

THE WEEK:

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THE sudden death of Hon. J. B. Plumb, on the 12th inst., at his home in Niagara, removed from the field of Canadian public life one who was for a time a somewhat conspicuous figure. Mr. Plumb was of English descent, but was born in the State of Connecticut, and did not come to Canada until A.D. 1845, when he was about thirty years of age. It was not till nearly thirty years later that he threw himself actively into Canadian politics. He was elected to Parliament in 1878, for Niagara. That borough having been done away with in the redistribution of 1882, he ran for North Wellington, but was defeated. He was shortly after appointed to the Senate, and in 1887 became Speaker of that body. Mr. Plumb was a gentleman of fine culture and considerable literary ability. He was remarkable for the extent and variety of his attainments, and the accuracy of his knowledge. These acquirements, combined with polished manners, good address, and fine conversational powers, made him useful in public and genial in social life. It is unnecessary to add for Canadian readers that he was an ardent Conservative, and a devoted follower of Sir John A. Macdonald.

THE announcement of the appointment of Hon. G. W. Allan to the Speakership of the Senate cannot fail to give general satisfaction. The appointment is one of the very best that could have been made. Senator Allan is highly qualified for the position by education, by experience, by dignity and force of character, and by the breadth and moderation of his views. He is one of Toronto's oldest and most respected citizens, having been born in "Little York" in 1822. He was educated at Upper Canada College, and admitted to the Bar in 1846. In his younger days, when the facilities for foreign travel were very different from those now offered, he travelled extensively in Europe, Asia Minor, and Africa, and gained the honour of a Fellowship in the Royal Geographical Society. He has in the course of his life occupied many posts of honour and responsibility, among them the Mayor's chair in Toronto, and the Chancellorship of Trinity College. He was a member of the old Legislative Council of Canada, and since Confederation has discharged the duties of a Senator with faithfulness and ability.

It is understood that an agreement has been virtually concluded between the Dominion Government and the Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the extinction of the monopoly privileges

claimed by the latter in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. According to the newspaper correspondents the consideration to be given the Company is the sum of five millions of dollars, to be expended in establishing a fast Atlantic steamship service. In the absence of an official announcement it would be premature to comment upon the specific terms, or to raise the question whether such an arrangement would give competing steamship lines legitimate ground for complaint. But assuming, as we may with a good deal of confidence, that the railway monopoly had no legal basis in the Province of Manitoba, or at least the older part of it, it was still highly desirable that the whole question should be settled at once and finally. It may or may not be correct that the construction of the Red River Valley road and other competing lines in Manitoba would render the monopoly practically valueless in the Territories. If so, the claim of the Company to compensation would perhaps be sound in equity if not in law. It could certainly be claimed, with much plausibility, that the spirit of the compact had not been observed. But in any case, to leave the monopoly clauses of the contract still in force in the Territories, would be but to raise the whole question anew at an early day. The feeling of reluctance in Parliament to make another large contribution to the funds of the Company which has already been so liberally subsidized, and to add some more millions to the public debt, will no doubt be very strong. But all must see the necessity of keeping faith with the Railway Company, and few could expect to have the monopoly extinguished at a less cost than the sum named. The main objection will no doubt be raised on the ground above indicated, the non-existence of the monopoly right in Manitoba, and the non-necessity of its present removal in the Territories. The radical blunder was committed when a great monopoly was created by Act of Parliament. The practical question now is, What is the easiest honourable way out of the obligation?

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited in political circles by the announcement that the Government of Newfoundland have been invited by that of the Dominion to send delegates to Ottawa, with a view to the discussion of the terms on which the Island would be willing to enter the Confederation. Newfoundland has hitherto sturdily refused to cast in her lot with Canada. It is but nine years since people at the polls gave their voice very decidedly against union. What change of circumstances or opinions on their part has come to the knowledge of the Dominion Government to lead them to hope now for a reversal of the judgment does not appear. The rumour that it is proposed to effect the union through the agency of the local Government and Legislature, without appeal to the people, seems highly improbable. The Nova Scotia experiment has scarcely resulted so happily as to warrant a repetition. Moreover there is no indication that the present Government of the Island is a unit in favour of the change. On the contrary its members are said to be about equally divided on the question; while the Premier, to whom rumour assigns the casting vote, does not seem, according to a reported conversation with an *Empire* correspondent the other day in Halifax, to be enthusiastic in favour of Confederation. He seems to think, however, that there will be no harm in ascertaining what terms Canada can offer, and that the question of union will hinge entirely upon the nature of these terms. This coolness on the part of the Islanders will give their delegates a decided advantage in any negotiations that may be entered into, since the Canadian Government having taken the initiative will be naturally averse to failure. It is suspected, with a good deal of probability, that the action of the Canadian Government is taken at the instance of the British Ministry. That fact, if such it be, should not prejudice Canada against the union, neither should it lay her under obligation to purchase the adhesion of Newfoundland at too great cost.

THE recent action of the United States Senate in regard to the new extradition treaty should bring to the front for reconsideration the whole question of "asylum." It must be felt by all concerned that the two nations are now playing at cross purposes in the matter of surrendering each other's criminals, to an extent which is as absurd as it is mischievous. It is surely a gross perversion of the ancient and honourable traditions of national hospitality which converts each country into a refuge for the other's rogues, swindlers, and embezzlers. In *The Canada Law Journal*, Mr. William Houston argues forcibly in support of the view that no treaty

should be thought necessary for international surrender of criminals; that, in fact, an extradition treaty is an obstruction rather than a help to reasonable and right action by either nation. Why, he asks, if we must have a treaty, should it be thought necessary to embody in it a list of offences? Why not agree with the United States that each country will hand over to the other any fugitive from criminal justice whose offence is technically a "crime" under the laws of the State from which he fled? Political crimes would need, of course, to be specifically excepted, and the right to decide whether an offence is "political" or not must in the last resort, rest with the Government of the country which is asked to surrender the fugitive. There is certainly much to be said in favour of such an arrangement, though its operation might be attended with considerable difficulty. But all conceivable difficulties are of little moment in comparison with the mutual advantages to be gained. Mr. Houston says: "The idea of the personal right of a criminal to a place of refuge seems a very absurd and mischievous one." But does not this use of the word "criminal" beg the question? No nation can afford to assume lightly, that the man who claims its protection is unworthy of it, or to hand him over, but for reasons satisfactory to itself, to the officers of a foreign State. Such an agreement or practice as Mr. Houston proposes must rest, as indeed he clearly admits, on the broad ground of international confidence. In other words, it must assume that the nation to which the surrender is made can be implicitly trusted to deal with the prisoner on principles of justice and humanity, co-extensive with those which underlie the jurisprudence of the surrendering State. This being assumed, Mr. Houston's argument that Canada should freely surrender United States malefactors, for her own good and in the interests of right and justice, without regard to the willingness or otherwise of the United States to reciprocate, is unanswerable.

ENGLAND as well as America has its pauper-labour problem. What the starving Chinese were to the labour marts of San Francisco or New York, the hordes of Russian and Galician Jews are to those of London. Lord Dunraven presented to the House of Lords, a few weeks since, an array of facts and figures, which, as the *St. James's Gazette* observes, "is enough to strike the optimists of progress with despair." In spite of Factory Acts, Sanitary Acts and so forth, the "sweating" system still flourishes, or rather festers in the great Metropolis. The half-civilized pauper from Eastern and Central Europe needs no books, no recreation, none of the little luxuries, or even comforts of life which are necessary to an Englishman. "His ideal of health and cleanliness is that of the Middle Ages. He clothes himself contentedly in filthy rags, he hatches himself in any dog-hole, his food is what we call in this country garbage." No matter how successfully English philanthropy may strive to raise him or his children from this degradation, the full inflowing stream keeps up the supply, and his competition on a pittance which is simple starvation to an Englishman takes the bread out of the mouths of the English toiler and his family. A strong feeling is growing up in the east end of London in favour of stringent restriction of the Jewish immigration. This is one of the questions which are now forcing themselves to the front, and although, as the *Gazette* observes, the proposal to exclude them appears "un-English," and contrary to all the traditions of national hospitality, the terrible evils resulting from the present state of things must, at an early date, compel active Parliamentary interference in some shape.

THE London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is bringing to light evidence of the lack of natural affection, and of the most revolting parental cruelty, to a horrifying extent. In a recent number of the *Sunday Magazine* Mrs. Mary Harrison sums up the work of the Society during the last three years, in London. "There have been dealt with 762 cases of injuries caused by blows with fist, boot, strap, and poker; immersing a dying child in a tub of cold water 'to get its dying done'; breaking arms, legs, shoulder-bones; thrusting a poker down a throat eighty-one cases of slow murder by deliberate starvation," and other crimes too harrowing to recount. "It's my own child—mind your own business," was the substance of the usual rejoinder where remonstrance or interference was attempted. It is worthy of serious consideration whether the theory of exclusive parental right has not been carried to an extreme both heartless and hurtful to society in our modern social systems. Efforts to rescue children from haunts of vice and crime, and to train them up for honesty and usefulness, are constantly liable to be thwarted by the interference of worthless or brutalized parents. Is it not time for society everywhere, for its own protection as well as in obedience to the claims of humanity, to interpose its authority more fully in the interests of the abused and neglected children, seeing, as we must see, that it is from their ranks our vicious and criminal orders are continually replenished?

THE Inter-State Railroad Commission in the United States has been enquiring into a complaint against the Emigration Pool of the trunk line railroads. The investigation has brought out the surprising fact that while during the last thirty years the freight rates on American roads have been reduced enormously the passenger rates have scarcely been lowered at all. The Emigration Pool has an agent at Castle Garden, who has the sole right to sell emigrant tickets at that place. As a consequence there is no competition, and the emigration rate to Chicago is actually higher than it was thirty years ago. On the other hand freight rates on the New York Central have fallen from 2.77 cents per ton for the cheapest class of freights in 1856, to 0.69 cents per ton as the average on all freights in 1886. "If," says an exchange, "the railroads can carry freight for one-fourth of their rates thirty years ago, why can they not carry passengers cheaper, and why should they charge emigrants more?" The fact is certainly curious, and the inquiry worth prosecuting. Probably the emigrants have not so powerful influences interested in securing them cheap rates as are at work behind the freights.

THE Committee on Commerce of the United States House of Representatives has, by a vote of seven to six, reported favourably on the Bill to provide a system of postal telegraphy similar to that in operation in England. The Bill appropriates \$8,000,000 for the purpose. The report accompanying the Bill claims that the service will be self-sustaining. It also maintains that the Government has a right to build and operate telegraph lines, and that neither public opinion, good faith, nor justice requires the Government to purchase the property and franchises of the Western Union Telegraph Company at a higher cost than that at which it would be able to parallel the lines of that company. The rates proposed by the Bill are, for twenty-word telegrams, 10 cents for five hundred miles or less, 20 cents for five hundred to a thousand miles, and so on. The Bill also provides for telegraph postal money orders at existing mail rates, plus the telegraph tolls. Canadians will be interested in watching the progress and results of the proposed innovation.

THE great storm which visited New York and vicinity on Monday of last week was probably the worst on record in that locality, certainly without parallel in the experience of those now living in the city and State. The terrible blizzard that devastated some of the western territories a few weeks since, leaving devastation and death in its terrible track, seems to have been fully matched in violence by the New York cyclone. All business was suspended, the street cars blocked, the elevated trains compelled to stop running, snow piled to the depth of five, six, even seven feet in the public streets. All communication with the country was absolutely cut off, and business men living out of town found it utterly impossible to make their way in. Men and women were actually frozen to death or smothered in the streets. The following graphic picture from the *New York Tribune* will help our readers in Canada, where such storms are happily hitherto unknown, to a vivid conception of the situation: "And what a spectacle the city was! Traffic and transportation stopped, business at a standstill, the exchanges suspended, court sessions postponed, banks letting their loans stand, horse cars, meat waggons, and milk carts stranded and solitary, telegraph wires dangling and winding through the air, padlocks on doors that haven't been closed save on a holiday for no one knows how many years, files of pedestrians struggling through the streets or flying all abroad on the wind, and pavements, walls, roofs, and spires hidden within a mist of whirling, blinding, suffocating snow."

THE adoption of the New Procedure rules in the British Commons marks a quiet but very real revolution in that august body. It is hard for us, at this distance, to get an adequate conception of what is involved in the mere change in the hours of sitting. Probably the English people, and even the members themselves, scarcely realize as yet its full import. There can be little doubt that it will not only greatly facilitate the despatch of business, but will do more than almost any other innovation that can be imagined, to tone down the asperities of debate, and check the tendency to strife of tongues which the feverish small hours, and other less seemingly influences, which out of respect to so illustrious an assemblage we may not hint at, were pretty sure to bring. If past records were carefully consulted it would be found, we fancy, that nearly all the bear-garden scenes which have from time to time impaired the dignity of Parliament and tarnished the lustre of its eloquence have occurred after the hour at which the House is now forced by its own rules to adjourn. It was, as a Liberal M.P. admits, "that good family man, Mr. Smith, who did it all," and the leader of the Tory majority will go down to fame as the author of one of

the most radical and salutary reforms ever wrought in the internal economy of the British House of Commons.

EMPEROR FREDERICK III. is devoting himself to State affairs with an energy which seems strangely inconsistent with the stage of physical exhaustion which he was supposed to have reached. The substitution of accounts, however commonplace, of his daily discharge of public duties, for the sickening details of the progress of his disease, is a most agreeable change. His *pronunciamiento* was a manly and straightforward document and seems to have given general satisfaction. In tone it differs little, if at all, from the public utterances of his illustrious father. It may be, as some suspect, that while the voice is that of Frederick, the hands are those of Prince Bismarck; yet the impression conveyed of an honest desire for peace seems stronger than that usually left by the speeches of the latter. However the new monarch might differ from the general views and policy of the man of iron, he would hardly raise an issue so soon so unnecessarily, and under circumstances so unfavourable.

AFFAIRS in the French Chambers, if we may judge from the brief cablegrams, are in a strangely unsettled condition. The Ministry seems to have little control of either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies. The Boulanger movement has entered upon a new phase, the Ministry having deprived the General of his command by placing him upon the non-active list. The ostensible reason is that Boulanger repeatedly visited Paris without permission of the war office, and in disguise—a serious breach of discipline to be committed by a general officer. Sympathy is, however, created for the irrepressible General by his assertion that his visits were merely to see his wife, who was seriously ill, and that the War Minister, though aware of that fact, refused him leave of absence, while other commanders were constantly going without it. The affair, at this distance, certainly has the appearance of either vindictiveness or fear on the part of the authorities. Gen. Boulanger seems, however, a dangerous man to have military command amongst so excitable a people. It will evidently take the impulsive and mercurial Frenchmen a long time to acquire the art of ruling themselves with Anglo-Saxon steadiness and coolness.

THE DEBATE ON RECIPROCITY.

THE Liberal party of Canada is no longer a party without a policy. It has writ large upon its banner "Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States." Sir Richard Cartwright's speech in introducing the resolution of which he had given notice was undeniably forcible. The facts in reference to the movement of population and the falling off in the volume of trade certainly demand an earnest consideration. They afford a pretty broad basis for an argument in favour of change, even radical change of policy, provided, but only provided, it can be shown with at least a pretty near approach to demonstration that such change will afford relief from the evils it is designed to remedy, and will not be inconsistent with other and higher obligations, if such there be, than those imposed by commercial self-interest. Sir Richard undertook to prove by American, and to corroborate the proof by Canadian statistics, that during the quarter of a century ending in 1886 one-fourth of the native population of Canada have been compelled to seek homes in a foreign country, and that three-fourth of the immigrants who have been brought to Canada at great trouble and expense have followed the migrating Canadians across the border. He also claimed, on the evidence of our own blue books, that the total volume of Canadian trade has fallen off \$15,000,000 in fifteen years, though the population has increased to the extent of about a million. To this solid substratum of argument little was added by subsequent speakers. It was comparatively easy for orators on either side to show that the present attitude of opponents was inconsistent with that taken on some previous occasion, but such "points" establish nothing in regard to the main question. The alleged facts with reference to the state of the great agricultural industry were of so contradictory a character that, notwithstanding the very important bearing of such information upon the discussion, it is difficult, if not impossible, to assign it its due weight.

It is clearly no answer to such grave statements of alleged fact as the above to cry out that the speaker is pessimistic or unpatriotic, and Mr. White and other speakers on the Government side rather weakened than strengthened their case by resorting to such a mode of rejoinder. What the case really needs is truth, not sentiment. But it was a very effective kind of reply to point out, as the Minister of Finance and his supporters did, that it is one thing to prove that the movement of population exists, and quite another to prove that unrestricted reciprocity would prevent it. Whether it would be the main point at issue, and a point upon which the

widest diversity of opinion exists. The loss of much needed revenue it would involve, and the probable necessity of direct taxation to make it good is a powerful argument brought to bear by the Ministerialists upon a very sensitive spot—the tax-payers' pocket. It is also an effective argument with those who cherish British connection to show, as was done pretty conclusively, that unrestricted reciprocity really means Commercial Union, that being the only condition upon which there is any real likelihood that it would be attainable, and that Commercial Union must inevitably lead to separation from Great Britain. The argument that such union would not only destroy to a large extent the Canadian manufacturing industry so far as it has been built up by the National Policy, but would also tend to the ruin of the St. Lawrence trade, and the restriction of foreign commerce, is of undeniable weight, and will not fail to tell upon the minds of the people. On the whole the discussion is one of very great importance, and has, happily, been maintained on a higher level than that of the average Parliamentary debate. The Government's amendment, favouring reciprocity only so far as it may be compatible with the National Policy, will, no doubt, be carried by a large majority. The speeches of Sir Richard and other Liberals must be considered as addressed, not so much to the members of the present House of Commons, as to the constituencies with a view to the next general election.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

It is a common complaint that men are crowding into the learned professions and into those other callings which involve less physical exertion, and are leaving the kind of work which requires bodily labour. Many undesirable results seem to flow from this tendency. It is not merely that our producers are decreased in number, and our consumers increased, which is in itself a somewhat serious matter, and brings other evils in its train; but the kind and quality of our higher education are being injuriously affected by the endeavour of a multitude of people to "better themselves" by leaving agriculture and many other kinds of manual labour in order to employ themselves in what is thought to be more intellectual and elevating work.

Many reflections arise in those who consider these facts and circumstances in their bearing upon the well-being of society. To some extent the evil will be cured when it is found that a clever handicraftsman can make a much better living than an average clerk or even than many professional men; for, money being the ordinary measure of value, the fruits of manual labour of this kind will have a tendency to give it a place beside the work of the painter or the sculptor.

At present, however, we desire to draw attention to the effects of this tendency upon our present methods of education. It seems to be laid down as a primary principle that every place in the social scale is to be laid open to every one who is willing to make his way into it; and therefore that education should be provided for all freely or at a mere nominal cost. When any doubt as to the expediency of this method is suggested, we are reminded of the way in which men of humble origin have, in all countries, found their way into the highest places of honour, and have served their country in literature, in art, in the legislature, and in the field. Most certainly it would be foolish and ungenerous to deny or ignore the importance of the services which such men have rendered to their country. But the system under which the great men of the past rose from obscurity and poverty to distinction and power was widely different from the present. Then a man rose by his native energy, industry, power; now it seems that every one is almost told that he is a mean creature if he does not want to rise, so that the necessary employments of life come to be despised, and the less fortunate of our fellow-citizens grow discontented, envious, and ill-affected to the society in which they live.

Another evil consequence which results from this fostering of petty ambition is the view which comes to be taken of the nature and purpose of education. We suppose that there are few persons indeed who have deeply considered this subject, who do not regard a good education as a thing which is in itself highly desirable. It is agreed—at least, it is quite certain—that the nobler view of education looks upon it as a means of cultivating and disciplining the mind, and of fitting it for its appropriate work, whether here or hereafter. To look upon education merely as a means of getting a more lucrative post than some one else is certainly to degrade it.

Are we quite convinced of this? It is then high time that we should consider where we are in this matter; for, whatever may be the right view and the view of persons of a higher order of mind and of higher culture, it is undeniable that we are getting to think of education merely as "a means of rising," and, as a natural consequence, we are coming to arrange our whole educational system with reference to this end. Consequently, men are eager to get the "guinea stamp" without caring very much whether the "gowd" is underneath it or not. Let us have degrees—academical decorations of all kinds—whereby we may show that we are fit for all kinds of posts, no matter whether we are educated men or not. As Carlyle said in another connexion, if we cannot qualify ourselves for doing a certain thing, we may at least manage to get ourselves elected to do it.

Here is the very root of the evil which we discern in the present method of education for the learned professions. There is a double danger—the danger of men entering these professions without having a liberal education at the foundation of their professional training, and the

danger of losing sight of scientific study and being contented with a merely empirical education.

There is some danger of these evils being fostered by the proposal now made to form an alliance between the Law Society and the University of Toronto. The scheme has not yet perhaps taken its final form; but it will be necessary to indicate what seem to be its weak points before its final consideration comes on.

The scheme seems to have much in its favour whether we regard it from the point of view of the University or from that of the Law Society. It is quite proper and reasonable that the University should seek to perfect its equipment in the faculty of law. It is also desirable that those who are called to the Bar should be highly educated men, and even that they should bear degrees which should indicate their attainments in arts, in literature, and in law. But there seems some reason to fear that if the proposed scheme should be adopted without modification, the result will be to promote neither a more liberal education nor a more scientific legal training.

At present, a candidate may be called to the Bar after five years' study from the time that he is entered at Osgoode Hall. In the case of graduates, the time is reduced to three years. By this means a course of study extending over six years is secured, for those who adopt the University curriculum, as a preliminary to their legal studies. A similar arrangement exists in England, the time of study being shortened for those who are graduates of any British University. It is evidently an excellent arrangement, and is said to answer well. Different types of lawyers are produced by the different methods of education; although perhaps this difference is more perceptible in the old world than in the new.

Now, it might seem that an alliance between the Law Society and the various universities is the very thing needed to give its best and highest form to the legal education of the country. Undoubtedly this should be the effect of such an alliance, and may be so if the scheme adopted is one which is based on right principles. And what are these principles? First, the encouragement of a liberal education as a foundation of the special professional training; secondly, the encouragement of the scientific study of law, which should also be the work of the University; thirdly, the teaching of law in its more practical aspects, which should be the work of the Law Society itself. As far as we can see, these are the only sound principles upon which such an education can be conducted. Hitherto, the second requirement is perhaps the one which has been least met; the first, too, has been insufficiently considered, whilst as a matter of obvious necessity the third has not been neglected.

Now, as far as we are able to understand the proposed scheme, there is some danger of the first and third of the requirements mentioned above being imperfectly recognized. There is danger of the education in arts being partly set aside and the professional training being begun too early, and there is danger of the practical education being neglected or diminished. The proposal, as we understand it, is that four years' study—two at the University and two at Osgoode Hall—should be substituted for the present alternative of five or six years, and that the lectures given at Osgoode Hall should be restricted to those who have taken the previous two years at the University of Toronto. We do not mean that this is plainly expressed, but it seems to be implied.

With regard to this last point, it can hardly be supposed it will be carried into effect. For the result would be this, that any candidate who might prefer to graduate at any of the other Universities would be required to spend six or seven years (three or four at the University and three in previous study), instead of four, before he could be admitted to the bar.

But, suppose that all the Universities were put upon an equal footing, we should then find the candidate spending two years at the University, instead of three; and two years at Osgoode Hall, instead of three; or, again, instead of the five years of merely legal education, we should have only four spent at the University and at Osgoode Hall. Can any one believe that the result of such a change would be that our barristers would be either more highly educated men or better lawyers? On the contrary, it would seem as if the very design of the framers of this scheme were to assist in what Carlyle called the race of the "cheap and nasty."

We are at a loss to understand the reason for such a change. Can it be urged that our supply of lawyers is insufficient, and that, therefore, it is necessary to facilitate the introduction of larger numbers into the profession, the need being so pressing that we must be contented with inferior qualifications? Or is it maintained that the present standard is so high that we may well receive into the Law Society men of lower literary attainments and of inferior legal education? We cannot bring ourselves to believe that such reasons exist. There are plenty of lawyers—at least so we are informed—and there is no danger of any interest not being properly represented in that learned profession, and, in fact we need rather to keep down the number than to encourage the admission of a class of men with lower literary culture and a less thorough instruction in the theory and practice of law. At this point we were about to express a doubt as to whether we had rightly understood the provisions of the new scheme; but we see from a letter now before us, written by a "Junior Barrister" to the *Empire* newspaper, that others have formed the same opinion of the meaning of the projected changes, as well as of their tendency. On one point we are unable to agree with this writer, "that the scheme, if adopted, would prove beneficial to Toronto University." It is quite impossible that the lowering of the standard of education, although for a short time it might attract an increased number of students anxious to get a degree as cheaply as possible, should in the long run be otherwise than hurtful to that great University. But a scheme which proposes to make a man B.A., LL.B., and Barrister-at-Law, after four years of study, can surely have no other effect than to lower the value of those distinctions.

M. A.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

SWIFT from Ontario's side,
Hating the lake's cold embraces,
Laughing, the blue waters glide
Into far pleasanter places;
Threading the maze of the isles,
Shimmering, shivering ever,
Wearing a wreathlet of smiles,
Rolls the great river;

Trending through darkness and day,
Fondling the dawning and gloaming,
Tossing huge billows and spray,
High, when the Storm King is roaming;
Mirroring chalet-crowned rocks,
Fern-leaves, long grasses, and clover,
Wild fowls in myriad flocks
As they fly over;

Sleeping in lily-starred bays,
Rushing through factory races,
Where o'er the looms ever gaze
Hundreds of bloom-bereft faces;
Wid'ning to lakelets and meres,
Wildly o'er cascades careering,
Sweeping by bridges and piers,
Ocean-ward bearing;

Chafing the Laurentide shores—
Cliffs frowning over, and under
Hurling the dark waters roar
As if they would tear them asunder—
Past the grim fortress and plain,
Linked with brave Wolfe and his story,
Pealing in gallant refrain
Canada's glory;

Stretching her arms to the world,
Wide, as a maid to her lover,
Gayly, with banners unfurled
Welcoming argosies over;
Wearied, her life's journey done,
Grateful to God, the life-giver,
Her goal on the ocean's breast won,
Rests the great river.

K. L. JONES.

Kingston, Ont.

OTTAWA LETTER.

A GOOD many people who have been turning their steps daily and nightly of late up the broad walk that leads to the grand entrance of the "main building" are wondering whether the scenes that draw them thither are not likely to become historic. There is nothing very obviously suggestive of an epoch in the country's affairs about the deliberations they go to hear, no impassioned appeals, no sounding periods, no brilliant apotheoses, no thrilling climaxes. A number of gentlemen, in a measured orderly way, and tones too conversational sometimes for the galleries, are simply discussing a commercial project for Canada. Oratorical displays have gone very much out of fashion; one realizes how much when it is apparent that even the question of Unrestricted Reciprocity, with its vast application and far-reaching possibilities, fails to bring them into requisition. One finds the imaginative quality to a greater extent in the utterance of the crowd that presses up the stone staircases to listen. I overheard a flight the other day, an ironical one.

"And what shall we do with these Parliament Buildings we're so proud of when we go over, body and soul, to the Yankees? Sell them to the French, I suppose, to make nunneries of!"

There was a picture in that, and it did not dissolve quite as soon as the idle words slipped into noisy oblivion. The tread of our legislators died away into an echo, and soft, priestly foot-falls pattered along the corridors instead. The doors of the members' coat compartments, which would answer with so little alterations as confessionals, opened to black-robed, pale-faced penitents, and swung together again when they slipped out, leaving their sins behind them. The portraits of our long and worthy line of Speakers underwent a subtle change that transformed them to tonsured dignitaries claiming a more irreproachable apostolic succession. In the chamber—no, the chapel—the Opposition were still called to order by the Chair, but the Chair was a pulpit bearing the inscription, I.H.S., and the Opposition were *les heretiques*. And a surpliced choir lifted up its voice in the Speaker's Gallery and sang the *Agnus Dei*, and a priest in brodered vestments of gold and of purple offered incense where the unsanctified fulminations of secular Ministers went up before. And the light that struggled dimly under the arches through the splendid crimson and blue of the north-western windows mingled with the subdued radiance of the altar-candles and made lingering colour-notes of the robes of the apostles. Is that St. Francois Xavier stepping down from his niche,

A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—III.

parchment in hand, once more to preach to the barbarians? No, the dream is gone, it is only Sir Richard Cartwright, who does not wear a nimbus yet, opening the Reciprocity debate with a quotation from one of the Government's "own blue books." We are still ourselves, our country is still our own, we are still free to hope that whether the Canadian historian of the future will take special note of the 14th of March, 1888, or not, our splendid pile on Parliament Hill will never be diverted to another use. Or if we be less seriously disposed we can still laugh at the vain imaginings of the crowd, and congratulate ourselves that the decree of the times makes our representatives more practical in their forecasts.

After the long interval of speculation, during which so many probabilities have been offered us as to the ultimate fate of this question, it is with a sense of decided relief and comfortable certainty of knowing what to expect, that one looks down upon our Canadian Commons and sees the issue fully espoused by the Liberal party, and unmistakably cast out by the Conservatives. It is a disappointment to such imaginative persons as have expected the discussion of so vital a question to obliterate party lines for the time; but a gratification to people devoid of that gentle and pleasing optimism, who are in the majority among the frequenters of the galleries. Among these the opinion goes that it is well to give the matter the vitality and propulsive power of a policy, even a policy hampered and tied by party considerations, and to leave the obliteration of the lines aforesaid to the effacing power of the people.

It is a reflection forced upon the listener to this debate that the gentlemen of the defence are relying considerably upon the chance that the principle which will dictate the votes when a division is taken will operate with equal infallibility at the next general election. Otherwise it is not easy to understand why they confine their arguments so exclusively within the limits laid down by political tradition for the repulse of the enemy. Doubtless it is the temptation of security to ward off unfear'd attacks with ironical questionings of the motives of the attacking party, but surely the security that warrants the employment of this kind of defence at the present juncture must be very secure. The onlooker wonders whether in the consideration of so vast and important a scheme, in which their interests are so closely and vitally bound up, the Canadian people will take as much interest in these pleasantries as usual. Whatever inconsistencies may have been developed in its evolution there is no doubt that the question of enlarged trade relations with the United States has at last been brought squarely before the people. Whatever uncertainty has attached to its name—and being an infant agitation some degree of vacillation in the parental mind might have been expected on this point—it has been publicly and finally christened Unrestricted Reciprocity. However disputed and indefinite its paternity has been, the onerous responsibilities attaching thereto have been unreservedly undertaken by the Liberal party. This is the situation, but the Conservatives appear to be more deeply concerned about the individual circumstances that led to the situation. From their point of view they have thus far been able to see little but the anterior. The fact that an honourable gentleman opposite has experienced a change in his views upon this question appears to be of deeper interest and greater consequence than the considerations which the honourable gentleman is willing to submit as justifying the experience. It certainly offers a more tempting opportunity for facetiousness, but it is more than doubtful whether the country, looking to this debate for the amplest instruction in its subject, would not prefer less ridicule and more refutation. The Spirit of the Times seems to be with the Liberals, that practical hard-headed Spirit that regards Sir Richard Cartwright's facts and figures with respect, but will have none of the Hon. White's glittering generalities, and looks askance at the poetical patriotism of Mr. Davin, even when his ready wit illuminates and his disarming smile accompanies it. Listening to Mr. Davin when he is disposed to be wittily aggressive, by the way, one wonders if the Chamber really deserves its bear-garden reputation. For never more truly of Gany-mede than of the Member for Assiniboia might it be said that faster than his tongue did make offence his eye did heal it up.

A very unusual combination of French eloquence and Irish enthusiasm might have been observed at a concert given here on Saturday night in honour of St. Patrick by a literary society that bears his name. The strains of "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall," had hardly mingled with the ultra-Hibernian sentiments of Mr. Kenny, M.P., and died away when the Hon. Mr. Chapleau arose and threw all his charm of manner, poetry of gesture, and grace of language into a short oration which, though Griffintown may fail wholly to understand it, is still tolerably sure of an echo of applause in that remote electoral district. The honourable gentleman begged his hearers to believe that he was an Irishman suffering under the disadvantage of speaking French. The Gallic quality of his English is only agreeably obvious. You may rule, you may school, the French tongue as you will, but *l'accent du Français* will hang round it still. In the case of the orator of Terrebonne however, this is an additional charm, and only makes one wish that his English hearers were as well able to appreciate him in his native language as his French ones are in a foreign one. Mr. Chapleau "was not a judge," and "did not wish to be a judge" of Irish methods of obtaining justice; but his sympathy was with Ireland, for he too, as he said with inimitable effect belonged to a race that had fought for its birthright, that had suffered for its freedom. Notwithstanding his non-judicial capacity the honourable gentleman made one forcible comment upon the wisdom of "tearing the British Constitution to shreds to make bandages for wounds which all the political doctors of the realm were unable to heal." On the whole the speech approached the unbounded requirements of the occasion more closely than might have been expected, and was received with the enthusiasm that the probable sacrifice of pre-judice involved deserved.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

OXFORD and Cambridge belong at once to the past and to the present. These university cities, with their numerous colleges, are peculiar to England. In Canada and the United States each college is a university. But the universities of Oxford and Cambridge are federations of colleges. The university is the federal authority, holds the examinations, grants all the degrees and honours, and through its staff of professors carries on the higher teaching; though the duties of an Oxford or Cambridge professor are held to consist as much in the advancement of learning or science as in teaching, with which he is not overburdened. It is governed by a university council and a legislature. But each college is a corporation in itself, having, so to speak, its own state rights, holding and administering its own estates, governed by its own Head and Fellows, exercising discipline over its own students within its walls, and conducting the ordinary teaching through its staff of tutors. The immediate and the closer tie of the student is to his college, while the higher tie is to the university. Originally, Oxford and Cambridge were like the German universities at the present day, the students not being collected in colleges, but boarding in private houses or in hostels. In the thirteenth century, when there was a great awakening of intellectual life in Europe, students flocked in to the English as well as to the other universities. There being then few books, knowledge was to be attained only by hearing the professors, who taught wherever they could find a hall or a stand, while the eager crowd of students drank the words of wisdom and power from their lips. Those were the days in which Roger Bacon first kindled at Oxford the lamp of science, and, as a matter of course, fell under the Church's ban as a professor of the black art. Research, since the days of the school philosophy, has become more rational and more fruitful; but never perhaps has it been so full of hope and romance as it was in the thirteenth century. Oxford, which afterwards became the citadel of Tory reaction, was then in the van of progress, political and religious as well as scientific. With all this generous activity of mind there were among the youthful population of the academical city much disorder, turbulence, and vice; there were affrays between nationalities far bloodier than the duels of German student clubs. Seeing this, and at the same time desiring to promote learning, Bishop Walter de Merton, the Chancellor of Henry III., devised an institution in which secular studies might be confined with something of the strictness of monastic discipline, and with daily religious worship. Merton College, his foundation, is the first regular college, and the dark little quadrangle, called, nobody knows why, "Mob Quad," is the cradle of collegiate life. The new institution met the needs of the time, it prospered and was imitated. College after college grew up both at Oxford and Cambridge. The taste for founding them waxed as that for founding monasteries waned. Pre-eminent among them at Oxford were New College, founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of Edward III., to which a school for boys at Winchester was attached as a seed-plot; Magdalen College, the loveliest of all homes of learning, founded by William of Waynflete, another Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of Henry VI., in the stormy days of the Wars of the Roses; Christ Church, the splendid conception of Wolsey, and magnificent still, though shorn of half its projected grandeur by its founder's fall; and at Cambridge, Trinity, with its ample courts and the pictures of Newton, Bentley, and Bacon in its noble hall. The type of all is a quadrangle of semi-monastic character, a common dining-hall, and a domestic chapel. Gradually the colleges absorbed the free university, and at last all students were constrained by law to be members of colleges. In the Catholic Middle Ages intellectual institutions were clerical, and this requirement surviving, with a mass of other mediæval and semi-monastic regulations embodied in the Statutes of Founders, the epoch to which they belonged, paralyzed the colleges after the Reformation and made them and the universities which they had absorbed little more than seminaries of the clerical profession. Oxford especially sank into an organ of the Jacobite clergy and their party. The consequence was a century and a half of literary and scientific torpor, redeemed by few great names, of which Cambridge, where practically clericism prevailed least, had the most illustrious. With the renewal of progress in the present century came reform, or rather emancipation, and Oxford and Cambridge are now once more at the head of intellectual England, though they never can be again what they were in the thirteenth century, when the only source of knowledge was the oral teaching of the professor. Perhaps they will always be centres of learning more than of experimental science, which takes the world for its field.

A great change has lately come not only over the literary, but over the social life of the colleges. The mediæval fraternities of students being clerical, were celibate, nor did the structure and arrangements of the college admit family life. From the retention of the statutable celibacy, while mediæval asceticism was discarded, grew the social life of the college Common Room. That life was pleasant enough while the Fellow was young; but its luxury palled at last, and as years crept on it became dreary, and was gladly exchanged for a college benefice, on which the Fellow could marry. The retention of celibacy indeed had another and a curious effect on specially clerical and religious natures: combined with the mediæval character of the buildings and associations it had a tendency to revive the monk, and thus Oxford Colleges produced Newman and the leaders of the Anglo-Catholic reaction, as two centuries before they had been the nursing mothers of the ecclesiastical reaction under Laud. But now the rule of celibacy has been relaxed, and a circle of married professors and tutors has come into existence, which, combining intellectuality with the simplicity of living enforced by moderate incomes, forms a society about

as pleasant as any in the world. The railway brings down politicians and men of business as well as men of letters, to pass the Sunday, and the pedantic seclusion of Oxford and Cambridge from the world is now a thing of the past. There is no use in transcribing the guide book. Cambridge, in the chapel of King's College, has a single glory which Oxford cannot match, and certainly nothing at Oxford can charm more than the walk along the Cam at the backs of the Cambridge Colleges. But Oxford is a more academic city. It will be noted that the Gothic style lingered there with other traces of the Middle Ages, to the time of Charles I. The local stone, of which some of the colleges are built, soon changes colour under the action of the weather. An American visitor, pointing to a black-looking pile, asked his host whether that building was not very old. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "its colour deceives you; it has not been built much more than two hundred years." With this may be coupled the story of a Fellow of a college, who, being asked how they managed to get such perfect sward in those Oxford lawns, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world; you have only to mow and roll regularly for about four hundred years." The recent revival of the universities has caused large modern additions to the buildings, of the taste of which the visitor will judge. At Oxford, unfortunately, some of the new buildings are too large for the general scale of the city, which is small. Let not the visitor to Oxford omit to get a general view from the top of the Sheldonian Theatre or of the Radcliffe Library. Let him not omit to get a distant view from Hinksey (after reading Matthew Arnold's poem), Bagley, Whytham, or Stowe Wood. Oxford should be visited in May or early in June, when the place is at once in its full beauty and thoroughly academical. At Commemoration time, which people are apt to choose, Oxford is not a university, but a vast banqueting hall and ball room, full of revellers brought together under pretence of seeing honorary degrees conferred and hearing prize poems recited. A guest at Commemoration time may well fancy that student life at Oxford and Cambridge is fully portrayed by descriptions of the fast student, such as *Verdant Green*, or by the first plate of Frith's series, "The Road to Ruin." There is too much of this sort of thing in universities which are the result of wealth and aristocracy; but there are also hard study, high aspirations, ardent friendships, and all the romance which, especially among the cultured and active-minded, hovers about the portals of life. Of late student tastes, like those of society in general, seem to have grown softer and more refined. At many of the windows in the dark old quadrangle there are boxes of flowers, and from many rooms the sound of the piano is heard.

It is perhaps at Oxford or Cambridge in the summer term, when the boat races and the cricket matches are going on, that English athleticism can best be seen. A gay and animating sight is a boat race, while a cricket match is apt to be tedious to the uninitiated. Athleticism, in its present prominence, not to say its present extravagance, is a recent development, and finds a philosophical justification in the recently recognized importance of the physical basis of humanity. We have yet to see whether it will develop health as well as muscle, and force of character as well as force of body. Instead of increased force of character there has been of late in public life rather an ominous exhibition of levity and fatalism. After all, games and exercises carried beyond a certain measure, though they may not injure the body like some other indulgences, are but dissipations to the mind.

Not to be omitted in taking even a birds'-eye view of England are the Public Schools. To define a Public School would perhaps be difficult. If you make size or importance the test, you cannot exclude Rugby or Cheltenham. If you make antiquity the test, you can hardly include Harrow. But the three schools which play in the Public School cricket matches are, Eton, Winchester, and Harrow. Harrow has practically taken the place of Westminster, which was long the most famous of the group, and in the last century sent forth a long line of worthies, but has recently been depressed by the disadvantage of a situation less healthy than historic. It is at the Public School matches that the singular feeling connected with these institutions is displayed in its utmost intensity, and to attend one of them should therefore, if possible, be a part of the programme. Nowhere else in the world, probably, can a great crowd of the governing classes be seen in a state of wild excitement over a boys' game. The chief claim of Winchester to be one of the privileged three is perhaps antiquity, in which it excels all the rest, having been the school founded by the great mediæval restorer of education, William of Wykeham, beneath the shadow of his own most venerable cathedral, to supply scholars to the college which he founded at Oxford. Eton and Harrow, but especially Eton, are the schools of the aristocracy, and their peculiar character is in fact that of the class to which the boys belong. They are the special training-places of the English "gentleman." The strong point of the English gentleman is not hard work, nor is hard work the strong point of Eton or Harrow, though the system of instruction has been greatly improved of late, and it can no longer be said, as it might have been said fifty years ago, that the only things to be learned at Eton are a little Latin and Greek and a great deal of cricket and rowing. The strong points are the union of freedom with discipline and the generous character of the social law which the boys uphold among themselves. Harrow is close to London, but there is nothing in the way of antiquities to see. Eton is within half-an-hour's run of London by rail, and may be taken in a day with Windsor; and at Eton there is a great deal in the way of antiquities, as well as in that of educational peculiarities, to be seen. The ancient quadrangle, with the great, gray chapel rising over it, and the statue of the Plantagenet founder in its centre, the green expanse of the playground shaded by stately elms stretching beside it, and the castle palace of the English kings looking down on it from the other side of the Thames, is of all places of education about the most historic; and history is worth something in a place of education,

The equipments of the great school room would hardly satisfy a school board in these days of progress; but on its rough panels are to be seen names carved by boyish hands which afterwards became illustrious in the annals of England. Those who think of education only will go to Rugby, and pay their devotions at the shrine of Dr. Arnold.

Of the British Monarchy the official and diplomatic seat is St. James', a dingy and shabby pile of brick, which by its meanness, compared with the Tuileries and Versailles, aptly symbolizes the relation of the power which built it to that of the Monarchy of Louis XIV. The power which built St. James' has however, by reason of its very feebleness, managed to prolong its existence; while the power which built the Tuileries and Versailles, having by its despotism provoked the revolutionary storm, has been laid with all its grandeurs in the dust. At St. James' are still held the Levees. But those rooms having been found too small for the prodigiously increasing crowd of ladies, foreign and colonial, who pant, by passing under the eye of Royalty, to obtain the baptism of fashion, the Drawing-Rooms are now held in Buckingham Palace. "Exclusiveness" was pronounced by a Canadian professor of etiquette to be the characteristic charm of the Queen's Drawing-Rooms. But instead of being exclusive, a Drawing-Room will soon become a mob. Though the political sceptre has departed from British Royalty the social sceptre has not. Conscious apparently of its loss of political power, Royalty has of late retired into private residences, where the enthusiastic worshipper or the enterprising reporter can only reconnoitre it through the telescope. Here it leads a domestic life, goes picnicking, and records its picnics together with family occurrences in its diary. Even in death it seems inclined to separate itself from the monarchs who wore a real crown. It has its private mausoleum at Frogmore, apart from the tombs of the Kings in St. George's Chapel and at Westminster. The Hanoverians, moreover, have always remained a German family, with German habits, tastes, and friendships, as well as German connections. The modern town residence of Royalty, Buckingham Palace, is large without being magnificent and devoid of interest of any kind, historical or architectural. The edifice belongs to the Regency, and the Regent liked low ceilings. He who wants to see State apartments without stateliness may see them here. It is to the ancient seats of the Monarchy that the interest belongs. First among these must be named the Tower, built originally by the Conqueror to curb London, afterwards the fortress-palace of his descendants, and in the end the State prison, from which a long procession of the ill-starred great went forth to lay their heads on the block on Tower Hill; while State murders, like those of Henry VI. and the two young sons of Edward IV., were done in the dark chambers of the Tower itself. Everybody knows Macaulay's passage on the graves in the chapel. The Bastille has been razed, the Tower has become a show, and in their respective fates they typify the contrast between French revolution and British progress. Of Westminster, the chief historic seat of the Monarchy in former days, nothing remains but that glorious hall, the name of which is more associated with justice than with Royalty, and the banqueting house at Whitehall, with its window of tragic memory. But of all the Royal palaces the noblest, the only one indeed worthy of the name, is Windsor, built in the times when the Kings of England were Kings indeed. It may well challenge comparison with Versailles, so far as a creation of the Plantagenets can be compared with a creation of Louis XIV. It is disappointing to find how much of Windsor is the work of the restorer, and of a restorer who wrought before a real knowledge of mediæval architecture had been recovered. Still nothing can spoil the effect of such a pile on such a site. The Round Tower has been raised, but still it is the Round Tower. The glory of St. George's Chapel is unimpaired, and above the stalls may be read the names of the first Knights of the Garter, the comrades in arms of Edward III. and the Black Prince. These heroic adventurers are now rather curiously represented by a set of elderly gentlemen in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights, who chiefly prize the Garter, as one of them avowed, because it is the only thing nowadays that is not given by merit. In St. George's Hall, modernized though it is, imagination may assemble again the victors of Crecy and Poitiers, with their brave Queen and her ladies, holding festivals which were ennobled by the recollection of glorious toils. Long afterwards it was that the body of the illustrious successor of Edward was borne across the courts of Windsor amidst the falling snow, and beneath the fierce glances of a revolutionary soldiery, without funeral pomp or requiem, to its nameless grave. Around the Castle still stretches the great Park, and not many years ago a leafless trunk in it was shown as Herne the Hunter's Oak. Between Windsor and Staines lies Runnymede, where the camps of John and his Barons once faced each other, where it was decided that the British Monarchy should not be despotic but constitutional, and in the rude but vigorous form of the great Charter the first of European constitutions was framed. Eltham, not far from London, was another seat of the Plantagenets and retains traces of its grandeur. Its memories are sad, since it saw the degraded dotage of Edward III. Hampton Court claims a visit. One of its quadrangles and its magnificent hall are the monuments of Wolsey's soaring ambition; but with these is combined the little Versailles of Louis the Fourteenth's arch-enemy, William the Third, and the gardens laid out by Dutch William's taste, and now, in summer, gorgeous with such beds of flowers as Dutch William never beheld. Here Cromwell used to rest on the Sunday after his week of overwhelming care, and here, in quieter times, the last sovereign of Charles' house, "Great Anne," used "sometimes counsel to take and sometimes tea." The chestnuts in the neighbouring park of Bushey are the glory of English trees. Kensington and Kew, minor seats of Royalty, have their reminiscences and their anecdotes of the Court of George III. and Charlotte. GOLDWIN SMITH.

(To be continued in our next.)

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XIV.

SANDFORD FLEMING, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G.

LIKE a good many other distinguished Canadians, Sandford Fleming is a Scotchman. As he lived in Scotland for only the first eighteen years of his life and has since given forty three years of fruitful work to Canada, leaving his impress on the whole Dominion, and identifying himself with its best interests in every possible way, he—just as truly as Sir John A. Macdonald or Alexander Mackenzie—may be called a Canadian. By birth he belongs to Fifeshire, the fair county which proudly calls itself "the kingdom." His native place was "the lang toon of Kirkcaldy," best known to the world by having had Edward Irving and Thomas Carlyle as schoolmasters. At the time, doubtless, any one of the bailies thought himself more important than both, or than all the dominies in Scotland put together. Sweet are the bonds that unite us to the dear natal soil; and therefore when in 1882 Mr. Fleming was presented with the freedom of the Kirkcaldy Burghs, doubtless in the traditional gold snuff box, and about the same time had the honour of LL.D. conferred on him by St. Andrew's University hard by, depend upon it his pulses quickened much more than when the Duke of Newcastle appointed him the representative of the Imperial Government on the survey for the Intercolonial, or when he learned that the Queen had bestowed on him the honour of a C.M.G., in recognition of his services.

Having studied mathematics, surveying, and engineering, in his native town, he came to Canada at the age of eighteen, believing that there would be more room in a new than in an old country. He found that there were no openings for young men like himself in Canada. Fond parents assure us that every avenue for boys is now crowded, and that it is impossible to make the fortunes that formerly were made. They are mistaken in both points. In those days there was no avenue but the farm, and if farming means a hard life now it was much harder then. Fleming showed the stuff of which he was made by doing whatever his hands found to do, and doing it with his might. Of course he was disappointed, for the country was not what it had been painted. Only his strong dogged will kept him from returning to Scotland, where he was informed that he could secure an appointment without any difficulty. He had faith in himself and in the country, and having no extravagant habits he could live on little. Without grumbling or looking to the Government, he worked on and waited. Even when young he did not think himself a genius, but he knew that he could work, and the quantity to be done never appalled him. It was worse when there was no work, but then he looked for it and took what offered. He had always a great capacity for silence, is to this day a better listener than talker, and when he does talk, it is never about himself or his doings. When he took up his quarters in Toronto he at once joined the Mechanics' Institute, and taught night classes in pure and applied mathematics free of charge to all who came to them. Eager for the general good and for the advancement of the bounds of science, he with a few others originated the Canadian Institute. I have been told by one of the friends of this excellent and now vigorous Institute that it owes its existence to Fleming. When we reflect that he was then young, a stranger, without money, without a stake in the country, without a salary, we have a striking illustration of the value of brains and moral qualities. Truly, as Darwin says, "it's dogged as does it." During these years of waiting he was educating himself, the only education, let it be well understood, that is worth anything. Without this, constant cramming and examinations are worthless. So far as these repress the desire or capacity for self education they are a curse. The educational system that does not encourage study, after school days are over, is a bad system; and because of its failure to lead to this, a school system characterized by rigid uniformity and increasing centralization does not commend itself to thoughtful men who have given thought to the subject. In 1852, the tide in affairs that comes to every man who is ready to see and take it came to Fleming. He was appointed third engineer on the staff of the Northern Railway. That was his opportunity. When the railway was constructed the Directors appointed him Chief Engineer, and before long he was pushed to the front of the profession. From that time his history is part of the history of Canada.

With two great public undertakings, important in a political as well as engineering sense, his name will always be connected. Fortunately he has written enough to enable us to form some opinion of the difficulties he had to encounter as an engineer and a public servant. We can see, too, how his character came out, and how he impressed himself on the works that link the Provinces of the Dominion together by steel rails. Some writers have recently made the discovery that Canada consists of four or five geographical sections, each of which nature intended to belong to a corresponding section in the United States; and they enlarge unweariedly on the folly of having built a railway between the Maritime Provinces and Old Canada, or between the Upper Ottawa and the Pacific. Well, it need only be said that the main features of our geography were understood fifty years ago as well as they are now, and that none the less the people went forward. They were determined to build up a nation on this northern half of the Continent, with the country and the materials that they had. Almost from the day that the first passenger railway was opened in England, the idea took possession of the minds of men in all the Provinces, that an Intercolonial Road was a necessity. Again and again the Legislatures of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada passed resolutions to that effect, offered money with extraordinary liberality, and entered into negotiations with each other and with the Mother Country to bring it about. Fleming had written an able pamphlet on the importance of connecting the Red River Settlement with Canada by a Colonization Road, although at the time Red River was as completely out of the ordinary

horizon as the Mackenzie or the Yukon; and the inhabitants of the far-away Lone Land had requested him to plead their cause with the Imperial Government. His interviews, with the Duke of Newcastle as their envoy, led to his appointment subsequently as sole engineer to survey a line for the Intercolonial. Statesmen are on the look out for competent and reliable men, and when one turns up they feel that something of the difficulty connected with every proposed work is over. With Confederation, the long talked of Intercolonial got into the region of practical politics. It was undertaken as a Government work, and put into the hands of Fleming and four Commissioners—men of great local and railway knowledge and greater political influence.

One bit must be given from the published history of the Intercolonial as illustrating his character, as it came out in a controversy with the Commissioners. It may teach a lesson of public duty, and may suggest to those who can read between the lines the cost to oneself at which such duty must be done. The Commissioners had resolved to make the bridges on the road of wood instead of iron and stone as recommended by the Chief Engineer. No argument that he could advance had the least weight with them. Instead of acquiescing, as most men in the circumstances would have done, he appealed to the Premier. They answered his letter in the ordinary back-stairs way. Of course the decision of the Commissioners was sustained, but a sop was thrown to the engineer. Five of the bridges should be built as he wished. The unreasonable man was not satisfied. He said nothing, but the following year he prepared a statement for submission to Parliament, in which he proved that the cost for iron would be little more than the cost for wood. Two of the Commissioners gave way, but the majority stood firm. The matter was again brought before the Government, and an Order-in-Council passed affirming their decision. The Engineer again wrote to the Premier, and in the following month to the Commissioners, asking a delay of ten days for some work in progress, so that the matter could be reconsidered. Mr. C. J. Brydges, the leader of the Commissioners, then addressed a communication to the Privy Council, in which, among other rash statements, he declared that in his experience of eighteen years as a railway manager, he had known no instance of a wooden bridge having been injuriously affected by fire. The Engineer, in his reply, cited two instances of bridges on the Grand Trunk, under the management of Mr. Brydges, having been destroyed by fire a few weeks before the date of the statement! This was the last straw. The Commissioners agreed that all bridges over sixty feet span should be built of iron. Would he not let them have that much, were it only as a small rag with which to cover their nakedness? No. He quietly demonstrated that any exceptions would be bad. At last, nearly two years and a half after his first appeal to the Premier, an Order-in-Council was passed giving authority to have them constructed as he had proposed. He had gained that for which in the public interest he had contended. But such a man will never be popular with commissioners or contractors, people or politicians. He will not be made M.P. or Senator, and he need not expect to be retained in the public service one day after he can be dispensed with. So much the worse for the public.

In 1876, thirteen years after his appointment at the commencement of the survey, the Intercolonial was opened for traffic. At that date the capital account showed a total expenditure of twenty-one and a half millions on all services, including branch lines and rolling stock, or little more than a million in excess of the original estimates; and the work was pronounced by all authorities to be, in the essentials of a railway, second to none on the continent.

Meanwhile the Government had undertaken to build a railway from ocean to ocean, about as lightly—to use Lord Dufferin's phrase—as if it had been "to throw it across a hay-field." Fleming was called upon to survey a route and begin the work. Everything was against him. The Intercolonial was on his hand, and it was a heavy handful. Canada had at that time no corps of trained engineers and contractors such as it now has. No one knew anything of the region back of Lake Superior any more than if it had been Central Africa, except that all existing maps had on them, written in very large letters, "Impracticable for a Railway." Captain Palliser, who had been in charge of the only engineering party that had explored the passes of the Rocky Mountains, had reported:—"The knowledge of the country on the whole would never lead me to advise a line of communication from Canada across the continent to the Pacific, exclusively through British territory. The time has forever gone by for effecting such an object." But the chief engineer put a stout heart to the stae brae. Overcoming innumerable difficulties he succeeded in getting a line surveyed by the Yellowhead Pass, with grades and curves actually no heavier than those on the Intercolonial, a feat of engineering which every one will appreciate who knows anything of all the other transcontinental lines. It should be noted here that the Yellowhead had a special advantage then over other lines, which it ceased to have when Burrard Inlet was chosen as the Pacific Terminus. It was a common point, equally suited for any of the proposed termini, and these extended all the way north to Fort Simpson, if not further. The chief engineer devoted his whole time and strength to the work till his health gave way. He then asked for and received a year's leave of absence, but in the course of the year had to be recalled again and again for consultation. His annual progress reports constitute a mine into which every one must dig who would form a correct idea of the task which had been imposed on him. He served under the Premiership of Sir John A. Macdonald, then under Mr. Mackenzie, and again under Sir John. Neither party, when it came into power, was able—much to the disgust of the baser elements in it—to make political capital against its opponents through him or anything connected with his department. Such a public man is making enemies all the time, and as he works for neither party, neither will count him as a

friend. Consequently, sooner or later, the time will come when he will find it wise to resign. That time came in 1880, after the really heavy work in connection with the survey and much of the construction had been completed or arranged for. When he resigned he refused an office with equal salary and nominal work.

I have always held (1) that as the C.P.R. was a National undertaking it should have been built and operated by the Government, like the Intercolonial; (2) that the route by the Yellowhead Pass was and is the best known. Mr. Fleming as engineer, with a board of commissioners selected equally from both parties, would have had the confidence of the public; and it can be shown easily that a company cannot build or work such a road more economically than a Government. But both political parties were committed to the policy of construction by a company, and the public—either from profound distrust of the party system or from the somewhat immoral and mistaken fancy that the work might somehow be built and operated at other people's expense—clamoured for a company, and seemed to feel as happy—the people of Winnipeg in particular—when the great contract was ratified, as Mr. Micawber was accustomed to feel when he paid his debts with a note of hand. They are not quite so jubilant now, although the Government was wonderfully fortunate in the *personnel* of the company, of whom nothing but praise can be said, and the future will show still more clearly which policy was the wiser. However, even if a mistake was made, it is no use crying over spilt milk. Certainly the country got the road in one-half or one-fourth of the time in which it would have been built as a Government work. Whether that was wholly an advantage or not, the fact is undoubted.

Since 1880, Mr. Fleming has lived as busy and useful a life as ever, and he has now the satisfaction of being able to devote himself to congenial work without the worry and pressure that is always connected with the public service and political exigencies. He has received honours in abundance from all quarters. Last year Columbia College and University, New York, bestowed on him the Degree of LL.D. in connection with the celebration of its Centennial. In 1880 he was elected Chancellor of Queen's by a majority vote; in 1883 he was re-elected unanimously, a second candidate withdrawing before the day of election; in 1886 no one else was proposed for the office, and so far no one else has been spoken of for 1889. In 1884 he was appointed to represent the Dominion at the International Prime Meridian Conference called by the President of the United States to meet at Washington. There, the representatives of the civilized world adopted the views which he had been long pressing on learned societies with regard to cosmic time and a prime meridian for all nations.

For many years he has devoted thought and money to the question of cable communication between the Mother Country and the Australias through Canada, and at the great conference held last year in London of the representatives of the Mother Country and all the Colonies that are under responsible government, he had the best possible opportunity of entering into details on the subject, and of pressing it on the attention of the public men of the Empire. Sir Alexander Campbell and himself were the representatives of Canada, and on the 6th of May last the Conference agreed to these two propositions:—1st. "That the connection recently formed through Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by railway and telegraph opens a new and alternative line of Imperial communication over the high seas and through British possessions which promises to be of great value alike in naval, military, commercial, and political aspects. 2ndly. That the connection of Canada with Australasia by direct submarine telegraph across the Pacific is a project of high importance to the Empire, and every doubt as to its practicability should without delay be set at rest by a thorough and exhaustive survey."

Like Caesar, who made campaigns and wrote their history, Sandford Fleming has not only built great works, but has written reports and histories concerning them, characterized by clearness and freshness of style, and accuracy and fulness of detail. His latest book, *England and Canada, or from Old to New Westminster*, has been very favourably noticed by all the best reviews. It, and the *History of the Intercolonial*, are good specimens of his literary work.

I have left myself no space to speak of Mr. Fleming as a man, and it is just as well. While we live, the public is entitled to see only one side of our natures and lives. It is enough to say that those who know him best trust him most. They rely both on his character and his judgment. His brain takes time to work, but it works strongly and surely as a steam engine. Listening respectfully, never dogmatizing, "he is always yielding but never yields," as a shrewd judge of character once remarked. He is true as steel to the country and to those whom he believes worthy of friendship, and my faith is that Canada and the whole English-speaking race has yet something more to gain from his abilities and his thoroughly unselfish devotion.

G. M. GRANT.

By the use of his electric microscope and of silver bromide plates Professor Stricker is enabled to get very fine photographs of living bacteria and other moving cells. He has taken photographs of living white blood-corpuscles with high-power lenses, which showed clearly and distinctly the network-like structure of those bodies.

STEEL lace is a novelty. The lace looks as fine as any Brussels lace, and is equally soft to the touch. "This," said the gentleman who showed the specimens, "is only an experiment, and was turned out of a small Pittsburg mill, and sent to me to show what can be done in that line. In the course of time other patterns will be made, heavier, perhaps, but certainly more tenacious than this piece."—*Court Journal*.

LONDON LETTER.

PICTURE to yourself a great room, three parts unoccupied. At the farther end, facing the door, stands an empty throne, in front of which sit on a long bench the five Lord High Commissioners robed in brilliant scarlet trimmed with gold. Beyond the glittering mace, the Great Seal in its gorgeous embroidered purse, the red round ottoman technically termed the Woolsack. By the side of a square table laden with books and adorned with a silver and tortoise-shell box enshrining the parchment commission, black gowned clerks write, heeding no whispering voice, scarcely looking up from their task through the long half-hour in which we have been patiently waiting in our places for the performance to begin. Two bishops in flowing canonical garments and full white sleeves rustle quickly in, taking their seats bashfully under the fire of every eye in the House near to the handful of peers who alone represent their Order this fine Spring morning. Above the gallery-clock the crowd stirs restlessly: we on the sacred leather benches read our papers and books, or wile away the time idly conjecturing why the place is so empty, and why the faithful Commons are so long in coming. At last my neighbour who has been vainly trying to rivet her attention on the pages of *Richard Feveril* shuts the volume and turns her face with suspicious alacrity to the doors which, swinging wide open, admit a disorderly crowd of men with the Speaker and his Chaplain in their midst. These all group under the gallery, and against the Bar of the House, and above them shine in the stained glass windows Maclise's figures of Chivalry and Law. Then the Speaker bows—being pressed for room he accomplishes this ungracefully—to the five red-robed gentlemen who take off their three-cornered *chapeaux bras* in answer to his salutation, and Mr. Slingsby Bethel, Clerk of the Table, opens the proceedings by reading rapidly the parchment Commission, and then from Lord Halsbury, our Chancellor, at last we hear Her Majesty's gracious words. We are at peace with foreign powers: our recent government of the Sister Island is so far satisfactory. Chivalry and Law, looking down on the Irish Members, are doubtless wondering if these comfortable sentences are being taken to heart: but Law and Chivalry can make nothing of the expressions on the faces of those gentlemen, who at this moment are staring at the quaint figure of the Chancellor sitting squarely, his three cornered hat pushed well to the back of his horse-hair wig. Lord Halsbury has a delightful voice—a great charm this—and most of us pay more attention to the sound than the sense, I am afraid; for when the speech is finished, and bowing anew, the Speaker and his followers retire backwards from our august presence, I hear many a whisper of "What was it all about?" The Lord High Commissioners leave their seats, and preceded by Sergeant-at-Arms and Purse-bearer sweep slowly past, a grand procession indeed, so gorgeous as to make the most democratic among us wish ourselves for once Peers of the Realm. But when the red and gold garments are flung aside, and ordinary looking gentlemen (scarlet butterflies metamorphosed into brown moths) come swiftly out from the Robing Room behind the throne, we hardly recognize those whom but now we gazed on with reverence, and we push past those dark coats and tall hats unscrupulously, whereas if their wearers were still habited in cardinal—who echoes Falstaff's curious dislike of that colour?—they should have made a Royal progress through the great room. In the fresco-decorated lobbies leading to the Commons there are quantities of people watching for this person or that, as their politics direct, and as I loiter past them into the silent half-dark Westminster Hall (in which the public has not been allowed since the dynamite outrage), I listen to all sorts of gossip, most of which you have heard by now in some form or other. But I was told of a custom, as old as the time of the Plantagenets and a question of privilege, with which you may be unfamiliar. The door leading to the Lower House is locked on the first day of Parliament, and the official sent by the Queen or her proxy to summon the Commons must knock three times before he is admitted within the sacred precincts, even though he be the bearer of a Royal message.

Westminster Hall is half full of shadows, and dreary and deserted now, but these venerable walls and high-pitched roof (tempe Richard II., says my antiquarian guide) have seen stranger sights. They remember a certain May day, what time Sir Thomas More was brought from the Tower and sentenced to death here: they looked down on Guy Fawkes and his companions through that week in January during which the Gunpowder Plot conspirators suffered trial for their treason: they have heard King Charles the First disputing on a point of law with his judges: have listened to Stratford's truthful tones, to evil-faced Mohun's protestations of innocence, to the voice of Warren Hastings and the answers of his accusers during the long years (was it not seven?) of the trial. Pepys comes striding in, dressed in his best, to turn over the books on the stalls lining the hall, and little Miss Burney nestles and chatters in her place, armed with a ticket of admission from the "sweet Queen," ready to take notes of Burke's speech or Fox's, for the subsequent edification of Her Majesty and the princesses; and a handsome lad with long auburn hair, who calls himself Boz, and who has bought the *Monthly Magazine* in the Strand, finding one of his sketches accepted, has "turned in here for half an hour, because his eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there." These, and many more, people this immense dim space with their well-known figures. Protector Richard Cromwell stares about him with his pockets full of law papers, and his heart full of hate for the daughters who are striving to rob him of that Essex manor which stands still, a ruinous farm, not far from the original of Trollope's *Small House at Allington*: the wraiths of Balmerino, Cromartie, Kilmarnock, Lovat, haunt the scene of their trials. Lord Ferrars, hanged at Tyburn in the pearl-gray satin suit he wore on

his marriage day, makes room for the bigamist, Elizabeth Chudleigh, weeping crocodile's tears over there in the gloom: then the hall resounds with "God save the King," as George the Fourth comes in around from Westminster: and anon the echo of a dynamite explosion startles all loyal subjects into alarm. One can fancy the delight with which the sisters of Macaulay welcomed a walk with him in and out among these enchanted rooms and streets. "I seem to know every inch of Whitehall," he said to them, "I go in at Hans Holbein's gate and come out at the matted galleries. . . . The old parts of London, which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river have all played their parts in my stories." What would not one give to receive from a fairy godmother a gift of imagination such as his? The narrow dull city courts and lanes which mean so little to me, the noisy vulgar streets full of nothing but omnibuses and enormous carts, to him were an endless pleasure. It's but a question of eyes and no eyes, of course. One sees only as much as one chooses in this world, neither more nor less.

The frescoed corridors remind one of poor mistaken Haydon and his bitter disappointment. I remember hearing that after the final decision some friend of his, going into a coffee-house near Westminster, saw him sitting by a table, his face hidden by his hands. "He was crying like a woman," I was told, "you see the rejection of the sketches meant ruin." It was not long after that those trembling fingers fired the shot in the studio in Burwood Place, a shot which stilled forever the troubled heart and brain. I cannot call to mind anything more pathetic in its way than his autobiography, interleaved as it is with vigorous useless sketches, every page, every word, overshadowed by that immense conceit, that belief in himself and his own powers, which surely never accompanies true genius. But beneath the many ludicrous traits one finds unmistakable touches of true feeling, of love for that art for which he did his best, of passionate if mystical devotion to those who bore his name. The painter spirit was strong in him: he knew what he meant to express, but was not able to express it: and, unaware of this failure, he was angry the outside world refused to find in his work what, except to his own eyes, was indeed conspicuous by its absence.

In a comparatively little known story called *The Rogue's Life*, Wilkie Collins describes charmingly—thinking of his father, I am sure—the quiet industrious, uneventful lives led by the band of patient artists who established the British school in the first part of this century. He tells how their patrons bought, for small sums indeed, but for love of Art, not love of speculation, those exquisite pictures which, when one comes upon them in private collections or in the National Gallery, teach in a dozen different ways the value of what to trivial minds would be only trivial things. It is simply, perhaps, a couple of boys fishing on a cool summer evening, some children watching their boat sailing in a tub, a long green lane chequered with shadow—just something which many a painter would scoff at for a subject; and yet what infinite pleasure one derives from these unambitious pieces, while Haydon's prodigious historical scenes or hasty inartistic pot-boilers fail to rouse the least interest. Who cares to look at "Dentatis" when instead one can see through the half-open doors or lattice panes into one of Webster's cottage interiors? Who wants to stand by "Napoleon" when one can lounge on the banks of a quiet stream and hold a rod with one of Collins' chubby-faced country lads? "That is best which lieth nearest: shape from that thy work of art" applies to us all, I think, from the painter and the poet to the housewife.

From these old friends on canvas one turns to the newer acquaintances of to-day. Millais has been painting his landscape for the coming Academy in a little wooden hut up in Scotland where it was so cold, he says his breath froze on the window-panes. The success of the piece is undoubted, of course, as those who recollect his other country scenes with their poetic titles well know. He has but to lift his brush, and, if he likes to take the trouble, he beats every artist out of the field. Who that could buy "Chill October" or "Flowing to the Sea" would have a Hallswelle or a Leader instead? A good portrait by Millais makes Onless and Hall, even the great Watts, admirable as he is, seem vastly inferior: and the "Boyhood of Raleigh" (do you remember the expression in Raleigh's face?) compensates for the comparative failure of some of his subject-pictures. When quite young and tinctured with Pre-Raphaelitism he yet towered above all his associates, keeping what was good in their doctrine, rejecting what was bad, as he showed for instance in "The Vale of Rest" or "In the Apple Orchard." Holman Hunt went all wrong, not only in his gruesome "Awakened Conscience" and "Pot of Basil," but in most of the other of his extraordinary productions, while Millais kept the proper balance and was able after a time to correct those slight faults of exaggeration, and elaboration of detail, into which he had fallen from a revolt against a hard form of slovenly art at the time. It's a far cry from Millais to Dicksee, yet I must not forget to mention here that that excellent if sentimental and sometimes disappointing painter is finishing a fine subject-piece, which will compare favourably with his "symbols" of two years ago. A newly ordained priest is entering a dim church to fulfil his duties, but turns at the door to watch a group of laughing girls who are passing by. This picture will be etched and photographed (a detestable process the latter) into favour I suppose, and will run the popular "Harmony" very close. Then Leighton is busy with "The Return of Andromache," but I confess to a strong dislike of this artist's work; with all his good qualities it is years since he has pleased me. And Goodall is going to give us another large Scripture scene "The Death-bed of David" ("Oh horrible, horrible, most horrible!"), and Seymour Lucas has an interesting group composed of Charles II., Duke of York, Pepys, and other notabilities of the time, who surround Wren while that dignified gentleman explains the plans of the new St. Paul's among the ruins of the old cathedral. Frith has a crowd of tattered children gathered

round a fish shop, their half starved mothers watching with envy a family of well dressed boys and girls in a large victoria. By the way he tells me that on going to borrow the carriage from a firm in Long Acre, the man who rolled out the victorias for him to choose the shape was the same person who had done the artist a similar service in 1859 with the coaches required for the "Derby Day," nearly thirty years ago. Frith was shown a photograph of the magnificent carriage built by these makers for the coronation of Maximilian of Mexico, which the King also drove in to his place of execution. I have still many more picture notes, but will spare you unnecessary details. Can you not satisfactorily figure to yourselves the probable subjects chosen by Alma Tadema and Orchardson, Boughton and Burne Jones, Poynter and Marcus Stone, Fildes and Prinsep (their names are legion) to say nothing of the painters of blue seas and purple heathers, who are too numerous to mention? If you cannot make up your minds remember that in a very short time your curiosity will be satisfied, for the critics appointed by the London papers will then give you accurate details with a proper mixture of art terms, and all possible information as to what you ought and what you ought not to admire. WALTER POWELL.

SOME CANADIAN LITERARY WOMEN.—I.

SERANUS.

ONE day, six years ago, two ladies sat side by side at the *table d'hôte* of the North-Western Hotel, Liverpool. One of them, of English descent, though Canadian by birth and education, was *petite*, very dainty in style, manner, and attire, with a noticeably intellectual cast of face, which was finely chiselled, and quite classic in character. Her companion, apropos of some characteristics of the Dominion and its people, into which their talk had drifted, suddenly remarked:

"What a peculiar name yours is. Do the Canadians have Roman names?"

The fairy-like personage surveyed her friend in some astonishment, when the latter produced a letter, recently addressed to her by the lady at her side, which was apparently signed, Seranus Harrison.

"Oh, that," said this lady, with a laugh at the odd mistake, "is not Seranus; it is S. Frances."

But as in the signature of Mrs. Harrison the S runs into the Frances, and the initial F closely resembles an E, the error was a very natural one, and to it we owe the *nom de plume* of a woman, whose writings are so well known to the readers of THE WEEK, that it has been thought that a few words regarding her career would be of general interest.

Susan Frances Riley (now Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison) was born in Toronto, and received her education partly there, partly in Montreal. At a ladies' school in the latter city, she read on Prize Day her first noteworthy literary effort, a poem in blank verse, called "The Story of a Life," which elicited great approval from the assembled crowd, and subsequently brought to "Seranus" several effusions from McGill College students, in English, French, Latin, and in one case in Homeric hexameters. "Seranus," while in Montreal, was a favourite pupil in Professor Clark Murray's mental philosophy class at McGill, and she was an active member of the Montreal Ladies' Literary Association. Here she began to write verse, over the signature "Medusa," to the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and when she married and removed to Ottawa, she for some time was Ottawa correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*. To Stewart's (George S. V.) *Quarterly* (New Brunswick) she used to send verse also, and when *Belford's Magazine* was started, she contributed reviews and musical items to it. She was also an occasional and welcome contributor to the *Rose-Belford Canadian Monthly*.

Of a young girl whose literary predilections are so strong that at the age of sixteen she has begun to write acceptably for the papers, a successful career may be confidently prophesied. But a rival pursuit—music—early attracted and long held the attention of "Seranus." She is not only an accomplished executant on the piano, but her compositions have been published in England and the States, and musical composition, were it not for the great difficulties attending it, would be her preferred and ideal profession. She wrote the words and arranged the music of the "Address of Welcome to Lord Lansdowne," when His Excellency came to Canada (Ottawa). She has also set a number of her own songs to music. Her chief work in this line was writing the full orchestral score of a Canadian Comic Opera, somewhat after the fashion of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. This work, called *Pipandor*, a three act opera, took some two years to prepare. The libretto was written by Mr. F. A. Dixon, of Ottawa, also a poetic contributor to the *Canadian Monthly*. The scenes, incidents, and motif of this opera are old French, but running through it are a number of French-Canadian songs, the music of which has been re-arranged and adapted by Seranus to Dixon's patter songs and comic verse. The whole forms an elaborate opera, which would be very effective on the stage if the necessary funds could be secured to mount the opera, supply the scenery and costumes, and train the choruses and principal people in the cast. A great deal of the fine work of the old Breton and Norman poets and musicians enriches this opera, and its thoroughly national character should, were it brought out in Canada, make it a decided success. Seranus' setting of songs is subtle, artistic, and high class, too unlike the ordinary popular music-hall type to attract the uncultivated taste of the multitude, either here or in England. Her talent for music, which has the encouragement and sympathy of her musical husband—an organist and choir leader—is undoubted, and she should be congratulated on her success in a branch of the profession as rarely good as it is difficult to cultivate.

The aim and direction of Mrs. Harrison's literary work is distinctively French-Canadian. The interesting and picturesque features of Montreal,

which are finely reflected in her *Rime of the Gray Citie*, made a marked impression on her young imagination. Indeed the chief sources of "Seranus" literary inspiration have always lain in Lower Canada, particularly in the romantic, and to her the dearly loved, city of Ottawa, where she lived nearly seven years. In a certain sense Quebec is the Old World of America. Its claims to distinction depend not upon any untrustworthy hopes of future greatness; they rest with a confidence of assurance upon an unforgettable and richly dowered past. Patriotism may be cherished by the ordinary Canadian as a fit and proper sentiment, but for it to thrill his imagination and touch his heart it is necessary that he should dwell in Lower Canada.

This good fortune befell Mrs. Harrison for a season, and the years of her sojourn in Quebec brought forth good fruit in the essentially French tone and spirit of her work. Consider for instance that first sketch in *Crowded Out* which gives its name to this unique and fascinating collection of short stories. How entirely French is its intensity of emotion! Not only is it expressed in a French manner but the thing expressed—the sentiment and feeling of the sketch—is wholly un-English. For in English despair there is always an undertone of defiance—a something that reminds the reader of the philosophical child who, when sounding his mother upon the nature and duration of future punishment, finished his investigations with the enquiry, "Would I be able to bear it?" "Certainly," she replied, "there would be no escape; you would have to bear it." "Oh, well," he said, "so long as I could bear it I wouldn't complain." There is nothing of this spirit in the opening pages of *Crowded Out*. They give the impression in every sentence of absolutely unbearable suffering; along with this there is pleasure in the artistic sense of the writer, but the latter feeling does not dominate the former. It is as if one were inspecting a butterfly pierced but not chloroformed. Admiration of its beauties is too largely mingled with pity of its pain.

There is a general belief that this pathetic chapter is based upon a real experience of the author's in London, whither she went some years ago with her heart full of ambition, and in her hands poems, songs, operas—products of her musical and literary talents—which failed to find a publisher.

This book—*Crowded Out*—contains some very charming bits of literary work, notably *The Idyl of the Island*, and that longest of the short stories which narrates the fortunes of the two Mr. Foxleys. The characters are lifelike and unhackneyed, and they are treated in a picturesque and original fashion. The writer's portraiture of French-Canadian characters and scenes is remarkably fine, and gives the reader a good idea of the value of close study and fidelity to nature in the transcription of human lives and their surroundings. Jaded novel readers will find in these striking little stories the rare charm of the entirely fresh and unfamiliar.

Another volume which bears on its title page the name of "Seranus" (and it may here be said that this name is pronounced with a long a—Serānus, not Seranus) is the *Canadian Birthday Book*, containing in the most attractive of print and binding an extract for every day in the year, from the poetical writings of French and English Canadians. This book admirably exemplifies the range and quality of Canadian verse, and its preparation has evidently involved vast amount of careful and discriminative reading. It surely proves that the field of Canadian poesy is not the uncleaned and barren patch of soil it has been represented to be, when a willing step, a seeing eye, and a receptive hand, are the means of bringing together specimens of native growth as cultivated as the average of these.

Some of the best bits in the book were written by "Seranus," whose first poem appeared, when she was eighteen, in the *Canadian Monthly*. In that magazine were also printed a series of sonnets, entitled *Confessions*, from which, for lack of space, I must content myself with quoting only the fewest possible lines. But with what unapproachably fine and sure touches the picture is presented!

A sky all yellow in the evening west,
But pale and bluish-cold elsewhere. The trees,
Like branching seaweeds under amber seas,
Are traced in clearest, blackest, delicatest
Pencilings against the glow.

Another overwhelming piece of evidence that "Seranus" is a painter in words appears in that prose poem published in this paper last October, called *Annus Flavus*. Surely such gorgeous prodigality of hues was never before lavished upon a column of prose. Over thirty distinct and life-like tints are mentioned, leaving uncounted the rainbow-like combinations of colours. And yet the reader is not oppressed by any sense of exaggeration, but rather rejoices that the glories of the October woods have been successfully caught and imprisoned in half a page of a paper. The effect of the whole is warm, lustrous, dazzling.

But the musician in "Seranus" triumphs over even the painter. Listen to these lines from *Vie de Bohême* :—

Paint me the picture the most full of tears—
You will never attain to that wonderful strain.
The musician alone through the hurrying years
Can give us—the wistful, the cry of all souls,
Inarticulate, helpless, abandoned, and blind,
To the *Dieu inconnu*, the unknown that controls
All the joy and the pain of our poor humankind.

Of the excellence of "Seranus's" poetical work no reader of THE WEEK needs to be reminded. But they are possibly unacquainted with the homesick longing of her poetical response to Maurice Thompson, whose poem, *In Exile*, thrilled a responsive chord in the heart of every lover of England. "I know not anything as fair," says "Seranus"—

I know not anything as fair,
In this new land of clearer skies,
As English mists that shyly rise
From off shy streams or ivied walls,
Or cling about fair ruined halls.

On Durdham Down breathes the same poetic love of the Mother Country and her charms. "Seranus" is a personal friend of Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the English poet, of whose rose-garden at Putney she has, in common with Oliver Wendell Holmes, the most charming remembrances. She is a member of the London Literary Society, is a lover of the English classics, and was a devoted admirer, at the age of thirteen, of Sir Thomas Browne.

"Seranus" reads largely of the best literature, and is *au courant* with all that is going on in the literary, musical, and dramatic world. She will not fail of some measure of success even in this country, though the limits of that success could not easily be fixed, were the conditions of intellectual work other than they are in Canada. A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FLEUR DE LYS AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur Weir, B.A.Sc. Montreal: E. M. Reneouf.

This well-printed, neatly bound little volume—altogether prepossessing in its external appearance—has been too long on our table without receiving that formal recognition which book-makers and book publishers eagerly look forward to. In the modest preface to this volume the author informs us that some of these poems were written at "twenty," and the latest at "twenty-three." The plea of youth is an effective excuse for many sins, and notably for the sin of premature publication. There is little in these poems to merit serious criticism. Those on French-Canadian subjects should be the best, and they are, on the whole, the worst. Mr. Weir should have done much better with the material at his hand. Among the "Red Roses" may be found some good, and promises of better, things. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and Mr. Weir's love lays are not without some youth-suggested merit. *The Spirit Wife* is probably the piece that Mr. Weir will have the least hesitation in reproducing in his next edition.

ROBERT EMMET: A Tragedy of Irish History. By Joseph J. C. Clark. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"This tragedy is presented as an earnest effort to tell in dramatic form the story of a young man of gentle blood who, in our own century, laid down his life for his native land." So the author announces in his preface. We cannot say that he has added much to the story of a very interesting and pathetic episode in the troubled history of Ireland, and we are quite sure he has done nothing towards mitigating that hatred of England which is too sedulously cultivated among certain classes of Irishmen in the United States. Ample justice has already been done to Emmet's memory. Able pens have portrayed his nobleness of character and singleness of purpose. If those who admired him and believed in his cause did him more than justice, those who appreciated his character but deplored the madness of his dreams have done him no less than justice. No prose drama or drama of any kind was required to vindicate his character or perpetuate the memory of his fate. History has taught on many a pathetic page that the emotional patriot is seldom a great man; and in almost every instance his fate should be a warning to deter, not an example to allure. But if the hysterical Irish patriot wants a powerful stimulant, he will not, we think, get it in this volume. The book has no special literary merit. It adds nothing to what is already known of Emmet's character. It gives us no higher conception than we already have of his mental and moral fibre. We do not think the book will achieve very great popularity; but it will doubtless have many readers. The photogravure reproductions of old portraits and manuscripts give it exceptional interest.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RENAN'S *History of the People of Israel* will be published by Roberts Brothers.

MISS ALCOTT directed by her will that all her documents, manuscripts, and letters should be burned.

THE University of Bologna will celebrate, on the 12th of June next, the 800th anniversary of its foundation.

MISS AMELIA RIVES's short stories will be collected in a volume presently, to be published by Harpers.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the famous war correspondent, has prepared a life of the late Emperor of Germany, which will be issued immediately by Cassell and Company.

A PAINTING by Rembrandt, "The Nativity," has been purchased in Vienna by a Parisian lady for \$23,000, and is to be offered, with several other important works, to the Louvre.

A BIOGRAPHY of Commodore Maury, compiled from his letters and writings, by his daughter, Mrs. S. W. Corbin, of Virginia, is in process of publication in England, by Sampson Low and Company.

IT is announced that Mr. Sidney Colvin is to follow up his recent biography of Keats in the *English Men of Letters* series with an edition of the poet's letters to his family and friends. The collection is not to include, however, the unhappy love letters.

MR. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, the chief authority in England on Shakespearean subjects, puts a damper on the Stratford-on-Avon discovery of MSS. He declares that he examined the documents in question some time ago, and found they contained nothing of interest.

MRS. PROCTER, widow of "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelaide Procter, is dead. She was eighty-eight years old, yet until the illness which caused her death set in, she attended parties and dinners, and keenly enjoyed the gayeties of London social life.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has been appointed the first Gifford Lecturer on Natural Theology by the Senate of Glasgow University. This is the lectureship founded with the £25,000 left for the purpose by the late Lord Gifford. The tenure of the office is for two years, and this may be renewed once. Twenty public lectures are to be given annually.

THE late Lord Lyons left a series of diaries giving striking private incidents of his long diplomatic career. The passages relating to his Washington experiences during the war of the Rebellion are said (by *Truth*, London) to possess extraordinary interest. They will no doubt be published, though no measures thereto have yet been taken.

EACH of the ten children as well as the widow of the late A. S. Barnes, the school-book publisher, receives \$50,000 by the terms of the will offered for probate in Brooklyn last week. Five brothers and sisters, nine nieces and thirty grandchildren receive \$1,000 each. The charitable bequests amount to \$50,000, to be divided between various institutions.

SOME oils and water-colours by Henry Sandham, the Canadian illustrator, now on exhibition at Wunderlich's, show tolerably good technique. The landscapes are better than the figures, and Mr. Sandham is much more at home in water-colours than in oil. He handles them in an easy, broad way, has truth and purity of colour, and renders effects of light and atmosphere very nicely.—*Critic*.

SOME ingenious individual has organized a "Book Exchange" in Paris which might possibly be imitated with profit in this country. Membership costs 3 francs and 50 centimes (70 cts.); that is, the reader buys a book—not in paper covers, but a well-bound volume—and pays this amount in cash. On a fly leaf he will find a list of "sub-agencies," principally in large hotels, restaurants, etc., where he may upon payment of an additional 50 centimes (10 cts.) surrender his book and get another, and so on, *ad lib*. It is optional at any time for the subscriber to surrender a book definitely and receive 3 francs in payment therefor.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS has presented to St. Margaret's Church, London, a Milton Memorial window, which was unveiled on Feb. 18. The name of Milton is recorded in the marriage register of the church, and Milton's wife and infant daughter are buried there. The window is said to be remarkable for richness of colour and the fulness of detail, devoted to illustrating events in Milton's life and in his writings. At the base of the window is the verse of Whittier, written upon the occasion of the second centennial celebration:

The New World honours him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure;
Whose song immortal as its theme shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

Mr. Childs has already enriched Stratford-on-Avon with a memorial of Shakespeare, and Westminster Abbey with the window in memory of Cowper and Herbert.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

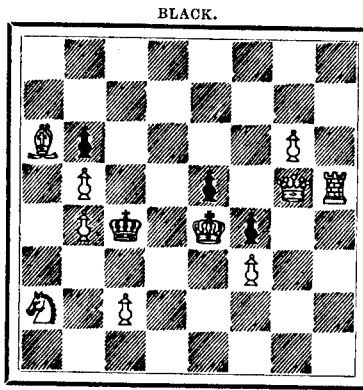
A WRITER in the *Springfield Republican* says of Frank Stockton: "In a room full of people he would at first glance be described as small, dark, thin, and shy. Dark and thin, he certainly is, and shy to genuine modesty. Large dark eyes, smooth, dark hair, with few white lines, and a face patient rather than contented, is his portrait in repose. But just one word, and this portrait is out of repose and is the face of quite another man. The change is like a flash of light. The big dark eyes, full of patient, weary expression, are luminous; the mouth, close and discouraged, expands into smiling curves, sweet and sympathetic; the whole soul is in the face, and from head to foot Frank Stockton is the genial, responsive man. It is like a brilliant burst of sunshine following a cloud, suddenly and unexpectedly, and therefore more delicious in surprise and beauty. Dark and quiet, Mr. Stockton is the last man on earth to suggest the humorous in speech or writing. No human being would seem to possess a less sense of the ludicrous, and he could not be associated with a hearty, healthy laugh, or expected to see or say a funny thing. His outside make-up indicates a mistake in the bent of genius. Instead of writing fascinating stories of inimitable originality, he should write poetry, sad-voiced, dreamy, and far above the practical life of the world. But when he is luminous and talkative, however, there are fine gleams of humour, and then, to use very expressive slang, Frank Stockton 'gives himself away.' A remark now and then, and little occasional flashes, show the writer and his peculiar vein of serious humour and originality."

WHILE the Panama Canal enterprise is in a bad condition generally, interest has been revived in the project of an interoceanic canal through Nicaraguan territory. The United States Senate has just passed a bill incorporating the Nicaragua Canal Company and authorizing the incorporators to construct, equip, and operate a ship canal, either entirely through the territory of Nicaragua or in part through that territory and in part through the territory of Costa Rica, and otherwise to exercise such powers as have been conferred by the government of Nicaragua upon the Nicaragua Canal Association. The capital stock of the company is to consist of not less than one million shares at \$100 each, with the right to increase to double that amount. The principal office of the company is to be located in the city of New York, and its affairs are to be managed by a board of fifteen directors, and its president must be a citizen and a resident of the United States.—*Bradstreet's*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 237.

By J. Mcgregor, T. C. C.

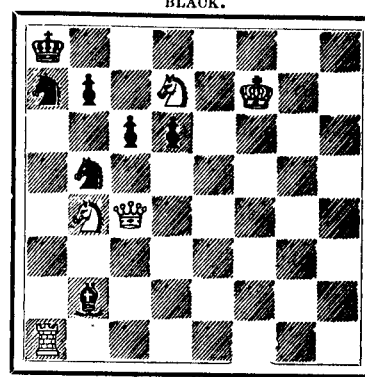


White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 238.

By Cyril Pearson.

From *Vanity Fair*.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 231.
White. 1. R-Q 4 mate.
Black. moves.

No. 232.
White. 1. B x P
2. Kt x B
3. Kt or Q mates.
Black. B x B moves
If 1. Kt-Q R 6 K moves
There are many other variations which can be found without much difficulty.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAX., Hamilton.—No. 218 is correct. If you think a Problem wrong you should say in what particular. You are right about No. 225. The diagram of No. 229 is quite right, if you set it up as given, and turn the board round, you will then be on the White side. Your solution of Problem No. 232 is wrong.

LAST GAME IN THE STEINITZ-ZUKERTORT MATCH PLAYED AT NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 29TH, 1886.

STEINITZ. White.	ZUKERTORT. Black.	STEINITZ. White.	ZUKERTORT. Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	11. Q-K 1 +	B-K 2
2. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	12. B-Q 3	Kt-B 4
3. P-K B 4	P x P	13. Kt-B 3	B-Q 2
4. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	14. B-K B 4	P-K B 3 (c)
5. P x P	Q-R 5 +	15. Kt-K 4	K Kt-R 3 (d)
6. K-K 2	Q-K 2 +	16. B x Kt	Kt x B
7. K-B 2	Q-R 5 +	17. R x Kt	P x R
8. P-Kt 3 (a)	P x P +	18. Kt x P +	K-B 2
9. K-Kt 2	Kt x Q P (b)		and Black resigns.
10. P x P	Q-Kt 5		

NOTES.

- (a) White must either make this move or accept a draw.
- (b) B-Q 3 is much stronger.
- (c) Black makes this move to prevent the loss of the Q.
- (d) Very bad; first loses a piece, and then the Q. He wanted to castle on Queen's side, but was prevented, as white would play 16. Q-R 5.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

We give below the principal part of Mr. E. Narraway's scheme, as mentioned in our last issue:—

I think players who reside where there is no club, or whose club is not affiliated with the Association, should be admitted on payment of a reasonable fee.

If the clubs throughout the Dominion will co-operate pretty generally, I submit that the best plan would be to divide the Association into two branches, one including Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, the other Ontario and the remaining Provinces, each branch to control its own finances, and hold its own Tourney. The winners in each Tourney to play a match for the trophy and the championship of the Dominion, at the place and time most convenient to the players, and each branch to pay the expenses of its representative. Such a Tourney would be likely to create an Inter-Provincial emulation that would increase from year to year, and which is sadly lacking at present.

I submit, also, that a good plan for these branch Tourneys, or for the Tourney under the present arrangement, would be to utilize the funds at the disposal of the Association to reimburse those players who have to come from a distance for their travelling expenses—in part at least, in some such way as this.

Every player from a distance who shall score more than half of the total number of games he plays to receive \$ — in part compensation for his travelling expenses. This would encourage strong players to enter and discourage weak ones; and the expenditure would not be much, as, in most of these Tourneys, the majority of the entrants belong to the home club.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—All next week the Hanlon Brothers will appear at the Grand in *Le Voyage en Suisse*. The famous pantomimic comedy, which has been made so popular by the Hanlons, is one of the most peculiar and amusing pieces ever written to cause laughter. The Hanlons stand at the head of their branch of the profession, and the careful manner in which their plays are produced has gained the confidence of the public, who are always sure of spending a pleasant evening. *Le Voyage en Suisse* is one of those plays that never grow old, for each time that we see it we laugh as long and as loud as ever. The piece has not been seen in this city for several years, where it will be given with the addition of four new characters, new music and new comic situations. The Company is very strong, four of the members have been with the Hanlons all over the world, and have played *Le Voyage en Suisse* in French, Spanish, German and Italian. The most notable mechanical effects of the production will be the upsetting of the stage-coach filled with passengers, funny scenes in a sleeping-car, and a sensational railroad explosion. A well-known New York critic says: "*Le Voyage en Suisse* is a bright, sunshine of music, with no end of comical situations."

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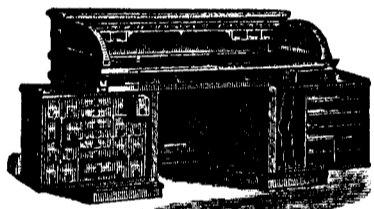
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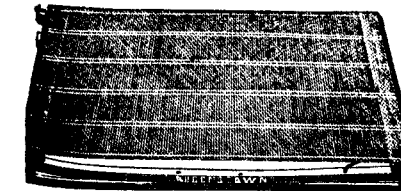
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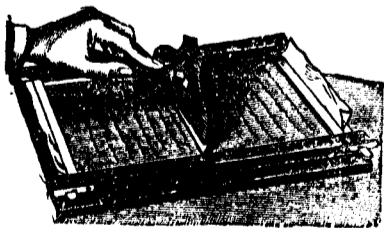
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