

THE WEEK:

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THE MODERN STAGE.

I was induced two nights ago to attend one of the Toronto theatres. The play was described as "Rice's beautiful 'Evangeline,' fresh from its New York and Chicago triumphs." It had "run" for two hundred and fifty-three nights in the former town, and for one hundred and two in the latter.

This "Evangeline" was not a tragedy, nor yet a comedy, nor yet an opera; yet it contained the elements of all three. Perhaps "variety show" would be the best name for it. Its prominent features were literally *variety* and *show*: its constituent parts might be classified under every species of histrionic art, not excluding clog-dancing and somersaulting; and as for *show*, the costumes of the "sixty artistes" led one to believe that to this feature all things else were made subservient—indeed, these "sixty artistes" were doubtless chosen for their respective parts more by the shapeliness of their nether limbs than by their ability to sing or act. The only really good thing in this play was the manipulation of the rat which ran away with the "Lone Fisherman's" loaf.

I am not ridiculing "Evangeline." It has triumphed; it has occupied the stage in two of the largest cities of the New World every night for more than a year; it draws audiences; it is representative of a certain class, and that a large and important class, of modern drama.

These are facts not to be lightly esteemed. They are evidences of the thought and character of the day. They arise from certain causes and lead to certain results. They are symptoms (I use the word advisedly, for I cannot but think they are signs of disease, not of health), they are pathognomonic symptoms, of the degeneration of the moral, intellectual, and æsthetic tone of the larger portion of the population.

The "drama" is a word to which once attached a high and lofty meaning. Drama is a species of the fine art, poetry—the highest species. And art, the poetic art above all, many of us believe has a common origin, if not even a much closer relationship, with religion. "The whole art of poetry," says Strabo, "is the praise of the gods.* Plato consecrates all music and dancing to religion.† "The direction of the purpose of great arts," says Mr. Ruskin, is "that of enforcing the religion of men.‡ The drama of the Greeks, as every one knows, had its origin in religious ceremonies, so had the drama of the Hindus.§

I refer to these well-known opinions and quote these well-known authorities merely to call attention to the wonderful transmutation of meaning which the word drama has undergone. The *logeion* of Sophokles

is a very different thing from the *logeion* of Aristophanes; both these differ altogether from the stage of Shakespeare; all three have little or nothing in common with the boards upon which such pieces as "Evangeline" are played.

The Greek drama has been compared by Schlegel and by Coleridge to sculpture; the Shakespearian or Romantic drama to painting. To what shall we compare the form of modern drama, of which "Evangeline" is a type? To a caricature?—and a caricature, not in marble or pigments, but in chromo?

What are the causes of this deterioration of modern drama?—that is the question for us. Why is it that here in Toronto, during a whole theatrical season, we may, a remnant of us, congratulate ourselves as being fortunate if a single week or fortnight is devoted to plays of a higher class—to Shakespeare, Lytton, Sheridan, Sheridan Knowles? Why is it that the plays that "draw" are the spectacular farces, the sentimental melodramas, the vulgar burlesques? Who is the most popular playwright of the United States? It is probably Charles Hoyt. And what are his plays? "A Bunch of Keys;" "A Parlour Match;" "A Bottle of Ink;" "A Rag Baby."

The answer generally given to questions such as these is that we have in this age, and especially in this country, neither the time nor the inclination to give up our evenings to tragedies and comedies of a superior order. That this is a "practical" age. That there is no need that our deeper emotions should be stirred; that indeed any such thing would be injurious: we use up so much vital force in earning our daily bread that what we need after the labour of the day is over is not such plays as shall work upon our feelings, shall call up love, pity, admiration, reverence, but only such plays as shall tickle the senses and amuse the intellect; shall give us relaxation; shall make us laugh, or rather titter, not cry. That therefore it is that poor puns take the place of pure humour; racy dialogue and questionable song the place of serious soliloquy; tights and tarlatan that of buskin or "sceptred pall."

There is a great deal of truth in all this; yet I cannot but think that there is another and deeper source to be found for the degeneration of the modern stage. The lower classes have been steadily rising—rising in intelligence, influence, wealth. They are at a higher level now than they were fifty, and at a much higher level than they were a hundred, years ago. What were by them once considered luxuries are now considered necessities: broadcloth takes the place of jean; hob-nailed boots give way to kid and porpoise-hide; "print" is discarded for "stuff"-dresses. Life with them has expanded: it is fuller, larger, completer; it is not confined within the narrow limits of toil and rest; it takes in a larger number and a greater variety of pleasures. And these pleasures naturally differ widely from those to which fifty or a hundred years ago these classes were alone accustomed. Bear-baiting is a thing of the long past; cock-fighting is disappearing; prize-fighting is becoming yearly rarer. The theatre has to a large extent taken the place of these. Scarcely is there a country town of ordinary dimensions but has its "Opera House," and there is no large city in which there is not during the season a nightly representation of at least one play.

At first sight, all this will seem to have little or nothing to do with the deterioration of the modern stage. But what has to be kept in mind is that the taste of these rising classes has not kept pace with their upward movement in intelligence, influence, wealth—or perhaps it will be safer to say that their taste has not yet been sufficiently cultivated to allow of their appreciating anything above the *common*, and (and this is my point) *the theatre has descended to their level*. These rising classes are now the best and chief patrons of the theatre; it is through them that the actors, the stage-managers, the proprietors, and above all the playwrights make their livelihood. The consequence is, the actors, the stage-managers, the proprietors, and the playwrights suit the tastes of the lower classes. It is a matter of money-making. Hence it is that we are treated to pretty faces and good legs instead of acting; "business" instead of accuracy in detail; cramped pits instead of roomy seats.

The same symptoms arising from the same disease may be seen in all other branches of art. In literature they are plainly visible. Strike a general average of excellence from the fiction that now floods the market, and who will say it is high? It is again a matter of money-making. So

* ἡ ποιητικὴ πᾶσα ὑμνητικὴ. x. p. 468.

† Legg. vii. 799 A.

‡ Lectures on Art. ii. 32.

§ Vide Quarterly Rev. No. 89 p. 89.

with painting—or rather imitations of painting. So with music. So, above all, with the newspaper press. "It is no longer possible," says the *Critic*, "to hope that this journalistic degradation is temporary or accidental. Every indication, including the cowardly and dangerous treatment of the labour question, points to a deliberate determination to secure large circulation at all costs, even by pandering to the depravity of the lower and more numerous classes. Instead of attempting to set a higher standard of public taste, the newspapers have resolved to make what profits they can by lowering themselves to the level of the lowest taste that exists. The policy is as foolish as it is disgraceful. Circulation is not the measure of a newspaper's prosperity, as they will discover when they have alienated the support of intelligent and refined readers. The cultivated classes are now looking for newspapers which can be taken into their homes."

"Lowering themselves to the level of the lowest taste that exists"—that is the secret of the deterioration of the modern stage.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE STATE.

MR. A. F. MARSHALL, in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, contends that the Church of Rome, while she has apparently been losing ground in Catholic countries, has in reality been gaining it. That she has lost the State in France and Italy he cannot deny; but he argues that what she has lost in ostensible numbers and power by the withdrawal of State patronage, she has gained in the sincerity and fervour of her adherents. In that case he will find it rather difficult to maintain her infallibility; since nothing can be more certain than that she has clung to State patronage with all her might, and broken all the rules of human morality in her efforts to keep the State upon her side. If, as Mr. Marshall thinks, the favour of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon was more noxious than the enmity of Gambetta and Paul Bert, it is a pity that this was not perceived when, through a Jesuit Emperor, Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon were being instigated to exterminate the French Protestants. It is a pity that the late Pope—the very Pope who caused himself to be declared infallible—should have called in an Irish army to uphold the Italian despots and his own temporal power against Italian liberty. As to the temporal power, if Mr. Marshall thinks that, in a spiritual point of view, the Church is well rid of it, why cannot he impress this conviction upon His Holiness, who continues to protest, as his predecessor protested, against the sacrilegious abolition of the temporal power? Clearly enough, Mr. Marshall's view is calculated for the meridian of the American Republic, not for that of the Vatican. It is totally at variance with the Encyclical. In what he says as to the increase of sincere religion within the Roman Catholic Church, there is a measure of truth. In every European Church of late there has been an increase of sincere religion, caused partly by reaction against scepticism, partly by the fresh activity which a sense of peril and the bracing influences of emancipation from State patronage have produced among the clergy. That the Roman Catholic Church has gained by conversions to any considerable extent, we do not believe. In England she has gained hardly anybody but Ritualistic clergymen and imaginative ladies; on the middle and poorer classes, who are not touched by poetic reveries about the Middle Ages, she has hardly made the slightest impression. The revival in England, which in the cities especially has been notable, is almost entirely Anglican, and has been largely due to the propagandist zeal and energy of the High Church clergy. With the general sentiment, however, which underlies Mr. Marshall's presentation of the case on behalf of his Church, we most heartily concur. Let him suggest to the Pontiff the expediency of adding to the ambiguous quotation which encircles the dome of St. Peter, these wholly unambiguous words: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Mr. Marshall's line of argument furnishes the best answer to those who pretend that in guarding against the political encroachments of the Roman Catholic priesthood we are attacking the Roman Catholic religion. We are, on the contrary, doing the Roman Catholic religion, and religion of every kind, the best service in our power. What did the Roman Catholic religion gain in the net result by the course of priestly intrigue in Switzerland which brought on the secession of the Catholic cantons from the Federation and the civil war of 1847? What did it gain in the net result by the course of priestly intrigue at the court of the French Emperor which, using the devout Empress as its tool, plunged France into the fatal war with Germany? What did the Roman Catholic religion gain by the efforts of the Papacy and the Italian clergy to strangle Italian liberty, and keep the Bourbons on the throne of Naples? Has not the effect in each case been a violent revulsion of national feeling, and a fatal identification in the minds of the people of Christian belief with political reaction?

Why does the French peasant look upon the clergy with suspicion and hatred; he is not a sceptic; from scepticism he would be guarded by his ignorance, if not by the firmness of his conviction; but he thinks, and with reason, that the Church is always working in the interest of the Legitimist party and against the Revolution, from which he derives his title to his lands. Did not the eagerness with which the clergy rushed to the feet of Louis Napoleon on the morrow of his perfidious and murderous usurpation, and the servile rapture with which they chanted their *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem*, scandalise and repel from the Church even the most religious friends of public morality and freedom? Let the ministers of religion of all denominations freely exercise their rights as citizens; the better Christians they are, the more desirable it is that their influence should be felt; though in this also there is a measure, and nobody respects a clerical demagogue. But the interference of Churches with politics is pernicious alike to the Church and to the State. To pretend that the Church of Rome does not interfere actively and systematically in politics on this Continent as well as in Europe, is to pretend that we are all insane or dreaming. Not a book on the perils of the American Republic comes forth which does not give the political action of the Roman Catholic Church a prominent place in the list. The connection between the Hierarchy and the Democrats was notorious as the existence of either. The other day an ecclesiastic advised the Irish Catholics, instead of hiving themselves in the Democratic party, to divide their force between the two parties that they might control both. Australian writers on politics complain that elective institutions will not work if the Catholics continue to act, not as members of the Commonwealth, but as a flying squadron with separate objects of its own, hovering between the parties, and trying to enslave each of them in turn to its interests. In the case of this Province, party spirit in an election controversy may have exaggerated this or that instance of Palace meddling, though the existence of a cabal for the removal of Warden Massie seems to have been clearly proved; but the general fact is indisputable, and is treated as such by people who can have no party interest to serve. The party which now, having for strategical purposes formed an alliance with the Catholics and Rielites, upbraids with bigotry every one who raises his voice against Roman Catholic encroachment, has only to look back into the files of its own leading organ to see how much at variance with its own traditions, and with its own former representations of fact, as well as with the attitude of Liberals throughout the world, is its present position. The plea of religious tolerance is a cloak for political subserviency, and is secretly derided while it is joyfully accepted and utilised by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy themselves.

SAUNTERINGS.

A CITY set at the base of a mountain, kneeling rather at the feet of the mountain for its perpetual benediction, a benediction that falls in summer with its great shadow, with the silence of its leafy solitudes, with the tremor of its wind-stirred branches, with the soft outcries of its bird inhabitants; that rises with every warm pulsation of nature in its mighty breast, and diffuses itself as a cloud might, in half comprehended blessing. A city the hem of whose garment is bordered by the broadest, bravest green ribbon of a river we Canadians find in any water-system of any land, yet serenely shimmeringly blue sometimes, and sometimes wrathily white. A city that raises many a cross against the evening light, that flaunts many a tricolor in the river breeze, that echoes often to the Marseillaise, yet thrusts stern steeples into the sky, and waves the Union-Jack and sings most loyally "God Save the Queen!" But now it is winter in the city, and the mountain wears the patriarchal snow that befits it, and the heaven the church-spires point to shines very clear and cold above them, and the great river vexes itself under strong bonds. Winter in the city, and that mad, merry time of the winter when its sober inhabitant putteth away from him his sobriety, and his dignity, and his ulster, and his boots, and goeth forth in a spirit of unaccountable hilarity, a blanket-suit and moccasins, his snowshoes on his shoulder, his toboggan trailing after him, to do homage to the King of the Carnival.

And we shall saunter this week, as deliberately as the weather will permit, in his jovial wake, marking his splendid muscular development, catching now and then a refrain of the merry *chanson* with which he beguiles the way, breathing the ozone that supplies his vigorous lungs, and speculating by the way upon the probable destiny of his robust young national entity, already written large in some book of Fate's large library. Be sure the revellers have provided themselves with a moon. Behold her, as we step forth in the fresh tracks of these rollicking fellows, high, indulgent, and serene, impressing the full beauty of her presence with the massed

darkness of the mountain, with the long shadows of the tall houses in the narrow streets, with the slender black silhouettes of the tangled birch branches by the roadside. Thus she looked down upon the huts of Hochelaga, thus upon the primitive chapels of the good priests of St. Sulpice, thus upon the charred memorial of fatuous party hate that stood upon St. Ann's Market to mark the further progress of civilisation in 1849. And many a night since has she thrown her white beams on history as it ravel itself out of time, and must often have seen a phase that pleased her better than this we share with her. For our guides have become veritable link-boys, and the bold yellow flame of their torches puts the moon out of countenance for numberless square yards around. High and afar, on the face of the cathedral, on the brow of the great hill, on the silent stretches of the river, and among all her vassals the stars, she is still supreme; but within the little radius of our immediate vision the flaring pine-knots have quite superseded her. So Truth, perhaps, eternal in the heavens, shines vainly for us till we lift our eyes from the spluttering torches of our own kindling. Even as we philosophise in their uncertain light they disappear, they and their bearers together, and our problems and postulates are illuminated by their successors.

At all events this has happened to our Carnival guides, who have joined the great procession that has already begun its serpentine course up the mountain-side. On its very brow a royal beacon blazes against the frosty glitter of the night. Towards this the long fiery double line slowly mounts in its winding way against the darkness of the height. Strange fires burn along its path, flashing far into the snowy solitudes of the woods on either hand, frightening away the blue moon-shadows in the hollows, and confessing the demoralised brown bracken that makes a tattered appearance in the sheltered places. And ever and anon a new bonfire blazes forth lustily, till all Mount Royal is transformed into a Canadian Jungfernsprung, with its gnomes and kobolds in the maddest state of exhilaration. Now down they come towards the city, but their descent is not upon the habitations of men. Doughty in his stronghold sits the King of the Carnival. Very magnificent are his imperial trappings. The Czar of all the Russias boasts no purer ermine than his, no Indian rajah owns a jewel that could pretend to sparkle beside those of his royal diadem. In no other Cabinet do we find such powerful and inscrutable ministers as his—ministers that hold whole Meteorological Bureaus in contempt, and bring confusion upon the Clerk of the Weather every day. And how impregnable his splendid fortress looks, tower and turret and battlement sharply outlined against the starlight sky, each individual block of icy chrysopease seeming to shine with the separate splendour of a little magic modern jet in the heart of it. Yet there is reason for unquiet in the breast of the Ice King, for these muscular moccasined *gobelini* have brought strange missiles to the attack, fires filched from subterranean conflagrations of their acquaintance, that furrow the air in long, graceful curves, and burst with easily recognisable volcanic energy upon his defences, his throne, his very iced person. With a brave heart in a thawing bosom he undauntedly hurls them back again, but vainly. Faster and faster fly the unearthly bombs, as with strange, victorious cries these creatures of the tuque and sash press the assault. Mystic and awful burnings from within throw lights of blue and rose and green upon the castle walls. The royal wardrobe it would seem, is going. The bombardment grows hotter and hotter. One final heroic repulse, out-belching of angry flame and up-streaming of a myriad fiery tongues, and resistance is over. The castle has fallen and its King, if not its parliament, is dissolved.

Cruel, too, after all that he had done in abetting the public-spirited citizens in making their winter festival a success—preparing the fields for their snow-shoe clubs, and the hills for their toboggans, the highways for their tandem driving, and the rinks for the distinguished presence of their Excellencies in masquerade; thrilling the air with the irresponsible spirit of the Carnival, and setting our brains a-tingle with the happy capability of being amused by a foolish face or a tin horn. But monarchies, no less than republics, are sometimes ungrateful.

Is it not simple, delightful Emile Souvestre who tells us of the festival kept by an old connoisseur, while all Paris was rejoicing in celebration of "le jour de l'an," with a single picture upon which he gloated his eyes with all a discoverer's, as well as a beholder's joy? Come, then, while the rest are imperilling their necks upon the toboggan slides, and their fortunes in the great hotels, let us follow whither he would have led had he kept Carnival here this week, and we will discover a treat of undreamed richness in the rooms of the Art Association of Montreal. With the utmost liberality the cultured and wealthy residents of the Carnival City have denuded their walls of their treasure, and sent it to hang for a little space in the Association's care, for the delight of the multitude. The spirit that dictated this generous action is beyond all praise; and not the least

of its results is the dissemination of juster ideas as to the extent of art appreciation in Canada, and more accurate knowledge of the canvases that have made their way into the country.

In the midst, on a stand, just where the light from above strikes full upon it, is Jules Breton's "Communiantes":

Parmi les frais lilas, les renaissants feuillages,
Par ce printemps qui chante et rit dans les villages,
Par ce dimanche clair fillettes au front pur,
Qui marchez vers la messe entre les jeunes branches,
Avez-vous pris au ciel communiantes blanches
Vos robes de lumière où frissonne l'azur,"

quotes the artist, translating his lovely subject back from the language of his pigments to the lines which probably suggested it. It is all there and more. In the foreground a little maiden on the way to her first communion, lifts her face to her wrinkled grandmother's for the benediction of her kiss, the grandfather, sitting in the sun beside his cottage door, leans forward on his stick waiting his turn. Just behind is a group of her white-robed companions starting for the village church, the spire of which one sees beyond a turn in the road. Two things strike one mainly in the picture—its fidelity to the exquisite feeling of the lines which inspired it, and its victory, by this means, over the somewhat hard and unpleasing details of its figure subjects. There is no beauty in the young girl's face: Breton might have put it there, but he scorned so obvious a way of pleasing, and put ignorance instead, and plain little features, and formed her and her companions with the coarse, hard lines that peasant humanity is apt to develop into. But with the innocence he places upon it, with the poor simplicity he paints in the stiff and ill-made white garments, with his absolute faithfulness to the beautiful homely sentiment of the old village pair, and above all, with the full and lovely spring-tide that sheds its light and its beauty and its perfume almost over the happy scene, the artist casts over us the spell that proves his genius, and brings forth the wonder of a common thing by the divine magic of his touch. Sun-bathed, sleepy old village roofs, doves cooing on them, wild thorn in blossom, "*renaissants feuillages*," throbbing fresh and green, over head "*les frais lilas*" in purple splendour—but let us go on. Here, in a little room to itself, shown by gaslight as usual, is Gabriel Max's "Raising of Jairus Daughter," familiar to many picture-lovers in Ontario. The grand presence of the Christ in the picture, painted, as He should be, in coarse garb, with no suggestion of divinity except the noble strength and sublime suffering of His face; the pallid girl, and the vanishing death-rigour of her face, hold the little room-full in the bond of silent awe. Suddenly voices at the door, voices pitched high and nasally. They enter, they take possession of the place; in tones of strident enthusiasm they enunciate—

"How perfectly elegant!"

It is time to look for the Millet, and the Corot, and the Doré, and the Bougereau, and the Pelouse, and the Benjamin-Constant, we have discovered on the catalogue. We can come back again. There is a very general movement toward the door. Ah, these *consanguines*!

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

ON Monday, September 27, at nine o'clock in the morning, we left Donald by the express bound west for the Coast, a party of four on a long-contemplated visit to the Glacier Hotel at the summit of the Selkirk Mountains; "summit" being the expression generally used in the country for the elevation at which the railroad crosses that range. The scenery throughout this portion of the Canadian Pacific is said to be unrivalled in the world, and it certainly far exceeds in beauty and grandeur that of any other locality in British Columbia. We were, as usual, favoured in our weather, which was bright and clear, with a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky. The tops of the mountains on both sides of the Columbia Valley were covered with a soft coating of snow, which lent a not unpleasant suspicion of frostiness to the atmosphere. The railroad crosses the Columbia half a mile west from Donald over a high trestle bridge; the river at this point describes a perfect loop, and when next it comes into view its character has entirely changed—lost the smooth sweep of current which characterised it, ceased to be navigable, and is seen tumbling over a shallow, rocky bed in a succession of small rapids.

The Rockies now face us on the east, and the brilliant autumn livery they have donned is a strange contrast to the various shades of green which clothed their sides during the early summer months. Bright streaks of golden colour, formed by the yellow hues of thousands of young poplars and alders, seem to creep in detachments up the mountain sides, alternating with the heavy, dark foliage of the pines and firs, while the lofty peaks above them glisten with a veil of snow down even to the timber limit.

Thirteen miles from Donald the line enters the narrow canyon of the Beaver River, a small and picturesque stream rushing down from the Selkirks over huge rocks and boulders; we follow it for a few miles, and cross it at Bear Creek, which brings the magnificent range of the Selkirk

Mountains into full view. Nothing could exceed the beauty and impressiveness of some of the peaks rising on the opposite side of the narrow valley from the very waters of the creek, so that the eye can follow their gradual ascent from base to summit, without the effort it is necessary to employ in order to obtain a glimpse of Mount Carroll; I actually sat on the floor of the Pullman, as we passed below this giant, and even then strained my neck to its severest tension to reach the topmost point. We began now to see the course of the snow-slides (of which much is said and thought at this particular season). These were marked by an undergrowth of vivid green, showing where all the forest trees had been swept away by the weight of the descending mass. The railroad at this point creeps up the side of a mountain, down which some lovely cascades dash in soft threads of silvery water. I fail to trace their source, or to see the top of the height above on that side; their junction with the creek below is also lost to sight amid the woods and rocks covering the foot of the slope. Some of the finest bridges on the line have been constructed to cross these same cascades, or creeks, as they are called; that over Mountain Creek is 1,100 feet long, supported by massive trestles, and that over Stony Creek is 290 feet above the water.

Near here we came upon the commencement of the snow-sheds that have been built by the C. P. R. Co. to protect their road from the snow-slides above referred to, and which have been wont to descend the very mountain side, along which the rails are laid. The sheds extend over some five miles of the track in the worst places, observed and located last winter by engineers stationed at different points for the purpose, and they are the most solid structures imaginable. We saw them in all stages of development, from the mere shell to the complete building. They are raised against one side of the mountain in a sort of crib-work, filled in with earth and stones, and inclined to meet the ground above the cutting. The inside wall, next to the rails, is composed of solid sawed and hewn logs a foot square, laid horizontally upon wooden blocks separating the timbers from each other by a space of four inches; these beams appear to be all fitted and welded together like a child's puzzle, and are sheeted over with four-inch planks, as a finish. The opposite, or lower, side of the shed is a strong structure of posts a foot square, also sheeted in with planks; these support the sloping roof, likewise composed of solid beams resting in brackets, and of four-inch boards. These sheds required 22,000,000 feet of lumber, and employed 3,500 men. Their general effect is one of marvellous power and endurance, and they will, no doubt, be severely tested by the mighty rush of avalanches of snow during the winter, which will slide down the mountain sides, and continue their course over the roofs of the sheds to the valley below. Naturally, much of the scenery is lost in this succession of wooden tunnels, perversely occurring at some of the finest points of view: to obviate this disadvantage the Company will construct a summer track outside the line of sheds.

After we passed the summit proper, marked by an extensive wooden and tent town, we came in sight of Mount Carroll, a most stupendous peak, 5,558 feet above the railway, and 9,440 feet above the level of the sea. It lies upon the west side of the line; indeed the train passes so immediately below it that I strained my neck almost to dislocation in the endeavour to realise its vast proportions. Here, also, is seen Mount Sir Donald, the highest elevation upon the line, 6,980 feet above it, and 10,645 feet above the sea. In the immediate neighbourhood is Mount Hermit, 4,983 feet above the railway, and 9,063 feet above the sea; it derives its name from a curious conformation of rock resembling the figure of a hermit draped in a long cloak, and sharply defined against the sky.

At one o'clock we reached the Glacier Hotel, close to the station of that name, three miles west of the summit of the Selkirks. It is a most artistic building, somewhat of the Swiss chalet style, built by the enterprise of the C. P. R. Co., and intended as a summer resort for many who will now be enabled for the first time to enjoy genuine Canadian mountain air. No more lovely spot could have been selected for its situation, commanding as it does a veritable, though much disputed, sea of mountains of the grandest description; the peaks of those above-mentioned are all in view, while not a mile from the hotel lies a large glacier, a sea of green, glittering ice. There were both bear and elk close to the hotel last summer, an attraction to sportsmen in search of big game. The beauty of the locality is sufficiently vouched for by the fact that it was unanimously chosen, six months ago, by four artists as their sketching ground. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Forbes, Mr. Fraser, of Boston, and Mr. Aiken, a Scotch painter, all rallied round the Glacier Hotel, though, owing to its unfinished condition, they were obliged to content themselves with canvas roofs. We lunched in a stationary dining-car at Glacier, and returned to Donald by the express from the coast in the afternoon. E. S.

ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD.

THE subject of this brief sketch died at her residence, on John Street, in this city, on Saturday, the 12th of this month. In her death Canada has lost one of her most original, powerful, and inspired singers, albeit unknown to the general public of the Dominion, and I very much fear to the literary few among us who sometimes give a passing thought to Canadian literature. For what that latter phrase means, this is not the place to discuss it, and, indeed, enough has been said about the matter, of which, curiously, little has been to the point. One thing is clear, that when a book, superior to the average milk-and-water run of colonial productions, appears, it is the duty of the press, of the trade, of the reading public as well as of the literary few, to give such a book the warmest welcome and the friendliest

treatment in their power. The one book by which I am assured the late Miss Crawford would wish herself to be known is such a one—so superior, in fact, to even works by contemporaneous American and English writers (if it will be believed) that I find a great difficulty in referring to it at all. A Canadian book can be viewed in two ways: it can be regarded as simply a Canadian book, and valued accordingly for its treatment and choice of Canadian subjects, or it can be compared with books published in other countries with regard to conception, execution, style, and weight and value of thought. How many Canadian books can be reviewed under the latter heading? Possibly three or four, certainly not more than half a dozen. The names of Heavysege, Sangster, Kirby, Prof. Roberts, Mrs. Maclean, among our English-Canadian writers, occur to me. Two or three of these names are slightly, though favourably, known in England and in occasional circles in the States—I speak, of course, here only of *belles lettres* properly considered; that is, poetry and lighter prose. It would not hurt us if these names were a little more known amongst ourselves, and with them the name of Isabella Valancey Crawford, author of "Old Spooks's Pass," and other poems. There can be no mistake about Miss Crawford's rank as a poet. Her work fulfils the most arduous conditions that the modern school can impose. There is scholarship in her book (a rare thing in Canada); there is that intimate knowledge of Nature and all natural processes which belongs so divinely to Tennyson, and which the more erotic poets show so much indifference to; there is a positive riot of imagery, warm, dazzling, and mostly correct; there is a wonderful command over various trying forms of verse, and there is a deep, spiritual vein under all the overlying charms of metre and rhetoric that proclaim the thinker as well as the versifier. The very highest qualities of the poet meet in her best work, notably, "Malcolm's Katie," a story in blank verse of about fifteen hundred lines; in "The Helot," a lurid picture of Spartan aggression, told in four hundred lines of simple but impressive quatrains, and in one or two highly original shorter pieces, such as "The Ghosts of the Trees" and "March." The subjects are mostly drawn from old-world sources, and exhibit a variety and degree of culture which entitle the book to the consideration of the world, and not one public alone. Here are "Roses in Madrid"—

Roses, Senors, roses!
Love is subtly hid
In the fragrant roses
Blown in gay Madrid.

Catch the roses, Senors,
Light on finger-tips;
He who buys red roses
Dreams of crimson lips.

Tinkle! my fresh roses,
With the rare dew wet;
Clink! my crisp, red roses,
Like a castanet!

And here La Bouquetière sings in Paris while the guillotine crashes down momentarily behind her:

Buy my flowers, citizens—
Here's a Parma violet;
Ah! why is my white rose red?
'Tis the blood of a grisette.

She sold her flowers by the quay—
Brown her eyes and fair her hair;
Sixteen summers old, I think—
With a quaint, Provincial air.
Vogue la galère! she's gone the way
That flesh as well as flowers must stray.

And here the Roman rose-seller:

Not from Pæstum come my roses; Patrons, see
My flowers are Roman-blown. Marcus Lucius, thou
To-day dost wed; buy roses, roses, roses,
To mingle with the nuptial myrtle . . .
. . . Virginia.

Here's a rose that has a canker in't, and yet
It is most glorious dyed, and sweeter smells
Than those death hath not touched. . . .

. . . Priestess, priestess,
Thy ivory chariot stay. . . .

Thus I make
My roses Oracles. O hark! the cymbals beat
In god-like silver bursts of sound; I go
To see great Caesar leading Glory home
From Campus Martius to the Capitol!

There are many more glimpses of Spain and Italy, all vivid, highly coloured, and correct. Very different in manner are the following extracts from the "Helot":

Day was at her high unrest,
Fevered with the wine of light;
Loosing all her golden vest,
Reeled she toward the coming night.

Neck-curved, serpent, silent, scaled,
With locked rainbows stole the sea
On the sleek, long beaches; wail'd
Doves from column and from tree.

And different again these superb bits of blank verse—

. . . The lean, lank lion peals
His midnight thunders over lone, red plains,
Long-ridged, and crested on their dusty waves
With fires from moons red-hearted as the sun.

O, am I breeding that false thing, a heart?
Making my breast all tender for the fangs
Of sharp remorse to plunge their hot fire in.

Between the last loud bugle of the Wind
And the first silver coinage of the Rain
Upon my flying hair, there came her kiss.

Of the passion of Love Miss Crawford is no stale exponent. What can be more original than this?

O Love! art thou a silver deer,
Swift thy starred feet as wing of swallow,
While we with rushing arrows follow;
And at the last shall we draw near,
And over thy velvet neck cast thongs,
Woven of roses, of stars, of songs?

In Nature there is nothing that escapes her, from the pines at sunrise, transformed into "cressets of pure gold" (*vide* Ruskin, who asserts that only two English poets have noticed this, Shakspeare and Wordsworth), to the "ice-pale blooms, firing all the bay with angel fires built up of snow and gold."

But to multiply extracts would not be to give even an idea of the versatility and scope of her rare genius, and so I can only commend the book in its entirety to Canadian readers. Miss Crawford was not a Canadian by birth, and there is little, if any, direct Canadian inspiration in her verse, but by right of adoption her work is ours, and we should be proud of it. If it will not be putting last what should have come first, the worth of her work is, perhaps, best shown by her English notices. The *Athenæum*, the *Spectator*, the *Literary World*, the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Leisure Hour*, and the *Saturday Review* all contributed lengthy and enthusiastic notices of the book.

The cause of Miss Crawford's untimely death was heart disease. She was of a retiring disposition, and lived very quietly with her mother. Of her prose I have not spoken, though even in that uncommon talent is revealed, in spite of some offences against good taste.

SERANUS.

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

"F. F. D." asks: "Is there any better authority than tradition for the story that many years ago, in Montreal, Roman Catholics and Protestants worshipped in the same church?"

Mention is made of this fact in the old records of St. Gabriel Street Church, Montreal. In Gregg's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," it is stated that in an account of the St. Gabriel Street Church, transmitted to the clerk of the Synod of Canada, in 1832, by the Rev. Henry Esson, the following paragraph occurs: "It may be mentioned as a curious circumstance, that previous to the building of our church it appears the congregation had been accommodated for some time in the Roman Catholic church belonging to the religious order of Recollets; for in June, 1791, the treasurer of the committee was directed to pay for a hogshead of wine given to that fraternity for the use of their church. And in 1809, when our church was under repairs, the congregation assembled for public worship during two months or more in the same church." In another document, mentioned by the same writer, "it is stated that the Recollet Fathers politely refused any remuneration, but were induced to accept of a present of two hogsheads of Spanish wine, containing sixty odd gallons each, and a box of candles, in acknowledgment of their good offices, and that they were thankful for the same." The Recollets did not grant the privilege to the Presbyterians only. In Bosworth's "Hochelaga Depicta," published at Montreal in 1839, we are told that "the Rev. Mr. Delisle, a native of Switzerland, was the first Protestant Episcopal minister who settled in this city. When he arrived, there was no place of worship, and the people were not sufficiently numerous or affluent to build one. They readily obtained, however, the use of the Recollet Church at such hours as the Society had no occasion to use it. There was then no Protestant Bishop of Quebec, and in the year 1789, the Bishop of Nova Scotia came to Canada on a diocesan visitation. The congregation, now much increased, applied to his Lordship for aid, and soon afterwards obtained from Lord Dorchester, the Governor, the use of the church which formerly belonged to the Jesuits' College, and stood near the site of the gaol. Having fitted it up with pews, they attended divine service in it for the first time on Sunday, the 20th of December, 1789." In Quebec also Protestants were allowed the frequent use of the Recollet Church during several years previous to its destruction by fire on the 6th of September, 1796. As early as Thursday, the 21st of May, 1767, the following notice appears in the *Quebec Gazette*: "On Sunday next divine service, according to the use of the Church of England, will be held at the Recollets' Church, and continue for the summer season, beginning soon after eleven. The drum will beat each Sunday soon after half an hour past ten, and the Recollets' bell ring, to give notice of the English service the instant their own is ended." Some reader of these notes, who has access to the early volumes of the *Montreal Gazette*, may perhaps be able to cite a similar notice relating to the use of the Recollet Church in Montreal.

THE St. Gabriel Street Church was opened on the 7th of October, 1792, and is, therefore, the oldest Protestant Church in Montreal. But the oldest in the Province of Quebec is, no doubt, the chapel at Berthier (*en haut*), which was erected in 1786, a short distance from the Manor House, by the Hon. James Cuthbert, Seigneur of Berthier. It was named "St. Andrew's," and was intended for divine worship as well as for a last resting-place for the members of his family. On the marble tablet in the wall, which gives most of the chapel's history, it is described as "the first

built since the conquest of New France." Still, it is asserted that the bell in the steeple of St. Gabriel Street Church is the first Protestant bell that was sounded in what was then Canada.

OF Roman Catholic bells one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the Dominion is that which hangs in the little chapel at Tadoussac. It was brought from France in 1647 by the Jesuit missionaries, and is said to have been given to them by Louis XIV. The first chapel, begun in 1642, and partly rebuilt two years later with bricks sent out from France, was burnt down in 1665. The present chapel is comparatively modern, having been founded on the 16th of May, 1747, and completed only in 1750. It is a small building, about thirty feet long and twenty-five feet wide.

THE most noted of Canadian bells is certainly that in the tower of Notre Dame Church in Montreal, and popularly called the *Gros Bourdon*. It is not generally known that it is the second of that name. The first, which weighed 16,352 lbs., was cast in London by Mears and Company, and was landed at Montreal in October, 1843. It was rung for the first time on Christmas eve; but in May, 1845, it had to be broken up, and was sent back to England to be recast. The second *Gros Bourdon* arrived at Montreal on the 17th of September, 1847, and was christened *Jean Baptiste* on the 18th of June of the following year. Three days later, on the 21st of June, 1848, it was raised to its present position in the southwest tower. Its weight is 29,400 lbs. The other tower of Notre Dame contains a chime of ten bells, which weigh altogether nearly 22,000 lbs., the two largest weighing respectively 6,041 and 3,633 lbs. They were hung in July, 1843.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MEDICAL SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct one or two misapprehensions in your short notice of the application of some medical schools for university powers?

Trinity Medical School is not seeking this legislation, but the Toronto School of Medicine, and the university connection thus threatened is not with Trinity, but with the University of Toronto. The Faculty of Trinity Medical School, in common, as I believe, with the medical profession generally, entirely disapprove of any step which would tend to lower the general culture of medical men by loosening the existing tie between the universities and the medical schools, and they have officially expressed their views in reference to the present application. If the limitation involved in the present position of the universities be removed, it is hard to say to what extent the number of degree-conferring institutions may not be increased, with the same result as in the United States, viz., the serious deterioration in value of all medical degrees.

In the improbable event, however, of the granting of the application of the Toronto School by the Legislature, the Trinity School authorities, as representing the largest and one of the most rapidly developing schools in the Dominion, feel that justice requires that similar powers should be granted to others. They have, therefore, added to a Private Bill, affecting some internal matters of their own, before the Legislature, a final clause in regard to the right to confer degrees in medicine, so worded as only to take effect if the same power has been granted by the Legislature to any other medical school.

May I be permitted a word of protest against the statement that "the connection between Trinity Medical School and Trinity College University is little better than a misleading form." On the contrary, the Medical School is the child of the University, existing till 1877, as its Medical Faculty, and receiving a large annual grant from the University funds. The action of the Provincial University, in refusing to throw open its medals in medicine to free competition, by excluding from such competition students trained by the medical faculty of any other university, forced the Medical Faculty of Trinity to seek separate incorporation from the Legislature. This change, accomplished with Trinity's complete consent, has in no way dissolved the practical connection between the two institutions. A large and increasing number of Trinity Medical men are trained either in the College School at Port Hope, or at least matriculate in arts before entering on their medical studies.

With regard to the right to practise medicine in Ontario, the State has already taken action by restricting the power of granting such license to a composite and representative body, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. How the further legislative action now proposed will tend to secure the "one medical school for the Province" which you desiderate, or guard against the possible "prostitution of Degrees," I entirely fail to see.

Yours,

Feb. 21, 1887.

C. W. E. BODY.

HERE is an excellent notion for all enterprising firms of whatsoever kind. Not long ago, in London, all the available space on the ground floor of that immense Parisian store, known as the Bon Marché, was transformed into a concert hall, where, before a crowded gathering of the patrons and patronesses of the establishment, M. Faure sang several solos and a duet with Mdle. Masson, whilst other vocalists of note, including a couple of the most popular comic singers, helped to make up the musical evening. The affair is said to have been a complete success, and, as a novel sort of advertisement, it deserves passing mention.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Notice to Canadian Writers.

A prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

will be given for the best

POEM on the QUEEN'S JUBILEE,

To be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:

- (1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines.
- (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

A similar prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Will be given for the best

ORATION on the QUEEN'S JUBILEE,

To be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:

- (1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words.
- (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

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

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

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

WHEN this number comes into the hands of our readers it will be too early to comment satisfactorily on the results of the party contest. But the moment will be suitable for asking all who are capable of reflection to consider whether what a frank and picturesque writer in the Nova Scotian press calls "a blizzard of blackguardism," is the only possible way of giving ourselves a Government. A few years ago it was maintained that no press but the party press was possible, and that whoever attempted independence was a dreamer. Now, of the Toronto dailies all but one are independent. In politics, signs of emancipation are not wanting, though the yoke of the machines is strong. That party government is the only practicable form of government, and that the only way of furnishing the country with an Executive is a periodical faction fight for the offices of state, are simply the hallucinations of those who have seen no other system, and have read no political history. They are the "idols" of the narrow and dimly-lighted cave in which partisans have passed their political lives. To the British footman it seemed inconceivable that blue should be the colour of a uniform except for the artillery and the Horse Guards Blue. But the party system, while it is declared to be eternal, is already in a state of pronounced and apparently hopeless decadence. Parties everywhere are splitting into sections too small to afford a basis for a government; and nowhere is this tendency more visible than in England, the parent and historic scene of party government. The metaphysical argument which represents Partyism as based on a fundamental and indelible division of human nature, if it were not a patent absurdity in itself, must fall before the fact of dissolution. The time is not far off when free communities, if they wish to escape an anarchy of scoundrelism, will have to enlarge their views and take into their serious consideration other modes of providing themselves with governments.

At the time of our writing, though the full returns are not in, it is pretty clear that the Government has been sustained by a reduced majority. This was the result which we expected, though we did not venture on prediction. The Government majority was too large to be wiped out by any-

thing short of a complete revolution of sentiment, and, except in Quebec, there was nothing by which a complete revolution of sentiment could be produced. Mr. Blake, as we have often remarked before, to the annoyance we fear of his devoted supporters, had no definite policy to offer to the people. Riel, whether justly or not, has been hanged, and the Rebellion with its causes, however discreditable to the Government, is a thing of the past. To induce the people to turn out the Ministry, it was necessary to show them that they would be substantially the gainers by the accession of their rivals to power. This Mr. Blake did not attempt to do, except in the way of those general promises of purity in place of corruption, by which the people are moved much less than might be desired. Had he been bold enough to confront the N. P. with Commercial Union he would have appealed, like the authors of the N. P., to the sense of material interest, and very likely with effect. As it was, he merely gave a faltering adherence to the N. P., whose friends naturally preferred for it the guardianship of its parent to that of a late and wavering convert. By the intrigue, for it was nothing else, with Rielism, condemned as it had been by Mr. Blake's own previous utterances, a certain number of votes might be gained, but others were sure to be lost. The Government majority, though reduced, seems likely to be large enough for the retention of power. Its reduction is a great gain, since nothing can be worse than Party Government without an effective Opposition, such as we have had for the last eight years. Some check, at all events, will henceforth be put upon corruption. The commercial greatness of Toronto will, as usual, be most inadequately represented. The defeat of the Labour candidates was inevitable. It is to be hoped that hereafter some better means to give the wage-earning class a special spokesman will be found.

PROVINCIAL politics are entirely distinct from Dominion politics; that is the theory, promulgated, we believe, with special force by the Hon. Mr. Mowat. The fact is that the Provincial legislature adjourns in order that its members may take part in the Dominion faction fight. If there is anything which ought, as far as possible, to be kept clear of the fray, it is the Ministry of Education, and under Mr. Crooks some respect for its neutrality was in fact shown. But Mr. Crooks' successor is foremost in the fight, and the answer, we understand, for some time past to those who had business with the Department, has been that its chief was on "the stump."

WE hear, we confess without regret, that this Carnival at Montreal is likely to be the last. These glacial festivities are advertising Canada as an Arctic region. No wonder an ice-castle is carried as her symbol in a Lord Mayor's show. But apart from this, we cannot help doubting the good effect of popular dissipation on so large a scale. It can hardly fail to unsettle or even in some degree to demoralise. That it is good for trade is a fond delusion. The hotels and a few stores of fancy wares may gain, but regular trade can only suffer by unprofitable expenditure. The money which would pay ordinary bills is squandered in the Carnival. Montreal has done the thing exceedingly well, and may rest content with her success.

ON the Fisheries question the right word has been said by the gentleman from Ohio, whose motion, whatever obstacles may at present stand in the way, will in the end assuredly be carried. The solution, dictated by Nature, of this and other commercial questions between Canada and the United States is Commercial Union. On the advantages which both countries would derive from the abolition of the customs line, and which Canada, especially, would derive from the free and unimpeded circulation of the commercial life of the continent it is needless to dilate; he must be blind indeed who does not see them. There would be the loss, no doubt, of revenue from American imports; but it is better to raise revenue by any means than by those which, crippling industry and trade, prevent the production of wealth; and we should save the cost of collection which, if a Protectionist tariff is to be maintained along the whole line of the North-west and British Columbia, against the local interests of all those communities, will probably be very great in the future. A mutual adjustment of internal revenue duties would be necessary as a supplement to international free trade in order to prevent the fraudulent importation of whiskey or tobacco, but this might be effected without much difficulty. Our manufacturers would, in exchange for the N. P., receive the protection of the American tariff, which is likely to last as long as protection will last anywhere, certainly as long as it will last in a country so manifestly unsuited for it as Canada. That England will raise any objection need not be feared. Canada, in adopting the N. P., has definitely taken herself

out of the commercial unity of the Empire, and how wide her departure may be is to the English a matter of small concern. Her friendly vote in the councils of her own continent is on any question worth more to them than her nominal dependence on themselves; while the idea that they, with all that they have upon their hands, can undertake the protection of our fisheries, or of our commercial interests generally, is, as we have said before, a mere delusion. That freedom of commercial intercourse with our own continent must compromise our political independence is an objection which has been sufficiently met. That must be a weak nationality which depends upon the existence of a Customs Line. If a partial measure of Reciprocity did not impair nationality, why should a more complete measure destroy it? Canada would be as much mistress of her own political destinies after the abolition of the Customs Line as she is now. What more can she desire?

HERE is a question profoundly affecting all the material interests of the country, and at the same time clear of political party. Why should not the Boards of Trade take it up? They are the true representation of Canadian commerce: their voice ought to be heard and their influence ought to be felt. Commerce is not represented at Ottawa, because its chiefs generally have little taste for party politics, and they cannot afford to leave their business for four months in the year. Nor are they usually the sort of men for the machines. The imposing assemblage of commercial wealth and intelligence which, at the Rossin House Banquet, the other evening, paid well merited honour to Mr. Darling, and listened to the vigorous and high-spirited speech of Mr. Wiman, is the real organ of our great interests, not the wretchedly inadequate representation which party conventions and wirepullers send to the merely political capital of the Dominion.

WHAT is to be done with the surplus? is the question which American journalists have been asking. The answer is that nobody has a surplus till he has paid all his debts. What would be obviously true in the case of a commercial man is equally true in the case of a nation. But supposing there were a surplus, President Cleveland has already told us what ought to be done with it. No government, he most truly says, has any right to take from the people in taxes more than is necessary for economical administration. If the revenue exceeds what is required for this purpose, it is the plain duty of the government at once to reduce taxation. If, however, the Americans are resolved to maintain unnecessary imposts for the purpose of Protection, and thus to produce a needless amount of revenue, we can tell them without hesitation the best way of disposing of the surplus. Let them fling it into the sea. If it is spent, it will most certainly be spent in corruption, as in fact up to this time it has been. After army pensions will perhaps come labour pensions, for which, in truth, there would be almost as much to be said. Jobbing of some kind on a colossal scale will at all events be the inevitable result, and a party in power getting hold of this enormous fund may inaugurate a reign of corruption as enduring as it will be profound. It is surely strange that after all their experience the Americans should not be more alive to this danger.

It must surely be regarded as a new departure in public life, whether for good or evil, when a statesman, having taken in hand the most momentous of all questions, instead of confining his utterances to the Legislature or the Cabinet, takes to writing "Notes and Queries" in a magazine. In Mr. Gladstone's Notes and Queries on the Irish Question, in the *Nineteenth Century*, the leading argument advanced in favour of his proposed revolution is the expensiveness of the present system. "Ireland," he says, "is governed at a cost, civil and military, which, if applied to the Empire generally, not even the wealth of Great Britain could sustain." Possibly, but what is the reason? The reason is, that British faction, for its own selfish purposes, foments Irish disaffection. If the parties in the Parliament of Westminster could for a few months lay aside their unpatriotic rivalries, and make the Irish understand that while every constitutional demand for the redress of grievances would receive full attention, rebellion and lawlessness would be promptly put down, there would soon be an end of political disturbance. The rebellion has no force which could stand for a moment against a single brigade of regular troops. The strength of the insurrection lies in the support which it derives from English agitators, who are not ashamed, in pandering to Irish passions, to traduce and malign their own country. "We have banished the sons of Ireland wholesale," says Mr. Gladstone. Have all the sons of England who people our colonies and dependencies been also "banished?" Have all the Germans, Scandinavians, and Italians in the United States been "banished" by iniquitous Governments? Has the Government of Canada "banished"

all the French-Canadians who have swarmed over the line? There must be in the United States, in the British colonies, and in England herself, who has opened to the labour of the "sons of Ireland" the best of markets, a considerably larger number of Irish than in Ireland itself. What would have become of these millions if they had not been "banished" from an island which was utterly incapable of supporting them, and which is incapable of supporting in the comfort and decency of civilised life even the population which remains?

For the first time it seems to have occurred to Mr. Gladstone that there is something rather ambiguous in the position of a British statesman who is acting in alliance with foreign conspirators against the unity and greatness of his nation. He seeks to justify American intervention by reference to the precedent of the *Alabama*, and to the example set by Englishmen in contributing to revolutionary movements in Spain, Italy, Greece, and Poland. The less Mr. Gladstone, as a member of the Government which allowed the *Alabama* to leave a British port, says about that matter the better. That Englishmen have meddled in the affairs of foreign countries when they had better not have done it, and have thereby established an awkward precedent against themselves, we are ready to admit. But international history presents no parallel to the subscriptions for the massacre of Englishmen and women with dynamite, or to the conduct of the British politicians who have not scrupled to accept the aid of the subscribers, as Mr. Gladstone and his party did in the last election. The aim of the Fenian is not, like that of the English sympathiser with Continental struggles for freedom, the political regeneration of the country to which he sends his subscription: what he seeks is the destruction of Great Britain. To combine with him, and accept his aid, is nothing less than treason, however sanctimonious may be the excuses made for it; and the nation, if it fails to reprobate such conduct, must be deaf alike to the dictates of self-preservation and to the voice of honour.

NOTHING is more remarkable about Mr. Gladstone's utterances than the coolness with which he divests himself of all responsibility for the acts of a Government in which he has taken part for the last fifty years. Not only does he regard himself as having had no hand in what he all of a sudden represents as the cruel misgovernment of Ireland, but he seems to fancy that he has all along been on the side of Irish independence. So completely has the History of an Idea taken possession of its inventor's mind. He talks of the resistance to the increase of the Maynooth grant and to the foundation of the "Godless Colleges," as the acts of bigots with whom he never had the slightest sympathy, forgetful of the facts that he protested against the increase of the Maynooth grant by resigning his place in Peel's Government, and that the principles on which the opponents of the "Godless Colleges" took their stand were precisely those most solemnly laid down by himself in his book on "The Church in its Relations to the State." To honest and avowed conversions, such as those of Peel, respect and even honour is due; but it is difficult to award the same meed to one who simply shuffles off his past, especially when he reviles the partners of his former opinions and policy as exclusive "classes" and inveterate enemies to justice and humanity.

In England the Government has opened the Session well. Its majority is large and staunch. Lord Randolph Churchill's petard has evidently exploded without injury to the colleagues against whom he conspired, if it has not "hoisted" the engineer himself. The Liberal and Radical Unionists, including Mr. Chamberlain, continue to show that they are determined to bar the way against Mr. Gladstone's return to power with Dismemberment in his train. Yet no reflecting man believes that the struggle for the Union is over, or doubts that the decisive battle is still to be fought. The settlement of party relations and of the positions of public men is suspended by the disturbing influence of Mr. Gladstone, which must before long be withdrawn. But amidst the confusion the line is growing visible which in the near future will divide the party of revolution and anti-nationalism from that of order and nationality.

THE plan of the Government for the political settlement of Ireland, though not yet promulgated, is, we believe, settled. The necessity of coming for all private bill legislation to Westminster is acknowledged to be a grievance, and this grievance it is proposed to redress by instituting some sort of commission to take the evidence on the spot, without bringing the applicants or contestants to Westminster, and to report to Parliament. This, in itself, would no doubt be a wise measure; but we venture to doubt

whether it would have the same healing effect as the measure which has been proposed in these columns. It would not operate as an antidote by way of vaccination to the Irish craving for nationality. A Grand Committee of the Irish members, sitting during the recess for Irish private bill legislation in Dublin, might operate in that way, and it would be a visible and substantial proof that in all matters really local Ireland enjoyed local legislation. The character of the Irish Celt requires something which strikes the sense, and it is just to him to say that he would probably have been much more loyal if he had been allowed to see his rulers. A Grand Committee of Irish members, sitting in College Green, would give Dublin for the time something of the aspect of a political capital. The experiment, as we said before, would be perfectly safe, inasmuch as its course might any year be arrested, without any special enactment, by the simple omission of Parliament to reappoint the committee. It is feared that there might be jobbery in College Green, as there has been with regard to the Galway Packet Contract and other Irish matters in Parliament: very likely there would; but this, at worst, would be a secondary evil, and if it went to great lengths, Westminster might revise the reports of the committee in College Green.

A VERY trustworthy correspondent writes to us, we are sorry to say, from Ireland, that in his opinion the country is on the verge of anarchy, and there will be bloodshed before long. If blood is shed, it will be due in no small measure to the inflammatory appeals of the most highly religious of statesmen. The last of these is to the Irish Protestants, whom Mr. Gladstone wishes to lure into a repetition of the Volunteer movement in 1772, or of that of the United Irishmen in 1796. To the minds of the genuine Protestants the torch of his incendiarism will be applied in vain. They know how completely the case is changed. In his present allies, the Nationalists, he has, it is true, the counterparts of Wolfe Tone, Emmet, and Napper Tandy; but those men were not Protestants, they were Revolutionary Freethinkers, like the French Jacobins, to whom they had recourse for aid in Irish rebellion. Mr. Gladstone sinks deeper with every convulsive effort that he makes.

THE English are disgusted with the waste of time in the debate on the Address, and some of them propose as a remedy, curiously enough, the payment of members. They fancy that members, who were receiving public pay, would be ashamed thus to fritter away the public time. Evidently they have not yet made a thorough study of American or Canadian legislatures. The non-payment of members, which prevents politics from becoming the trade of adventurers of the worst class, is the only conservative institution, of any practical efficacy, which the English now retain. They had better not tamper with it, even in jest.

THE last instalment of the Greville Memoirs is correctly described by its title, "A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria, 1852-1860" [New York: D. Appleton and Co.]. There is little in it of the personal matter and anecdote for which we usually look in Memoirs. There are portraits of Lady Ashburton, the friend of Carlyle, of Princess Lieven, of Rogers, and of Lord Ellesmere, better known as Lord Francis Egerton—the last drawn by the loving hand of a kinsman. There are interesting records of personal intercourse with important people, especially with the Emperor of the French, whose guest the diarist was. There are anecdotes, including some of the Queen and some of Lord Raglan, who, it seems, from old Peninsular habit, in the Crimean War was always embarrassing his staff by speaking of the enemy as "the French." There are glimpses behind the scenes, such as Lord Clarendon's account of the Cabinet, "where one half of them seem to be almost always asleep, the first to be off being Lansdowne, closely followed by Palmerston and Charles Wood." But in the main the book is a history in the form of a diary, with the comments of the diarist. The history embraces the formation and fall of the Coalition Government under Lord Aberdeen, the Crimean War, the reign, as it may truly be called, of Palmerston, and the Indian Mutiny. The recorder and critic is a thoroughly clear-sighted, cool-headed, and sagacious man of the world, not only the intimate friend but the frequent adviser of statesmen, and one who might probably have been a statesman himself if he had not been a man of pleasure. His opinions are those of a Liberal Conservative, friendly to all practical reforms and measures of justice, but shrinking from revolutionary change. His intimacies are mainly with the Whigs, and his preference is for such politicians as Lord Clarendon and Sir George Lewis, but he is neutral enough to see the cards in both hands, and to judge both sides fairly. He paints Palmerston, Russell, Derby, and the rest of the group as they were, occasionally pronouncing severe judgments, yet

evidently setting down nothing in malice, and he takes the measure alike of Disraeli and of Gladstone. He is not only a man of the world, but a man of the turf, and views the rivalries of politicians somewhat as he would a race, not from a high moral point of view, yet always by the standard of honour. He leaves his diary as it is written, and where his judgment has been falsified or modified by subsequent events, allows this to be seen, so that a fair estimate of his sagacity may be formed. It is rarely that he is much misled, but, on the other hand, he is too cautious often to venture on prediction. His general view of the tendency of things is gloomy; "progress" seems to him progress towards disaster. It consoles him, he says, for growing old, "that he will not see the confusion in which this well-ordered state is likely to be involved, the period of peril and suffering it will have to go through, and the reaction which will restore order and tranquillity at the expense of that temperate and rational freedom which we alone, of all the nations of the earth, are in possession of." The moral of the book, if we do not misread it, is the inevitable effect of Party upon public character and government. It is, at any rate, a good lesson in politics, as well as a valuable addition to the materials for a history of the time.

AN American correspondent, for whose opinion every one has the highest respect, tells us that we are mistaken in suggesting that one cause of the decline of statesmanlike leadership, of which an American journal complains, may be the growing ascendancy of stump oratory over statesmanship. He says that the ascendancy of stump oratory is not growing but decreasing, and that no President would think of choosing stump orators as the members of his Cabinet. The exclusion of the members of the Executive Government from the Legislature has, at least, the happy effect of making administrative ability, not oratory, the title to those appointments. But, to the ordinary observer of American politics, it seems that stump oratory, by which we mean all oratory which is not deliberative, is pretty dominant; that the machinery of public life is accommodated to it; that even the compass of the human voice has been enlarged to meet its requirements in mass meetings and convention wigwams. However, with regard to his own country, our correspondent may see deeper than we do. With regard to Canada or England, there can, unhappily, be no question. In England the masses, to whom political power has now been transferred, cannot be led by any one who will not excite and amuse them on platforms, and they can be led by any one who will, however destitute he may be both of character and wisdom. Lord Randolph Churchill is absolutely nothing but a stump speaker. Nor is there any doubt as to the fatal draughts which the platform makes on the energies of public men, or as to its interference with their powers of calm reflection and steady forecast.

THE Directors of the British America Assurance Company were able to present a very satisfactory report at their annual meeting on Wednesday. It is true the profits in the Marine Department were affected by the severe storms that prevailed last year; but this is a branch of the business that frequently so suffers for several years consecutively, and yet shows a profit on an average of years. The Fire Branch, however, showed a fair profit; and in result the assets have been increased about \$50,000 (the actual gain added to net surplus being \$54,864). A noteworthy feature of the accounts is a reduction of three and a-half per cent. in the ratio of expenses: the high character of the securities owned by the Company (a list of which is published) as evidenced by their present market value of an average of twenty per cent. premium on \$756,300, is also another fact that speaks extremely well for the management.

THE Western Assurance Company have increased their capital during the past year by the issue of \$200,000 new stock, a step which seems to have been amply justified by the results of the business of the year just closed. The Directors' report, presented at the thirty-sixth annual meeting on Friday, shows a flourishing business; the net premium income was \$70,625 more than that of the previous year; the profit on the year's business reached the handsome figure of \$122,325; the net surplus funds, over and above capital and all liabilities, now amount to \$235,736. A glance at the list of assets—included in which are cash, United States Bonds, Dominion of Canada Stock, Debentures, and Bank and Loan and Investment Companies' Stocks, to the amount of \$1,047,800—will show the substantial and available character of the investments. The business has increased in volume, and has been profitable in all its branches; and altogether the shareholders have reason to congratulate themselves on the management being in such good hands.

AFTER THE COLLISION.

ILL! did you say? My Jim? But that can never be!
 He went to work this mornin'—as well and as strong as me,—
 As strong! no, a great deal stronger—he never was ill in his life;
 So why should you come with a story like that—to frighten his wife.
Hurt! No, I don't believe it! Jim is so big and strong,—
 He would be sure to put it right—whatever might be wrong.
 In all the land there isn't a finer man than Jim,
 And I always think the folks is safest as goes with him.
Dead! No, you never can mean it—you just want to give me a fright
 That Jim an' me 'll laugh at when he comes home to night;
 For Jim is always steady, an' likes his home the best,
 But I think he'll say that to frighten a woman's not much of a jest.
 But why do you look like *that*, an' shake your head at me?
 Don't tell me my Jim is *dead*, for *that* can never be;
 He never would leave me here—wid the childer—all alone!
 Don't say he's dead, my darlint, *my* Jim—Ochone, ochone!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

TO A FRIEND, AGAINST MOURNING OVERMUCH.

To Danaus' daughters leave the endless toil,
 Their dreary portion in the realms of woe,
 The ever-emptying sieve to strive to fill,—
 Vain task, though rivers in its hoop they throw.

Great Jove constrains thy soul to no such task;
 Why, then, dost set thyself, in sorrow's sieve,
 To pour and pour the unavailing tear?
 Up! die not thus, for only brave men live!

J. H. BILLINGTON.

ONE of the most brilliant and successful drawing-room entertainments for a charitable object was given by a committee of St. George's congregation in Government House last Wednesday evening, in aid of the Home for Aged and Indigent Women, supported by that parish. The audience was seated in the dining-room, where an exceedingly pretty and tasteful stage had been erected. As the parish of St. George's is one of the most fashionable in Toronto, the costuming which was done in recognition of sweet charity and gubernatorial dignity was something for his Honour's predecessors to look down upon from their frames with much satisfaction. The programme was well arranged, and contained several numbers that gave the audience especial pleasure, notably a song by Miss Buck, and a whimsical "Lecture on Mesmerism," by Mr. Baynes. The affair closed with several very charming *tableaux vivants*, to the most amusing of which Miss Robinson's dramatic gift contributed greatly, and light refreshments. The financial result of the evening reached the gratifying sum of \$240. As a misunderstanding seemed to prevail with regard to the issuing of the invitations, it may be as well to dispel it by the statement that they were all sent by the committee in charge of the affair, and that for once Mrs. Robinson was the charming hostess of Government House only by proxy.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, last Friday night, made a social departure in the form of a very successful "At Home," which those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations will most sincerely desire to see repeated. Its popular and most efficient principal, Mr. Geo. Dickson, placed his house completely at the disposal of the Literary and Debating Society, in whose name the invitations were issued, and its roomy apartments, planned before the prevalence of the present economy of space, were elaborately decorated with flowers and bunting for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson received, on behalf of the boys, fully five hundred people, for the youthful hosts whose duties they undertook were liberal to a degree with their invitations. An excellent supper was provided, and dancing was kept up until an hour that represented a delightful climax of dissipation to the various ecstatic young ladies' seminaries that attended in a body. The affair was altogether a most pleasant one, and we are glad to take the opportunity it affords of noting the steady strengthening of the friendly bonds between the College and the public, the rapid growth of its scope and efficiency under its present management, and the gradual decay of that malevolent sentiment that would efface it, with the history and traditions of its past and the practical promise of its future, and divide the few thousands it would represent among the other public schools. To ensure the permanence of any public institution it is necessary only to demonstrate its value; and this has been, and is every day being done so faithfully by the authorities of Upper Canada College that it is matter for little surprise that we hear no more of its abolition.

MOUNT ROYAL SNOW-SHOE SONG.

SCENE.—American, wearing a tuque, beside a roaring fireplace at back of stage. In front, snowshoers tramp past in procession.

FIRST CLUB.

Blow, winds of winter, blow!
 Bountifully bring us snow;
 Downy rest it on the boughs;
 Pile it on the rocky brows;
 Lay the highways heavenly white;
 Line the view with silver light:
 But let its purest brightness rest
 Along the proud and graceful crest
 Of Royal, Royal. *(Dying away.)*

SECOND CLUB.

First the fall of eider-flakes
 Which a sinking shoe-mark* takes;
 Next the firm and crisper pack
 That invites a wand'ring track.
 Then, South, send softening winds and rain;
 Then, North-winds, glaze the crust again;
 And, as we skim it, moon divine,
 Soft on the porcelained beauty shine
 Of Royal, Royal. *(Dying away.)*

THIRD CLUB.

The travelling orb before us goes,
 Leading from the world of prose
 Into haunts of poetry.
 Here our garb is history:
 Shoe of Indian romance,
 Capuchon of Norman France,
 Coat and sash of voyageurs—
 Legend makes thy children hers,
 Royal, Mount Royal. *(Dying away.)*

Montreal, February, 1887.

W. DOUW LIGHTHALL.

CARNIVAL NOTES.

Come! let us go, the whole place rejoices;
 Echoes resound of clear ringing voices:
 All are in laughter—gaiety—mirth,
 Fairies of old times have come to the earth:
 See their glass castle which shines like a gem,
 Brought here, and left here for our good, by them!

MONTREAL'S Carnivals have always been attended by success, and when everything was done to make this one enjoyable, it could not be expected, even by the most querulous, that the Carnival of '87 would fall short of the mark. Even the dire disaster to the Central Vermont train, which hurled many, who had set out full of life's anticipation and enjoyment, into eternity, could not permanently dampen those not closely connected with the unfortunates. This is Nature's law: if it were otherwise, if we thoroughly realised others' misfortunes, life could hold no joy for us. A carnival gives a good opportunity for studying humanity. There are so many different classes of people who participate, willingly or unwillingly, in the festivities—not only the "high and low, rich and poor," but those who are bound to enjoy themselves, *and do*, and those who are bound to enjoy themselves, *and don't*, beside the timorous few who imagine death awaits them at every street corner, which death may possibly be avoided by a quick flight over. Then there are those who strain after enjoyment and are never conscious of reaching it; and, most unhappy of all, those who imagine they alone are the solitary exception in not feeling any hilarity of spirit!

WHAT curiosity lies in all human breasts: we are all "Modern Pandoras." Because a log cabin is erected in a square, one and all must enter. Such pushing and struggling there is to get in, every one going on the principle of "every man for himself." And when, at last, hanging on to the tails of the nearest policeman, one does get through the mass of people and into the cabin, what wonderful sight awaits one? A large log fire! burning brightly, we are glad to say, for but for this the place would be in utter darkness.

We were told to "keep to the left" and we should "get out again," but there came to our minds the good old standard advice—"Put not your trust in princes, or in any child of man," and we did *not* turn to the left, to be jammed in that open-eyed, open-mouthed crowd, and await their pleasure of exit. We turned, instead, and rushed blindly out, glad once more to breathe the pure, fresh air of heaven. And oh! the calm superiority of the policeman's voice, as he turned to a *confrère* and said, with a sardonic smile, "They go in at a *hundred a minute*." It made one feel mortally ashamed that one had helped to swell that brainless crowd. But trying to shake off our mortification, we wended our footsteps down Beaver Hall Hill and across the Square.

Look where one would, the sidewalks were thronged with people, and the roads with gorgeous equipages, drawn by tandems, randoms, unicorns, four-in-hands. "The Living Arch," which of course was not manned at

* Snow-shoe mark.

that time, was yet well worth a few moments' stoppage to contemplate its structure and embellishments.

The effect of "Welcome," designed with the tiniest of wooden shovels, was certainly "cute." Personages adorned with carnival medals mingled with the crowd, addressing it *en masse* in most persuasive tones: "Here, now!—carnival souvenirs!—get one for your lady, now!" While further on, a boy was announcing he held papers for sale, telling of "Sir Johnny McDonald's trip to the Ice Palace, where he gets caught in the puzzle." But the public were not to be caught by such chaff, seeming cruelly indifferent to the fate of Sir John A. Macdonald, and the intelligence they could purchase the particulars for a few cents.

THE Ice Castle is really "a thing of beauty," though we know, alas! that it cannot be "a joy forever." The ice blocks are very clear, and the design is the best there has been yet. But standing as it does between the Windsor Hotel and St. Peter's Cathedral, it could not but be dwarfed.

Wednesday evening all Montreal's streets were simply alive with people, all bent on seeing the attack on the Castle. Many sought the mountain, thinking there would be less crowd there, but this was a vain hope. Fortunately, or unfortunately, rather, there was a thick crust on the snow, which tempted one to trust one's weight to it, but which always proved treacherous. The long lines of snowshoers, with their lighted torches, winding up the mountain path, was a lovely sight to witness; but the storming of the Castle is but child's play, and ceases to be interesting before it is over. The cannons' firing frightened some of the horses, and for a moment or two an accident seemed inevitable. One young woman, in an agony of fright, precipitated herself down the bank, and into the arms of a young man standing there, exclaiming as she did so: "Oh! I am so glad to get here!" Whether she meant the young man's arms or the bottom of the bank remains obscured in mystery; but the young man fled, and she sank to the ground. Her name is unknown. We can but think she must have been an American—Canada would not care to claim such weak nerves, and such coldness, for its own.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Carnival was the drive on Thursday afternoon; in fact to many it was the most interesting thing of the whole affair, perhaps owing to the fact that it could be seen with complete comfort. It was a bright, soft day, and people could stand about without getting chilled. And, as the drive went through all of the principal streets of the town, it could be seen without danger of being crushed to death.

THE ball given at the Windsor Hotel on Friday night was of course a fearful crush, and equally of course a great success in every way. Saturday night the grand pyrotechnic display at the Ice Castle drew many in that direction—many who could hardly enjoy it, knowing it was the end of all; while many harboured a sense of satisfaction that this was the end at last, and they had conscientiously "done" the Carnival from beginning to end.

One more blaze of brilliant light, a burst of rockets, then a calm. The moon holds silent sway, and shines down in quiet superiority—Canada's Carnival of '87 is at an end.

FERRARS.

Montreal, February 14, 1887.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

VALENTINE'S DAY—is it?
The day when Cupid reigns:
Cupid, who, blind and thoughtless,
Wields both joys and pains.

Valentine's Day! Before me
Lies my valentine—
One that was sent to me
In the olden time.

"A pledge of love" 'tis written;
A pledge to me 'twas sent;
And he now loves another,
And I—I am content.

FERRARS.

February 14, 1887.

MUSIC.

THE Choral Society's Concert on February 15 presented many attractive features even to the most *blasé* of oratorio-goers. The soloists, were excellent, the chorus precise and true, and there was not the shadow of a doubt as to Mr. Fisher's conscientiousness and knowledge of the work. To say that it was an absolutely perfect performance would be as untrue and as unwise as some of the contrary opinions expressed very decidedly in the columns of the daily press. It is clearly impossible in a provincial city, as after all, Toronto still is, to give any oratorio of the measure of "St. Paul," without some drawback. If the chorus be good, the orchestra is faulty; if the soloists be well chosen, they have not sufficient time to rehearse with the local and limited orchestra; if the orchestra itself be small, people complain because it is "weak;" if it be present in full force, perhaps the same people find it "too loud." And the poor conductor is made to suffer for the sins which often are severally due to the caprices of a *cantatrice*, or a chorus, or a committee. The fact is, that there is a very small public indeed, that really cares in its heart of hearts for oratorio, and it is not too much to say that most oratorio societies are originally started by individuals for individual purposes, and only very slowly gain

the popular ear and the popular favour. Mr. Fisher's labours as those of a conductor must not be lost sight of in criticising the performance of "St. Paul." Six months' hard and unremitting toil with *bâton* and brain found their close in the splendid singing of a well-trained chorus, which exhibited considerable power of "attack," and much purity and volume of tone. It is significant in all these societies that the female voices so outnumber the male, one result of higher education; and the outlook seems to be that we shall, by and by, have to instruct our young ladies in an entirely new art, following the example of some famous Italian signorina who has converted her voice into a perfect tenor, and sings, with great success, such rôles as "Faust," "Lohengrin," and "Edgardo." The two or three bad slips in the performance must be regretted, but in the case of the duet, "Ambassadors of Christ," the conductor was most wise in beginning over again, thus ensuring a more perfect rendering. Miss Louise Elliott, the soprano, was equal to the monotonous and trying recitatives, and infused all the dramatic force into them for which she is remarkable. Miss Martin gave her one solo with marked dignity of style, in a fine, round contralto that is well suited to oratorio work. Mr. Winch made the most of his recitatives, and *declaimed* them magnificently, but his once fine voice is sadly gone off, and he appears to be reduced to singing either in a whisper, which is not singing at all, or to be obliged to force his high notes most obviously and unpleasantly. Signor Rouconi, did not, on the whole, do badly, but there are one or two local basses who would have done as well. Mr. Warrington, of local fame, acquitted himself most creditably. In conclusion, as large and fashionable an audience as almost ever assembled in the Pavilion witnessed the performance.

A FEAST of light opera attracted many lovers of that form of musical entertainment to both Opera Houses last week. "The Maid of Belleville," by Millocker, contains some pretty bits, but the older works, such as "Fra Diavolo," and "Mascote" still hold their own in the affections of the multitude, and testify to the power of genuine melody. "Fra Diavolo" is, in many respects, far superior to any of the other operas produced, but suffers from having an old-fashioned libretto, into which it is very difficult to interpolate even American "gag," without which essential, everything, save Gilbert and Sullivan, is destined to dwindle in these latter days. S.

HAMILTON.

THE most pleasing entertainment given here this season was "Ye Old Folkes Concerte" held in the Grand Opera House early this month. A large committee of ladies worked energetically, and the result was seen in the beautiful appearance of the stage, which was set as an old-fashioned drawing-room, with a "Grandfather's Clock" in one corner, a table, which formerly belonged to Gen. Todleben, of Crimean fame, in the centre, and a real old "spinet," upon which no one cared to attempt to play, in another corner. The costumes were very ancient, and some of them quite brilliant; and the stage picture, as the performers walked about the room, laughing and chatting, displaying their fine attire, was extremely attractive. The musical programme was arranged by Mr. Aldous, organist of the Central Presbyterian Church, and included a glee, "'Twas a May-time Mornynge," by Festa, 1541, and a very beautiful madrigal, "Gentle Falls the Evenynge Shade," by Marenzio, 1570; glees, "Now is ye Monthe of Mayinge," by Morley, 1595, and "Land of our Fathers," by Webbe, 1740. The programme was varied by the singing of two or three "worldlie songs," and catches, the latter being especially well sung. The singing of Bishop's fine old song, "Should He Upbraid," by Miss Carrie Macdonald, is especially worthy of mention for her exhibition of purity of tone, and excellent vocalisation. A small orchestra assisted, playing an overture, and a minuet by Haydn. The principal vocalists were: Messrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Frank Wanzer, Miss Crerar, Mr. Geo. Clark, Mr. F. W. Wodell, and Mr. W. Morton.

MISS ELLA RYCKMAN has resigned her position as solo soprano of Gore Street Methodist Church. Mrs. Goodwin, recently from Birmingham, England, has been engaged as solo soprano of St. James' Reformed Episcopal Church. Miss Mann has been appointed organist, and Mr. F. W. Wodell, choir-master of the First Methodist Church.

MISS LOUISE SAUERMAN, of Paris, Ont., who has recently returned from a long residence at a German conservatory, where she made a special study of singing, appeared recently at a concert here. She has a mezzo-soprano voice, of sweet, pure quality, but her style is exceedingly amateurish. More frequent public appearances will probably result in doing away with a nervousness which now makes her tone unsteady, and her phrasing incorrect.

MR. PARKER, organist of Centenary Church, has a very promising piano pupil in the person of Miss Nellie Pettit, and he brought her before the public for the first time at a concert on the 11th inst., in a programme which included a grand march for piano and organ, and the "Caprice Brillante" and "Caprice de la Reine," all by Raff; the second concerto for piano and organ by Mendelssohn, and the "Sonate Pathétique" of Beethoven. Miss Pettit has developed a very good technique, so far as evenness of fingering, power, and facility of execution are concerned. She has much yet to learn as to the possibility of getting a "singing tone" from her instrument; and her use of the pedals is careless, and consequently ineffective. The young lady is, however, evidently no mere piano player. She exhibited considerable genuine artistic feeling, and gave evidence of an intellectual grasp of her selections not usually found in one so young. She will have to learn how to suffer ere she will be able to play Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique" in such a way as to bring out the peculiar beauties of the slow movement. Those who assisted were Misses Mann and McIlroy, sopranos; L. Kraft, alto; and Mr. A. E. White, tenor.—

C. MAJOR.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Proceedings of the Fifty-fourth Annual Meeting.

The fifty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company was held in the Company's Offices, Front Street, on Wednesday, the 16th inst., the Governor, Mr. John Morison, being in the chair. The following gentlemen, among others, were present: Messrs. W. J. Macdonell, Geo. Boyd, Hon. Wm. Cayley, J. W. Reid, John Leys, Henry Pellatt, A. Myers, Geo. Henderson, C. D. Warren, J. M. Whiton (New York), Dr. Robinson, Frank Cayley, J. B. McLean, Wm. Adamson, Geo. H. Smith (New York), Robt. Thompson, H. L. Hime, Robt. Beatty, A. Hoskin, Geo. Smith and Alex. Wills.

The Secretary, Mr. G. E. Robins, read the following
ANNUAL REPORT, 1886.

The Directors in submitting their Annual Report have to express their satisfaction with the results. The severe storms which occurred during the past year, both on the ocean and our inland lakes, materially affected our profits in the Marine Department.

The Directors are happy to state that the Fire Branch shows a fair profit, and that a satisfactory business can be anticipated during the ensuing season, as in their opinion Insurance Companies were never more in accord in maintaining rates on sound business principles.

After paying all losses due and providing for all liabilities, the assets have been increased from \$1,133,666.52 to \$1,182,163.64, and the net surplus from \$151,329.29 to \$206,193.86.

All of which is respectfully submitted.
G. E. ROBINS,
Secretary.

J. MORISON,
Governor.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES AT THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1886.

<i>Liabilities.</i>		
Capital Stock	\$500,000 00
Losses under Adjustment (Fire)	44,715 00
(Marine)	33,209 07
Dividend No. 85 (Balance)	3,192 84
No. 86	17,500 00
Balance	583,546 73
		\$1,182,163 64
<i>Assets.</i>		
United States Bonds	\$419,825 00
Bank and other Dividend paying investments	476,786 40
Real Estate—Company's Building	90,000 00
Mortgage on Real Estate	900 00
Cash in Office	44 61
Cash in Banks	70,734 91
Bills Receivable	26,977 60
Office Furniture	16,672 48
Agents' Balances	80,222 64
		\$1,182,163 64
PROFIT AND LOSS.		
Fire Losses, paid	\$447,898 81
unsettled	44,715 00
Marine Losses, paid	\$67,976 37
unsettled	33,209 07
Commissions and other charges	210,815 37
Doubtful accounts written off	1,700 28
Government and Local Taxes	17,529 17
Rent Account (including taxes)	3,470 33
Balance	100,011 83
		\$956,426 23
Fire Premiums	\$836,679 38
Less Reinsurance	68,460 50
Marine Premiums	\$138,195 28
Less Reinsurance	6,397 91
Interest	131,797 37
Rent Account	35,866 88
Increase in value of Securities	6,968 97
		13,574 13
		\$956,426 23
SURPLUS FUND.		
Dividend No. 85	\$17,500 00
Dividend No. 86	17,500 00
Balance	583,546 73
		\$618,546 73
Balance from last statement	\$518,534 90
Profit and loss	100,011 83
		\$618,546 73
REINSURANCE LIABILITY.		
Balance at credit of surplus fund	\$583,516 73
Reserve to reinsure outstanding risks	377,352 87
Net surplus over all liabilities	\$206,193 86
Actual gain in net surplus for the year	54,864 57

To the Governor and Directors of the British America Assurance Company, Toronto.
GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned, having examined the Securities and Vouchers, and audited the Books of the British America Assurance Company, Toronto, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a statement of the Company's affairs to 31st December, 1886.

R. R. CATHRON,
HENRY M. PELLATT, } AUDITORS.

The Governor's Remarks.

Although your Directors are all modest men, they believe I ought to say a few words with reference to the position of the Company to-day to what it was when we assumed the management five years ago. At that time you might say we were scattered all over the world, doing business in England, on the Continent of Europe, in India and other foreign countries, under treaties with three English companies. It was not long before we believed that the sooner we withdrew from those countries the better, because we were not receiving our share of the best class of risks. We therefore retired from those countries, and are now only doing business in the United States and Canada. We also did our business at that time in the United States through what are called General Agents, who had control of the agents under them, the General Agent sending the business to the head office here. We found that for ten years that system had not produced any money to the shareholders. Then we decided to abolish that plan, for we believed the nearer we came to the agent who controlled the business with the assured, the more money we would make, the less complicated would be the system, and it would save a great deal of trouble. We are now in direct communication with the agent, and can cancel any risk either by wire or letter immediately on its arrival here, and find that plan of having direct control over our business a great improvement.

Five years ago we had outstanding unsettled Fire losses of \$151,906.99. On December 31 last we had only \$44,715, or just about our average monthly losses in the Fire Branch. It is true we had another \$33,209.07 unsettled losses from the Marine Department, but the reason that amount is so large outstanding, for the volume of business done, is because they occurred by those severe storms about the end of November, and the losses were not adjusted until about the end of January, when they were paid immediately on receipt of loss papers. Another item we are pleased to draw your attention to is our expense account, for we know that shareholders generally are always anxious to keep that down as low as possible, and we take pleasure in saying that last year's business was done at an expense ratio of only 2 1/2 per cent., while at the time we assumed the management the average cost for years was 3 1/2 per cent. We also lay before you a detailed statement of our assets, and you will find, I think, that they are all of a high order, and are first-class securities. Your Directors believe that although they might receive a little higher interest on some other class of mortgages, they think the wisest course for them to pursue is to adhere strictly to the same class of securities as they now have; so you see our company is now in a nice clean shape, and we believe we will make as much money yearly as any similar company of its size doing business in America.

I now beg to move the adoption of the report.
On motion of the Governor, seconded by Mr. John Leys, the report was adopted.
Moved by Mr. Hoskin, seconded by Mr. Myers, That the thanks of the Shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the Governor, Deputy-Governor and Directors of this Company for their attention to the interests of the Company during the past year. Carried.

Moved by Dr. Robinson, seconded by Mr. Wills, That Messrs. Hime, Pellatt and Macdonald be appointed Scrutineers for taking the ballot for Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and that the poll be closed as soon as five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being taken. Carried.

The following is the Scrutineers' Report:
We, the undersigned Scrutineers, appointed at the annual meeting of the British America Assurance Company, on the 16th day of February, 1887, declare the following gentlemen unanimously re-elected Directors: Messrs. John Morison, John Leys, Hon. Wm. Cayley, C. D. Warren, George Boyd, J. Y. Reid, Henry Taylor, G. M. Kinghorn and Geo. H. Smith.
(Signed)

H. L. HIME,
HENRY PELLATT,
W. J. MACDONELL.

The meeting then adjourned.
At a meeting of the Board held subsequently, Mr. John Morison was unanimously re-elected Governor, and Mr. John Leys, Deputy-Governor.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Western Assurance Company was held at its offices in this city yesterday.
The President, A. M. Smith, Esq., occupied the chair, and the Managing Director having been appointed to act as Secretary, read the following

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors have pleasure in being able to report to the Shareholders that the business of the Company for the past year has been fairly profitable in all its branches.

A synopsis of the accounts for the year, together with the Profit and Loss Account and statement of Assets and Liabilities on the 31st December last, is submitted herewith.

The revenue account shows a net premium income of \$1,385,034.49, being an increase of \$70,625.15 over that of the preceding year; and after providing for all losses incurred the profit balance on the year's transactions amounts to \$122,325.70.

Two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum were declared, and after payment of these, \$75,000 is carried to the Reserve Fund, and \$5,391.50 remains at the credit of Profit and Loss Account.

The total surplus funds of the Company now amount to \$740,391.50. Deducting from this the amount necessary to re-insure or run off all current risks, estimated at \$504,654.85, a net surplus of \$235,736.65 is shown over and above capital and all existing liabilities.

The increase of the capital stock to \$1,000,000, authorized at the special meeting of Shareholders on the 26th of February last, was carried out by the issue of \$200,000 new stock, and the calls made upon this, amounting to fifty per cent., have been fully paid, making the paid-up capital \$500,000.

The Directors have pleasure in acknowledging the efficient services of the officers and agents of the Company, to whose efforts are largely due the satisfactory results of the year's business which they are now enabled to present.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Fire premiums	\$1,236,165 76	
Marine premiums	356,760 43	
Less re-assurance		\$1,592,926 19
			207,841 70
Interest account		\$1,385,084 49
			37,154 79
Fire losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31, 1886		\$1,422,239 28
Marine losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31, 1886		680,684 52
General expenses, agents' commission, and all other charges		190,708 30
Balance to profit and loss		428,520 76
			122,325 70
			\$1,422,239 28

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend paid July, 1886	\$22,045 38	
Dividend payable January, 1887	24,544 15	
Sundry accounts written off		\$46,589 53
Carried to reserve fund		3,062 40
Balance		75,000 00
			5,391 50
			\$130,043 43
Balance from last year		6,013 18
Premium on 143 shares new stock		1,704 55
Profit for the year		122,325 70
			\$130,043 43

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid up	\$500,000 00
Losses under adjustment	94,118 75
Dividend payable January, 1887	24,544 15
Reserve Fund	\$735,000 00
Balance profit and loss	5,391 50
		740,391 50
		\$1,359,054 40
ASSETS.		
Cash on hand and on deposit	\$188,127 91
Debentures	71,602 18
United States bonds	542,780 00
Dominion of Canada Stock	119,387 25
Mortgages	17,150 00
Bills receivable	49,370 78
Interest due and accrued	4,261 29
Company's building	65,000 00
Re-assurance due from other companies	22,519 79
Bank Stocks	62,500 00
Loan and Investment Company stocks	63,400 00
Agents' balances and sundry accounts	152,955 20
		\$1,359,054 40

A. M. SMITH,
President.

J. J. KENNY,
Managing Director.

WESTERN ASSURANCE OFFICES,
TORONTO, February 12th, 1887.

AUDITORS REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Western Assurance Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We hereby certify to the correctness of the books of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1886, which we have audited, having examined the vouchers verifying the same, and the above statements agree therewith.

Toronto, February 12, 1887.

R. R. CATHRON,
JOHN M. MARTIN, } AUDITORS.

In moving the adoption of the report the President said:—Gentlemen, it is with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction, that I rise to move the adoption of the Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Western Assurance Company, which will be seconded by our Vice-President. Our able and efficient Managing Director has laid before you a full statement of the Company's affairs as they appeared on the books on the 31st December last, which I am sure must be very gratifying to the stockholders. Our business has steadily increased in volume, and has been profitable in all its branches, enabling us to declare two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and after writing off all known bad and doubtful debts, we have added to our Reserve Fund the handsome sum of \$75,000. In addition, we have, during the year, allotted to you 5,000 shares of new stock at par, which at present market quotations is worth about 160, so that on the whole I think you will agree with me that we make a very satisfactory showing for the past year, and that the results of the business have fully justified the increase in the capital which the Directors recommended in February last. For the present prosperous state of the Company's affairs I feel under a kind Providence we are largely indebted to the watchful care of our Managing Director and his able staff of Superintendents, Inspectors, Agents and other Officers of the Company, both in our own country and the United States, who appear to have vied with each other in their endeavours to forward the Company's interests.

Mr. Wm. Gooderham, Vice-President, seconded the report, which was unanimously adopted, and a vote of thanks passed to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services and attention to the interests of the Company.

Messrs. Wm. Anderson and E. J. Holmes having been appointed scrutineers, the election of Directors was proceeded with, which resulted in the unanimous re-election of the following gentlemen to serve during the ensuing year:—A. M. Smith, Esq., Wm. Gooderham, Esq., Hon. S. C. Wood, Robt. Beatty, Esq., A. T. Fulton, Esq., Geo. A. Cox, Esq., Geo. McMurrich, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., and J. J. Kenny, Esq.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held subsequently, A. M. Smith, Esq., was re-elected President and Wm. Gooderham, Esq., Vice-President.

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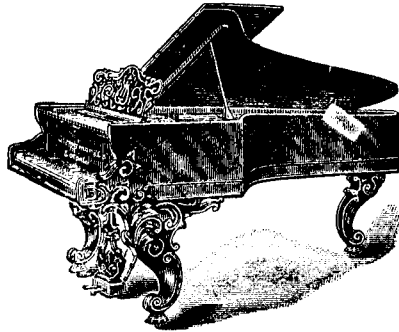
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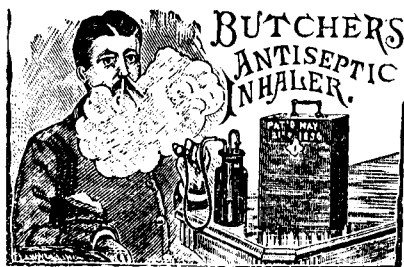
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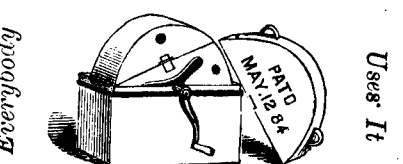
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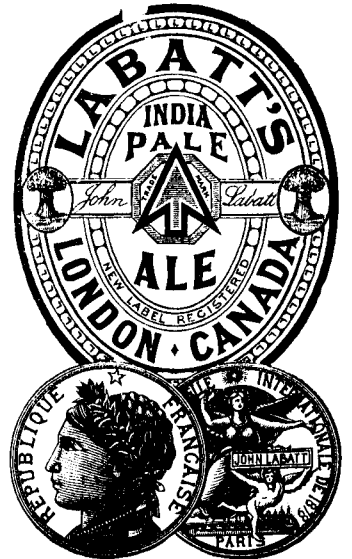
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