BEATTY & SON, - 3 King St. East, Toronto.

HEINTZMAN & CO.,

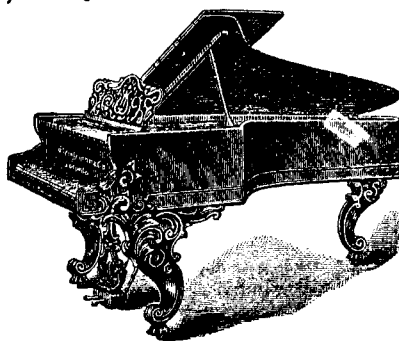
MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

One of the oldest Piano houses now in the Trade.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms: 117 King St. West, Toronto.

WM. DOW & CO.
 BREWERS,
MONTREAL,

Beg to notify their friends in the West that their

INDIA PALE ALE

AND

EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT

May be obtained from the following Dealers:

- IN VANCOUVER James Angus & Co.
- WINNIPEG Andrew Colquhoun.
- PORT ARTHUR Geo. Hodder, Jr.
- SARNIA T. R. Barton.
- WOODSTOCK Nesbitt Bros.
- STRATFORD James Kennedy.
- HAMILTON Sewell Bros.
- TORONTO Fulton, Michie & Co.
- " Caldwell & Hodgins.
- " Todd & Co.
- LINDSAY John Dobson.
- PETERBOROUGH Rush Bros.
- BELLEVILLE Wallbridge & Clark
- PICTON H. M. Bunbury.
- KINGSTON J. S. Henderson.
- OTTAWA Bate & Co.
- " Eb. Browne.
- " Geo. Forde.
- " J. Casey, Dalhousie St
- " C. Neville.
- PRESCOTT Kavanagh Bros.
- " John P. Hayden.

ROWE & TESKEY,
 22 Francis St., Toronto.,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
 Inks, Mucilage, Liquid Glue, Shoe Polish,
 Blacking, Specialties.
 Prices on application. The trade only supplied.

BOWDEN & CO.,
REAL ESTATE,
LIFE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGENTS, AND MONEY BROKERS.
 59 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Business promptly and honourably conducted

FREDERICK C. LAW,
ARCHITECT.
 MAIL BUILDING.
 RESIDENCE—58 WELLESLEY ST., - TORONTO

CHAS. A. WALTON,
Architect and Constructive Engineer
 19 UNION BLOCK, TORONTO ST.
 Architect of the Toronto Arcade.

D. R. PALMER,
DR. SURGEON.
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
 COR. YONGE AND WELLESLEY STS.

DRS. HALL & EMORY,
HOMŒOPATHISTS,
 33 and 35 Richmond St. East, Toronto.
 Telephone No. 459.

Dr. Hall in office—9 to 11.30 a.m. daily. Monday and Thursday evenings, 7.30 to 9.
 Dr. Emory in office—2 to 4 p.m. daily. Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7.30 to 9; Sundays 3 to 4 p.m.

EDMUND E. KING, M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P., LONDON,
 Corner Queen and Bond Sts., TORONTO.
 OFFICE HOURS:—9.30 to 11 a.m.; 1.30 to 3 p.m.; 7.30 to 9 p.m.

DR. M'DONAGH,
THROAT, NOSE and EAR,
 68 GERRARD ST. EAST, TORONTO.

M. F. SMITH,
DENTAL SURGEON.
 SPECIALTIES:—Gold plate work, gold filling and "painless" operations.
 Fifteen years' practical experience in Europe and America.
 OFFICE:
 Cor. Queen and Berkeley Sts., Toronto.
 Telephone 722.

R. J. TROTTER,
DENTAL SURGEON,
 Corner of BAY AND KING STREETS, over Molsons Bank. Entrance: King Street.

STUART W. JOHNSTON,
CHEMIST.
 DISPENSING.—We pay special attention to this branch of our business.
 271 King St. West, - - TORONTO

WE ARE IN OUR
NEW PREMISES
 And will be pleased to see all our old customers.
MARTIN, TOMS & CO.
 COR. QUEEN & SIMCOE STREETS,
 (Late Yonge and Queen).

ROBERT COCHRAN,
 (Member of Toronto Stock Exchange.)
 6 YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO STREET.
 Stocks, Grain and 100,000 bushels. Orders in stocks from ten shares. Special terms of commission and margin on large amounts.

RUSSELL'S, 9 KING ST. WEST,
 TORONTO, for
HIGH-CLASS WATCHES & JEWELLERY.
 Watch Repairing and Jewellery Manufactured to order, special features.
 Charges Moderate.

HOOF OINTMENT, A PERFECT
 Remedy. Cures Hard and Cracked Hoofs, Scratches, Cuts, Bites, Sprains, Sore Shoulders, Galls, Swellings, etc. Price, 25 and 50 cents.—DENSOLINE EMPORIUM, 29 Adelaide Street West.

I CURE FITS!
 When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my REMEDY to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

PURE GOLD GOODS
ARE THE BEST MADE.
ASK FOR THEM IN CANS,
BOTTLES OR PACKAGES

THE LEADING LINES ARE
BAKING POWDER
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
SHOE BLACKING
STOVE POLISH
COFFEE
SPICES
BORAX
CURRY POWDER
CELERY SALT
MUSTARD
POWDERED HERBS & c.

2 GOLD MEDALS
1 SILVER MEDAL
8 BRONZE MEDALS
1886

ALL GOODS
GUARANTEED GENUINE
PURE GOLD MANFG. CO.
31 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

GRANITE & MARBLE
MONUMENTS,
TABLETS,
MAUSOLEUMS & c
F. B. GULLETT SCULPTOR
100 CHURCH ST. TORONTO.

MY ILLUSTRATED AND
 DESCRIPTIVE
 Catalogue
 OF
RELIABLE SEEDS
 OR, CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE
 FOR THE
GARDEN & FARM
 MAILED FREE
 To all intending
 Purchasers.
 Send for
 one.

J. A. SIMMERS, 147 King St. East
 (south side),
TORONTO.

ARTISTIC DESIGNING
 SHAPING
 ON WOOD
CHAS. SANDHAM,
 DESIGNS
 & ESTIMATES GIVEN
 40 Colborne St.
Toronto

CONSUMPTION.
 I have a positive remedy for the above disease; hitherto thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
 DR. H. A. STODOLM.
 Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

H. STONE, Sennr.,
 THE LEADING
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,
 239 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
 Telephone - - - 931.

J. YOUNG
 THE LEADING
UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER
 347 YONGE STREET.
 Telephone - - - 679.

W. H. STONE,
 THE UNDERTAKER,
 349 Yonge St., - Toronto.
 TELEPHONE No. 932.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Possesses the greatest possible power to heal and control affections of the throat and lungs, with absolute safety for children or adults. The experience of years has proven it to be of inestimable value as a household medicine, and for professional use. Thousands of physicians and families testify to its great worth. Jas. E. Moring, Hilliard, Ohio, writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for twelve years, and have found that, as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, or Sore Throats, it

Is Unequaled.

J. I. Miller, editor of the "Lutheran Home," Luray, Va., writes: "I advertise nothing that I do not know to be good. I was saved from the grave, I am sure, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and have recommended it to others with the happiest results." L. J. Addison, M. D., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice in medicine, any preparation of so great value as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs; and I constantly recommend it to my patients. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is effective in relieving the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

John J. Uhlman, Brooklyn, N.S., writes: "Twelve years ago, I was afflicted with a severe bronchial trouble, pronounced by a skillful physician to be very dangerous, and liable to terminate in Pneumonia. After using one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I found great relief, and an occasional use of it since that time has, I think, extended my life ten years at least." Mrs. V. M. Thebaud, Montreal, Canada, writes: "Last spring my daughter was attacked by membranous croup, or diphtheria. The doctor prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which cured her of the diphtheria. Being still very weak and sick, she began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which restored her to vigorous health."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., (Analytical Chemists), Lowell, Mass.
 For sale by all Druggists.

Ruse's Temple of Music.

DOMINION, KNABE, and FISCHER PIANOFORTES
 AND THE
DOMINION ORGANS.

The most extensive warerooms, and always the largest stock of American and Canadian Pianos and Organs to select from in Canada.

JOSEPH RUSE, 68 King St. West, TORONTO.

READ WHAT TWO CITIZENS OF TORONTO SAY OF THE EFFICACY OF THE

ST. LEON WATER.

25 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO.
 H. B. Ronan, Agent St. Leon Mineral Water, 512 Yonge Street:
 Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in recommending St. Leon Mineral Water for Indigestion to the public, as I have derived great benefit from it.
 Yours truly, E. CLODE.
 276 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO.
 H. B. Ronan, Dealer in St. Leon Mineral Water, 512 Yonge Street:
 Sir,—Having tried your celebrated St. Leon Mineral Water, I can testify, from experience, of its efficacy in the cure of Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation. I have tried a number of so-called remedies, but most emphatically declare this to be the only permanent cure.
 Yours truly, JAMES JAMESON, F.S.S.A.

This Valuable Water is for sale by all Leading Druggists; and Wholesale and Retail by the
St. Leon Water Co., 101½ King Street West, Toronto
 Also at Branch Office, 512 Yonge Street.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

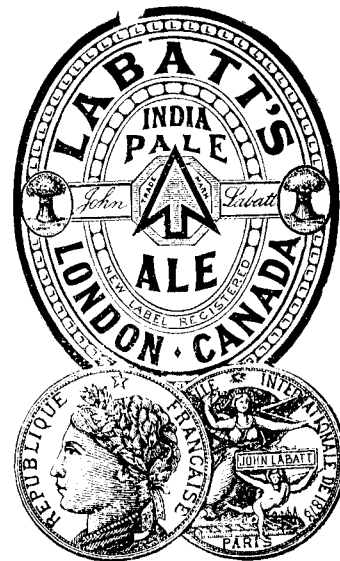
COAL and WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE:—20 KING STREET WEST.
 BRANCH OFFICES:—409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 244 Queen Street East.
 YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES:—Esplanade East, near Berkeley St.; Esplanade, foot of Princess St.; Bathurst St., nearly opposite Front St.

Auxiliary School and Business College,

ROOM C, ARCADE, TORONTO.

This establishment prepares pupils for the Civil Service, business of all kinds, and professional matriculation, and is conducted by a graduate of the University and a practical High School Master. Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Bookkeeping, Correspondence, Penmanship, Phonography, Type-Writing, English Grammar, Composition, Ancient and Modern Languages, and Mathematics practically taught. For circular giving full information, Address, D. C. SULLIVAN, LL.B., Principal.



Received the Highest Awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877, and Paris 1878.

Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says:—"I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor."
 John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry Montreal, says:—"I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, Ont.
JAS. GOOD & CO., AGENTS FOR TORONTO.

STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY FOR HALL STOVES AND COOKING RANGES IS AT

FRANK ADAMS',

Hardware and Housefurnishing Depot,
 932 QUEEN STREET WEST.

H. R. MORTON & CO.,

QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS,
ACCOUNTANTS, ASSIGNEES
MANAGERS OF ESTATES.
 B. MORTON. H. R. MORTON.

A. H. MALLOCH,

STOCK BROKER,
 QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS, TORONTO.

A. H. MALLOCH & CO.

Quebec Bank Chambers, Toronto.
REAL ESTATE BROKERS, FINANCIAL AGENTS, Etc.
 B. MORTON. A. H. MALLOCH.

A GIFT BOOK

SUITABLE FOR EASTER
MALCOLM,
 By G. A. MACKENZIE.

PRICE 50 CENTS. For sale at the Bookstores.
 Published by
Rowell & Hutchison, Toronto.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa
 Let it be clearly understood that Drs Starkey and Pallen are the only manufacturers and dispensers of Compound Oxygen. Any substance made elsewhere and called Compound Oxygen is spurious and worthless.
E. W. D. KING, 58 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Some of Our Canadian Poets.

- TECUMSEH.**—A Historical Canadian Drama. By Charles Mair. Crown 8vo. Cloth. \$1.50. Mr. Mair's touch is dainty and true. The work is one that Canadians will not allow to die.
- IN DIVERS TONES.**—Poems by Chas. G. D. Roberts, author of "Orion," etc. Cloth, neat. \$1.
- MALCOLM.**—A Story of the Day Spring. By George A. Mackenzie. Ribbon tied. 50 cents.
- PANCO, and other Poems,** with an Essay on Music. By R. Rutland Manners. Cloth. \$1.
- MARGUERITE, or the Isle of Demons, and other Poems.** By George Martin. Cloth. Gilt extra. \$2.
- OLD SPOOKS' PASS, Malcolm's Katie and other Poems.** By Isabella Valancey Crawford. Cr. 8vo, cloth. \$1.
- SACRED SONGS, SONNETS AND Miscellaneous Poems.** By John Imrie. Introduction by G. Mercer Adam. Cloth extra. With a portrait and illustrations. \$1.
- LYRICAL SONGS AND SONNETS.** By the late Charles Pelham Mulvaney and A. H. Chandler. Cloth. \$1.
- WINONAH, or the Forest Light, and other Poems.** By J. R. Ramsay. Cloth. 50 cents.
- SONGS OF THE CANADIAN WINTER, etc.** By James K. Liston. Cloth. 50 cents.

Free by mail to Canada and United States.

WILLIAMSON & CO., TORONTO.

DOMINION LINE. PASSENGER SERVICE. ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE. SAILING DATES

	From Portland.	From Halifax.
Sarnia	April 28th.	April 30th.
Oregon	Quebec	12th May.
Toronto	"	19th May.
Montreal	"	26th May.
Vancouver	"	2nd June.

Rates of passage from Portland, Halifax, or Quebec, Cabin, \$50 to \$80; Second Cabin, \$30; Steerage at lowest rates.

These steamers are of the highest class, and are commanded by men of large experience. The saloons are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and they carry neither cattle nor sheep.

The last train connecting with the mail steamer at Portland leaves Toronto on the Wednesday morning. The last train connecting with the mail steamer at Halifax leaves Toronto on the Thursday morning. For tickets and every information apply to

M. D. MURDOCK & CO., 69 Yonge St. GEO. W. T. WRRANCE, 15 Front St. DAVID TORRANCE & CO., Gen. Agents, Montreal.

TAKE THE

STATE LINE FOR EUROPE.

REDUCTION OF CABIN FARES.

1st Cabin Passage, Single,	- \$35 and \$40
1st " " Excursion, 65 "	75

ACCORDING TO LOCATION.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

No cattle, sheep or pigs carried by this line. For passage tickets, berths, and all information apply to any of the agents of the State Line in Canada, or to

A. F. WEBSTER, - Gen. Agent, 56 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

ANY PERSON WISHING TO ACQUIRE a sound and practical knowledge of the German language, one that is of real use in business, reading, or travel, without waste of valuable time and without unnecessary labour, will find

German Simplified,

eminently suited to every requirement. It is published in two editions: (1) For self-instruction, in 12 numbers (with keys) at 10 cts. each. (2) As a School Edition (without keys), bound in cloth, \$1.25. For sale by all booksellers; sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by Prof. A. KNOFLACH, 140 Nassau St., New York. Prospectus mailed free.

HISTORY BY A NEW METHOD

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL

History of America.

With Bibliographical and Descriptive Essays on its Historical Sources and Authorities.

ILLUSTRATED.

EDITED BY JUSTIN WINSOR, Librarian of Harvard University.

Under the above title Houghton, Mifflin & Co. propose to publish by subscription a complete and exhaustive History of the American Continent, from prehistoric times to the middle of the present century.

The work when completed will include eight royal octavo volumes, of about 600 pages each, profusely illustrated with maps, views, portraits, and fac-simile reproductions of historical documents.

A circular giving full particulars of this great work sent free on application.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

GEORGE VIRTUE, Toronto, Sole Publishers' Agent for Canada.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Contents for April, 1887.

- Portrait of Henry Ward Beecher. Frontispiece.
- Transition Period of the American Press. Leading Editors early in this Century. Illustrated. Dr Benjamin Ellis Martin.
- Governor Spotswood Horsehoe Campaign. As Related to the Romance of Cathay. Edward Ingle.
- Henry Ward Beecher. The Editor.
- First Constitution of the State of New York. Frederic G. Mather.
- The Heatherly War. Judge William A. Wood.
- John Van Buren. A Study in By-gone Politics. III. (Conclusion). Charles H. Peck.
- The Fall of Fort Duquesne. T. J. Chapman, M.A.
- The Making of History in Alaska. Charles Hallock.
- A Hero of the Far North. Illustrated. Edmund B. Underwood, U.S.N.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

"The Magazine of American History has no rival in the field it occupies so successfully."—*Troy Times*.

"It is a credit to the publishers, and, in real value, this magazine is far ahead of most of the monthlies."—*The Worcester Spy*.

"It is admirably edited, presenting the living facts of history instead of the dry bones gathered by antiquarians."—*Portland Advertiser*.

"No periodical sent to our table is read with greater interest and enjoyment, and none is more highly prized."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"This is one of the best periodicals which comes to our table."—*Syracuse Times*.

"Few magazines would be missed so much as this elegantly contrived, excellently written one, dealing with topics that connect the new with the old."—*Hartford Post*.

Subscription price, \$5 a year, in advance.

PUBLISHED AT

30 Lafayette Place New York City.

Poems of Henry Abbey.

New, Enlarged Edition, Long Primer type, 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, v. 256 pp. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$1.25. Address, HENRY ABBEY, - - KINGSTON, N. Y.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

The fact of the name of the author of these poems appearing also as publisher, is likely to make the reader a little suspicious of the quality, especially as the volume is very nicely printed. But, although perhaps rendered hypercritical on this account, we have found the contents to be decked out in a by no means unbecoming dress. The poems are mostly narrative, but Mr. Abbey's lips have been touched with the sacred fire.—*The Week, Toronto*.

Mr. Abbey's book arrests attention chiefly through its quality of freshness. There is something of the unusual and the picturesque in the poems. . . . Real relief and enjoyment is to be found in this collection of noble deeds set to musical verse.—*Literary World, London*.

It does not take a deep search in the contents of Mr. Abbey's volume to show that the author is an original thinker, that he has a distinct command of language, and that he successfully employs it as a vehicle for his thoughts. . . . The verse is pliant, and the imagery bold and undaunted.—*Sunday Times, Memphis*.

On almost every page of Mr. Abbey's book there are lines which are singularly happy in expression, and the leading thought of many of the pieces is strikingly original; above all, there is an appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, and a sympathy with the pathetic in human life, which ought to give the writer a high place among the minor poets. . . . The swing and music of many of the poems show that he has a quite exceptional power of melodious composition.—*The Spectator, London*.

Mr. Abbey is not a sentimentalist; he is a poet of the Browning and Matthew Arnold order—intellectual, thoughtful, and very earnest. His verses are not merely the die-a-ways of lovers, but studies of many phases of history and human emotion. The variety of this true poetical observer is very striking.—*The American, Philadelphia*.

FOR TEACHERS

A NEW

Educational Journal.

THE SCIENCE COMPANY of New York announce that they will publish, at an early date, the first number of

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

The aim of this paper is twofold. 1st. To give the teacher a paper that will interest him as an individual; and, 2nd, to give him the most reliable and valuable information obtainable regarding his profession.

The material for the first part will be such as has been originally secured for the weekly paper SCIENCE; that for the second part will be carefully selected, with special attention to the needs of educators.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION will contain 13 numbers in each annual volume (appearing every fourth Friday during the year). To immediate subscribers for 1887, however, we will give free the two numbers appearing in November and December of this year. The subscription price will be \$1.50 a year. Sample copies of the first (November) number will be sent free upon application. Address

THE SCIENCE COMPANY, 47 LAFAYETTE PLACE, - NEW YORK.

THE

Copland Brewing Co.

TORONTO,

HAVE MADE

Special Brewings

OF THEIR CELEBRATED

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

which they can confidently recommend as equal to any imported.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE

the above is put up in 15 gallon kegs and in bottle for family use.

BREWING OFFICE:

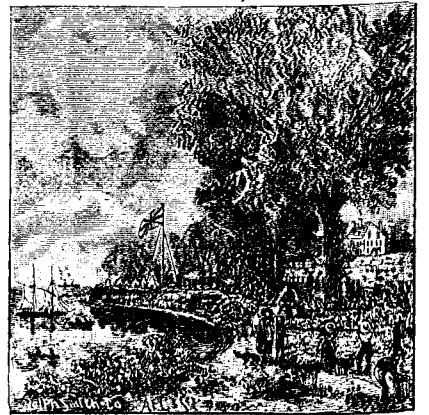
55 PARLIAMENT STREET.

CITY OFFICE:

20 KING STREET, EAST.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

Pelee Island Vineyards, PELEE ISLAND, LAKE ERIE.



J. S. HAMILTON & Co. BRANTFORD.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Catwba and other brands in 5 gal. lots, \$1.50; 10 gal. lots, \$1.40; 20 gal. lots, \$1.30. Bbls. of 40 gals., \$1.25. Cases, 12 qts., \$4.50; 24 pts., \$5.50. For sale in Toronto by J. Berwick, corner King and York Streets; Fulton Michie & Co., 7 King Street West; and McCormick Bros., 431 Yonge Street. J. S. HAMILTON & Co., Brantford, Sole Agents for Canada.

BUY YOUR

COAL

FROM

CONGER COAL CO.,

6 KING ST. EAST.

The Best

IS

The Cheapest.

S C A L E S

C Platform, Counter and Even Balance. C

A Family & Butcher Scales. A

L RICE LEWIS & SON L

E 52 & 54 King St. East, TORONTO. E

S C A L E S

Fine Business Block

FOR SALE.

WELL RENTED.

Collins, Jones & Co.

61 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Those wishing to keep their copies of THE WEEK in good condition, and have them on hand for reference, should use a Binder. We can send by mail

A STRONG PLAIN BINDER

For 75 Cents. Postage prepaid

These Binders have been made expressly for THE WEEK, and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the Binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete

Address— OFFICE OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.