

# THE WEEK:

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Being at present very freely made by the Ontario Mutual Life Company as to a comparison of its Profits with those of the Canada Life, and exceptional selected examples of these being published by it, the following is given by the Canada Life Company as a correct statement of all the actual cash profits given by the Companies named during the last seven years, taken from the Government returns :

**CANADA LIFE.**

—	Premium Income.	Cash Surplus or Profits Paid.	Percentage of Profits Paid to Policy-holders.
1880.....	\$590,816	\$70,462	11.9
1881.....	671,478	248,739	37
1882.....	735,470	145,100	19.7
1883.....	812,890	135,087	16.6
1884.....	880,023	121,544	13.8
1885.....	973,058	123,726	12.7
1886.....	1,079,096	455,407	42.3

Totals.....	\$5,742,832	\$1,300,065	
In addition to that the Company has of Surplus or Profits on hand payable to Policy-holders.....	1,440,943		
Deduct given in 1880.....	670,407	770,536	
Giving for Profits to Policy-holders altogether.....		<b>\$2,070,601</b>	

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—	Premium Income.	Cash Surplus or Profits Paid.	Percentage of Profits Paid to Policy-holders.
1880.....	\$82,326	\$12,565	14.1
1881.....	161,619	10,216	6
1882.....	163,370	12,004	7.3
1883.....	180,593	14,279	7.8
1884.....	225,770	19,939	8.8
1885.....	240,414	25,465	10.5
1886.....	275,780	34,010	13

Totals.....	\$1,329,872	\$128,476	
In addition to that the Company has of Surplus or Profits on hand payable to Policy-holders.....		61,535	
Giving for Profits to Policy-holders altogether.....		<b>\$190,013</b>	

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These figures prove the surpassing advantages of the Canada Life, and the public are warned against relying upon examples where agents show different results from the above by the use of specially selected exceptional cases. In a future notice explanation of the causes of the profits in the Canada Life, so largely surpassing those of the Ontario Mutual, will be given.

A. G. RAMSAY, Man. Director.

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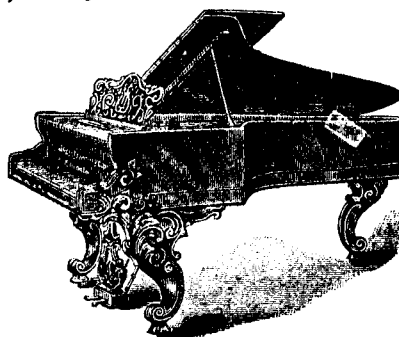
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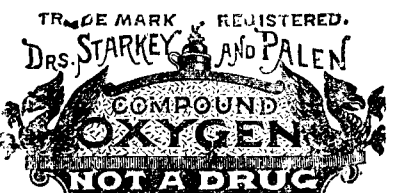
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# THE WEEK.

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Vol. IV., No. 28.

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## THE LIBERAL OPPOSITION.

MR. BLAKE has resigned his position as leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament. There seems at last to be no doubt of it. Rumours to this effect have for some time been current; but they have been generally discredited. Now, it seems, the matter is beyond a doubt. Mr. Blake's physician has declared that his retirement is a simple necessity, if his health is to be restored.

Such a catastrophe suggests reflections of a somewhat painful kind to Mr. Blake's friends, as well as his foes. To those who, like ourselves, regard Mr. Blake merely from a national or patriotic point of view, Mr. Blake's retirement furnishes food for very serious, even for very painful, considerations. Every one remembers the lines of the witty Goldsmith on the great Burke:

Whose genius was such,  
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much:  
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to Party gave up what was meant for mankind.  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,  
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.

The parallel is far from complete. Mr. Blake is certainly a man of far smaller calibre than Mr. Burke, and his oratory is of a very much inferior type. On the other hand, Mr. Blake is almost infinitely more of a party man than Burke was. Still, there are resemblances. Mr. Blake strained his throat to get votes at the late election. To many persons he seems to have strained more than his throat—even his conscience. Others deny this; but then they say he had educated his conscience beforehand.

Mr. Blake resigns from ill health. Is it mere bodily sickness that interrupts his leadership? or is this the result rather of a "mind diseased?" To a proud, ambitious man, who has gone through the bodily and mental labour and fatigue which Mr. Blake underwent during the late election, and who has failed, it may be forgiven if the "brave heart within him" has refused to bear up his physical strength. Victory cheers and invigorates. If Mr. Blake could have put his opponent in a minority, we should probably have him still cheering on his battalions to the fray. Mr. Blake did not do this; and, now that he has marshalled his forces, they turn out to be even smaller in number and less efficient than they had promised to be.

There are times when defeat gives elevation to the mind and spirit. The spirit of the martyr makes death glorious. Mr. Blake has no such consolation or support. He has fought for place and for power, and it seems to the vast majority of honourable men in this Dominion that he has not been very scrupulous in the use of means to that end; and he has failed. It is not easy for one who has "eaten dirt" so abundantly to die with dignity. Even Julius Cæsar could hardly have gathered his mantle around him with effect under such circumstances.

Mr. Blake has helped to keep alive the worst features and tendencies of Canadian politics. Instead of meeting Sir John Macdonald face to face, either with a policy of his own, which he could commend to the country or explain to his opponents, or with a direct opposition to the policy of his rival, he has traded upon the rivalries of race and of religion, and sought to gain votes by pandering to the worst vices of national and religious sectarianism. And he has done all this in vain. No wonder that he should be sick at heart.

He bid for the French vote. Had not Sir John Macdonald done the same before him? What if he had? Has not Mr. Blake now put it out of the power of his party to reproach Sir John with his giving in to the Roman Catholics of Quebec? Besides, Sir John has never done anything quite as bad as Mr. Blake's espousal of the cause of the double-dyed traitor and murderer, Riel. If Riel had been an English or Scotch half-breed, not a hand would have been held up to rescue him from his merited doom. If Sir John had pardoned Riel, Mr. Blake and his followers would have raised the Protestant Province of Ontario against him. It is well known that they were preparing to do it. They did not even conceal their design; and when Riel was hanged, they had to turn their coats under the public eye. Could any one but a blinded partisan doubt what must be the result of this? "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat." At any rate it was very mad conduct, and it led to destruction.

It was not enough to angle in such dirty waters for the French vote: the Irish vote must be tried for. And so with a mixture of ignorance and impertinence the spouters of the Reform party must preach up Home Rule, and dictate to the Imperial Parliament how they should govern Ireland. With many it was sheer ignorance. With many there was no real interest in the question whatever. With others, alas, it could only be sheer hypocrisy. With all, the ruling motive was the desire to gain the Irish vote. But it was of no avail. It was hard to eat so much dirt without succeeding. It was hard to fail after so deep a degradation. Theodore Parker, of Boston, once published an oration with the title: "What Killed Daniel Webster?" Mr. Blake is not yet very old, and he may have many years of useful life before him. It might be useful for him to read that oration.

But there is one more serious charge to be brought against Mr. Blake's party, the charge of disloyal and unpatriotic sentiment and conduct. They are never weary of underrating and decrying the country in which they have their means of subsistence, and Mr. Blake does not restrain them. We are quite aware that he and his followers disclaim all responsibility for the contents of a paper like the *Globe*. It would, indeed, be difficult to believe that the articles in that paper could give any satisfaction to a man like Mr. Blake. We have no thought of here discussing the *Globe*. As Dante says, "non ragioniam di loro, ma guarda e passa." But the members of the Reform party may feel assured that they don't gain the confidence or the favour of the country by their habitual endeavour to deny its prosperity, to throw doubts upon its progress, and to discourage its development. Such tricks may be admired in the midst of a fight, on the principle that all devices are fair in war; but in their calmer moments men do not like to have their country degraded in the face of the world, and this is at least attempted by many of Mr. Blake's party.

It is a favourable time for the party of Opposition in the Dominion Parliament to reconsider their policy. The Opposition is a most important element in parliamentary life and work. No Ministry can be entirely trusted, and it is well that watchful, even jealous, eyes should be upon them. But, to be efficient, an Opposition must be respectable. The habit of finding fault with everything that is done by the Ministry has the simple effect of destroying the whole value of their criticisms. It is the old cry of "Wolf." The wolf comes at last, and no one believes it, and the watchman is worse than useless.

Let Mr. Blake's successor lay these considerations to heart. They are urged from no spirit of ill-will, from no special regard to the party in power. They are simply the mature judgments of the vast majority of calm and dispassionate thinkers throughout the Dominion. We are aware that these count for little in the heat of an election; but all parties have to reckon with them in the long run.

## LETTER FROM ROME.

THE victories of to-day, it is true, are less brilliant than those of old; but we can flatter ourselves upon a superior wisdom which will ever prevent their inscription on stone, and the consequent awkward result. Future historians may gain little startling incidents from the present for their work; but it is no consolation to know that fallen, over our ruin fewer exasperating philosophers will moralise, fewer poets pipe their plaintive lays?

"Rome is no more than Jerusalem," and in spite of all the ignominy of the Ghetto, the desolate Jewish quarter; in spite of forced racing and forced church-going, no mean compensation must be offered the Israelite, as he slinks by the Arch of Titus—he will not pass under it—when on one side he may behold the silent Forum, on the other side a hill of crumbling palaces. "Il ne faut qu'attendre dans la vie."

The Arch of Titus, as you know, was built to commemorate the taking of Jerusalem. Its bas-reliefs represent various scenes from the capture of the city—the falling Temple, a procession of the conquerors carrying the holy candlesticks, while a reverse to this sad picture shows us Titus victorious, surrounded by generals, magistrates, and priests.

Now, as we move on step by step, that once impalpable concourse of purple-robed magnates, those hard facts we had unreasoning and unreasonably to learn by heart—the Roman Emperors take body, as it were. We have come to their homes, and ere long they will rise before us living—nay, but almost so, in the Museum of the Capitol.

If any portion of this free earth may be called essentially aristocratic, it is the Palatine. Never have plebeians inhabited its noble precincts, and even now when we look down upon so many ruins these rise proudly above us. Here the grave of the Past has been opened to expose—alas! much mutilated members. It is here we find remnants of the embryo city, Roma Quadrata, in the shape of huge blocks of tufa; a portion of the wall of Romulus, and the foundations of his Temple of Jupiter Stator. But, unfortunately for us, not only during the Middle Ages did the work of concealment begin. Even in the Emperor Vespasian's time the chambers of the Palace of Augustus were filled with earth, and its walls made to serve as substructures to the new buildings of the former. Imperial abodes met a similar fate to that of Imperial fora. With characteristic audacity did mediæval monasteries and fortified towers choke out, almost obliterate, the homes of the Cæsars. Thus can we account for a wild confusion—subterranean rooms, with windows showing they were once above ground, and garden-crowned palaces! What may be gained to help our imagination in forming some approximate idea of private life and dwellings in ancient Rome is best obtained from a visit to the Palatine. Indeed, with some patience and a fair share of fancy, a picture intelligible enough can be painted. We have here the valet's privilege of seeing the heroes of old *en robe de chambre*—is it necessary to say with a result not dissimilar?

Ere Romulus began to build his new city he traced around the Palatine the line of the future wall. Behind this were patricians to take up their residence, and at the foot of it plebs to crouch for safety—an enviable locality truly, from its commanding position and gorgeous views. The founder of Rome appears to have inspired a reverence similar to that lavished on more modern saints. One of the first things we find on entering these ruins is the Lupercal. Near it for centuries were revered the hut of Faustulus and the sacred fig-tree, "and even Plutarque," says Ampère, "saw the cradle of Romulus, the Santo-Presepio of the ancients." Now, moving eastward from this northern slope of the hill, we come into the rather intricately arranged apartments of the Palace of Caligula. Here are remains of the bridge the humble-minded Emperor caused to be thrown across the Forum, that he might the more easily converse with the Capitoline Jupiter! Behind this palace stood that of Tiberius, quite concealed in the sixteenth century by the Farnese Gardens, which to-day spread over the north-eastern portion of the Palatine. A small house, close by the Casa di Livia, gives us a foretaste of Pompeii. Three small rooms, the Triclinium, or dining-room, and an apartment on either side open into a mosaic-paved court. Marvellously preserved are the charming frescoes and the rich red colouring of the walls. But distressingly cold and formal these painfully square chambers, and yet perhaps it is our depraved taste which supplants with fantastic contrivances and tawdry ornament that graver beauty of intrinsic worth.

First of the "Palaces of Cæsars" was the one of Augustus, rising in the southern portion of the Palatine. You have already seen how it was obliterated by the building operations of Vespasian. These, completed by Domitian, form what to-day is called the Palace of the Flavii. Among its ruins none of the private apartments of the Emperors can be traced; but we find remains of public ones infinitely interesting. The Tablinum, or throne-room, is flanked on one side by the Lararium, or chapel dedicated to the household gods, and on the other by the Basilica. It is not a little curious to perceive how closely Christian churches copied the style of the latter. Thus, we read, the *tribunal* of this ancient Law Court became the *tribuna* and the *confession*, bar of justice, at which a criminal was placed, the *confessional*. Some bases, and an entire column, a portion of the low marble screen that separated the *tribuna* from the rest of the building, and a single leg of the Emperor's chair are all that remains of the stern, beautiful, pitiless Flavian Basilica. It is just possible St. Paul's trial took place here, for Vespasian may have preserved the law court of Nero. In any case there is no harm, and interest is certainly added, in believing this. Faith and imagination are requisite for the full enjoyment of anything, preëminently so for Rome.

South of the Tablinum is the Peristylum, that delicious adjunct to the houses of ancient days. A lovely marble-paved court, with trees and flowers and murmuring fountains, upon which opened the entire width of

the Triclinium, or dining-room. But alas! striving to build up by fancy a palace bearing even some slight resemblance to Vespasian's edifice is no easy task; so faint are the hints afforded us by crumbling foundations and broken columns, of its magnificence. Indeed, even to draw an outline of the structure, not a little of the ingenuity requisite in constellation tracing must be employed. At the back of the Triclinium stands a colonnade, or rather remnants of one, through which what is supposed to have been a Biblioteca is reached. Beyond is the little theatre in which the Emperor Vespasian used to act his own plays.

And now passing towards the southern part of the hill we find the most picturesque ruins of all—ruins of the palaces of Nero, Severus, and Domitian. As late as the seventh century portions of the former were inhabitable. The second was finally destroyed after the manner of so many other ancient buildings, by a pope, Sextus V., who carried off its materials for the construction of St. Peter's. Here those flowering shrubs that add such infinite beauty to English castles and abbeys, and which Italian ruins so often lack, are not wanting. Lovelier frames to lovelier views there could not be than these giant brick arches with delicate vines encircled, giving us exquisite glimpses of lovely churches, hazy campagna, and azure sky.

On the Palatine's western slope was the Pædagogium, or school for Imperial slaves. Its walls are scratched over with the most curious sketches; one of which, however, has been moved to a museum. Strangely these rude *graffiti* affect us. Princes and senators, imperial palaces, and gorgeous temples, dead and ruined, called forth our tears truly; but they have fame and power still—whereas this poor "undergrowth," the thoughtless, laughing, boyish artists of these scrawls had only their life, and it has gone from them.

Amongst the youthful soldiers' pictorial representations was found the famous caricature of Christ upon the cross, now preserved under glass in the Museo Kircheriano. It is extremely grotesque, and resembles our infantile productions. A figure, with an ass's head, is drawn as the Crucified, while another figure stands beside; underneath runs the inscription in Greek characters: *Alexamenos adores his God*. The sketch was evidently made by some young Pagan in derision of a Christian comrade.

Besides the Emperors, such men as Hortensius, Catiline, Cicero, Clodius, Caius Gracchus, and others, had houses upon the Palatine. Just below, down there in the Forum, you can see those mighty orators, with flashing eyes and burning lips; and see, too, how their words, their wonderful irresistible eloquence, sways, like winds and a stormy sea, the multitude, that rudderless ship before them. At this sight, the grandest on earth, when men seem to have well nigh attained the puissance of the gods, we lesser souls avert our faces, and wonder if it is "pro patria" after all. However distasteful, as perchance may be to us the achievements of heroes in the Senate Chamber, I fear to few will their petty doings upon the Palatine prove uninteresting. Thus we read, with disgust, of the extravagance of Hortensius, who watered his trees with wine. Caius Gracchus seems not so far from modern revolutionists when, to curry favour with the people, he leaves this aristocratic quarter to take up his residence in the more plebeian suburra. The only difference is, this Democrat *did* what his successors propose *should* be done. That enterprising young Tribune, Clodius, the lover of Caesar's wife, Pompeia, was his never-ceasing torment of Cicero, not worthy of—a thousand wealthy citizens of to-day? And again, the great orator's abode, it seems, was a little below that of his young enemy; so we learn the mighty Cicero threatened to increase the height of his house in order to shut out his neighbour's view of the city! No; let us not dwell longer on tales so contemptible. "The evil that men do lives after them." Yes, if we will it; but rather is it to our advantage that the good should be eternal.

L. L.

## SCENES IN HAWAII.

DURING the month of January, 1883, we received a card of invitation of enormous size, with a border of scarlet and gold, engraved in gold letter, and with the royal coat of arms emblazoned at the top. It ran thus:

"The King's Chamberlain is commanded by His Majesty King Kalakua to invite you to be present at the Coronation ceremonies, to be held at the Iolani Palace, on February 12th, at 11.30 o'clock.

C. H. JUDD, Colonel.

The direction accompanying this magnificent card assigned us seats in the "Pavilion." We had heard a great deal of the fact that King Kalakua, having reigned some twelve years, now thought it necessary to have himself crowned formally in the presence of his loving subjects, bringing on himself a great deal of abuse from those in opposition to his Government. But His Majesty calmly pursued the even tenor of his way, paying no attention whatever to the flood of newspaper articles which deluged the country every week, heaping satire, sneers, and unkind remarks of all sorts, tempered now and then by dignified announcements of the different ceremonies which were to take place during the fortnight of festivities, and also by praise from the Government organ for his determination to carry through his own wishes. Party politics run high in Hawaii, and the contemptuous expressions indulged in by the rival papers, the *Pacific Advertiser* and the *Hawaiian Gazette*, always reminded us of the celebrated journals of Pickwick fame. We determined to take advantage of a lull in the plantation work just then, and accept our invitation. And one beautiful morning we set off. Our equipage consisted of a large double rockaway, with leather sides, which could be pulled down for shelter from any of the fiercely sudden rain storms which assail one often in the tropics, especially if the road runs near the sea. The carriage was drawn by two stout mules, preferred to horses, as they are so sure-footed, and our way ran up and

down many a steep gulch. Strapped to the back of the carriage was a bag containing necessaries for a night, in case accidents should happen to our conveyance, or perchance the steamer be delayed in starting, a very fortunate provision, as we found later on. Following us was a native boy on horseback, with a long, stout rope tied on his saddle, to do what the natives call "hookey up" the very steep hills, a most necessary adjunct to the party.

The air was fresh and cool when we started, and the dew was lying heavily on the grass and leaves, the mountains deep in purple shadow and white mist. We looked anxiously at the towering head of the Prophet, but he did not say rain, so we drove across the meadow-like compound, and turned into the long red road with easy minds.

The road itself was an excellent one, but a little tiresome at first, for, in the short distance of a mile after we left our gate, we went up and down no less than five gulches. All along our journey the mountains towered on our right hand, and the broad Pacific glowed and sparkled on the left. The road was not shady, except at intervals, but the large clumps of Panhala trees, growing closer to each other as they approached the mountains, made a refreshing vista of green leaves for the eye to rest on. Some four miles from our gate we entered a magnificent grove of ku-kui trees, which stretched for miles on either side of the road. The trees were the largest I saw on the islands, the leaves of a delicate pea-green, and something the same shape as a maple; their great roots lay on the surface of the ground, all gnarled and twisted for yards in every direction, reminding one of the famous oaks of old England. This ku-kui grove was an unending source of pleasure to us, as our visitors always admired it so much, and the shade was delightful after driving along the dusty high-road; and by turning off towards the sea one could imagine oneself in a lovely park, driving here, there, and everywhere amongst these noble trees, casting flickering shadows, and always opening fresh avenues, with a glimpse of the sea beyond. Only one native hut was to be seen, not far from the steep bank, down which a road, or rather footpath, led to a white, sandy beach, curved in the hollow of the rocks; deserted, but apparently keeping jealous watch over a large native tomb, which was much like a cairn, made of rough stones heaped together, a small stone wall surrounding it and the hut. No native will willingly remain in a hut where a death has taken place, and for that reason, when one of a family may be sick unto death, he or she is taken outside to breathe their last; but if such a ceremony is not possible, the hut is almost invariably deserted by all, the grave made near at hand, and avoided in consequence of fear of evil spirits.

Passing through the cool shade of the grove we emerged into the brilliant sunshine again, and sea and mountains once more came into view. On the right hand rose a green hill, quite alone and distinct, called the Round hill, from its conical form, from the top of which a wonderfully beautiful bird's-eye view of the surrounding country could be attained, with the Plantation and old Crater lying peacefully together. Now the road wound down into a valley called Anahola, where was a flourishing rice plantation, cultivated by the ubiquitous Chinaman, passing on the way the hut, nestled in among some magnificent mangoe trees, of an old chieftainess, of very high rank, who rarely left her dwelling. When other high dignitaries came to Kauai, however, they always paid her a visit. I saw Her Highness once, and she looked uncommonly dirty and untidy.

We presently found ourselves near the tremendously steep gulch of Molowaa, a really terrific descent and ascent, the terror of any person of a nervous disposition. At the time I speak of we had to go down this formidable hill with brakes held back, and at a slow pace; just at the foot a very awkward turn in the road made it doubly dangerous. Since then a stage with four horses, and full of passengers, went crashing over the bank, killing a child and inflicting bruises and broken bones on the others. The turn in the road brought us down on the sea shore, and after toiling through the heavy sand, a ford had to be crossed, where the current ran up in a rushing stream, which thus made a terrible shifting quicksand. The native who was riding behind dashed into the water at once, to try the best footing for the mules; he waved his hand to indicate our course, the mules were urged in. I heard my husband's voice encouraging them on, and go on they did. The next moment we seemed to be floating in the sea; still the shouts went on, and the good animals responded famously. The waters poured over the floor of the carriage, but we had taken the precaution of tucking our feet up on the opposite seat, so were none the worse. In the middle of the roaring of the current, the shouting voices, and the labouring of the mules, who were half swimming, I opened my eyes for a second, and saw a white helmet floating on the water: in the excitement of the moment it had tumbled off the coachman's head, but in some unexplained fashion he made a dive at it and reclaimed it, dripping wet, but still useful. A moment or two more and with a final rush up the opposite bank we were landed safely on the beach in front of us. Since our expedition a bridge has been built inland, which has done away with the necessity of crossing the quicksand, so that visitors nowadays have nothing of the excitement attendant on that part of the drive.

The plains spread out before us were very beautiful; the deep shadows of the mountains lying green and cool, and large herds of cattle grazing, gave life to the picture. We travelled on presently, pointing out to our friend the perfectly round hole which appeared to be cut in the rock as cleanly as though with a knife, and telling him the tradition attached to it, which was to the effect that once, in olden times, the chief of Ohau was at enmity with the chief of Kauai, and as neither could settle their disputes in the ordinary way, the chief of Kauai threw his spear at his opponent in Ohau, and the latter, infuriated, threw his spear with all his strength at Kauai. So great and deadly was the aim, that the spear cut through the mountain rock, making a perfectly circular hole, which remains to this day as a mark of the prowess of the chiefs of that time. Truly,

there were giants in those days! The blue sky has a strange effect, shining through the small hole, which always looks the same, and catches one's attention at once. A low stone fence divided part of one pasture from the other, and by that we knew we had passed the boundaries of Molowaa and entered on the lands of the Kealia plantations, a magnificent estate, comprising splendid fields of cane, and large herds of cattle. We passed quite through the middle of a field of cane in full tassel, which is always a pretty season for the crop, each star waving its purple feathers in the slightest breeze.

The road ran under the great water flumes which carried the cane down to the mill, and also under the remains of an experiment in the shape of some wonderful baskets swung on endless wires, which were supposed to have solved the question as to the best method of sending the cane direct from the fields to the mills. It proved the reverse of labour-saving, and very expensive, the cane having to be cut into exact lengths to fit the baskets; whereas all lengths can be sent floating down the water-flumes, and the trifling loss of the saccharine matter by immersion in the water is more than counterbalanced by the expense of time and labour of the other method. The cost of putting up the "Wire Tramway" was enormous, and though a thorough trial had been given to test its merits, it was pronounced not a success. We drew up at the entrance of a pretty little garden, brilliant with blossoms of every hue, and a lovely shrubbery inside the fence; it was the Parsonage of the first Anglican Church in Kauai, and though the service was only held in a large upper room over the plantation carpenter's shop, still it was none the less a church, and the congregation, as a rule, was very good.

The pastor was a wonderful gardener, and everything he took in charge seemed to grow, when none else could make progress. In a small piece of ground he grew vegetables of all kinds, and, as in most tropical climates, the seeds came up and bore fruit in such profusion that it was found impossible to consume the produce. As he was the only person who had vegetables for miles around, his neighbours were only too thankful to be able to relieve him of the superabundance. Our friend had married the very sweet sister of Bishop Willis, of Honolulu; they always showed us great kindness and hospitality, and on this occasion we were glad to take advantage of the luncheon ready for us. The cottage had a wide, shady verandah covered with that most prolific creeper, the purple passion flower; and openings had been cut in the masses of green leaves and tendrils, so that one could look out over the bright little garden, flanked by handsome red Australian castor-oil trees, and catch a dazzling glimpse of the ocean. As in all houses in the island, the sitting-room was entered at once from the verandah, well protected from mosquitoes by the wire doors and windows. Matting and rugs covered the floors, and easy chairs, sofas, tables, large and small, bookcases well filled, with pictures on the walls, made it all look very pretty and homelike. The dining-room was a little detached from the house, with the kitchen beside, where the Chinaman, when he chooses, can make the plainest food palatable. The pastor also possessed two cows, and was very proud of the fresh, sweet butter churned, often by his own hand, for himself and his friends, by whom it was much appreciated; for, except on the ranches, butter is bad, tinned, and almost impossible to procure.

We still had some four miles to go, so we said "Alohas" many, and left to catch our steamer at Hanamaulu, where we supposed it to be waiting. Judge, however, of our dismay when we learned on our arrival that the boat would leave from Nawiliwili Bay the next afternoon. Nothing for it now but to follow the Island custom and beg hospitality from the next planter's house, which we did; and, after driving through cane-fields, and following the road immediately through the plantation, we found ourselves driving up a magnificent avenue of royal palms, whose feathery branches almost formed an arch, which led us to a fine modern house, with immense verandahs and large, handsome rooms in suites. This house was built almost on the same site as one of the first mission houses, but that must indeed have been a contrast to the present one. Only the host himself was to be found, his wife and family having gone to Honolulu; but we were installed in a huge bedroom, with every luxury of carpets, curtains, books, ornaments, etc., and with a sitting-room opening from it; and after a rest—for which I was profoundly grateful—we had a substantial supper, served in a dining-room all furnished and made of polished woods, and were waited on by a comical-looking little Japanese. A walk in the garden the next morning brought new beauties to light. Our friends were evidently fond of flowers, for there was an immense variety, and all cultivated to perfection. Such pink geraniums I have never seen; the roses were like trees covered with blossoms, and the Norwegian pines, rearing their dark green branches amongst all the delicate loveliness of blossom and colour, heightened the effect. The verandah pillars were wreathed in creepers of every hue, and altogether it was such a garden as one could seldom see.

There were a number of small cottages scattered about in the grounds, for the purpose of putting up friends when the house was full—a truly Island custom, and one that might be adopted by those who like to have a country house full. The cottages have sometimes two rooms, and occasionally a bath-room, with a verandah to each house, so that hosts and guests are at times quite independent of each other.

Before we started once more to join the steamer our kind host brought us in some ripe pineapples, cut in the correct fashion, or rather pulled in rough pieces from the centre with a fork. They certainly tasted delicious, and were cut from a huge bed which was planted on a rugged hill-side, with the sandy soil that pineapples there flourish in. At Kona, on Hawaii, the pineapples grow in such extraordinary profusion on a dry sand-bank close to the sea that an excellent canning establishment was begun and flourished there for some time. At last we said farewell to our kind friends

and drove down to the wharf, where, as usual, everyone for miles around had congregated to watch the steamer off. It lay in the lovely little harbour, which, surrounded by high, dark rocks, gleamed blue and bright in the sunshine. Presently we were handed into a big, rough gig, manned by natives, and rowed to the ship's side, whence, after several ineffectual efforts to reach the swinging gangway, which danced back and forth tantalisingly, we were finally landed on the deck of the ship, which was moving about in a way that promised us a rough night, and alas! we all soon had occasion to know that the promise was fulfilled.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

### LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

ALEXANDER DUMAS père was married in 1840 to Marguerite Ferrand, aged twenty-nine, the illegitimate daughter of Mathias Ferrand, owner of a posting establishment at Metz. She was legitimatised by her parents in 1813, and was permitted to come to Paris in 1830, to study for the stage. Under the professional name of Mdlle. Ida, she acquired celebrity at the second-class theatres, at a salary of fifty francs a month. Dumas then brought out his "Teresa," and gave the rôle of Amelie, a kind of Miranda character, to Mdlle. Ida, who now added Férier to her name. She had a great success, and meeting Dumas in the sides, threw herself in his arms, exclaiming, "You have made me famous." Dumas invited her to supper—and a *liaison* followed. It was the common gossip of Paris in 1836, that Ida and Dumas constantly quarrelled; she ruined him by her extravagance, and beat him when he protested. She created other rôles in his new pieces.

In October, 1837, Mdlle. Ida was engaged at the Comédie Française, for secondary parts, at a salary of 4,000 francs a year. Dumas then resided at 30 Rue Bleu; his apartment had a notoriety for elegance and taste. Thus the bedroom, following M. Glinel, was hung in chamois silk, with embroidered border; the ceiling consisted of a single mirror; the curtains were in blue velvet, the furniture in citron-wood, and lion's skins, etc., replaced carpets. Ida was small, very stout, but handsome. Theophile Gautier includes her in his "Beautiful Women of Paris," which he published in 1839; her hands were remarkably elegant, and her skin very white; her hair was as blonde as Venus's; eyes mild and penetrating; mouth graceful and smiling. It was accident compelled Dumas to marry his mistress. One day he brought her to a ball given by the Duke of Orleans: "I am charmed," said the Duke, "to make the acquaintance of your wife; I hope you will, later, present her to my family." To escape from the dilemma Dumas was compelled to wed Ida. This was in February, 1840. She brought him, as fortune, 120,000 francs. Among the witnesses to the marriage contract were MM. Châteaubriand and Villemain. The religious ceremony took place at the chapel of St. Roch. The visions of glory of the actress had now vanished; no children came to serve as a bond of union between the spouses; she went frequently to Italy, to Florence above all, where she was occasionally joined by Dumas.

"Far from the eye, far from the heart," says the proverb; a coldness between the couple soon crept in, marked without any disguise on either side, and when Madame Dumas demanded, in December, 1847, a judicial separation of property—her husband being in debt—there was no necessity to include that of body, which already existed. They were happy, however, from 1840 to 1845, but after, Dumas thought more of his *fêtes* at St. Germain; his voyages in Spain and Africa, and his Monte-Cristo château—which ruined him. He worked at literature like a horse all the same. When his castle of Monte-Cristo was seized to pay off a mortgage of a quarter of a million francs, it only realised on being put up for public auction at Versailles, 30,000 francs. In January, 1852, Dumas was declared insolvent. It was to wipe off his debts, springing from his wife's squandered jointure of 120,000 francs and his château, that condemned him to roll the stone of Sisyphus till the end of his life. Mme. Dumas died in March, 1859, at Genoa, aged forty-seven. "Since the deaths," said Theophile Gautier, "of Madame Girardin (Sophie Gay), and Madame Dumas (Ida Fourier), there are no more witty ladies." Dumas took his widowerhood as cool as a cucumber—with philosophical lightness. His son, Alexandre Dumas fils, is illegitimate; his mother was a laundress, but when he was born, was a sempstress.

SINCE the microbes have made their appearance in the field of science, hygienic publications have become quite fashionable. M. Lemoigne, of Milan, deals with the subject of the health of peasants in its relation with farm stock. He does not dedicate the volume to the Italian peasants, as they are more illiterate even than those of France, so he addressed it to the wealthy landed proprietors. The author condemns the practice of the family, during winter, uniting in the same compartment domestic animals, with the view to secure more warmth, and so economise fuel. This arrangement begets rheumatisms, catarrh, etc. He suggests the founding of rustic clubs. This is like prescribing cakes to people who cannot obtain bread. It would be better to commence the reform by securing good housing for the rurals. In France, the stable is often the best room in the peasants' cottages; they do not complain of catching any disease, at least not more so than when leaving an overcrowded apartment of human beings. But both should be avoided.

The chief part of the volume is that devoted to rabies and hydrophobia. Pasteur—who records all his vaccinations, while Rochefort undertakes to chronicle his failures—maintains there can be no hydrophobia, save from the bite direct of a mad dog. M. Lemoigne adduces several circumstances, where rabies in a dog can be produced spontaneously; several of these are known, but they labour under the disadvantage of not having been

controlled by direct experiment. Till Pasteur be contradicted by a series of patient scientific investigations, equal to his own, his results must be accepted as the latest word of science on hydrophobia.

In a genial satire, recalling Sterne, M. Vallady, a *nom de plume*, has written a series of sparkling sketches on German students, and a little, also, of German social life, in his "Filles d'Allemagne." The author states his father was a Hungarian refugee—name needless to give, being too unpronounceable—who, on his way to Paris, stopped at Geneva, and, having nothing better to do, got married. It was mere chance that prevented the author from being born in a Paris omnibus. Having lost his parents at an early age, his uncle, a rigid Lutheran, took him in charge; his only drawback was his acting on the theory that the best way to reach heaven was to undergo *ennui* on earth. The nephew was sent to Germany to escape the wiles of Paris. His coach was one Professor Puffke, a man of Heidelberg-tun proportions, and a head capable of containing 75,000 dates. His plan was for students to absorb every kind of knowledge indiscriminately, like Pschon beer or Frankfort sausages; leaving it to nature and time to digest and assimilate the mass. Visiting an inn, the author was served with Styrian wine; it resembled swallowing your tooth brush steeped in vinegar. It was surpassed by a local brand, which required four men to take it: the patient, two men to hold him, and one to pour it down his throat.

### CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN GERMANY

THE following article, compiled from the *Contemporary*, seems to us to come with special weight as bearing upon the "True Position of French Politics" which appeared in a preceding number of THE WEEK, and referred to the important influence the German elections would have upon the Government of the Republic:—

THE writer, Dr. Geffken, opens the subject with these words: Since I wrote last, in July, Germany has passed through an agitated period, beginning with the abduction of Prince Alexander, and reaching its climax in the recent elections for the Reichstag. The maintenance of peace for Germany is the only aim of Prince Bismarck's foreign policy, and to it he sacrifices everything. His aim, therefore, must be to mediate between Russia and Austria, and to keep back both from extreme resolutions. To do this effectually he was obliged to appear at St. Petersburg as a friend, and that is the reason why in his great speeches to the Reichstag he emphasised German friendship with Russia. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding his consummate diplomatic skill, he has failed in his end, and this is but natural, for no reconciliation is possible between the ultimate designs of Russian policy in the Balkan Peninsula and Austrian interests. When Bismarck spoke of his endeavours to mediate between Austria and Russia, Katkoff, the most powerful man in the Empire after the Czar, answered that there was no room for mediation, and that if Germany really wanted to remain on good terms with Russia, she had simply to signify at Vienna that Austria had nothing whatever to do with the Balkan Peninsula, which was the legitimate and exclusive field of Russian influence; that is to say, that Austria should not only leave free play to Russia in Bulgaria, but should evacuate Bosnia. Between such aspirations and Austria's vital interests no accommodation is possible, and therefore Prince Bismarck's endeavours have broken down. Undoubtedly he exercised considerable influence over the Czar, and the warmest expressions of friendship passed between them; this influence, however, was most unpopular in Russia, so much so that Katkoff, in his *Moscow Gazette*, directed a violent personal attack against Prince Bismarck, whom he designated as the most dangerous enemy of Russia.

The fact is, that in the long struggle for influence at St. Petersburg between the Chancellor and the Slavophil party, the former has finally been beaten. He has helped to bring about that result by his threatening attitude assumed towards France, though it is perfectly true he never thought of attacking that country. There is a powerful military party at Berlin headed by Count Moltke, which maintains that as war will be unavoidable between the two countries sooner or later, it had better be sooner, before the French have completed their armaments. That party, however, will never prevail against the firm resolution, both of the Emperor and the Chancellor, not to make war. The latter has even expressed his conviction that the French Government would not attack Germany; indeed the new French Ambassador at Berlin was most cordially received. In delivering his credentials he spoke of the many common interests of the two countries, and said he was sure they would find in them the proper ground for an understanding advantageous to both. The Emperor responded in the warmest manner, and said he should be happy to second M. Herbette's endeavours to maintain and develop friendly relations between France and Germany. The Ambassador and his family were treated with the greatest distinction at Court, and, even when the Government Press urged war against France, M. Herbette exchanged amicable declarations with Count Herbert Bismarck. But though the Chancellor is bent upon maintaining peace, he will not suffer provocations. When in May last General Boulanger attempted to manœuvre with two mobilised army corps on the Alsatian frontier, which, intentionally or not, might easily have been overstepped; Count Münster was instructed to demand that this should not take place, and his request was granted. Everything in regard to this matter has been much exaggerated by the Government Press. The *Post* sounded the war trumpet by asking for the resignation of General Boulanger, and the *Cologne Gazette* followed in its wake, and kept up a constant fire of alarm-

ing news. As for France, she maintained a calm attitude, and in the press simply tried to refute the German accusations which resulted only in strengthening the weak Goblet Ministry, so that it became impossible to dismiss General Boulanger because the *Post* demanded it. As for Russia, the threatening language against France served Katkoff to turn the scale in his own favour, and eventually to overcome the Czar's disinclination to enter into a compact with the Republic.

After repeated conferences with M. Flourens there appeared in the *Brussels Nord* a letter from St. Petersburg, written at the Foreign Office, and sketching a new programme of Russian policy. If unfortunately war should break out between France and Germany, Russia would not assume the same position as in 1870; she would not probably make common cause with France, but she could not afford to let her be crushed, and thus herself be left alone with the all-powerful Germany. That is to say, if war between France and Germany break out, Russia will not march with the former against the latter, but will concentrate such an army on the German frontier as would oblige that Government to divide its forces. This is the beginning and end of the Russo-German friendship; no illusion on this point is any longer entertained at Berlin.

I do not, however, regard this change as unfavourable. I believe even that it will conduce to the preservation of peace. Russia will not make common cause with France in the field; she will only prevent her army from being utterly crushed; she will concentrate a force on the German frontier; and Germany, being occupied with her own affairs, Russia will direct her whole force against Constantinople. She sees that Germany will not abandon Austria, and will no longer therefore depend on Germany's benevolence, but will force England to let her have free play in the East; which object can only be achieved by a Franco-German war. It appears pretty certain that this change of front on the part of Russia will contribute to strengthen the alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and it offers besides a plausible pretext for Slavonian inactivity. The Czar will not give up one jot of his Bulgarian programme, yet he hesitates to enforce it by a decisive action which might provoke war, and still hopes that the hated regency may be overthrown by some internal insurrectionary movement; he has, moreover, become so stout that he can only with difficulty maintain himself on horseback for any length of time, and a Czar who cannot march at the head of his troops would be a novelty. He may also know that his army is far from being as formidable as it appears on paper, for if it has increased in numbers its quality has been lowered, and its discipline thoroughly loosened by insufficient pay and bad food.

An *illuminato* like Katkoff may write as if Russia was invincible; practical men know better. Her victories, achieved over Asiatic nomads, prove as little for a great war as their successes in Algeria proved for the French army.

The danger of war naturally leads to the German elections, which took place amidst the clatter of armaments. Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke declared that the final rejection of the Army Bill meant war. The passing of the Septennate Bill will certainly make the French more inclined to pause before attacking Germany; and it will enable the Empire to defend itself all the better if assailed, but it will do nothing to check the increase of French armaments, and will do very little to remove the real causes of danger to the peace of Europe still prevailing in the East. For the moment, the Septennate does not even increase the fighting strength of the German army; it appears to be clear, therefore, that there were other reasons which prompted the Government to make the Septennate their cry for the elections. The Chancellor's aim has long been to get rid of a Reichstag, the hostile majority of which constantly thwarted his designs, and he only sought a favourable opportunity to proceed to new elections.

The weeks preceding the elections were a period of agitation such as Germany had never seen before. Every influence was brought to bear. The electors were assured in the most solemn manner, by their Chancellor, that if a majority unfavourable to the Septennate was returned war would be inevitable, an assurance which carried immense weight, and told in favour of the Government; it was different, however, with another factor from which Prince Bismarck expected much, and which proved barren, viz., the interference of the Pope in the elections. On January 3rd the late Cardinal Jacobini addressed a letter to the Nuncio at Munich, advising the Centre party to vote for the Septennate; the essence of the letter being confided to the chiefs of the party, they replied that it was impossible for them to comply with the demand, but if the Holy Father were of opinion that a dissolution of the party would serve the interests of the Church, all its members would be ready to resign their seats. Placed before this alternative, the Pope recoiled. Notwithstanding another letter from Cardinal Jacobini, and the mild exhortations of a few bishops, nearly the whole of the Catholic electorate voted for the Centre candidates, and the party has returned to the Reichstag in its old strength, having scarcely lost a seat.

The consequences of the Pope's interference have been positively detrimental to the authority of the Holy See. He has deeply offended the Centre party, but has failed to make it yield. They respectfully decline to comply with his wishes, and assert their independence in political matters, thus refuting the former accusations of their adversaries that they were mere tools, and obeyed the summons of a foreign priest in German affairs.

The real motive, apart from social and financial views, which prompted Prince Bismarck to obtain by every means in his power a large majority, was a high one. The Emperor is ninety, and everything the Chancellor does is calculated for a new reign. For that event he wants to have all the aces in his hand, and be able to lean upon a majority which may be said to represent the country.

## THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

THE *Times*, commenting on a letter addressed to it by Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the action of "American and Canadian Politicians on the Crimes Bill," says:—

Mr. Goldwin Smith fully confirms the views we have already expressed as to the meaning and value of the resolutions in favour of Home Rule which delight Mr. Gladstone. He fills in the indictment against the Irish immigrants with the vigour that comes of local knowledge and local suffering, and every one who has conversed with Americans, Canadians, or colonists who do not happen for the moment to be playing the political game will recognise in his remarks the attitude invariably assumed towards the Irish element. The English and Scotch immigrant, says Mr. Smith, goes out to a farm and follows the bent of his character, which is to mind his own business and be a quiet citizen. The Irish immigrants congregate in the towns and follow the bent of their character, which is to "cabal, agitate, and conspire." In short, as he observes by way of summing-up, "it is because the Irishman is the worst of citizens that the United States and Canada is becoming politically an Irish Republic." Here we venture to think that Mr. Goldwin Smith takes an unduly pessimist view. The quiet and law-abiding citizens of the States and of Canada will stand a great deal for the sake of peace. Americans put up with a great deal which they do not like, by the aid of a certain capacity for taking a humorous view which they possess in much larger measure than ourselves. But a point exists at which they consider the joke has gone quite far enough, and when that point is reached they stamp out the nuisance with a degree of energy which is found very surprising and disconcerting by the people who thought they were having things all their own way. We may be wrong, but we strongly suspect that the Irish will be summarily put back into their proper place long before either Canada or the States become an Irish Republic.

## THE SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE persistent reports of tribal disturbance in Afghanistan, and of the growing difficulties by which the Ameer is surrounded, gives particular interest to the following account, condensed from *The Times*, of the actual situation in a country so closely identified with England's political action in Asia.

The revolt of certain sections of the great Ghilzai tribe is a fact that cannot be explained away, and it is one also with which the Ameer has to deal at once. No one is better aware of this than Abdurrahman himself, and the preparations upon which he has been for some time engaged are of a character to show that he is resolved to employ all his strength in crushing those who have set his authority at naught.

The insurrectionary movement among the Ghilzais began last autumn, and before Christmas set in the Ameer's best general, Gholam Hyder Charki, obtained several successes sufficient to insure the safety of the road to Candahar throughout the winter. The dissatisfaction of these tribesmen arose from the firm resolve of the Ameer to exact taxes from them, and to render them completely subservient to his orders.

Abdurrahman has endeavoured to make himself a king, in deed as well as in name, of Afghanistan, and in this he has naturally encountered the animosity and opposition of lawless tribes which only tolerate the authority of their own chiefs, because they require neither taxes nor forbearance towards the rest of the country outside the narrow limits of the clan. The task of attaining this position of undisputed supremacy is beset with peculiar difficulty in Afghanistan, and the Ameer has now aroused an amount of opposition on the part of the Ghilzais, which, if he had been a less energetic and determined ruler, he need never have incurred; he believes, however, that he possesses a force sufficient to vanquish the antagonists who oppose him. He has an excellent army, well drilled and armed, and despite all statements to the contrary, well and regularly paid. He also possesses an efficient artillery which gives him an immense advantage over any and all his enemies, singly or collectively. His lieutenants, too, are all men personally attached to his fortunes, and Abdurrahman's fall would mean their ruin. The Ameer, although alive to the gravity of the situation, shows no signs of nervousness, and he has taken adequate measures, so far as can be judged, to obtain success. Neither directly nor indirectly has he asked for the aid or support of the Indian Government, and he evidently thinks he has sufficient men, money, and arms to put down this rising without the help of the Viceroy.

The situation outside Afghanistan is of course much affected by that within its limits. The unsettled state of the country itself is a strong temptation to Russia not to hasten over the final settlement of the boundary of Abdurrahman's dominions, until she sees whether Abdurrahman will survive the present crisis. No suggestions of a compromise have yet been made, and all the attention of the Commission has been given to the examination of maps and documents; the basis of such an agreement has not yet been suggested, and only the triumph of the Ameer will suffice for its discovery. Impatient as England may well feel to record the close of a negotiation about a strip of frontier which began nearly three years ago, the wish is not likely to be realised at present. She has therefore a very direct interest in hoping that the Ameer will speedily give some evidence of his prowess; for an unequivocal success over the Ghilzais will both hasten and simplify the course of the negotiations about the boundary of Afghanistan on the Oxus.

## The Week,

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

It is recognised as a necessity of good government under the party system that the leaders of the Opposition shall give continuous attention to public affairs. So far that attention has been given, although no substantial recognition of it has been made. It is not necessary to discuss the merits or demerits of this or that individual. The question is whether it is in the best interests of the public service that such an anomaly should be continued. We have laws providing for the independence of Parliament; and for the superannuation of all classes of civil servants from judges to landing waiters. We recognise the propriety of payment to members of the various legislatures for their attendance; and of increased allowances to such of them as occupy seats at any of the Cabinet Councils, whilst actually in office. It is not surprising that a retiring Government should provide for some of its members positions where the knowledge they have acquired is of little value, with the result of the loss of their experience to the only field where it would be valuable. Such of them as continue to devote their energies to parliamentary work do so at their own expense. In this particular we are just seventy years behind our British model. The act of the Imperial Parliament providing means for rewarding the services of persons who have filled high civil offices (57 Geo. III. c. 65) was passed in 1817. The details of that Statute are, doubtless, unsuited to our circumstances, but its object is so entirely in harmony with the spirit of our institutions that it is strange that some provision of the kind has not been made. An instance could be given of a man of talent,—one of the many "fathers of Confederation"—who has given his best years to his country's service; and who in age is without the means of maintaining his station in life. Mr. Blake's case is happily not so bad, but the unfairness to himself and to his family of the well known pecuniary sacrifices he has made is obvious. In a country where the possession of private fortunes is exceptional, not to recognise that "they also serve who only stand and wait" is to furnish a strong argument to the defenders of the odious Spoils System. To the contention that the finances of the country are such that it is inadvisable to urge any addition to our present obligations, it may be replied that the present proposal would tend to vitally improve the efficiency of the public service; and that any measure that will produce that result is true economy.

In view of the doubtful attitude of the mercantile classes, the Commercial Unionists are cultivating the farming interest, and with some success. This, we suppose, is fair tactics—the count of heads will at any rate make a good showing in their favour—but we trust the farmers, before committing themselves to that Commercial Union which is to better their condition so much, will consider some pertinent facts brought out in the Report of the State Agent in New York of the United States Department of Agriculture. Under date of March last, speaking of the condition of the farmers of that State, he says that on the whole they "are more in debt than they were ten years ago. There are a large number of farms which were purchased ten years ago, and mortgaged, which now would not sell for more than the face of the mortgages, owing to the depreciation of the farming lands, which on an average is fully 33 per cent. in ten years. Probably one-third of the farms in the State would not sell for more than the cost of the buildings and other improvements, owing to this shrinkage. Thirty per cent. of the farms in the State are mortgaged, ranging from two per cent of their value to 100 per cent.: average 66 2-3 per cent. of estimated value." Now, in Ontario, according to a late Report from the Bureau of Statistics, the value of farm lands, buildings, live stock, and implements, has increased during the past four years by more than one hundred million dollars, or 12 per cent. New York is one of the richest and most populous states in the Union, and it is probable that even now after this depreciation on the one hand and appreciation on the other, the farms there are, acre for acre, more valuable than in Ontario. Of this we have no information. What we wish to remark upon is that Canadian farmers, who are evidently prospering fairly well, are asked to give up this bird in the hand for one in the bush—to relinquish the conditions under which they are growing rich, if slowly, in order to place themselves on a

level with men who are growing poor; to compete—and as outsiders to compete at great disadvantage—in a distant market that is apparently ruining those on the spot, who would certainly reap the profit, if any profit were to be made.

THE report of what passed at a recent interview between Secretary Bayard and Sir Charles Tupper, sent to the *Mail* by its Washington correspondent, is manifestly a pure invention. We, at any rate, cannot imagine Sir Charles or any representative of the Canadian Government coming away impressed by such arguments as were said to be advanced by Mr. Bayard, with the conviction "that in the interests of both peoples the cruiser policy should be at least kept in abeyance for the present." As to Retaliation, Sir Charles knows, as we all know, perfectly well, that the American Government dare not put it in force; if anything of the kind had been threatened, what a smile of meaning would have flitted across Sir Charles's face as he thought of the hubbub that would ensue from San Francisco to Boston when the trade of half a continent had been deranged in order that the Gloucester fishermen might have a monopoly of the New England fish market. The truth is that the Retaliation Bill is mainly a bit of "buncombe," and no one would be more astonished than the Republican politicians who designed it, to see a statesman of Mr. Bayard's character fall into what even the most sanguine among them hardly expected would prove so easy a trap for the Administration. Although this report, however, is incredible, it is yet interesting as showing the Plan of Campaign the Commercial Unionist organs are pursuing. We make no doubt whatever that it is a dish carefully prepared as a first course in a banquet we shall be continually regaled with by the Commercial Unionist Press, till this question is disposed of. But how it is to serve their purpose is not at all clear. The American Secretary is made to tell the Canadian Minister that the States will never agree to partial reciprocity; and to intimate that if Canada persisted in protecting her fisheries, the United States Government would be compelled at once to apply the Retaliation Bill, and probably to declare total non-intercourse. Well, this is a very fearful boggy; but the inventor of the story is childish to imagine that it is likely to frighten grown men into incontinently giving up everything they possess. Canada may, in fact, laugh at the Retaliation Bill; if the United States Government ever be mad enough to put it in force, it will not remain in force a month. The American people are not going to act the fool, because it pleases their politicians to act the rogue. The organs of the Commercial Unionists must build up their cause by some better means than this, which is insulting to Canadian common sense, and smacks far too much of American methods to be palatable to the Canadian taste.

MR. BAYARD is called by the *New York Tribune* "Our British Secretary," because "the reply which would have sprung to the lips of any patriotic American" has not yet been returned to Lord Salisbury's proposal that the Treaty of Washington should be temporarily extended without indemnity. A patriotic Secretary would, it seems, have "promptly replied that he could only urge the rights of the United States, refusing to listen to proposals, really insulting in their nature, that the Executive should disregard acts of Congress, and surrender American interests." Perhaps Mr. Bayard, unlike the *Tribune*, has on his conscience the case of the Alaska seizures, which must be a source of uneasiness to any American anxious that his country should do the right as well as exact it. The seizures of the Canadian vessels on the Pacific, more than sixty miles from any land, was an awkward thing to do while claiming the right, in the Atlantic, to fish in Canadian bays, anywhere outside of a three-mile limit. Mr. Bayard probably feels that, big as the American nation is, it is still not morally great enough to impose the conviction that black must be white whenever it is American. It is true the vessels seized were afterwards ordered to be discharged, and the arrested persons released; but penalties were imposed on these which have not been remitted, and after months of imprisonment they were turned adrift, literally destitute, to find their way as best they could to their homes, 1,500 miles distant; while the ships and their cargoes have, seemingly, proved too rich a prize for the United States authorities to relinquish. Reading the sober statements of the Minute of the Canadian Privy Council, recommending that the attention of the Imperial Government be called to these grave injustices perpetrated by the United States, one is little surprised that Mr. Bayard finds it difficult to assume a dignified bearing towards the British Government; or to invent any decent reply whatever to Lord Salisbury's proposal, short of unconditional acceptance, with thanks for the consideration shown by the British Government, and apologies for the wrong done in the Pacific, and attempted to be done in the Atlantic. But this he cannot do while American statesmanship is guided by the Irish vote.



THE Salisbury Government may have no present intention of appealing to the country in the fall, on the question of local government for the Three Kingdoms, although it would seem that after defeating the unreasonable opposition of the Gladstonian Alliance to the restoration of law and order in Ireland, a better moment could not be chosen; but there can be no doubt about the advisability of the Unionists' at once preparing for dissolution. The result of the St. Austell election shows what with proper organisation may be done. The new electors in general, taken by surprise last year, voted for many Gladstonite candidates on the question of Home Rule—not because they were convinced by the arguments of the Home Rulers, but because their faith in Mr. Gladstone was proof against the arguments of the Unionists. They voted by faith, not by sight. But since then several things have happened to shake their faith: Mr. Gladstone has openly transferred his allegiance from British law to the law of the National League; he has joined the Parnellites in degrading the Imperial Parliament; and his chief ally, the Irish leader of the conspiracy to dismember the Empire, has been shown to have approved the foul murder of one of Mr. Gladstone's former colleagues in the Government. All this, naturally, has had its effect, and accordingly we see at St. Austell that a Gladstonite majority has been reduced from 2,251 to 211. No doubt, under the educative influences lately at work, even this small majority would have grown less every day; and from the circumstances, there is every reason to hope that, as St. Austell is a fairly representative English Gladstonian constituency, so at any election held in the next few months, when the full evil of Mr. Gladstone's recent course may be seen in clear perspective, his followers will have dwindled everywhere to a mere rump. There is work to do, however, before the victory can be won; and, accordingly, the organisation of the Radical Union at Birmingham is to be hailed with satisfaction, as a sign that the Unionists are alive to the necessity of counteracting systematically the revolutionary propaganda of the Gladstonite Irish party.

At this writing, the Rouvier Ministry still lives; but there is no telling how soon an eventful day may come that will sweep away this last barrier raised by the pacifically-inclined and proprietary classes against the advancing Commune. The Ministry represents only one of several parliamentary factions, any other of which perhaps would be as strong, or as weak, in office; but it is probable that it may for some time be supported by the Moderates and the Reactionaries, as against the advanced Republicans: it certainly has their and the President's support at present; but this cannot avail long. The bankruptcy of the State, or a war that may ruin it, lies, it is true, at the end of the road the Republic has been pursuing for the past seven years, but General Boulanger, while typifying these two evils in the minds of a few thinking French citizens, draws a great popularity with the masses from the impulse he has given to the national spirit, and the activity he has infused into the Army. This is regarded above all considerations by Frenchmen, the "reranche" element looking to him to recover the national prestige; the "reds," to open a new career for the people. He is distinctly set now in opposition to the present Opportunist Government; and he will probably prove too strong a man for the party that seeks to exclude him from power, and for the President, who has shown himself an inflexible adversary; the struggle that may soon commence between the two opposed forces, while settling which is the stronger, may determine also the existence of the Republic. If, after this open feud, General Boulanger returns to power, it cannot be as simple War Minister in a Constitutional Cabinet.

THE art of the sculptor hovers constantly, and to the general public most uncomfortably, on the line between the real and the ideal. Just where to expect fact, and where to look for symbol, is a problem which modern works of art, for all their multiplicity, have not contributed to solve. The recent unveiling of Mr. Ward's statue of President Garfield displayed to an admiring nation the figure of a gentleman in the costume of the nineteenth century, apparently delivering an address. Garfield was left-handed, and the sculptor, in his struggle after the realistic, has dared the scoffing of ignorant generations to come, and represented him with the left hand extended. The transition from this accuracy to the imaginative flight which represents his studious boyhood in bas-relief by a youth clad in a skin, his military manhood by a "warrior," presumably classic, and his later life by a statesman, doubtless in the usual toga, is trying, to say the least of it. The plethora of greatness which it seems to be our neighbours' lot to support is doubtless not without its disadvantages; and proper post-mortem consideration of it cannot be the least. In view of the monuments that must be raised, the biographies that must be written, and worse, read! and the widows and orphans that must be provided with

incomes commensurate with the nation's gratitude, we are disposed to cavil less at the dead level of mediocrity that appears to obtain in Canada, and to tender our friends over the line the assurance of our deepest commiseration.

THE log-rollers' harvest is long overpast, the Congressional Session is ended many weeks, yet the cause of international copyright is no further advanced than upon the day when representative American authors and publishers united in pressing it upon the Senate Committee to which the bill in its favour went. In the meanwhile, the Jamaicans seem to be having as good a literary time as any advocate of countenanced thievery, as an international course of action, could desire. Mr. William H. Rideing, *The Critic's* Boston correspondent, says of English authors: "It is generally supposed that, much as they suffer from the lack of international copyright in America, their interests are protected in the British colonies; but I found that few other editions of the popular English writers circulate in Jamaica than the cheap American reprints. These are stacked high on the counters of the Kingston booksellers, and the extent to which they are sold may be imagined from the fact that one firm could afford to insert an advertisement half a column long in all the local newspapers, of a pirated American edition of "She," which they offered at a shilling a copy. On the other hand, "American authors were represented by English reprints, David Douglas's pretty little editions of Holmes, Howells, Stockton, etc., ranging along the counters with Franklin Square copies of Payn, Hardy, Besant, and Mrs. Oliphant." Mr. Rideing might see precisely the same thing in any Canadian city, and we cannot see why it should surprise him. We do a little ineffectual piracy of American books on our own account, but Canada is largely a competing ground for the sale of booty taken by English and American presses. And this is not remarkable in either the Jamaicans or ourselves. We protect the interests of the British author by excluding the American depredator in so far as a fifteen per cent. duty will exclude him, and discourage stolen goods from England to the same extent. But no barrier is effectual against the tide of cheap literature which steadily advances from England, and overwhelms us from across the border line. Did Mr. Rideing suppose that the colonial zeal for justice to the British author was so much stronger than his own countrymen's as to prohibit the importation of his pirated works, and make the sale of Franklin Square editions an unlawful and punishable proceeding?

If the Tory majority in Parliament is so corrupt, as the *Globe* says, as to connive at an "assassination of popular government," surely Parliament is not the fit court to try the Queen's County election case.

A KINGSTON correspondent, a student of Toronto University, sends us a letter denouncing Mr. Kilbride for making the false assertion, both in Kingston and the States, that "the young men of Toronto University" were the sole disturbers of the O'Brien meeting in Toronto. This our correspondent thinks was done to create the impression that only a small class of the citizens of Toronto were adverse to the O'Brien mission: no doubt that was one purpose; but a graver evil to be remarked is that the epidemic of treason now prevalent seems to render its victims incapable of thinking the truth, much less speaking it.

It is somewhat curious that, as we learn from a chart of the composition of the French Army issued by the *Montreal Patrie*, every one of the generals commanding the nineteen *corps d'armée* of which the Army is composed was born in the twenties. Among them we do not see the name of General Ferron, the new Minister of War, which on the face of it appears to bear out the common notion that he is not a general of the first rank. General Saussier who was named first for the office, is there; but no General Ferron. Apparently the military as well as the political element in the new Cabinet is not above the second rate.

THE *Graphic* recently called attention to the astonishing progress that the Roman Catholic Church has made in England during the last twenty years. It attributes this partly to the personal influence of Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, and largely to the enthusiasm displayed by some of its distinguished members for social progress. It is intended that a congress of English-speaking Roman Catholics shall be held at an early date in London. "Among the subjects," says the *Graphic*, "to be considered are questions connected with temperance, thrift, and the relations between capital and labour, . . . problems that most vitally affect the working classes. Protestants will act very unwisely if they overlook the significance of this fact."

## THE "ANGELUS."

FROM the old belfry, rude and low,  
The Angelus sounds sweet and slow.

Its soft notes thrill the evening air,  
A call to peace, a rest from care.

And weary reapers in the field  
One moment pause, a thought to yield

To heaven, whose distant glories seem  
Too oft the shadow of a dream.

The busy housewife at her loom,  
Closes her eyes, and through the room

Comes the patter of tiny feet ; the crow  
Of the babe that died long years ago.

And children loitering in the lanes,  
Linking long dandelion chains,

Drop their golden stores, and reverent-wise,  
Fold sun-burned hands and close their eyes.

The moment's pause has come and gone,  
The reapers to their toil move on.

The mother hastens with her task,  
For living children her guidance ask.

But oh ! not lost is the hush, the prayer,  
For an angel, descending, has unaware

Touched every heart with healing balm ;  
And toil is lighter, and sorrow calm :

For peace has fallen from highest heaven,  
As dew on the thirsty flowers at even. KATE WILLSON.

## OUTWORN LITERARY METHODS.

ONCE upon a time, quite within the memory of the present generation, there lived and flourished in a well-cultivated quarter of the Literary Field, a colony of highly respectable Subjects. They were remarkable for many things, but chiefly for their integrity and their great age. They could hardly be considered Subjects of current interest, since for reasons of avoirdupois they never ran, but invariably assumed the ordinary gait of dignified pedestrianism. In the matter of pedigree they were irreproachable ; most of their ancestors, indeed, had appeared in *The Tatler*, and the preservation of family characteristics was extraordinary. Their conduct in print was as circumspect as these circumstances would lead one to suppose. They never acquired the pernicious habit of foreign travel ; but stayed sedately at home in the pamphlets which fate had assigned them. Nor did they permit themselves to be influenced as to their garb by any of the frivolous fashions of the day, but walked abroad with plenty of breadth in their broadcloth and plenty of starch in their ruffles, and commanded the deep respect of all with whom they came in contact. In those days, say the few whose recollection is to be trusted, such as *The Times* or *The Spectator*, less regard was had for the sartorial art in literature, and Subjects of good character and recognised importance were venerated for their sterling merits alone, by a public with a mind above buttons. And we value this opinion more properly when we reflect that it is only through such estimable publications that it is possible to obtain an occasional introduction to any of these worthies that happen to survive. Their descendants, it is needless to say, are to be met everywhere, jaunty fellows, costumed in the latest mode, more knowing by a whole encyclopædia than their grandfathers, as is the character of the present generation, taking their cue cunningly instead of giving it dictatorially, clever children of time and circumstance, born often without a conscience, gay, short-lived *flâneurs* of literary society. A democracy in themselves, they are treated democratically, jostled about among the Advertisements, a very common lot, criticised, contradicted, condemned, without scruple. This is true not only of the most degenerate, but of those whose temper the spirit of the age has changed unmistakeably for the better. We did not set out, however, to discuss our own attitude towards brain-creatures that have grown out of the clothes and the manners of their forefathers, but to inspect the cast-off garments and discarded theories of deportment. We shall find them in the attic of every writer's brain, cobwebbed and dusty from their long retirement from public usefulness. Very well he knows that they are there, but he is much too tender a parent to send his offspring forth into a gibing world tricked out in them.

For he has discovered that, apart from the peculiar virtue of style most

adapted to its treatment, no matter can easily be made acceptable to a public actually spoiled by virtues of style. The themes of civilisation are as old as civilisation. We change, however, within the limits prescribed for us, and we demand change in the treatment of them, lest we become wearied in contemplating the extremely finite nature of our speculations. Originality is little more than dexterity. And this has all been said many times before.

It is presumable, for instance, from the nature of current homiletics, that the majority read them rather for their immediate literary gratification than with an eye to the more remote salvation of their souls. The latter object may be the ultimate one, but it is approached by such devious and absorbing methods that its importance is apt to suffer comparatively. Pulpit literature, in losing to a great extent its dogmatic sound and fury, its sulphuric colouring, and other unpleasant characteristics, has gained in many ways, some of them curious enough. It is a little queer to those of us who used to be set on wet Sundays to read the laboriously fulminated paragraphs of some D.D. in half leather, but whole orthodoxy, an exercise looking strictly to our future regeneration in words of four syllables, to find the modern sermon so frequently amusing, in divers ways, from the polished wit of the clerical gentleman and scholar to the broad buffoonery of the itinerant revivalist. The lurking presence of a smile within the dusty covers of the divines who still testify on the top shelf of the book-case would have caused widespread confusion in the ranks of the elect. Can the unaided intelligence conceive Dr. Drelin-court in *flagrante delicto* of a joke ? Or any of that worthy Episcopal's grave and serious successors, who file along, in swaying livery of priesthood, each with a volume or two in his hand, the broad road to oblivion. The apprehension of pure dogma, however logically expounded and forcibly illustrated seems to be a form of spiritual exercise gradually being relegated to the gymnasias of the past. The vigour that once entered into treatises of this sort now finds ample employment within the scope of applied Christianity. Instead of precision in hair-splitting, we get beauty of thought ; instead of dignified caracoles around a musty abstraction with a long s, keen and telling analysis of the intricate human entity ; instead of general positions sidereally removed from our present sphere of action, observations and deductions that impinge sharply upon life at every point. The pen of the pulpit has become catholic in expedients.

And the sentimental essays, where are they ? Vanished utterly, not a rag of them to be seen anywhere. The "linked sweetness long drawn out" of meditations directed toward "Memory," "Hope," "True Happiness," and other topics easily within the common experience, peppered with exclamation marks, harrowed up with italics, and signed as only the romantic invention of an age that is past could sign the product of its placidly unsophisticated imagination ! In what gentle, trustful guise the "train of sentiment" used to make its monthly appearance with *Godey's Lady's Book*, to be sure ! Always with a rose in its hair, and its blue eyes upturned in a sadness of which our present adjectival resources can give us but a faint conception, its counterpart usually in the wood-cut of female loveliness we found on another page ! But it is gathered unto its maiden aunts, and in the composition that replaces it we find little of its ingenuous sincerity. Our intensified self-consciousness has made us somewhat ashamed of the emotions of *Godey's*, although they are quite as potent and as real as they were in that estimable journal's prime. So when we are moved to express them we cast about to find a practical basis for our remarks which will afford excuse for the introduction of a little sub-acid of cynicism to preserve our self-respect. And thus, elaborately disguised as social studies or sketches from nature, the successors to the sentimental essay go forth yearly by thousands and tens of thousands.

Vastly changed, too, is the literature of travel. The spirit of modern art has entered into it, and we get broad effects, strong lights, massed shadows in our foreign picture, and ready impressions from it. The process of eternal word-stippling has gone out of favour. It does not take three pages for an adequate presentation of a Swiss sunset now ; and to print the emotions inspired by it is considered, providentially for the public, out of date. We have had one Ruskin, who painted as he chose and what he chose, from the tiny gray-green mountain lichen to the torrent that rushed past it, and in all things made us gladly worshipful of the genius that wielded his brush. The traveller of to-day either recognises that the climax of the art has been reached, and mercifully forbears effort, or is persuaded by his publisher that the meditations of the ordinary mind upon mountain scenery are a drug in the market. And so he turns from the old painstaking chronicle of them, supplemented by the information in his Baedeker, and such historical association as has filtered through the years since he left school, and writes graphically instead of the humanity about him, its tricks of speech, its manner of breaking bread, its ideals, aims,

superstitions. And if he have an instinctive perception of values in the mass of material at his hand, the result is a book like T. B. Aldrich's "From Ponkapog to Pesth," a gay, slight, fascinating product of a literary time which has given us also W. D. Howells' "Florentine Mosaic," a book of travels, which, for atmosphere and colour, and delicate sympathetic interpretation, and graceful whimsical ideality, has no equal in literature of its class.

Of the poets truly there is little that one dares to say. Their ways are not as our ways, nor their thoughts as our thoughts; they move in cycles unknown to us. Moreover, how can we think the strings are rusty of any lyre that sounds sweet and clear across the centuries still! Doubtless, even they, the immortals, who sing the sunrise every morning from the brow of Olympus, key their melodies to the times. We know it is customary with the large and lusty choral society established at the foot of that notable elevation; every month the magazines tell us so. Here there seems to be a widespread sense of the simplicity and delicacy of the earlier English forms, a desire to

Revive the quaint verse of an age  
That is fading forgotten away.

Apart from the mere matter of form, however, there is a value in the magazine verse of to-day that never existed, it is quite safe to say, in floating poetry before. It has more meaning; the old rhymes and metres are used less often simply to carry a pleasing emotion which is its own excuse, and more often to enclose an idea, perfect, symmetrical, slight perhaps, but integrally beautiful. There is in most of it an intellectual *raison d'être* as well as a sentimental one. The dusk and the dawn, the flowers and the stars, are hymned as constantly as ever, but in lines instinct with meaning above and beyond them. Day by day we move even in the company of the lesser poets, further into the valley of the subjective. The publication of every new volume of verse is another step.

In fiction, that literary department that knows only the limits of human nature, there is the greatest change. All orthodoxy is gone out of it. It does not matter in the least whether there is a heroine or not, and if there is her ultimate fate is of no consequence whatever. To the casual observer little order or method seems to prevail in the set of circumstances taken apparently at random from anybody's experience, and cut off at both ends to suit the capacity of the cover. But in this respect appearances are deceitful. The novel of to-day may be written to show the culminative action of a passion, to work out an ethical problem of every-day occurrence, to give body and form to a sensation of the finest or of the coarsest kind, for almost any reason which can be shown to have a connection with the course of human life, and the development of human character. Motives of this sort are not confined to any given school or its leaders, but affect the mass of modern novel writers very generally, and inspire all whose work rises above the purpose of charming the idle hour of that bored belle in her boudoir, whose taste used to be so exclusively catered to by the small people in fiction. The old rules by which any habitual novel reader could prophesy truly at the third chapter how the story would "come out" are disregarded, the well-worn incidents discarded, the *sine qua non*s audaciously done without. Fiction has become a law unto itself, and its field has broadened with the assumption.

The practical spirit of the age has subtler, farther-reaching influences than we dream of. It requires simplicity in the art of the pen for readier apprehension in a busy time. Even the sciences appear divested of their old formalism and swagger. It demands sensation by the shortest nerve route. It has decided for light upon some practical subjects through plain window panes to the partial exclusion of stained glass embellished with saints and symbols. It asks, in short, that adaptation of method to matter which is so obscure yet so important a factor in all literary work.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

### THE ACTING OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

CANADIANS are familiar with the play of "Fedora" from the excellent personation of Miss Fanny Davenport, whose English version closely follows the original order of incident. Fedora is a Russian highness, who takes a French husband upon trust; finds herself a widow through a mysterious act of violence against him; detects the slayer in a fellow-countryman of hers, whose fortune and family she brings to ruin; falls in love with her victim while compassing his personal destruction; learns from his own lips the story of her husband's baseness and the justness of his death, and poisons herself when cast off by her lover, on his discovery of her mistaken but fatal persecution of his kindred. The subject abounds with dramatic opportunities, of which M. Sardou has fully availed himself.

Madame Bernhardt, as an experienced and intelligent actress, will not, perhaps, in all respects, represent "Fedora" to an English-speaking audience as to an audience of Frenchmen. The majority of such spec-

tators, deriving but little aid from dialogue, must depend upon action to instruct and entertain them. This assumption has two important consequences: first, that although, in presence of an English-speaking audience, Madame Bernhardt must approach nearer to staginess than she would think of doing at home, her rendition was so quietly natural that a playgoer, accustomed to have the hits brought home to him by exaggeration of speech or movement, was in danger of missing many fine points of "business" and of undervaluing the artistic work that was being executed in his sight. The second consequence of the assumption is, that it is not true that the average audience requires or demands distortion of nature in order to enlist its sympathies or support, for the two audiences, of which I have formed part at the representations of "Fedora," never flagged, despite the disadvantage of having to listen to an unknown tongue, unaided even by a libretto.

Comparisons are odious, and I shall, therefore, not say a word by way of laying the renditions of "Fedora" by Miss Davenport and Madame Bernhardt side by side. Speaking generally, I will presume to remark that I have yet seen no English-speaking actress who might not, with profit to herself, her audiences, and her profession, go to school to the French *artiste*.

Space is not at my command to enter at large upon the successive and various details of the impersonation—a course which would necessitate the summarising of numerous situations and incidents of the piece. I content myself, therefore, with suggesting, in a general way, what I conceive to be the elements of the most finished piece of acting that it has yet been my fortune to witness.

In the first place, I take it that the actress laboriously possessed herself of a true conception of the natures and tendencies of the various characters assembled by the dramatist—for example, she realised that Fedora, as a Russian born, might show savage traits not common to Western Europe, and that, as a Tartar with a French polish, she might lack the mental ruggedness to continue to live after all had vanished that made life worth living to one of her sublimated temperament. This thorough realisation of character would be impossible to an artist relying upon the meretricious devices and resources of the stage, for such an artist could have neither the patience to toil, nor the intelligence to see the necessity or end of so toiling.

In the second place, the natures of the *dramatis personæ* possessed and assimilated, I suspect the next step to have been the like patient and intelligent study of how such characters, in natural life, would think and speak, and act, under the conditions laid down in and by the incidents and situations devised by the dramatist. The third and next step would obviously be to consider what departure from the course of nature is imposed and sanctioned by the artificial exigencies and circumstances of dramatic representation; for just as the author must take liberties with nature, while professing to hold up the mirror to her, so must the actor vary from natural conduct in deference to his or her limitations of time, space, and detail. And it is in this part of her vocation, the crown and consummation of the actor's practical art, that Madame Bernhardt is surpassingly strong. No Fedora in real life would conduct herself, step by step, and detail by detail, as does the Fedora exhibited to us by Madame Bernhardt; but the glory and merit of her impersonation is that we believe and regard all that is done as natural; that the artificial conduct is executed with such semblance of naturalness as to awaken no suspicion in us of its artificiality, and that there is so close a correspondence between the palpable necessities of the situation, and the behaviour of those associated with it, that we insensibly exclude from our mind all idea of the possibility of any other line or detail of conduct. So long as we are under the spell of the performance, we feel that we have been witnessing a real drama of actual life, and that we have been true to the highest human instincts in bestowing upon its several phases our varying emotions.

I would not presume to say that it is impossible for English or American actors to rise so near the perfection of their art as some of them admit to have been reached in the representation of "Fedora" tendered to the dramatic profession at New York, in pursuance of the request of five of the leading companies there; but I fear not to be challenged in the suggestion that the existence of the *Theatre Français* affords to the actors of France a school of technical instruction, a standard of technical merit, and an incentive to pursue only high and sound methods of representation, for which nor England nor America has any parallel or substitute, nor can have till some benevolent millionaire shall endow the drama of his country with means and motives to pursue its true function and purpose. B.

### ARTIST AND ACTOR.

SO MANY Academicians have this year forsaken the older institution, and sent their contributions to the juvenile but aspiring Grosvenor Gallery, that a comparison between the two rival exhibitions must result as a natural consequence, and the question at once presents itself, Is the collection of Sir Coutts Lindsay as a whole a good one? Relatively to the Academy, says the *Spectator*, considering, that is to say, that each picture is supposed to be a "picked" work, and considering that the whole strength of the examples lies almost wholly in the work of the R.A.'s and the A.R.A.'s, the collection is only of mediocre quality. That this is the case is mainly attributable to the inferiority of Mr. Burne Jones' creations, of which there are no less than four examples, two large figure and landscape compositions, one portrait, and one decorative panel. Most of these have been greatly praised by the London papers; but to say they are equal to the "Chant D'Amour," "The Golden Staircase," "The Days of

Creation," or indeed any of Mr. Burne Jones' finest pictures, is measuring them by a false standard. Mr. Waits' "Judgment of Paris," on the contrary, is one of the most beautiful things that has ever passed from that great master's easel. It is a painting by an artist who has something of the sculptor's eye, and who seeks for beauty more in form and expression than in absolute detail.

The loveliest of the landscapes in the exhibition is Mr. J. W. North's autumn valley, which he has entitled "An Upland Water Meadow." An admirable portrait by Mr. H. Herkomer, of the late Professor Fawcett, is also exhibited; fine in style and good in colour, it is indeed a beautiful picture as well as a portrait, and shows a power of insight and characterisation which are very remarkable, and somewhat expected judging by Mr. Herkomer's earliest works.

MUNKACSY'S "Death of Mozart" has been purchased by an American for £16,000—a large sum, yet less than that paid a short time since for his "Milton Dictating to His Daughters," an earlier and more perfect work.

THE illustrations to her husband's forthcoming book, "The Campaign of the Cataracts," by Lady Butler, were drawn on the spot, and include sketches of ruined cities, desert effects, studies from life of the natives following various vocations, also some of numerous camels which interested the artist.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY," Sir John Millais' celebrated landscape, was sold in London last month for 5,000 guineas, to a Mr. Clayton.

THE exhibitions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours according to the *Spectator*, steadily increase in importance; the present one is remarkable rather for the high average of its work than for any isolated examples of especial merit. It seems to hold the same position with regard to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours that the Grosvenor Gallery does with regard to the Royal Academy; and perhaps the greatest difference between the two former is the difference in the intellectual and emotional aspect of the pictures shown at the Institute. Those of the old society are more restricted, more conventional, and more respectable in their sentiments, while the subjects chosen by the men of the new, and the way in which they regard them, are more modern, less English, and less irreproachable in character. There are not wanting in each society artists who display the characteristics which mark the rival exhibition: as, for instance, Mr. Wainwright, Mr. North, and Mr. Albert Goodwin in the Royal Society, and Mr. Wimperis, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Edwin Hayes in the Institute. But for the most part the young men—those of them, at all events, who are abreast of the newer artistic developments of the time—join the latter exhibition as members or exhibit there as outsiders. The mere fact that the Royal Society does not admit any outside exhibitors prevents it from acquiring any examples of the incompletely skilful but rapidly developing talent in painters not yet distinctly famous.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE'S season at the Opera Comique has been commenced with a triumphant success. There can be no doubt whatever that "As in a Looking-glass" will exactly suit the public taste, and that its adapter and the actress upon whom the burden of the whole play falls, have made one of the few dramatic hits of the season. The fact that the new piece is based upon one of the popular novels of the moment is at once to its advantage and disadvantage. As in the story, Lena Despard remains in the play the only person of importance; the other people introduced are almost lay figures. Feeble attempts have been made to invest them with more interest on the stage; but in spite of all, "As in a Looking-glass" remains a one-part play, and as such it is evident that it requires an actress of Mrs. Bernard Beere's exceptional ability to carry it through with success. Certainly it is the most finished, the most powerful, and most thoroughly artistic piece of work she has ever presented to the public. The actual plot of Mr. Philip's story is an unpleasant one, and sets forth the history of a woman who, having sinned, is visited with punishment just as happiness is within her grasp. A long run is undoubtedly in store for this play, which secured one of the most triumphant receptions from a brilliant first-night audience that has been accorded to any recent production.

JUNE 11 has now been selected by Miss Agnes Hewitt as the date whereon she will open the Olympic Theatre, with Messrs. Herman and Wills' new drama, "The Golden Band." Her company includes among its members Mr. Brandon Thomas.

PREVIOUS to her departure for America, towards the end of June, Mrs. Brown Potter will appear for a short season at the Gaiety Theatre, in a play which is a translation of "Faustine de Bressier," produced at the "Ambigu." Mr. Irving, it is said, had acquired the English rights of this piece, but in order that the American actress might have another chance with the English public he generously waived his prior claim.

MR. FRANK MARSHALL edited and elucidated the arrangement of "Werner" for the performance given at the Lyceum on 1st June, in aid of the Westland Marston fund. As already announced, Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry took the principal parts in the play, which is but a dull one. Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., specially designed the dresses which were worn on the occasion.

"THE AMBER HEART," with Miss Terry as the heroine, is played for the first time at the Lyceum, on June 9.

In addition to the old English comedies with which Mr. Conway purposes to follow "The Clandestine Marriage" at the Strand, a special series of matinées will be given on Saturday afternoons. "She Stoops to Conquer" has already been produced, and "The Road to Ruin" was to follow on May 21.

THE gradual decadence of Wallack's theatre, New York, has culminated in its transfer to Messrs. Abbey and Schoeffel, and Mr. Wallack has thus avoided absolute bankruptcy as a theatrical manager. Melodrama proved his ruin; Mr. Abbey has announced his intention that melodrama, no matter of what school, English or French, should be strictly prohibited after he came into possession. There was an idea that he would make a new home at Wallack's for French plays of "The Two Orphans" school. But he says that the higher comedies of the Robertsonian type, such as "Caste," "School," etc., will be chiefly brought out. This policy is unquestionably adapted to create an opportunity for Mrs. Abbey, better known as Miss Florence Gerard. The engagement of Miss Rose Coghlan is by no means a fixed fact; there were some negotiations, but no definite arrangement. Miss Coghlan, it may be remarked, is ill-suited to the style of comedy which Mr. Abbey proposes to produce.

### THE AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

THE *Century* has a speaking portrait of Count Tolstoi for its frontispiece this month, a face that fully satisfies all one's preconceived ideas of the man, massive, strong, lit with the inspiration of an earnest purpose. The article accompanying the portrait, "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," by George Kennan, is largely devoted to explaining his theories of life, and illustrates them by more than one glimpse of his practice. In "Jack," another Fairharbor sketch, Miss Phelps holds us by that spell which she alone can throw over us, through one of the most harrowing experiences that can enter into human life. It is difficult to understand this writer's subtle control of the nervous organisation of her kind, but any one who has once felt the thrill of her wonderful touch will be glad of the opportunity, which occurs too seldom, of abandoning himself to it again. It is difficult to write calmly and critically of a story that brings unashamed tears to one's eyes; but it must be noted that the *finale*, "Jack's" suicide to avoid the punishment of his crime, singing, "Rock of Ages," is an artistic exaggeration.

Mr. Crawford's serial in the *Atlantic* makes a considerable stride toward proportions of interest in the current number. "Paul Patoff" has kept us waiting so long in suspense as to what he is made of that the present instalment of the novel is a particularly gratifying one. William Howe Downes describes the Vedder paintings, recently exhibited in Boston, and Horace Scudder advises the introduction of the best fables and juvenile stories into the public school reading books, calling his advice "Nursery Classics in Schools." The strongest feature of the number is probably J. P. Quincy's, "Crucial Experiment" in the spirit world, which is nullified, however, in a disappointing way.

*Scribner's* claims our delighted attention at once with its batch of hitherto unpublished Thackeray letters, accompanied by a most interesting picture of the novelist from an etching of the Lawrence portrait. Mr. Ropes writes about "Napoleon and His Times," finding much justification for his hero on the ground of expediency. Quite a new Napoleon is presented in the portraits that embellish the article. *Scribner's* has wisely set out to be purely entertaining.

*Lippincott's* complete story this month is, "A Whistling Buoy," by Charles Barnard. The publishers evidently aim to please all tastes in this new departure. "The Whistling Buoy" will deeply gratify those who turn bored away from modern realism, to long for "a little old-fashioned sensation." Many people, over-exercised for conscience' sake, will be grateful for "A Physician's View of Exercise and Athletics," by Dr. White, who incites and cautions in one paragraph. "Some Records of Philip Bourke Marston" are contributed by Margaret J. Preston in her usual interesting manner; and William Ashcourt follows in "The Exchanged Crusader," a vein of capital humour.

The *American Magazine* contains a Canadian contribution on the subject of the fisheries, from the pen of Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, who has been so successful recently in placing manuscripts with editors of Gotham. Mr. Oxley devotes the greater part of his article to giving our Yankee cousins an idea of our resources as to cruisers. Edith Thomas has a lovely poem, "Marsyas," shining like a good deed in a naughty world of poetical contributions. The *American Magazine* has made some mistakes in starting, a serial by Edgar Fawcett being one, and the department called "Timely Topics" another; but we have no doubt that its vitality is quite strong enough to survive these almost necessary accidents of birth. A spirit of enterprise is visible all through it, which will hide a multitude of sins with a public that appreciates enterprise.

### RECENT MISCELLANY.

FOR a neat, exquisitely printed and compact little volume, nothing can surpass a specimen number of Alden's "Cyclopedia of Universal Literature." The book presents, along with short biographical and critical notices, carefully selected specimens from the writings of eminent authors of all ages and nations. The notices are wisely prepared, in that no expression of individual opinion is suffered to appear, and facts alone are stated, void of prejudice or favouritism. The selections are fairly representative, and include many favourite poems and passages that one has known for years without any idea of their origin and authorship. Some printer's errors have crept into the work—the usual thing in a first edition—but they are few and far between. Thus, Lewis Carroll is called Charles Luttrell Dodgson on page 7, and on page 433 the second name reads

*Luttridge.* In the volume under inspection two Canadian names occur, those of Sir William Dawson and Prof. James DeMille, the latter well known in his time as author of "The Dodge Club," and various other clever and entertaining tales.

FROM Scribner's Sons, New York, has come a small brown volume, entitled "The Early Tudors," which forms a text-book for an epoch of English history, second to none in interest.

The compiler is the Rev. C. E. Moberly, M.A., late a master in Rugby School, and evidently a historian of breadth and ability. The sixteen chapters take the student from the Battle of Bosworth Field and coronation of Henry VII. to the death of Henry VIII. The subjects which are, in our opinion, best dealt with are those treating of the more social and domestic side of life in England at that period. The seventh chapter deals altogether with the literary spirit of the age, with the revival of classical learning and the career of such men as Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and the accomplished Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, one of the most brilliant scholars of his day. The style is almost picturesque at times, and Henry VIII. is graphically described as "a splendid youth with glowing complexion and short-cropped, golden hair, whose beauty gave ambassadors described in their despatches home, who could speak French, Italian, and Spanish, played and sang to admiration, and composed music, which a high authority describes as 'not too clear and masterly to have been really the work of a royal dilettante!'" As a chronicle of the reign of Henry VIII., however, it will be apt to pall upon the student who may have already perused the lively and eloquent history of Mr. Froude. There are some peculiarities of style, as illustrated by the following sentence: "A wide and grand America of inward thought was restored after centuries of oblivion, and that with the effect not merely of increasing knowledge, but of revolutionising all methods of reasoning." The character of Henry is regarded more from the standpoint of the sovereign than of the man, and no startling revelations appear either in the direction of white-washing or the opposite process, so dear to denounciators of his policy.

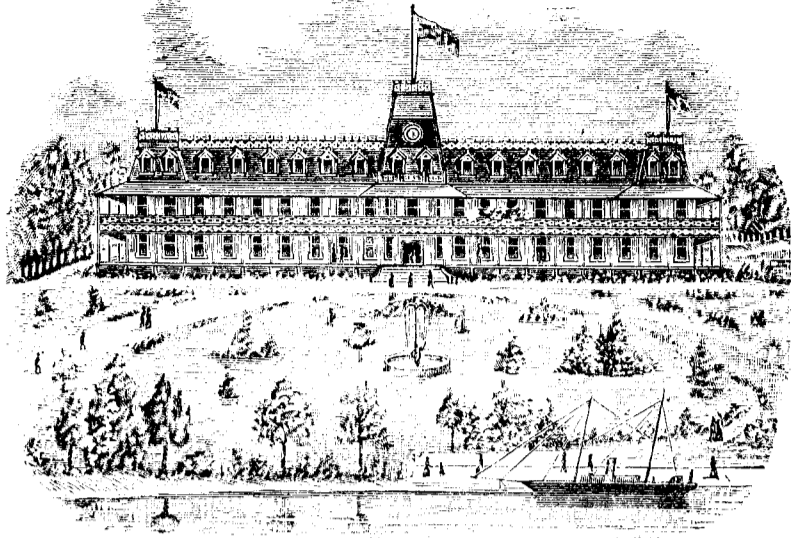
THOSE who are interested in the growth of theological truth and religious systems, and who may have been fortunate enough to have heard delivered before the Lowell Institute in 1885, a course of lectures on the "Early Aryan Religions," by Leighton Parks, pastor of Emmanuel Church, Boston, will be glad to receive these lectures in compact book-form, from the Riverside press of Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Without a knowledge of Oriental languages, Mr. Parks has yet been a careful observer of life and people in the East, and brings to his high task a sympathy with and correct knowledge and understanding of those remarkable books—the Vedas, the Sutras, and the Zend-Svestas, which to him are not dead and cold, lifeless and unimportant compilations, but profound, serious, and beautiful revelations of past systems of morality. The book is entitled "His Star in the East," and its main object seems to be what is deftly conveyed in the title, that while the different systems of Vedaism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Hinduism and Zoroastrianism contain much that is alien to the teaching of Christ—the doctrines of extreme pessimism, and irresponsibility in particular—still seen and studied by the eye of faith, the Christianity of our nineteenth century has many striking points of resemblance to these earlier beliefs, and there is hope that the near future of the Church will see a complete conversion of the East as well as of the West. When Christianity is Oriental as well as Occidental, when East and West meet at the very cradle of Jesus and bring Him gold and frankincense and myrrh, the triumph of the Great Teacher will be complete, and then, and only then, will be consummated that

Far-off, divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

It is pleasant to observe that Mr. Parks has the very highest opinion of the critical and philosophical faculties of the Rev. Frederick Maurice—perhaps the founder of modern thought; certainly as writer and preacher, eminently deserving of Mr. Parks' appellation of a "master in theology." The influence of Maurice is still felt, even in these latter days, by people who never read the famous "Essays and Reviews," for it has passed into current thought and literature, and become the common property of the whole round world.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S book reviews have for some time shed upon the *New York World* a respectability it stood vastly in need of. Recently, however, he has been writing various things for the *Epoch*, the new weekly started in New York under semi-Canadian auspices. The *World* objected to this, but Mr. Hawthorne thought that worthy publication could not make it worth his while to give up general literature; and so it loses its one admirable feature.

MR. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON has celebrated the Queen's Jubilee by reproducing in fac-simile the London *Sun* newspaper of June 28th, 1837. It contains a beautifully-executed medallion portrait of Queen Victoria, a graphic narration of incidents connected with the Coronation Ceremony, the State Procession from the Queen's Palace to Westminster Abbey, and a description of the Royal Robes, Regalia, and Jewels; together with interesting anecdotes connected with the Coronation of the English Kings and Queens, from the time of William the Conqueror to William the Fourth. The fac-simile is printed on paper specially manufactured to imitate the old-time appearance of the original. Engravers standing at the head of their profession have been employed on the medallion portrait and other engravings; and special type has been imported to present, as far as money and mechanical ingenuity can accomplish, an exact reproduction of the original.



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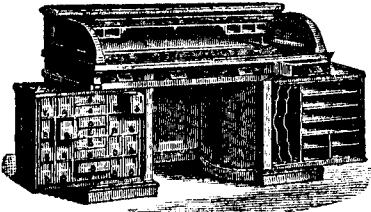
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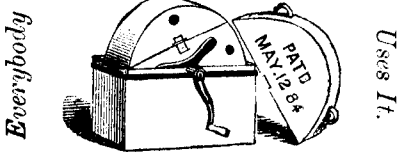
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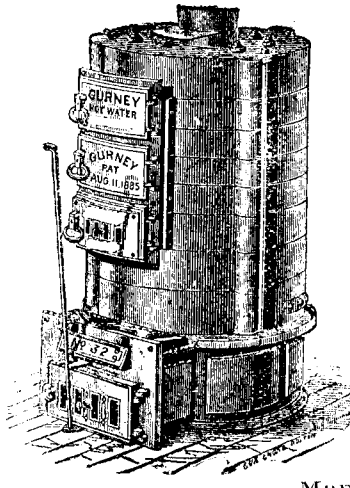
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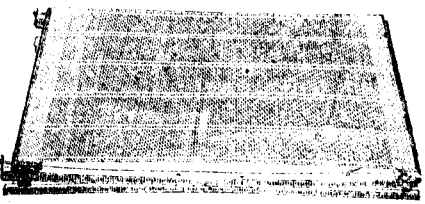
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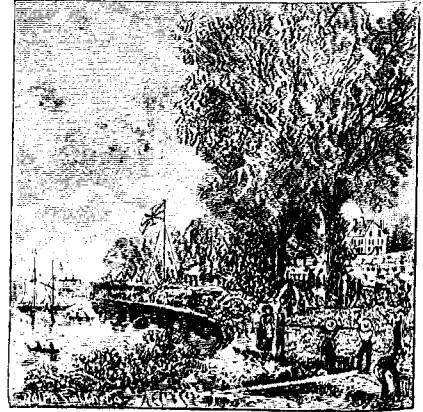
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