

THE WEEK:

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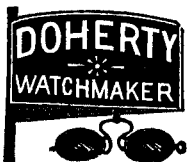
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THE CELT IN SCOTLAND.

MOMMSEN concludes his account of the Celtic race by pronouncing that "it is, and remains at all times and places the same indolent and poetical, irresolute and fervid, inquisitive, credulous, amiable, clever, but, in a political point of view, thoroughly useless nation; and, therefore, its fate has been always and everywhere the same." These are rather stern words; but the same is the moral of Mr. Duncan Keith's "Civil and Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," from the earliest times to the death of David I., 1153 (Macmillan and Company). Mr. Keith shows, by a close examination of the primitive history of Scotland, that the Celts in that country neither founded, nor showed themselves capable of founding, anything worthy of the name of a polity till they were taken in hand by Teutons. In Scotland, as in Ireland, down to the period of Scandinavian and Norman conquest, they totally failed to emerge from the tribal state, and their only political institution beyond the tribal chieftaincy was a loose kind of supremacy, which is dignified by the name of kingship, but was military, not political. Tara was a mere meeting-place of tribes, not a centre of government. Neither in Scotland nor in Ireland do the Celts appear to have had any law in the proper sense of the term. They had no notion of State legislation, or of crimes against the State. The Brehon law, however elaborate, was not State legislation, nor was it enforced by State authority; it was a set of rules devised by primitive jurists and enforced only by arbitration. It treated crimes as private wrongs, to be compounded for by fines, not as public offences to be punished by the Government. The King's Peace of the Teutonic communities had no counterpart among the Celts, nor does there seem to have been any check on private war, the unrestrained prevalence of which is totally fatal to civilisation. In his political character the Celt may be truly said to have had a double portion of original sin, whatever the demagogue and the "hustings liar" may assert to the contrary. Left to himself, he has nowhere produced free institutions. What he did produce was a Church, at once intensely monastic and intensely missionary, which, having its origin in Ireland, evangelised Scotland, reclaimed from its relapse into heathenism the North of England, tried to reform the Merovingian Court, and extended its enterprise to Germany and Switzerland. The poetic memories of that Church linger round Clonmacnoise, Glendalough, Iona, and Lindisfarne. Let St. Patrick have come from what quarter he may, there can be no doubt that his Church was a branch of that which existed in Celtic Britain before the mission of Augustine, and not a daughter of Rome. It came into direct collision with Rome at Whitby, where the two contended for the possession of the North of England, as it did afterwards at the Synod of Cashel, where the Irish Church was forced by the glaive of the Romanising Norman to bow to the rule of Rome. The question of whether it was Protestant has been laid aside by all rational inquirers: Protestant it was not, but neither was it Roman or Papal. Its tradition as to Easter perhaps came from a Greek source, through Marseilles and Lyons. The Church of the Irish tribes did not turn Papal till the Pale

turned Protestant, and, in Mr. Keith's opinion, the character of the people is such that it would be no surprise, were Ireland to attain independence, if the Church there should throw off its allegiance to Rome and become national as of yore with a Pope of its own. The missionary character of the Celtic Church is closely connected with the restless and adventurous character of the race. The Irish Saints, Columba, Columbanus, and the rest, come before us rather as robust and intrepid rovers in the service of Christianity than as ascetics like the Saints of Rome. The monastic organisation again seems connected with the work of the missionary carried on in the wild days of tribalism and Vikings. It was natural that in a Church monastically organised the principal personages should be the Abbots, and that the episcopate should hold, as it did, a secondary place. Bishops, however, there evidently were, and plenty of them, though, to the Roman mind, wanting in hierarchical dignity and somewhat irregularly consecrated. The importance of Bishops depended a good deal on that of the cities which were their sees, as notably appears in the case of Rome; and there being no cities in Celtic Scotland or Ireland, it was natural that the episcopate should fail, as it did, to develop into a hierarchy, and remain merely a clerical grade above that of priest. The Culdees, about whom such reams of controversial stuff have been written, were, Mr. Keith is persuaded, nothing but monks who had degenerated from the rigour of their rule. In the lectures of Professor Stokes on Ireland and the Irish Church we have most interesting accounts of the monastic buildings, with their cashels, their bee-hive hermitages, and their Round Towers, with strong proofs that the architectural forms were derived from Eastern Christendom. The Round Towers, one use of which evidently was to afford the priests and their belongings a shelter from the plundering raids, are typical of the situation of the Celtic Church, which was as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers amidst the surrounding barbarism of the tribes, and seems never to have succeeded to any great extent in propagating civilisation. All around the sanctuaries the faction fighting went on; bishops took part in it; women took part in it; and we have a scene in which one Celtic woman drags another off the battlefield by a reaping-hook thrust through her breast. Ecclesiastical art, however, took a marvellous spring, both in architecture and in the illumination of manuscripts, and other decorative work. Of the learning of the Celtic clergy we are less able to form a trustworthy estimate; its renown was immense at the time, but we rather suspect exaggeration. Art of a minor kind, indeed, shed its ray even over tribal anarchy and barbarism, for the golden collars in the Celtic Museum are surpassingly elegant, as well as marvellously rich. With Malcolm Canmore and his English queen came Teutonic ascendancy, with a regular monarchy, and the final installation of the Roman in the place of the Celtic Church. But the Highlands remained tribal, anarchic, and barbarous till they were subdued and civilised by the House of Hanover. Mr. Duncan Keith is sufficiently unprejudiced to hint a regret that the Teutonic power in Great Britain should have been divided into two monarchies, which waged for seven centuries a mutually destructive war, while Nature and the exigencies of their position, in face of Celtic resistance, destined them for the Union which came at last. We may presume that he does not agree with Mr. Gladstone in desiring the dismemberment of the United Kingdom.

SAUNTERINGS.

COME, I pray you, and let us go a pilgrimage. Not with devotional intent, for the age has outworn its sandals, and outgrown its sackcloth; not by the highway that leads to any shrine, for the walking is very bad, and we are indifferent pedestrians in Canada at the best of times. We will go, inspired by the motive that sends Protestants to St. Anne de Beaupré, and we will be transported as the modern pilgrim is, but by swifter service than the ingenuity of the time has yet placed at the modern pilgrim's disposal. I have no doubt that the state of the pavement and the customs of polite society will compel us to take a sedan-chair when we arrive, but for the journey we may depend upon a more comfortable mode of transit. You may carry unlimited baggage, and my advice is that you include in yours, *ma belle demoiselle*, a ruffle or two and a farthingale, a long-waisted bodice, and some patches, if you would not horrify the Mrs. Grundy of the millinery shops; and in yours, gallant sir, knee breeches, buckled

shoes, and silken stockings, if I may be so bold, a flowered waistcoat, a jaunty outer habiliment, and plenty of lace garnishing, also an abundance of hair-powder, and no lack of pomade, if you would not be behind the least of the *macaroni*. An appetite for scandal we must also cultivate, however prodigious the exertion, repartee, and the facility of rhyming in couplets, for we shall surely have a word with Lady Teazle if we meet her, and we would not have Sir Benjamin Backbite think us lacking in wit. For it is a pilgrimage of time, a progress of a hundred years, that we will make, with our faces turned backward. O Janus, thou of the two heads! it is not to thee alone of the gods above, whom we have lately decided to be ourselves, that it is given to behold thy own back. Among sundry other phenomenal performances popularly supposed in the peculiar province of thine ancient fraternity, we have discovered that it is not very difficult to do.

We shall take upon our pilgrimage a certain dusty old book I have been lately looking into, and the virtue of its contents will carry us far upon our way. Stoutly bound in leather, none of it has escaped. Carefully pasted inside the cover, its worshipful owner's coat-of-arms. On a field *gules*, a crown between two *crosses pattées*, and above and below an "animal phantastically," with which the boast of heraldry may be acquainted, but I am not. On the fly leaf, in crabbed brown characters, the worshipful owner's name, and the dignity of his scholarship—U. Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Oxon. On the fifth page—"The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Chronicle," for the year MDCCXLVII. By Sylvanus Urban, Gent." The dry and yellow old leaves crack as we turn them, and give forth the mustily pungent smell of one's grandfather's medicine chest. The odour makes one think of what the intellectual atmosphere of 1747 would be to the intellectual lungs of to-day. The paper is much discoloured in patches, the spelling quite as absurd as ours will be a century and a half from now, and the print not over legible. Still we make out very easily names that history has invested with a very remote and unapproachable dignity, and find a certain disrespect in their familiar journalistic mention. One can easily imagine, as one turns the pages that brought the report of their doings to the world of London and the provinces, some half-dozen of these be-periwigged old shades peeping curiously over one's shoulder at the record of their earthly comportment—the English brides and the French frigates they took, with the dowries and prize moneys respectively attached. An opportunity of great interest for them, one would think, for who could be expected to remember even the facts of his own existence one hundred and fifty years?

"By Sylvanus Urban, Gent.!" Was journalism gloved, then, in the eighteenth century? Did it wear a collar, perhaps a frill, and sit with its feet on the floor? Or was Mr. Urban's title but a catch-penny trick to secure the attention of the social eye? Or did he, perchance, proclaim on the outside that whereof the inside gave no indication? Let us see. Even in 1747, it seems, rancour was not unknown to the journalistic breast. This is the shape it takes in Mr. Urban's, anent the talk of a new publication that had come to his ears:

"Whoever were to be the principal instruments and conductors of that work, mighty in imagination! every one might see that the publick owes them no thanks.

"However, as the Museum, a work of genius and learning, obstructed not our rising gale, no alarm need be taken from the productions of the present ostentatious compilers, of whom all ranks pronounce that, tho' they blot paper, they cannot write."

Sylvanus was very simple and direct and uncompromising in his mode of attack, and takes the public very generously into his confidence as to the reason of it. We are more skilled in methods now, and look back upon the guileless wrath of the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* with a smile of superior pity as we turn to write the fate of some luckless contemporary in the honeyed venom of ours. As to the moral of it, it is clearly difficult to judge between Sylvanus and ourselves in this matter. Morals being thus disposed of, and manners differing somewhat in different centuries, we may consider Mr. Urban a gentleman by default. At all events, he was held in high esteem among his literary friends, one of whom, evidently a favoured contributor, addresses to him a "Metrical Vision," which closes with the starched eloquence of this tribute to his editorial ability:

URBAN! to thee this Fable let me send,
Of *Fame* the minister, of *Wit* the friend.
Whoe'er collections for OBLIVION make,
And hand dull pieces into *Lethe's* lake,
Vie not with thee, whate'er their boast's pretend,
Since all their labours seek a different end.
But dunce with dunce competitor may be,
While wits with laughter the vain contest see--

Thy work, like some tall pillar tow'ring high,
Shall *Envy*, *Dulness*, *Fraud*, and *Rage* defy;
Each Foe to Sense that, gleaned from Folly, brings
A mushroom medley of disjointed things,
Shall die forgotten, as he lives unknown,
And all the FUTURE shall be thine alone!

By prefacing his volume with this pentametrical paean, Mr. Urban would seem to indicate a modestly complacent agreement with its sentiment. But, alas, the FUTURE! For gifted contributor and appreciative editor alike, a great, gaping waste-paper basket!

To review new books was evidently nobody's business in the palmy days of the *Gentleman's Magazine* under Sylvanus Urban, gentleman. The cream of current literature is given, however, upon the final page of every number, and is, perhaps, none the less delectable for lacking critical whey. How mincing the titles are, stepping in their faded finery once more before the public! "*A panegyrick on the fair sea*," by one *Cooper*. To what Elysian field of literature, I wonder, is that product unknown! "*The complete parish officer, with large additions and improvements!*" The publishing fraternity would hesitate at an undertaking of such serious magnitude nowadays! It is probably owing to the general commercial inactivity of the times, by which England is so unhappily affected, that there may be observed in our day a shrinkage in beadles. "*The gouty gentleman's companion*." Imagine the calm satisfaction with its evil-doing of an age that would complacently buy, and carry about with it, a volume that proclaimed its complicity with innumerable bottles of port upon the very title-page! Who so given over to his iniquities in this present period of prohibition, as to shamelessly acknowledge them by the presence of such a "companion." "*An essay on the advantages of a polite education joined to a learned one, with a dissertation on dancing*," 2s. 6d., *stitch'd*, *Russel*. And now we write about its disadvantages, and to do it in a "dissertation" is to ensure oblivion for our opinions. Last, but not least, "*The art of governing a wife; with rules for bachelors, and an essay on unequal marriages!*" Oh, well, *nous avons changé tout cela!*

MR. URBAN is generous to the poets in space and attention. There is a great deal of poetry, and it gives one a vivid idea of the degeneration of modern society in industry and perseverance. It is mostly allegorical, and markedly, if a considerable distance, after Pope. One is struck by the alternation of subjects: Life, Death, and the Judgment; My Lady's Eyebrow, Ovid's Epigrams, Lines to a Coquette! Society harrowed and tickled itself alternately over these musty pages. Between the poetasters who drew their inspirations respectively from "*Paradise Lost*," and "*The Rape of the Lock*," there was apparently nobody who lisped in numbers, unless perhaps, here and there a devotee to Waller's muse as this Lord Lansdowne, worthy ancestor of his Excellency the Governor-General, who sings to Celia thus:

Let glittering fools in courts be great,
For pay let armies move,
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on these endless charms you lay,
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

Sinceh is Excellency's office is not an article of party patronage, it is not easy to see the mischief that will arise from re-embalming this tender ditty for an appreciative public. We will not quote the more sombre measures. It is not a little remarkable that, in spite of their monthly publication, society should have managed to keep the hilarious disposition which is known to have characterized it at this time. A great many of them, moreover, are in Latin, and in the modern opinion the dead languages are unsatisfactory vehicles for didactics.

WHAT more? A grave account of the *Hydrastio*, by the aid of which men might go down unto the sea, in their boots, and walk the floods; another of an instrument of torture, with which one Laird B——e was in the habit of punishing his offending tenants in the good old days our Laureate deplores; advice upon the "cow distemper," recipes for "cyder-royal," a strong recommendation of "tar-water" for all maladies, from a broken heart to the rickets. Long before this, one Joseph Addison had set his fellows the pernicious example of discussing ladies' attire in the public prints, and we find the deplorable results that have been evident ever since, in an audacious article purporting to be a drawing-room debate between

"Florio, a mettled spark of great volubility of speech," and "Sophronio, of riper years and fewer words," upon the "Inconveniences of hoop-petticoats." Concludes "Florio"—we can imagine with what flourish of his musk-scented handkerchief:

Go on, then, adorable creatures! to cherish and improve an ornament every way praiseworthy. Suffer not yourselves to be persuaded to your downfall by those who would undermine your main support. Suspect the articles of such as would narrow your foundation, and resolve to maintain the establishment of your charms upon a wide-spreading bottom to the last.

Turning from the insincerities of this flippant youth, back to March and April, we come upon the event of the year, "The Tryal of Simon, Lord Lovatt, before his Peers, at Westminster Hall." In grand and dignified phrase, the seven days' story of treachery is told:

After sentence was pronounced, the Lord Steward, standing up, broke his staff, and declared his commission void. Then Lord Lovatt desired the Lords to recommend him to His Majesty's mercy, and said to the managers of the Commons, "*I hope as ye are stout ye will be merciful,*" and going from the bar, said, "*God bless you all; I wish you an everlasting farewell, for we shall never meet again in this place.*"

He was to be beheaded on the seventh day of the next month, but the *Gentleman's Magazine* refers to that fact only by the vaguely polite statement that "we shall have further occasion to mention the noble Lord." What admirable restraint! No capitals, no details, no sensation! It is a pity that the "Tryal of Simon, Lord Lovatt," could not be extensively reprinted, and every newspaper in the land supplied with a copy.

Our taste being thoroughly vitiated by modern journalistic processes, we must really discover how Simon, Lord Lovatt, comported himself upon the occasion of his execution.

At eight, says Mr. Urban, he desired that his wig might be sent that the barber might have time to comb it out genteely, and provided himself with a purse to hold the money which he intended for the executioner.

Was ever known a more lamentable exhibition of coxcomby, or a more remarkable "tip"? A pretty wit had his traitorous lordship, too, for as he "was going up the steps to the scaffold, assisted by two wardens, he looked round, and seeing so great a concourse of people, '*God save us* (says he), *why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old gray head that cannot get up three steps without three bodies to support it.*'"

"*Dulce et decorum pro patria mori,*" quoted he, standing there with his past and his coffin, and the last man that was to do him a service upon the earth. And Mr. Urban tells us that some ready fellow, hearing afterward of the misappropriation of Horace, instantly replied:

With justice may Lovatt this adage apply,
For the good of their country all criminals die.

But surely we did not mean, when we set out upon this idle jaunt, that it should terminate in the gloomy vicinity of the Tower! Standing in its shadow, looking up, we are conscious of a sense of congratulation that for us it has lost, in part, its grim significance. Hastening out of it to the light and warmth that belongs to our own day, we are less than ever disposed to envy Lord Tennyson his disposition to dwell in it.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

THE Days of Evangel appear,
In old, blessed order of seven;
The Week of the Lord in the year,
The Times of the Kingdom of Heaven,

is the gently-solemn quatrain that Adeline D. T. Whitney prefixes to her songs of "Holy Tides," which come to us in the delicate cream-tinted, artistically lettered paper form so much affected by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company for their shorter, lighter publications. Very sweet and pure and high is the inspiration of these verses of Mrs. Whitney's. Their melody is clear and rippling, and the thought beneath seems the spontaneous overflow of a rare and beautiful spirituality. Of how the angels keep Easter she ponders thus:

How did the Lord keep Easter? With His own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone;
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre He came.

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in their way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter Day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only seem so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are

Another of these little volumes, issued by the same press and to be had of the same booksellers (Williamson and Company), is Celia Thaxter's "Cruise of the *Mystery*, and Other Poems." Quite different is the key and the gamut of this lyrist, so different as to be out of all comparison with the better known singer, whose book accompanies Miss Thaxter's. It is as if we had stepped out of cathedral precincts, and the sound of the voice of a modern St. Cecilia, into an orchestra choir and the trilling presence of an operatic star. The comparison will not, doubtless, depreciate the value of Miss Thaxter's verse in the minds of a great many people; and, indeed, it is very gracefully sentimental, sparkles here and there, and deserves well of even a Boston drawing-room table. Very much *à la mode* it all is, with birds and blossoms and golden hours, and Love and Truth and Beauty, all in capitals,—what shall we quote? This, perhaps, as well as any:

Thy own wish wish I thee. What dost thou crave?
All thy dear hopes be thine, whate'er they be.
A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave;
I wish thee Wisdom's eyes wherewith to see.

Behold, she stands and waits, the youthful year,
A breeze of morning breathes about her brows;
She holds thy storm and sunshine, bliss and fear,
Blossoms and fruit upon the bending boughs.

She brings thee gifts. What blessings wilt thou choose?
Life's crown of good in earth or heaven above,
The one immortal joy thou canst not lose
Is Love! Leave all the rest, and choose thou Love!

So successful and so voluminous a writer for girls is Mrs. Whitney that the mere announcement of her latest book, "Homespun Yarns," is quite enough to inspire the public with confidence to go and buy it. There is a salty flavour about the title of the volume which is not to be perceived in its contents. Having said this, and also that the stories are more than usually brimming with happy thought and expression, that, as usual, there is not a dull page, or a page that has not its own tactful moral lesson to teach, we may safely leave "Homespun Yarns" to the appreciation of Mrs. Whitney's large and enthusiastic youthful audience. (Toronto: Williamson and Company.)

THE "Addresses" which Mr. James Russell Lowell has bound up into his latest volume are upon "Democracy," which gives the book its title, "Garfield," "Stanley," "Fielding," "Coleridge," "Books and Libraries," "Wordsworth," "Don Quixote," and "Harvard Anniversary." Perhaps this brief indication of the contents of the bill of fare is all the reader will require to stimulate his palate and his imagination into lively anticipation of the banquet of which it gives him foreknowledge. The foreknowledge itself, however, while an admirable whet, is by no means to be depended upon. Given the subject of his discourse, less can be predicated of Mr. Lowell than of almost anybody, as to what he will say. The angle at which he will approach his subject, the lines upon which he will elaborate it, are simply not to be guessed. We know how he will talk—with what dignity that never stiffens, with what ease that never lounges, with what delicately flavoured irony that never leaves in the mouth the bitter taste of sarcasm. And "Democracy," as usual, justifies our faith in its author.

It is an unfortunate fact in Mr. Lowell's case that any criticism of him must necessarily compare him to himself. It would have been indeed a mournful circumstance had the poet and philosopher whose "Study Windows" revealed so much to him turned from them to look no more, with the intent of a scribe, upon his summer and his winter garden, and all the walks and ways of his fellow-men. But in continuing to look and write, Mr. Lowell has the disadvantage of his former point of view.

Which is simply to say, that these addresses, delightful as they are, fall somewhat behind Mr. Lowell's earlier work in carefulness of plan, and one or two other respects. As might be expected, preparation for delivery at banquets or a convocation is more evident than that which Mr. Lowell usually bestows upon his work when it is intended for a wider public. It is as though endeavour lagged somewhat at the heels of achievement. With such tardiness in Mr. Lowell's case, however, it would be the blackest ingratitude to be impatient. The book is published in Boston, by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto, Williamson and Company.

In her "Home Life of Great Authors," published in Chicago, by A. A. McClurg and Company, Miss Hattie Tyng Griswold avows her purpose to be, not the instruction of "the special student of literary biography, who is already familiar with the facts here given, but rather for those busy people who have little time for reading, yet wish to know something of the private life and personal history of their favourite authors." As the number of these "busy people" seems constantly on the increase, as leisure for excursions into literature seems more and more incompatible with the other and stronger demands of the age, the reason Miss Griswold embodies in her modest preface is probably quite sufficient for the existence of her equally

modest book. For Miss Griswold has no new conclusions to draw, no new theories to exploit, no new facts even to confront the world with. Her book is simply a gathering together of incidents more or less known of the domestic life and relations of some thirty-three men and women, all sufficiently beloved by the people to make such a compilation an acceptable one. The work is done with the utmost good taste and good feeling, and is accompanied by much pleasant, unobtrusive, appreciative comment. The fascination of a mere collection of reminiscences, which begin with Goethe, include Madame De Staël, Lamb, Irving, Emerson, George Sand, Charlotte Bronte, Margaret Fuller, and George Eliott, and end with Ruskin, would naturally be great, and when strung together by so sympathetic a pen as Miss Griswold's, their value is pleasantly deepened. We commend the volume most heartily to the class for whom its author intended it.

Cleave to thine acre, the round year
Will fetch all fruits and virtues here,

quotes Miss Edith Thomas upon the title page of the volume to which the rugged Emersonian couplet has given its name. Many people talk about nature; to a few people—rare and fortunate people—the world never tires of listening. We all know more people “in sympathy” with Nature than we can count; few of us know anybody, however, with whom nature is in sympathy. Such happy beings possess an inheritance of which the world partakes only in the dole they give when they write about it. With Miss Ingelow's permission,

The earth is given
To them; they reign by virtue of a sense
Which lets them in to hear the rhythm of that old verse,
The ring of that old tune whereto she spins.

Many are our literary beverages. Some of them stimulate, others strengthen us, others exhilarate, with a headache in the morning. But the potation we share with Pan is as pure as the dew his satyr's hoof brushed off the amaranths and holds an elixir that eccentric old divinity may know the name of, but we do not. It is time to say that Miss Edith Thomas is a nymph of his special choosing to pour it out.

Miss Thomas is a poet, *cela va sans dire*—when we have intimated that she sympathises with Nature, and that Nature reciprocates. And beside the imagination which makes her a poet, she has the fancy which makes her a buoyant and a graceful writer of prose. The chapters of “The Round Year” may almost indicate its character. “A Spring Opening,” “Grass—a Remuneration,” “A Summer Holinight,” etc., but here is a bit about February that will prove it, and whet our present anticipations at the same time:

It is still February. You may treat it as Dies Februatus, time of purification and sacrifice; or, as the merry month of Spront Kele, following the faintly-hopeful suggestion of the old Saxon calendar. The long snow has retreated underground, or is fast being carried off by numerous plethoric streams, yellow, seething as torrents of lava lately spilled from some volcanic crater. The earth everywhere looks shrivelled and mummy-like, giving us the impression that the casements have been folded back prematurely, or that the miracle of resurrection lags far behind the hour appointed. Last year's crisp leaves take spasmodic flight, like bits of paper blown about in the electric current. They sail so high, one might fancy they drifted into the folds and creases of the ragged, low-lying clouds that characterise February's sky. In yonder cornfield the pumpkin vines lie scattered about in withered festoons, suggesting that the Lernean snake may have been captured there, despatched, and left to dry away in the sunshine. Some trees in the orchard still bear a remnant of their last year's fruitage: these are your cold, frost-baked apples; these your cider, well mulled and warranted not to intoxicate. Here are black walnuts, fantastically mined out by the squirrels, reminding one of the ingenious knick-knacks carved of bone or other material, by prisoners and idlers. These shells would now do to string for a rustic rosary, on which to bead our prayers to the sylvan diety.” (Toronto, Williamson and Company.)

THE INFLUENCE OF SHAKESPEARE ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

THE literary and cultivated class of Toronto society owe a debt of gratitude to the Provost and Faculty of Trinity College for the opportunities of mental improvement afforded them by the course of lectures to which they are invited during the months of January and February. The subjects selected are of great interest, and the exponents of them remarkable for personal ability and scholarly attainments.

The first of the series announced, “The Influence of Shakespeare upon the English Language,” was given in the Convocation Hall of the College, on Friday, 21st inst., by Canon Norman, Chancellor of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and none of the large audience present, which, with the exception of the students and professors and a few clergymen, consisted entirely of ladies, could fail to be charmed with the venerable divine's address and delivery. Possessed of a fine presence, a clear well-modulated voice, and great felicity of expression, his lecture was a literary treat

which all who attended must have felt privileged to enjoy. The principal points and facts of this discourse were admirably brought out, and vivid impressions left upon the mind by the force of his effective sentences. The title of “A Study of Shakespeare” seems to us more appropriate than that of “The Influence of Shakespeare upon the English Language,” the lecture dealing more extensively with the author than with the influence. It is difficult in a few cursory notes to do justice to Canon Norman's fine language, or to give any but a garbled version of his well-rounded sentences, which must be condensed into a contracted space. “I do not intend,” he said, “to sketch the life of Shakespeare, nor to attempt to settle the question of the authorship of the plays now attributed both to him and to Bacon. The Baconian theory was put forth by a Miss Delia Baker, a Boston lady, who became deranged and died insane. Mr. W. Holmes, likewise an American, had defended this theory, and Mr. Leo Vale had asserted the same and given Lord Palmerston as his authority, besides quoting and marshalling all the evidence in the most orderly manner. Mr. George Wilkes, in his “Shakespeare From an American Point of View,” took the opposite side and refuted Mr. Holmes's arguments. While I admit that Bacon makes no allusion to Shakespeare, he is also silent as to Ben Jonson, Marlowe, and other distinguished contemporaries. I am an anti-Baconian; it seems to me unaccountable that the father of Inductive Philosophy had the leisure for such works, or that Spencer and his other friends have been so deceived. The question of whether the Iliad and the Odyssey were the product of one or many minds has been much discussed.”

Shakespeare wrote as he felt, and the title of poet or creator is aptly applied to him. Study may cultivate, but it cannot generate such works as his; he was, moreover, a cosmopolitan writer, wonderfully so for an age when travelling was virtually an impossibility, and his writings have become cosmopolitan too, though in no country is he so highly esteemed as in Germany. The late Cardinal Wiseman suggested an edition of his works with illustrations by the best local painters of the foreign cities he has immortalised in many of his plots. The expense of such a work would be enormous, but as a national monument it would be invaluable; and, though beyond the reach of the majority, it could be placed in every public library in the civilised world. Shakespeare was a great literary student, and was largely indebted to Plutarch's Lives for some of his subjects, as is especially evident in “Julius Caesar.” Many of his other plays are modelled on those of earlier writers. Merivale, in his “History of the Roman Empire,” refers to Shakespeare's knowledge as displayed in the above-mentioned play. His acquaintance with geographical details was limited and obscure, as many of his references clearly indicate; at the same time, these are trifling details, mere spots upon the sun. That his insight into Italian life and character was marvellous, “Romeo and Juliet,” “Othello,” and the “Merchant of Venice” clearly indicate. In “Macbeth” we see him at home upon Scotia's heathery hills, and in “Hamlet” he draws the sea-girt, iron-bound coast of Denmark with a master hand. He was little admired, however, by some of his contemporaries. Later, Dr. Johnson, among others, complains of his being too English.

How he passed the interval from 1579 to 1586, between which years he left school, is unknown; it is surmised as a schoolmaster, though his dislike to the class is evidenced in his *Holofernes* in “Love's Labour Lost,” and *Pinch* in the “Comedy of Errors.” For some years after 1586 he worked in a law office, and subsequently went on the stage. Shakespeare was often unhappy in the selection of his plots and manipulation of incidents. “Wilkie Collins's” name occurs to me, in this connection, as remarkable for opposite treatment, his plots excellent, his characters mere lay figures. The story of “Macbeth,” however, is admirably conceived, and worked out with great power. The “Merchant of Venice” is also excellent; but “Julius Caesar,” though very fine in the early portions, weakens at the end, and should terminate with the death of Caesar. Shakespeare is often taxed with coarseness and immorality, and certainly cannot be read in the original; but taste has much improved since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and he cannot be blamed for using the language of his day. His moral teachings are all of a high order, and no single passage has a vicious tendency. If he is coarse, Dryden is coarser, and Beaumont and Fletcher coarsest, not to mention Swinburne and Walt Whitman in our own day. Milton, in “Paradise Lost,” has, I think, invested Satan with so much dignity and grandeur as to render the spirit of evil a most attractive, not repellent, creature. Shakespeare, on the contrary, makes his *Iago* the personification of wicked passions, the worst character ever evolved from the human mind. His villainy is revolting; it is motiveless malignity, as Coleridge justly puts it. Every Shakespearian student will admit he makes us love good and hate evil. One great feature in his plays, especially remarkable for his time, is his strong belief in woman. No other writer of that age shows a similar tendency. He has but one solitary romantic hero, *Henry V.*, but all his female characters are noble. Professors Wilson and Sewell, eminent Shakespearian scholars, advise the study of Shakespeare beyond all other books; his wisdom is only second to that of the Scriptures. The advice of *Polonius* to *Laertes* is far superior to that of Lord Chesterfield to his son. Walpole speaks of the popular songs of a people as their national heritage. The same may be said of Shakespeare's works; his writings have become proverbial, even to the names of some plays, as “All's Well that Ends Well,” and “Much Ado About Nothing.” The Bard was himself a great lover of proverbs; indeed these trite sayings are often admirable in thought and expression. What more touching than the Spanish proverb, “Every cross hath its own inscription,” or more apt than the Oriental, “Alms are the salt of riches.” “Love's Labour Lost” was his first play, “The Tempest” his last, showing there was no loss of power in his later writings. “Titus Andronicus,” “Timon of Athens,

*A Lecture by the Rev. Canon Norman, Chancellor of Bishop's College.

"Pericles, Prince of Tyre," and parts of "Henry VI.," are not his authentic productions. Some of his plays were also known by other names, thus "Julius Cæsar" was called "Cæsar's Tragedy"; "Henry IV.," "Hotspur"; "Much Ado About Nothing," "Beatrice and Benedict." Only thirteen of those we possess were printed in his time. The rest were transmitted orally, and much corrupted in consequence. He also sold his plays, and lost control over them. Both Elizabeth and James I. enjoyed his dramatic works, given as they were then in crudest form and shape. I often think how astonished Shakespeare would be at the present reproduction of his plays under Mr. Irving's brilliant management. In my own mind, his plays, in order of merit, rank as follows:—1. "King Lear," his greatest tragic drama; 2. "Macbeth," best adapted for dramatic representation; 3. "Hamlet," most suited for study. The sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" is a marvel of powerful and simple language; in it only one word, Arabia, exceeds two syllables in length. The chorus in "Henry V." is remarkable for descriptive force, and the commonplace incident of the knocking on the door in "Macbeth" after the commission of the crime, and the fear aroused in his mind, is most effectively introduced, and shows Shakespeare's profound knowledge of human nature. Another touch of art is *Duncan's* arrival in the same play. Tennyson shows similar ability in dealing with trivial events in "Guinevere," when he refers to the war-horse neighing without the gate. All great poets must be students of nature; in the speech of *Imogene* in "Cymbeline," descriptive of the cowslip, we see the Bard's careful observance of the great Mother. That he was attentive to the habits of birds is often evident elsewhere. Tennyson follows in his footsteps in "The Princess" and "The Idyls."

The present Poet Laureate is indeed a worthy successor of the great Bard, though he lacks the qualities necessary for dramatic writing, and is also devoid of humour; in only two of his pieces is there any trace of it, while Shakespeare's *Falstaff* is irresistible, and his fools and jesters appeal to all. His patriotism will always render him dear to Englishmen; its strongest expression is found probably in "John" and "Richard II." Shakespeare's sonnets, so little studied, are remarkable for their genius. In them, as Milton wrote, he warbled his native wood notes wild. His "Venus and Adonis" and "Rape of Lucrece" are the best known, but their readers are few in number. It is not clear what special form of belief Shakespeare followed. I am inclined to regard him as a member of the Church of Rome, to which his mother belonged. He was a worthy creation of the Golden Age of Literature, and his influence on the English language, then in a transitional state, was most beneficial. Double negatives and double comparatives abounded, and confusion of constructions occurred, also the use of classical words employed with active and passive force. All living languages undergo great changes, and Dryden, who wrote fifty years after Shakespeare, speaks of him as unintelligible and obscure. Latin words were used in place of their Anglo-Saxon equivalents. Lessing, Schlegel, and Goethe in Germany, and Coleridge and Lamb in England, have founded a Shakespearian library, while Holmes's book on the Baconian theory and Wilkes's refutation of it, have extended the study of his works in America. English, as a composite language, is the grandest, richest, most felicitous, and most varied of all tongues. Of this we can have no better illustration than our own Bible, and it also owes more to Shakespeare's writings than to anything except the Scriptures. In nothing is the want of cultivation more apparent than our current literature. The mania has been for classics, and now the introduction of Latin is opposed. German and French in different ways resemble Greek; the latter modern tongue is remarkable for its precision, and most useful in scientific exposition, but unsuitable for high dramatic purposes, while Italian is the most melodious, and Spanish the most majestic of languages, and has been aptly called the language of kings. That English is the most powerful and expressive no one can doubt who glances at "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," the "Merchant of Venice," or "Midsummer Night's Dream." The wealth and complexity of the language are infinite, and Shakespeare, as its exponent, is its Master Regenerator and Refiner, according to Cardinal Wiseman. His plays are now studied in schools, and there is also a school of classics with Shakespeare at its head. Without him we should have had no Scott, no Longfellow, no Tennyson.

In conclusion, Canon Norman said there were two Shakespeare Societies in Montreal, of which he was an honorary member, and though he could not always attend their meetings, he was ever present at the annual Shakespearian dinner, where the flowers upon the table were those mentioned in his writings, the glass and ornaments appropriate to his time, and the menus adorned with quotations from his works. He hoped similar societies would soon be formed in Toronto, which enjoyed a more literary reputation than Montreal. E. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOME RULE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your last issue you devote a short article to the grievances of Nova Scotia, as ably set forth by Mr. Fellows in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*. With the general tenor of your remarks no Nova Scotian repealer will find any fault. On the contrary, all will be glad that so able and influential a paper as THE WEEK has the sagacity to perceive, and the frankness to admit, that the agitation for repeal in Nova Scotia is not "altogether factitious and hollow;" and you are also quite right in saying that "the attempt to force industries unfavoured by nature into existence by protection has proved no compensation for the loss of natural trade."

Certainly such has been the experience of Nova Scotia in respect to her trade with Canada.

But my object in writing is not to discuss this question, tempting as it is. I desire, in justice to the memory of my great countryman, Joseph Howe, to correct an error into which you have fallen. You say: "The feeling that she was sold (as assuredly she was) by Joseph Howe, and dragged into the Confederation by the hair of her head, naturally rankles in the mind of Nova Scotia, since the result has been disappointing." Permit me to say that this is entirely incorrect. Mr. Howe had no part in the shameful business of dragging Nova Scotia into Confederation. He was not in the legislature of Nova Scotia when this outrage upon the manhood of her sons was perpetrated. The odium of that political crime (I cannot call it by any less vigorous name) is divided between Sir Charles Tupper, the leader of the Nova Scotia Government of the day, and Sir Adams Archibald, the leader of the Opposition. After being fierce opponents for years, these men clasped hands, and united their political fortunes over the prostrate form of their country. Mr. Howe battled against them both outside of the legislature, and did his best to prevent the consummation of a scheme which he believed was fraught with disaster to the best interests of the Province he loved so well, and to whose advancement he had devoted a lifetime of unselfish patriotism. However, by methods which it is not necessary to detail here, the scheme was carried against the unmistakable hostility of overwhelming masses of the people, embracing all ranks and classes from the labourer to the millionaire. Mr. Howe did not cease opposition even then, but after the elections of 1867, when it was found that the people had condemned Confederation by electing fifty-four anti-confederates out of the fifty-seven members chosen to represent them in the Local and Federal Parliaments, he proceeded to England, in company with three other Nova Scotia delegates, and spent some months there, endeavouring to get the British Government to repeal the act. He enlisted the sympathies of John Bright, who consented to lay the case of Nova Scotia before Parliament. Mr. Bright said that both parties in England favoured the union scheme, and declared that to ask for repeal so soon after the passage of the act would be folly, and that he would not get a hearing. He advised, as the best course, to ask for a commission of inquiry to look into the matter. Mr. Howe and the other delegates consented to this, and Mr. Bright made a speech of characteristic eloquence having this object in view. His proposition was voted down with a promptness and decisiveness that convinced Mr. Howe, the Nova Scotia leader, that there was nothing to hope for in the shape of repeal, from that quarter. The British Government, through the Colonial Secretary, advised the Nova Scotia delegates to give the union a fair trial, and threw upon the Canadian Government the responsibility of making such a readjustment of the financial basis of the union as would make it more satisfactory to the people of this Province. Out of this counsel grew the Better Terms negotiations, which resulted in very considerable financial concessions, and in Mr. Howe "accepting the situation," as it was called, and a seat in the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald.

There was then, and there always will be, doubts concerning the wisdom of Mr. Howe's action at that time, but whatever may have been said in the heat of political passion when the subject was fresh, no man now seriously believes that he was prompted by mercenary or corrupt motives in making the best of a bad business. His name is now held in loving remembrance by all our people, and whatever bitter feelings animate the hearts of Nova Scotians in respect to their ill-starred connection with Canada, you may rest assured that Joseph Howe is absolved from any participation in them.

The position of Nova Scotia is briefly this: We have given the union a fair trial. We are now drawing towards the close of twenty years' experience of its working. At the end of that time we find that unfavourable as were our anticipations of the effects, the reality has exceeded them. On the 15th of June last the question was fairly put to the people, and they endorsed repeal with marvellous unanimity. We await the result of the Dominion contest, not doubting that the verdict of June will be repeated with equal, if not greater, emphasis. Then we shall be in a position to appeal to the British Government for release from a connection which we have found exceedingly burdensome, with the prospect that each succeeding year will find us in a worse position than before. Having faith in the justice of our cause, and the proverbial British love of fair play, we believe that, after a full hearing, our wishes will be gratified.

Apologising for the length of this communication, I am, yours respectfully,
NOVA SCOTIA REPEALER.

[We give this vindication of Mr. Howe's memory with pleasure. In using the term "sold" we did not mean sold for money, but for place. Is our correspondent quite sure that he knows all that occurred, and especially all that passed between the Government, or any member of it, and Mr. Howe? Assuredly all who heard Mr. Howe's speech at the Cobden Club Dinner might well be filled with amazement when he appeared in a Confederation cabinet. The wife of Cæsar certainly did not in this case keep herself above suspicion.—ED. WEEK.]

ARS VICTRIX.

ALL passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust out-lasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius.

—Dobson.

The Week.

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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Notice to Canadian Writers.

A prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

will be given for the best

POEM on the QUEEN'S JUBILEE,

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

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

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Will be given for the best

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

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

OUR Volunteers take the opportunity when all public questions are opened, of advancing their claims for more consideration at the hands of Government. We trust they will get all that is due to them, and it certainly is due to them that Toronto should be the military centre of British Canada. Quebec has been the standard bearer of the Tory Government, and has consequently been treated as the centre of everything. But it assuredly is not the heart of British population or of British feeling, and in case of a war with France, even its sympathy would, we fear, be very doubtful. Toronto clearly ought to be the military centre.

MR. DARLING, on retiring from the Presidency of the Toronto Board of Trade, gave a very masterly review of the state of our commerce and of those questions affecting it, the right settlement of which is the special and most beneficent function of the Board. He dwelt, among other questions, on the necessity of providing a more efficient authority for the control of railways, and on the expediency of amending the law of bankruptcy to guard against fraud on the part of debtors. The first is most essential, but where shall we find an authority powerful enough to control the C. P. R.? The English Board of Trade has at its back what is still, comparatively speaking, a strong administrative Government, and it has nothing like the C. P. R. to deal with. Fraudulent bankruptcy is a danger against which it now concerns the chiefs of our commerce in every possible manner to guard, inasmuch as it is a regular trade among a certain class of immigrants, whose number is increasing in this city. We have had one or two bad cases within the last year. Mr. Darling concluded his Presidency amidst general and well-deserved applause.

THE meeting of the Board of Trade, which Mr. Darling addressed, was a magnificent assemblage of our commercial wealth and intelligence. The elections were going on, and it was impossible, on looking round the meeting, not to moralise on the poverty of our representation in Parliament compared with the constituency which is represented. The Machines, of course, nominate not the best men, but the men who will serve them best. But it is also very difficult for the chiefs of commerce to leave a

great business and reside for three or four months at Ottawa. The choice of Ottawa itself as the capital was most unfortunate in this respect. Its distance from the great centres and its social isolation are not compensated by any of the supposed advantages which led to the selection of the site. The military security amounts to nothing, and the danger of mob control was a mere bugbear.

THE two sections of respectable and law-abiding citizens who are grappling with each other in deadly conflict about names, such as Tory and Grit, or fancies, may as well know what a mine is being laid under their feet. In a Canadian Labour journal, and not the most violent of them, we are told that "property has rights; it has the right to belong to those who have given their labour for it, and these have a right to take it away from any who have unjustly appropriated it, by constitutional means, of course, in constitutionally governed countries, and by the easiest and most effective means in others." That is to say, by a confiscating use of the taxing power where they have it, and where they have it not, by force. This is the question of the near future, and it is likely before very long to unite with a vengeance those who are now quarrelling over the character of Sir John Macdonald and the sanity of Riel.

WE cannot help wishing that a sharper punishment could have been inflicted upon the Hinton, for their fiendish cruelty to a child. The year in the Mercer Reformatory will probably have about as much effect on the woman, whose malice appears to have been the greater, as it would upon a she-wolf. Cruelty is the worst of all vices. Other vices are swinish, but this is devilish. It is some satisfaction that popular feeling, at all events, was strongly manifested on the occasion. There is a general outcry for the application of the lash to wife-beaters, though the blow which the ruffian, in his fury, strikes is often the consequence of intolerable provocation. Children, especially in the hands of stepmothers, being helpless and without power of complaint, need fully as much as wives the protection of the law, if the law could effectually protect, when after all our main reliance must be upon nature and affection. These demons appear to have been respectable and educated; their case warns us once more that there are still abysses beneath the smooth social surface, and that education is not virtue.

SAYS the Oshawa *Vindicator*, Oshawa must vote for N. P., for her life depends on it. "To be plain, there are no special facilities for manufacturing, and without the National Policy, there is not an industry worth a year's purchase." There is the mischief of it. If Protection only did what rational Protectionists profess—if it only sheltered national industries in their feeble infancy from the nipping blasts of foreign competition, or guarded the national producer against such unfair interference of the foreigner—we, who are not purists of Free Trade, should have nothing in principle to say against it, provided always that the protection when no longer really needed, could be withdrawn. But in practice it forces into existence, as in the instance before us, industries which are mere exotics, which can never strike a healthy root, which are nothing but a misdirection of capital, and which are only kept in being at the expense of the community at large. The interests thus formed are driven by the law of self-preservation to become political, and thus a vicious ring is formed. Rings are terribly tenacious, but they cannot hold for ever, and when they break, Oshawa and her industries come to the ground.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, it seems, said in a letter to Mr. Galt, "When dissolution is decided upon by the Cabinet, friend and foe must know it alike." So the prerogative has been avowedly usurped by the party leader, and our Parliament sits not for a legal term, or till Her Majesty's representative deems a dissolution necessary in the interest of the community at large, but during the convenience of the party. The President of the United States is elected by the nation; but who would tolerate the idea of his being empowered to dissolve Congress at his pleasure?

THE faction fight goes on merrily, with the usual consequences to national interests and to public character. The two moieties of the community, utterly forgetting that they are fellow-citizens, are flying, for a name, at each other's throats: there is nothing, however vital to the welfare of the State, which either of them would not sacrifice for victory. The floodgates of mutual calumny are open. All sorts of knavish tricks are being played; sinister interests of all sorts are embracing the golden opportunity of pushing themselves at the national expense. That corruption of various kinds and under different disguises is going on in every direction, beneath the surface, may on all these occasions be taken for

granted. When party organs call us censorious or fastidious for deprecating the multiplication of these conflicts, we beg leave to refer them to their own columns. If half of what each side says of the other side is true, are we not in the midst of an orgie of political evil? And this, we are told, is the only practicable form of free government! If it is, the days of free government are numbered. Among other displays of "generous emulation" there has been another case of letter-stealing. The letter is declared to be a forgery, though we must say that it tallies wonderfully with the tendencies of the putative writer. But that does not exonerate either the person who, supposing the letter to be genuine and knowing it not to be his property, carried it to the journal, or the editor who accepted and published it. Supposing it to have been picked up in the street, the case would not have been so bad as if an *escritoire* had been broken open; but a man of honour who picks up a letter in the street sends it at once and unread to the person to whom it belongs. All rules of honour on these subjects, however, are fast giving way to what Sir Richard Cartwright calls the exigencies of war. We are sorry, but not surprised, to learn that the secrets of the public offices are not safe, and that no official man now dares to leave a letter on his table. Such is our progress in "generous emulation." Of the characters of the men whom Party often keeps in its service, and for whom it constrains its liegemen to vote, it is needless to speak. Some of them can only be described as politically, professionally, and socially tainted. Even the vile trade of the social libeller appears to be no disqualification in the eyes of citizens generally respectable, if they can only, by voting for such a man and enabling his scoundrelism to trample on public morality, themselves gain a victory over the other party. Does any man of sense doubt the tendency of these unarmed civil wars? The *Winnipeg Sun* suggests that the party lines should not be drawn in the North-west till, by the common action of all its denizens, its special interests shall have been secured. Why should they be drawn then? What do Toryism and Gritism mean, what can they ever mean when applied to the North-west? What ground or justification can any Manitoban expect to have for doffing the citizen and donning the partisan in favour of either of the two machines? The *Sun* the other day was calling attention to the fact that the two organs dropped their pretended differences of principle at once to coalesce against independent representation. They are like two gamblers combining to defend the stakes against an interloper, though they hate and cheat each other. As Bright said of Toryism and Whiggism in England, when they are bankrupt they will be found to have been the same concern.

THE American Senate has been the scene of a debate on the Fisheries Question, which, like all such debates, illustrated the influence of demagogism on diplomacy. If any Senator really believes that Canada, in insisting on her treaty rights is instigated by British hostility to the United States, he never was more mistaken in his life. Great Britain has no interest in the matter, nor among her statesmen, or her citizens, is there one who desires anything but an equitable, amiable, and speedy settlement of the question. Her only conceivable motive of action is the sense of honour which binds her to protect the rights of her dependency. Of course the flood-gates of Anti-British declamation were open wide. Does it not strike Mr. Ingalls as rather remarkable, considering how strong and lasting race peculiarities are, that of two portions of the same race which have only been separated for a single century, one should be a mass of ruffianism, cowardice, bullying insolence, and everything else that is vile, while the other has arrived at such a pitch of virtue, civilization, chivalry, and urbanity as to produce Mr. Ingalls. In "centuries" Mr. Ingalls says, "England has been a sort of devil among the nations," yet little more than a single century ago the Ingallses were Englishmen. Fortunately on the shoulders of Mr. Evarts and Mr. West—we believe on those of the President and Mr. Bayard also—are cooler heads than those of Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Frye. Nor has there been any general manifestation of violent feeling among the people of the United States. A peaceful solution will no doubt in the end be gained. Yet it is impossible not to be impressed on these occasions with the equivocal and dangerous character of the relation between Great Britain and Canada. The dependency looks entirely to the Mother Country in the last resort for defence, and for the maintenance of her rights. Yet nothing is more certain than that since the late extension of the franchise in England, the British Ministry which should allow it to be supposed that it was going into a war with the United States for the protection of Canadian Fisheries would have pronounced its own doom.

OUR hint as to the value to England of the German alliance in America was not lost; and we can assure those who took it that the sympathies of

the Germans in the United States are still thoroughly with the Fatherland; that the hearts even of exiles of '48 went with the armies of Germany in '70, and that, so long as England is allied with Germany, it will be impossible for the Irish or Mr. Blaine to drag the United States into any quarrel against her. We will venture to offer another hint. The British Legation at Washington ought to be made, in every sense, a first-class embassy. The importance of the sphere is the highest; much is to be learned and done there by personal intercourse with leading men; while it is the only seat of government with the functionaries of which it is impossible that the British Foreign Minister should himself be acquainted, since they are completely changed after every Presidential election. We have nothing to say against the present occupant of the post, but a man against whom there is nothing to be said may still be not equal to the responsibilities of the highest position.

MR. HILL, the Governor of the State of New York, who was elected by the Tammany wing of the Democratic party, as an opponent of President Cleveland's reform, is evidently a candidate for the labour vote. He proposes to his Legislature that a weekly holiday shall be given to all the artisans, that their employers shall be compelled to raise their wages, and that boycotting shall be legalised in their favour. The holiday, of course, is to be given at the public expense: a holiday at their own expense the artisans, like the rest of the world, are always at liberty to take. Why should the privilege be confined to one class? Why should not the farmer, the farm labourer, all the clerks in banks and stores, all, in short, who live by labour of any kind, have a weekly holiday at the public expense?

MR. JOHN MORLEY, in replying to Mr. Dicey on Home Rule, condescends to tell him that he has nothing about him of the *mouton enragé*. Mr. Morley might recollect that the phrase was first applied to a French man of science and letters, who dabbled in revolution, who, no doubt, like Mr. Morley, regarded the smoke of burning chateaux as "a sweet savour ascending to Heaven," and at length, having come into collision with revolutionists more thoroughgoing, more unscrupulous, and of stronger fibre than himself, ended his career in a very unsatisfactory way.

IN the same paper Mr. Morley tries to combat the objection that by a measure such as Mr. Gladstone's Irish Government Bill Parliament would compromise, if not actually forfeit, its sovereign power over Ireland. No one, he says, will deny that an Act could be so drawn as to give Ireland an Irish Parliament, to remove the Irish members from the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and, at the same time, to reserve to the residue of the United Parliament the full sovereignty now possessed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Possibly; and for anything we know, an Act might be so drawn as to reserve the sovereign power to England, or Scotland, or Wales alone. But does any man, in his senses, believe that, where the principle of government is elective, an assembly in which Ireland was unrepresented could morally retain and practically exercise the power of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? Must not the politician who should make such a proposal be, in Mr. Lecky's plain language, a knave or a fool: a knave, if he does see to what his proposal leads, and a fool if he does not? The fact is, as Sir William Anson has shown, that the Bill was so drawn as to conceal its real effect; and its real effect having been exposed, there is nothing for it but to treat the matter as an accident of draughtsmanship which can easily be set right in a second edition. Accidents of draughtsmanship in a Bill disposing of the sovereign power are unfortunate. "The question," says Mr. Morley, "whether the Government of Ireland Bill was so drawn as to achieve these results [the preservation of the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament] is a point of as purely antiquarian interest as the Laws of the Twelve Tables." This seems pretty cool when we consider that only a few months have passed since an attempt was being made to force the Bill upon the nation, not only by the most unscrupulous application of the screw to the conscience of the Liberal party, but by violent appeals to class hatred, and by awakening slumbering antipathies between the different nationalities of the United Kingdom.

"DONEGAL is vieing with Kerry and Limerick in the production of exciting eviction scenes." So says the *Globe's* summary, and the truth of the matter could not be more accurately or more pithily expressed. The political agitators well know that a peaceful settlement of the Land Question by compromise between landlord and tenant would be the death of their agitation, and they are, therefore, stimulating to the utmost resistance to the payment of rent, and doing their best to produce eviction scenes, which may strike the public imagination and furnish matter for inflammatory

appeals. One landlord, it seems, destroyed the cabins after the removal of the people. He did what, under the present circumstances of excitement, was very foolish and wrong; but these cabins are not fit for human habitation, and when their occupants have been removed by emigration or otherwise it has been the practice to pull them down, not out of malice, which the landlord could not feel against his own property, but simply in order that there may not be a fresh growth of pauperism, misery, and savagery on the same spot. Irish distress is heartrending; but if people fancy that it stands by itself, a portentous offspring of British misgovernment, let them go to Calabria or to bad parts of other Roman Catholic countries, and see whether they cannot find its counterparts. That rent is withheld, at the bidding of the political agitators, by those who are well able to pay, not only is certain, but is openly boasted. People in this country or elsewhere, who applaud and abet agrarian repudiation, had better lose no time in determining the grounds on which they mean to resist repudiation of other kinds; for the rising of to-morrow's sun is not more certain than is the extension of the principle, when once recognised, to other debts than rent, and to other countries than Ireland. Every low demagogue on this continent, we may be sure, is already revolving in his mind projects of rising, like his brethren in Ireland, by the advocacy of public plunder. A man, having made money honestly, invests it in Irish land, perhaps under the Encumbered Estates Act or some other Act involving a national guarantee of title. Because he is a landlord, he is to be robbed, while Radical mill-owners clap their hands, and, for so doing, are elected to the House of Commons. They will learn, some day, that the name of creditor is just as odious as that of landlord.

LORD SALISBURY has been blamed for not having persuaded Lord Randolph Churchill to withdraw his resignation. There is a limit to the wisdom as well as to the dignity of parleying with a man who, because he cannot have everything his own way, flings his resignation in your face, and tries to wreck your Government. But it seems that before the resignation reached Lord Salisbury's hands it had been communicated to the *Times*. A graphic description is given of the visit of his lordship to the office, and of the precautions taken to prevent the precious piece of intelligence from being conveyed, before the hour of publication, to any of the rival papers. This plainly was a bribe offered by his lordship to the *Times*. The *Times* could not be blamed for accepting the intelligence, since it was its business and its duty to furnish the earliest news, yet the acceptance disqualified the most powerful of journals in some measure for the function of a public censor, and in fact, visibly had a disturbing influence on its first judgment. On Lord Randolph's conduct it is needless to comment. Let any one picture to himself Pitt, Canning, Grey, Peel, or Russell, doing what Lord Randolph Churchill did, and say whether there has not been a falling off in the character of English public men. The *Times*, we have said, could not be blamed for accepting what Lord Randolph offered; but had it proudly reminded him of his duty as a British Minister, and bade him announce his resignation to his chief, and through him to the country, it could have gained more than it did by the exclusive possession of a startling piece of intelligence.

THE reconstruction of the Salisbury Government has apparently discomposed the "round table conference" which Mr. Gladstone, thinking that the Government was going to pieces and that the road to power was open, had eagerly proposed. But it is difficult to see how, even with the reapture of office set before them as the reward of agreement, the members of the round table conference could have agreed. The Bill giving Ireland a separate Parliament is declared both by Mr. Gladstone and by Mr. Parnell to be the irreducible minimum; and, if Mr. Gladstone would consent to reduction for the purposes of his own strategy, Mr. Parnell neither could nor would. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, has nailed his colours to the mast so far as the concession of an Irish Parliament is concerned; he has shown that he knows his own mind; indeed the force which he has displayed is one of the redeeming features of these transactions; and he must know that a surrender on his part would be the catastrophe not only of his patriotism but of his ambition. Mr. Gladstone may covet reunion and be willing to smooth for seceding Liberals the path of return to the party; but Mr. Labouchere and his set are of the contrary mind; they strive to widen and perpetuate the breach upon which their personal consequence depends. It seems that Sir William Harcourt, who is ready for a *modus vivendi*, a concession, a conversion, or anything else that convenience may dictate, has fallen out with Mr. John Morley, who clings to the favourite creation of his own brain, and continues his apocalyptic predictions of woe if any other course is adopted. The Land Question is also one full of difficulty for the Separatists, who have arrived at no agreement among themselves either as to the manner in which it is to be treated, or as to giving it

priority over Home Rule, Mr. Morley still claiming for it priority, as indispensable to the working of his scheme; while Mr. Gladstone's speech on Mr. Parnell's last motion shows that he has completely slipped out of his pledges, and is ready, on the highest moral and religious principles, to throw the landlords to the wolves. Supposing the Government to be defeated, and the Radicals to be called upon to take power, how could the Radicals form a platform on which to go to the country? Herein lies the strength of the Government. It may be added, that the rank and file of the Liberal Unionists are perfectly staunch, though the same resolution is not shown either by Sir Charles Trevelyan, who appears to hanker after reconciliation with the Radicals, or by Sir Henry James, who is, in truth, a Unionist in his own despite, and would have been Gladstone's Chancellor had not his constituency held him to his Unionist pledges. By one of our most trustworthy informants in England, the situation is described as "a race with time against Gladstone's life." Such are the accidents of history, and such is the end to which, after centuries of illustrious effort, a nation may come at last. But, once more we must remember that this is not the same England: this is the England of the factory hands and of the Northampton shoemakers who elect Mr. Labouchere.

LORD BRABAZON has a plan of his own for reforming the House of Lords, which he thinks would make the institution about perfect, and establish it firmly in the affectionate reverence of the people. He proposes that all the Peers shall make themselves like the late Lord Shaftesbury. This is formally and gravely propounded as a new light in the *Contemporary Review*! To turn a young debauchee into a religious philanthropist appears to him a very simple operation. A short form of moral incantation will do it. "The path of duty is never one of roses, but there are many more delights to be met with on that road than the young man usually imagines." Tell this to a Duke of Marlborough or a Lord Lonsdale at twenty-five, and if he needs anything more to turn him into a Shaftesbury, assure him that "it may safely be said that if the roses be not thickly strewn, there are fewer genuine thorns in the path of duty than in that of pleasure." What Lord Brabazon and those who take the same line cannot see is that hereditary rank, now that it is divested of its feudal duties, has a direct tendency to corrupt ordinary natures, while the natures of nineteen-twentieths of the lords are ordinary, and not like that of the late Lord Shaftesbury. The best chance of giving national conservatism and patriotism a rallying point in England, and averting political chaos, seems to be such a reform of the House of Lords as will restore its authority by bringing it into harmony with popular institutions. But of this there appears to be little hope, when a not undistinguished member of the House can show himself so ignorant of the situation, and pen such twaddle as has been penned by Lord Brabazon.

THE REV. J. G. Low prefaces what seems an honest and sufficiently courteous argument against Prohibition in the Brockville *Daily Times* by the remark that "it requires moral courage to oppose the Temperance wave." His words are at once verified by his opponent who, evidently riding high on the wave, tells him that what is required "is not moral courage, but moral obliquity," and that he should have agreed with him if he had said that his motive was "pure cussedness, or a desire to be popular with a good minority." Then follows a tirade against paid ministers as of all things the most inconsistent and incongruous. They are politely told that they "try to stand on an intellectual eminence and chatter like sparrows." Mr. Low, amidst the hailstorm of reprobation, may comfort himself with the reflection that, as we were told the other day by a Prohibitionist clergyman at Hamilton, if Christ returned to earth and insisted on celebrating the Eucharist in the manner in which He had celebrated it with the Apostles, it would be necessary to put Him out of His own Church. The rational friends of Temperance can hardly fail to see that Prohibitionism is, in certain quarters, becoming a frenzy, and is almost supplanting Christianity. They must also know that opposition to Prohibition, if it is suppressed by browbeating and boycotting at the time when the measure is under discussion, is sure to reappear when it has been adopted, and to baffle its operation. They have only to look round and observe in how many counties where the Scott Act was carried under pressure of moral terrorism by overwhelming majorities, the pressure having ceased when the polling was over, the Act has become a dead letter.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has declined to contest Lisgar.

ONE of the "Labour candidates" is described by an admiring reporter as holding an open-air levee "in his valuable Persian lambskin overcoat." The wily angler for the farmer's vote rubs hay-seed in his hair. Ought not the wily angler for the workingman's vote to disguise himself in fustian?

"THE INJUN."

AN INCIDENT IN THE MINNESOTA MASSACRE OF 1862.

Ye say the Injuns' all alike,
A bad an' sneakin' lot,
An' ain't no use fer nuthin',
So the cusses should be shot.

Well, p'raps they is, an' p'raps they ain't,
A lazy, worthless crowd,
Yet durn my skin ef I kin see
Why white men chin so loud.

Ef some o' them poor devils kicks
'Cause things ain't run quite squar,
An' jumps an Injun Agent's ranch,
An' yanks his bloomin' har.

Thar ain't no thought uv causes,
An' no one cares a cuss,
It's jes' "Call out the Blue Coats,
An' give them somethin' wuss!"

Thar's good an' bad in Injun,
An' thar's good an' bad in White;
But, somehow, they is allus wrong,
An' we is allus right.

But I'm an old, old timer,
I've jes' bin here so long,
That I kin mostly allus tell
The ones that's right an' wrong.

An' ye can bet yer scented life,
When things gets steamin' hot,
That some white fool er knave has lit
The fire that biles the pot.

Ye think the Injun isn't squar,
That's jest whar ye mistake,
Fer bein' trew to them that's trew,
The Injun scoops the cake.

Fer I kin tell ye what occur'd
Way back in 'sixty-two,
When things in Minnesota State
Wuz lookin' kinder blue.

The Sioux wuz up an' on the shoot,
A slingin' round their lead,
An' scalpin' ev'ry mother's son
That wuzn't bald er dead.

Thar warn't a livin' Yankee,
An' lots wuz brave an' bold,
That would have crossed them plains alone,
Fer a waggon load of gold.

Cause why? We know'd the Guv'ment
Wuzn't treatin' Injuns fair;
That's why they riz an' painted things,
An' raised the settlers' hair.

That summer a fur trader
Come up from Montreal,
An' on his way to Garry
He landed in Saint Paul.

An' all the guides an' hunters said
He couldn't cross the plains,
Fer them thar painted divils
Wuz layin' low fer trains.

He only laifed, an' said he know'd
The Injuns all his life,
An' he wuz goin' to mosey through,
An' take along his wife.

An' she, you bet, wuz plucky,
An' said she'd go along,
"Fer Injuns only went fer them
As allus done 'em wrong."

Now, I should smile, 'twuz risky--
An' all the fellers sed
The chances uv their gettin' through
Warn't wuth an ounce uv lead.

But, sure's yer born, they started,
Right out the northern trail,
Aboard a praree schooner,
With a Texan steer fer sail.

An' right atop that creakin' cart,
Upon the highest rack,
That trader nailed a bloomin' rag,
The English Union Jack.

So thar he'd gone an' done it
Es stubborn as a mule,
An' knowin' fellers said we'd seen
The last of that damn fool.

Thay wuzn't long upon the trail
Before a band uv Reds
Got on their tracks an' follered up,
A goin' to shave their heads.

But when thay seen that little flag,
A stickin' on that cart,
Thay jes said: "Hudson Bay, go on
Good trader with good heart."

An' when they struck the river,
An' took to their canoe,
'Twuz them thar bits uv culler
That seen 'em safely through.

Fer thar that cussed little rag
Went floatin' through the State,
A flappin' in the face uv death,
An' smilin' right at fate.

That wuz the way them tarnal fools
Crossed them thar blazin' plains,
An' floated down the windin' Red,
Through waves with blood-red stains.

What give that flag its virtoo?
What's thar in red an' blue
To make a man an' woman dar
What others dasent do?

Jest this, and Injuns know'd it,
That whar them cullers flew
The men what lived beneath them
Wuz mostly straight an' trew.

That when they made a bargain,
'Twuz jest es strong an' tight
Es if 'twere draw'd on sheep skin,
An' signed in black an' white.

That's how them Hudson traders done,
Fer mor'n a hundred year,
That's why that trader feller crossed
Them plains without a fear.

An' jest so long es white men
Don't try some little game
To euchre out the red man,
So long he'll act the same.

But when the men beneath that flag
Tries any monkey ways,
Then, good-bye old time friendship.
Fer the Injun's goin' ter raise.

But jest believe me, onct for all,
To them that treats him fair,
The Injun mostly allus wuz,
An' is, an' will be, squar.

BARRY DANE.

GENEVIEVE WARD AND MISS FORTESCUE.

DURING the last fortnight Toronto theatre-goers have had the opportunity to see and appreciate two actresses, who may be contrasted from their difference in history, age, and style. Genevieve Ward, a lady of excellent New York family, has a little story of her own, not generally known to the public. In these days, when domestic sensations seem to be the best advertisement to draw a crowd, the woman without a history upon the boards argues herself virtually unknown; so it is a pity that Miss Ward should not have the benefit of her bit of tragedy, which is one more worthy of print and publication than such harrowing details generally are. United when young (she is now of middle age) to a Russian count, she discovered subsequently that she had been the victim of a mock marriage, in which her pseudo husband had assumed a feigned name. She left him at once and went upon the stage, where she soon realised her own powers,

and began to reap unexpected laurels. Encouraged by her success, she went to Europe and played before the Czar, who was so charmed with her performance that he loaded her with favours, and desired to benefit her in any way possible. Quick to perceive her advantage, Genevieve confided her story; he immediately sent for her husband, whose movements were well known to the Russian authorities, and another marriage ceremony was performed under very different auspices to the first. The couple parted at the church door; but the lady had her satisfaction and her revenge, her husband's name, and, according to Russian law, half the revenues from his estates.

The attendance at the performances given by Miss Ward was exceedingly small, considering the merits of the actress and the excellence of her company. Perhaps her advertisement and constant appearance in "Forget Me Not" had something to do with this. She has played this piece before in Toronto where it does not seem generally appreciated, though it, like most, in fact all, of the powerful dramatic plays of the present day, is adapted from the French. It was prepared, I believe, for Miss Ward's individual benefit, and she alone has the right of reproduction. Bearing a strong resemblance in general construction to Sardou's "Diplomacy," it is likewise of strong sensational character, but full of interesting situations and not at all improbable details to those acquainted with French life and character. Neither play is hackneyed, and neither has ever been played in Toronto except by Miss Ward. "Forget Me Not" had an enormous run in London, and held its audiences spell-bound night after night. In both pieces Miss Ward plays the part of an adventuress, in which she has achieved her greatest success. Both are marked by the intense realism of her portrayal, and her perfect assumption of the individuality of her English creations. Her largest audience greeted her last performance, "The Queen's Favourite," which is again a brilliant comedy adapted from the French of Eugene Scribe. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Anne, and depicts a contest of wit between Lord Bolingbroke and the Duchess of Marlborough for the Queen's favour. The dialogue is sharp and polished as steel, and Miss Ward, as the *Duchess of Marlborough*, scored another triumph. Her elocution is brilliant and natural, free from all effort and attempt at effect; her sentences flowed with the spontaneity of the character she represented, so that in her we saw the living, moving picture of her great historical counterpart. Her native gift of repartee was strongly brought out by the sparkling dialogue, which, perhaps, lent additional zest and piquancy to her portrait. Her war of words with *Bolingbroke* was a perfect bit of sarcasm, and her influence over the *Queen* was displayed in her marvellous adaptability to Her Majesty's varied moods. She was brilliant in success, undaunted in defeat, and throughout a complete realisation of the character history has drawn for us.

Miss Fortescue, whose advent was heralded by a sketch of her private and professional life, under the auspices of the present youthful Lord Cairns and the well known author, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is an actress of a very different class and stamp. All those who spent their money upon so much worth of curiosity must have been agreeably surprised in their investment. Miss Fortescue is a young actress of great personal attractions. Her graceful figure and movements fit her admirably for the stage, on which she appears perfectly at home; she likewise possesses the gift of drawing the sympathies of her audience by her winning ways. Her company, too, was good. Mr. Fred Terry, as the brother of Miss Ellen Terry, excited much interest and comment, from his strong resemblance to her in features. Miss Alice Crowther, who played similar rôles to those of Miss Eleanor Tynedale in Miss Ward's support, was not her equal; but Miss Kate Hodson was an excellent counterpart of Miss Gertrude Kellogg's careful representations. The actors with Miss Fortescue, with the exception of Mr. Newton Gotthold, were also good. He, perhaps, in the invidious part of the betrayed husband in "Frou Frou," was seen to disadvantage, but his bearing was marked by a stiffness conspicuously absent in the others. Mr. Hardy Vernon, as the juvenile typical French father, was admirable, while Mr. Terry proved a very attractive villain.

The company, as a whole, conveyed the ever gratifying and pleasing impression of well-bred, well-trained, and well-dressed people, to which we in Toronto are not always treated. Miss Fortescue has been wrongly condemned as a bad actress; she is far from it. She is a very good one for certain parts, such as those Mr. Gilbert selected for her. It was in Mr. Carte's original "Patience" company she first appeared in London; at the Savoy Theatre afterwards she played in "Iolanthe," and the "Princess Ida," and then by Mr. Gilbert's advice transferred her services from the opera to the stage; she was seen in "Our Boys" at the Strand Theatre, and later on as *Dorothy* in "Daniel Drew." She afterwards elected to appear as *Galatea*, and in her study of that part had the assistance of Mr. Gilbert; her elocution is admirable. She is evidently a careful student of the characters she undertakes, and is certainly far superior as an actress to Mrs. Langtry, who enjoys a better professional reputation. She makes, we think, a fatal mistake in attempting such morbid melodramatic plays as "Gretchen," "Moths," "Frou Frou." In "Sweethearts," "Our Boys," "Our Girls' School," etc., she would find her strongest parts. Her charming rendering of the early acts of "Frou Frou" show her success in light comedy. It is always surprising that any intelligent actress should not close this play with the fourth act, the climax of the piece. Miss Fortescue certainly accomplished the difficult finale in this, when she rolls over on to the floor in a most artistic manner, worthy of all praise. The fifth act, with the death scene and inaudible voices consequent upon it, might be supplemented as a tableau, or, better still, omitted altogether.

L. C.

MUSIC.

It seldom falls to the lot of the critic to report so meritorious and pleasing a concert as that given by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson and her pupils last Saturday, at the rooms of Messrs. Mason and Risch, King Street. Performances of this kind—modest, unpretending, and unheralded by any special advertising, trumpeting, and blowing—are too apt to be overlooked by even the genuinely musical public. There are, say, no particular "stars," the attractions are "local," the programmes classical, the prices low, the hall small. Charge a dollar, hire the biggest room available, make out a "popular" programme, with a fashionable singer or a society elocutionist, and the interest is immense, the curiosity infectious. Every one hears about it, and nearly every one goes. Of such performances it is never said that "they didn't know about it; it was not properly announced in the papers," etc., etc. Yet sometimes in music, as in many other things, the quiet work is the best, and when discovered and understood, shows much more significantly than monster performances the true growth of true music in our midst. And it is just such work as this that Mrs. Adamson, the talented violinist, who is, or should be, well known to Toronto audiences, is doing—mostly in the direction of teaching. Mrs. Adamson writes her name very properly Drechsler-Adamson, her grandfather having been the great violoncello player, Karl Drechsler, born May 27, 1800, at Kamenz, in Saxony. He became eventually leader of the Court band at Dessau, maintained by the Duke of Anhalt, and before 1826 visited England, and played with great success, being remarkable for the fulness and purity of his tone, his good intonation, and excellent taste. Lindner, Grützmacher, and Cossmann were among his pupils. Mrs. Adamson therefore comes naturally by her fine musical instincts, which are further strengthened by the fact that she is also connected with the well-known Edinburgh family of Hamilton, that she was a pupil of the great Ferdinand David, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn. Pursuing her youthful career, both in Germany and Scotland, Mrs. Adamson has at length settled in Canada, where she ranks among the few good solo violinists we possess. The claims of teaching may perhaps hinder her progression somewhat with regard to solo playing, but this can be no matter for regret when we consider the unerring wisdom and talent she displays in the instruction of pupils. The playing of Miss Mary Stuart Grassick, on Saturday last, was characterised by excellent bowing, an elevated and refined style, and a fulness of tone which is quite remarkable in so young a performer. The programme was unusually interesting and novel, comprising a duet by Seb. Bach—Mrs. Adamson and Miss Grassick; a sextette for violins, and pieces by Moskowski, Pleyel, Hiller, David, and Rubenstein. Mrs. Corlett-Thompson sang three songs very acceptably, and a very juvenile *artiste*, Miss Jessie Kattray, aged nine, created quite a *furor* by her playing of no less a piece than Wieniawski's Mazourka in A minor. Miss Dallas, Miss Lina Adamson, and Miss Kate Archer were the remaining performers.

Altogether the concert scored a marked success. The superiority of violin over piano pupils was proved, if it be not heretical so to assert, by the fact that not a single slip was noticeable anywhere throughout the long programme, and we predict for Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson's next Violin Recital an increased popularity with the public of so enthusiastic a city as Toronto.

THERE is another lady, residing at present in Canada, of similarly interesting antecedents and of much musical genius—we refer to Mrs. Frances J. Moore, of London, Ont. Mrs. Moore was recently in this city attending the Teachers' Convention, and charmed all who met her with the dignity and grace of her manner. Her piano-playing is remarkable for its precision, dash, and admirable "left hand." A good pianist, it has been asserted, has no left hand. Mrs. Moore composes very vigorously, having published with Messrs. Pond and Company, Ditson, of Boston, and several English houses. Her songs are widely known, as the popularity of "The Bird on the Linden-Tree," her national song, "Canada," and her "Christmas Carols," published by Harper Brothers, will testify. Lastly, she is the daughter of J. L. Hatton, composer of the immortal "Bid me to Live" and "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by," and the various noble part-songs associated with his name, her own songs being written under the name of F. J. Hatton.

THE Choral Society's concert is now fixed for February 15th. The solo artists are: Soprano, Miss Louise Elliott; contralto, Miss Alma Dell-Martin; tenor, Mr. Winch; baritone, Signor Ronconi.

THERE is some talk of the Toronto Musical Union's engaging T. J. Norris, of Boston, for the tenor solos in Sullivan's "Prodigal Son." Should he visit Toronto, his voice of purest tenor quality, combined with an easy method and finish of phrasing will commend him at once to the hearts of the public. Mr. Morris was originally from England, but after a few years' residence in Montreal, settled in Boston, where he is now leader of the Oxford Male Quartette, and much sought after as a tenor soloist.

SERANUS.

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES

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

ON the 27th of January, 1854, thirty-three years ago to-day, the last section of the main line of the Great Western Railway, extending from London to Windsor, was completed, and the road was opened for traffic all the way from Suspension Bridge to Windsor. The Canadian peninsula thus sup-

plied the last link to unite the Eastern and Western States of the American Union—the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi, and the event was celebrated with great rejoicings at Hamilton and Detroit. Some months before, on the 13th of June, 1853, was inaugurated the first railway in Upper Canada, the section of the "Northern" between Toronto and Bradford. That is to say, the first on which locomotives were used; for, although there was a short line from Queenston to Chippewa, built by the Erie and Ontario Company, opened as early as 1839, the motive power employed upon it was horses and not steam. From 1839 also dates the first line in Nova Scotia, which was built by the General Mining Association of London, the proprietors of the great Albion Mines, to transport their coal from Stellarton to the loading ground at Stellarton, opposite Pictou. But earlier still was built the first railway in what is now the Dominion. The name of the company organised for its construction was "The Company of Proprietors of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad." The petition of incorporation was presented to the Parliament of Canada on the 23rd of November, 1831, and, notwithstanding the opposition and counter-petitions of the inhabitants of various parts of the counties of Laprairie and Chambly, who favoured in preference a turnpike road, a charter was obtained on the 25th of February, 1832. Work was, however, not begun until 1835. On the 21st of July, 1836, the first train was run over the road from Laprairie, nearly opposite Montreal, to St. John's, a distance of fourteen and a half miles. A few days before an accident had happened to the little engine, and it was deemed advisable to attach to it only two of the passenger cars, while the others were drawn each by two horses. Some three hundred persons, including the Earl of Gosford and other high officials, were present, by invitation of the directors, to take this first trip over a Canadian railway. Next day, when the engine had been repaired, it effected the journey to St. John's, with two passenger and two loaded freight cars, in forty-five minutes, and returned in thirty. The rolling-stock of the road consisted of the engine, of from five to six tons, of four passenger cars, each carrying eight persons, and of twenty freight cars, capable of conveying about ten tons each. The engine cost £1,500, and the cars £1,000. The cost of the road itself was estimated at £33,500. It has been aptly remarked that the development of our present railway system synchronises with the political life of the present Premier of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald. When he entered Parliament, in 1844, there were but fourteen miles of railway in operation in Canada, there are now over eleven thousand.

OF all the customs of the Indians which Jacques Cartier observed, that which struck him as the most novel and singular was the use of tobacco. In the narrative of his second voyage to Canada, in 1535, occurs the following quaint description: "The Indians have an herb of which, during the summer, they gather a great quantity for the winter, and which they prize very highly, and use (the men only) in the following manner: They dry it in the sun and suspend it from their neck, tied up in a little skin instead of in a bag, together with a horn [*cornet*] of stone or wood. Then, at all hours, they make a powder of the said herb, and put it in one end of the horn, and then place a live coal upon it; and through the other end they blow so hard that their body is filled with smoke, so much that it comes out of their mouth and nostrils as out of a chimney. They say that this keeps them healthy and warm, and they never go about without these things. We have tried the said smoke, and having had it in our mouth it seemed to contain pepper, so great was the heat of it." At that time the use of tobacco was altogether unknown in France, and, although the plant had been brought to Spain and Portugal by the early explorers of America, it was only a quarter of a century after Jacques Cartier's second voyage that the French ambassador, Jean Nicot, sent the seed from Lisbon to France.

To "the fragrant weed" one of the Indian nations owed the name by which it was known to the French from the earliest times of the Colony. The Tionontates, who raised and traded in tobacco, were called *les Pétunoux*, or more usually *la nation du Pétun*, from *pétun*, an old French name of tobacco. Their country lay in the woody valleys of the Blue Mountains, south of the Nottawasaga Bay of Lake Huron, thirty-five or forty miles from where the town of St. Mary's now stands. Two days' journey to the east of them were the frontier towns of the Hurons, to whom they were akin, and whom they closely resembled in their mode of life. When the Hurons were exterminated as a nation by the Iroquois, and their few survivors were dispersed, the Tionontates alone retained a tribal organisation, and their descendants are to this day, with a trifling exception, the sole inheritors of the Huron name.

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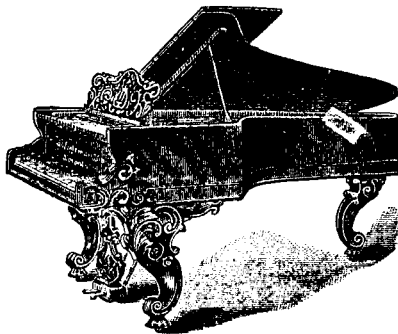
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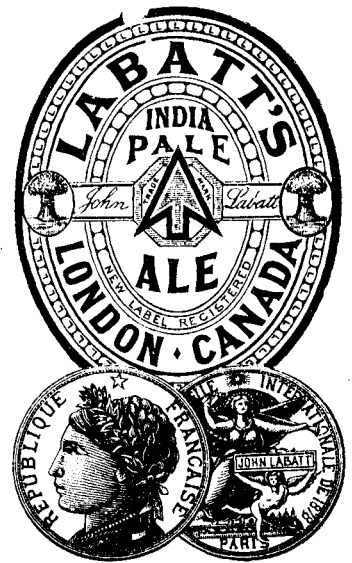
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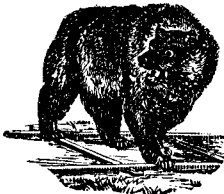
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