

THE WEEK:

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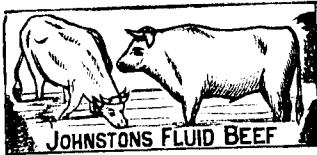
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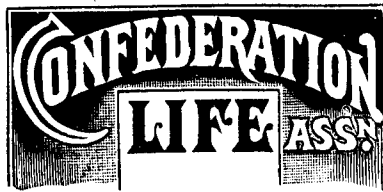
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE.
Lord Lansdowne's Speech	423
An Important Scientific Question	423
Is Natural Gas a Safe Fuel?	423
Roman Catholic Prelates and Secular Schools	423
Should Roman Catholics be Taxed for Secular Schools?	424
The Approaching Republican Convention	424
Judge Barrett on Miscarriages of Justice	424
IMPERIAL FEDERATION	Saville. 424
OTTAWA LETTER	Sara J. Duncan. 425
MONTREAL LETTER	Louis Lloyd. 426
THE TROOPER'S LAST RIDE (Poem)	A. D. Stewart. 426
DRINK AND GAMBLING	M. A. 427
THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA	John Talon-Lesperance. 427
VILLANELLE (Poem)	Seranus. 428
THE HIGH-CASTE HINDU WOMAN	M. C. 428
CORRESPONDENCE—	
"Cymbeline," "Imogen," "Portia"	D. Fowler. 429
"Tu Quoque"	Tu Quoque. 429
The Ontario Shops Regulation Act, 1888	W. S. G. 429
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	430
THE ART FAIR	431
THE BLACK KNIGHT (Poem)	Sarepta. 431
SAVANAROLA	C. 432
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	432
QUESTIONS	433

All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE logical inference from Lord Lansdowne's remarks in his Ottawa speech, to which we referred in our issue of last week, would seem to be that Canadians should be content to remain as they are, refraining from radical innovations of any kind. This is the very thing that they seem at present unable or unwilling to do. The spirit of unrest is abroad. For some reason the impression has taken hold upon the popular mind that the country is on the eve of important change. This feeling may be to some extent accounted for from the fact that "the times" are somewhat "hard," business rather "dull," and a good deal of financial stringency felt in commercial circles. As a contributory cause, the unreasonable expectations that were created in connection with the National Policy have now sobered down, and the inevitable reaction has set in. Then, again, the immense growth and development of the adjacent Republic—next-door neighbour as it is to every part of the Dominion—cause it to operate as a perpetual magnet, drawing young and enterprising spirits across the border. This exodus is, unquestionably, one of the most serious causes of the prevailing disquietude. But whatever its sources, the existence of the feeling of unrest is undeniable, and the fact has to be reckoned with. Lord Lansdowne fails, we think, to take this phase of the "public sentiment," to which he wisely attaches so great importance, sufficiently into the account. He certainly does not point out how it is to be met and satisfied.

STUDENTS of Science will deeply regret the state of health that compelled Mr. Herbert Spencer to cut short his reply in the *Nineteenth Century* to the Duke of Argyll's critiques in a previous number of that magazine. We commented briefly, in a former issue, upon some of the points made in the Duke of Argyll's article. Mr. Spencer's "Counter Criticism" deals with but a page and a half of that article, but within that short compass he dissents entirely from various of the statements made and conclusions drawn by the Duke of Argyll. One question briefly discussed is of very great interest to the scientific inquirer, viz.: "Are acquired characters hereditary?" Whereas the Duke of Argyll represents the inheritance of "func-

tional and structural decline," on the one hand, and of "increased strength and development" on the other as generally admitted facts of heredity, but seems to imply that the facts are not of sufficient importance in their bearing upon the doctrine of the development of varieties to be worth "making a fuss about," Mr. Herbert Spencer says that "both are disputed and, if not possibly denied, are held to be improved." He himself of course holds strongly to the doctrine of the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications, modifications that is, resulting from the use or disuse of special organs, but he differs widely—and in this every thoughtful reader must agree with him—from his critic with regard to the extent and magnitude of the effects of such a form of inheritance. He shows that there are involved in the doctrine most important questions not only of physical, but of mental and moral structure, and that the notions we form of the genesis and nature of our higher emotions as well as our sociological beliefs; in a word all our "views of life, mind, morals, and politics," must be largely influenced by our acceptance or rejection of this hypothesis. The question of its truth thus "demands, beyond all other questions whatever, the attention of scientific men." The discussion is one of intense interest, and it is well it should be put so clearly, but none the less is to be regretted that Mr. Spencer was unable to address himself to the crucial point of the Duke of Argyll's criticism on which we commented, which he has been compelled to leave untouched.

FROM various points come announcements either of the discovery of natural gas or of active and hopeful search for it. In a constantly increasing number of places this gas is being utilized as the cheapest and most convenient of fuels, even after it has been conveyed long distances, as in the case of Buffalo and other cities in the United States. But the series of disastrous explosions which took place in Buffalo a few weeks since, following as they did several of a less serious kind in other places, have put a temporary damper upon the ardour of some of the more sanguine explorers. The question now suggested is, Can natural gas be made a safe, as well as a marvellously cheap, convenient and cleanly heating agent? The probability is that the combined resources of chemical and mechanical science will find an affirmative answer, for the time being, at least. The question for present solution is mainly the practical one of controlling and regulating the pressure. What the ultimate effect of the steady withdrawal of this subtle fluid from its subterranean chambers is a matter less easily settled. It depends, we may suppose, largely upon the nature of its as yet unknown origin. If it is the product of chemical agents and forces which are steadily operating to keep up the supply, the inference would seem to be that that supply may be drawn upon with impunity for an indefinite period. But if, as is perhaps more probable, the gas comes to the surface as an outflow from the internal storehouses in which it is confined until the reservoirs are tapped by accident or design, one cannot refrain from speculating with some apprehension upon the possible results of a long process of exhaustion. Experiment alone can decide this question, and there will be no lack of experimenters wherever a vein of the inflammable material can be found.

THE opinion seems to be spreading, in thoughtful circles, in the United States, that the Republic is on the eve of a great struggle to preserve its Public School system intact, against Romish aggression. The *Christian Union*, a paper wielding much influence amongst an influential class, has taken the matter up, and is publishing a series of carefully prepared papers by writers specially selected for the purpose. The first of these papers, written, the editors tell us, by a fine classical scholar, and a man of thoroughly candid and catholic spirit, deals with the Plenary Council at Baltimore, and shows what were its positions and demands with respect to secular education. This is a point in regard to which there is, however, no room for doubt. The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, as represented by its prelates, towards Public School systems, is plain and unmistakable. Such schools are regarded as godless and pernicious—pernicious, not only on account of their godlessness, but by reason of their mixed character, as admitting both sexes. From either of these characteristics, the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy expect nothing but evil. Their opposition is therefore open, avowed. No good Roman Catholic, who accepts their instruction, can conscientiously send his children to the

Public Schools. Parents are not only exhorted, but even "charged by all the authority" the prelates possess, to "defend their children, during the whole period of infancy and boyhood, from the dangers of a merely secular education."

So far all is plain. The Roman Catholic Hierarchy not only warn their people against patronizing the secular schools, but enjoin upon them to establish schools peculiar to themselves, "truly Catholic and Christian," and "by no means inferior to the Public Schools," and to send their children, under ordinary circumstances, only to these schools. And just here the crucial question emerges. "In a republic," says the *Christian Union*, "the majority are bound to respect the sentiments of the minority; especially when it is so large a minority as are the Roman Catholic populations of the United States." Have then the Protestant majority any right to compel the Roman Catholic minority to pay taxes for the support of schools to which they cannot conscientiously send their children to be educated, to say nothing of requiring them to put their children into them? To the first question the answer given is, that bachelors, spinsters, childless couples, etc., might urge the same objection to tax-paying, and that "the gist of the whole matter lies in the answer to the question, whether a system of public schools fosters the material and moral interests of a country." The answer is, it may be admitted, hardly conclusive to a Protestant, and must be very unsatisfactory to a Roman Catholic mind. The parallelism suggested is incomplete, as the Roman Catholic parents are, by hypothesis, bound also to provide schools for the education of their own children. The devout Catholic might well contend too, that these religious schools foster, still better than the secular, the material and moral interests of the country. The answer quoted is, however, that of the contributor. The Editor furnishes one entirely different, and one which, if correct, settles the question. He contends that as a matter of fact, the hostility to the public schools is not that of the Roman Catholic laity, but that of the prelates only; that the decrees are the expression, not of American Roman Catholicism, but of Italian Ecclesiasticism; that the American Roman Catholic parent, as a rule, prefers the public to the parochial school; that more than once the laity have, in the face of clerical persuasions, and even absolute commands, voted to sustain the public schools; and that to-day, in New York City and Brooklyn, a majority of the Roman Catholic children are to be found in the public schools. If the fact be so, the conclusion is clear and irresistible.

As the date fixed for the Republican Convention draws near the uncertainty in respect to the nominee of the party seems to increase rather than diminish. For a long time it seemed almost certain that the Blainites would carry their point and secure the renomination of the defeated leader of the last campaign, in spite of his Florence letter. His subsequent declarations seem, however, to make it almost as certain as words can do that Mr. Blaine was sincere in his announced resolve not to be again a candidate. From the fact that comparatively few delegates of the party have been positively instructed to vote for him, and the further fact that many are declaring that his nomination would be the sure precursor of defeat, it is now becoming probable that he may be taken at his word. The other candidates are numerous, and the choice between them full of uncertainty. It is indeed quite possible that the result of the Convention may be a surprise, as has sometimes happened before, and that, to use a favourite metaphor of the politicians, some "dark horse" may win. So far, however, as there are grounds for any opinion, in the least better than a guess, the chances seem to be divided between three, Depew, Sherman, Gresham, and in that order. It is not unlikely that many of the more discerning of the party may have concluded privately that it matters little so far as the issue of the impending contest is concerned which is chosen, as the Democrats with their one strong candidate are sure to win. But of course it would never do to let the victory go by default, and in view of the future, the party must make the best selection, and the best fight possible.

"It is an unpleasant reflection that what is sometimes termed the miscarriage of justice is not unfrequently the triumph of law." Such is the suggestive remark with which Judge Barrett begins an interesting article in the *May Forum* on "Miscarriages of Justice." We are not sure that his reasonings will satisfy the ordinary lay mind that it is wholly unreasonable to require of the judicial machinery, if not "the absolute righting of wrongs," and the "ideal punishment of crime," at least such approach to it that mere legal technicalities should not be permitted in cases of "special atrocity," and indisputable evidence, to "obstruct the sword of justice." Judge Barrett shows that in the United States law is cheap, and the higher

courts accessible to all. The long and vexatious delays so much complained of are, he contends, the result not so much of blocked calendars as of the operation of the rule that where, as usually happens, several briefs are held by a great advocate, and two or more of the causes are on the calendar, those at which he cannot be present are held over subject to his engagement. Judge Barrett advocates doing away with the rule and giving the struggling barristers a chance, but has been unable to get any of his brethren who are in active practice to agree with him. The idea that inferiority in judges results from the elective system is hardly, he thinks, borne out by experience. The people have just as good judges as they are willing to pay for. They want cheap judges and they get them. If the people want the best, they must pay for it. Tenure he regards as a much more important factor. Life tenure is not, he thinks, in entire accord with the spirit of republican institutions. The most upright judge may stand in need too, of a certain kind of corrective discipline, which is given by the consciousness that the time is coming when the people will require an account of his stewardship, and the shaking up consequent upon the periodical contact, at long intervals, with the people. A system under which the judge "sums up," for or against a prisoner would not be tolerated in the States, but the jury should be able to look to the judge for impartial guidance, in matters of law, relevancy, etc. The most radical innovation approved by the article is a constitutional amendment, making a vote of nine jurors, when approved by the court, equivalent to unanimity. "Weak and ignorant juries are apt enough to agree," but the more intelligent and conscientious the twelve men, the more rare the chance of absolute unanimity.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE gentle admonition given by Lord Lansdowne to the Imperial Federation agitators was most timely, and will doubtless have the desired effect. The rebuke could have been administered by no one so effectively as by him. A moderate Conservative himself, and representing a decidedly Tory Government both in England and Canada, his condemnation comes with a force that cannot be withstood. His lordship has a remarkable power of neat and clear expression, and his sound judgment and common sense eminently fitted him for the office which he has given up, and that which he is about to fill. His successor will have difficulty in rivalling his five years' administration in this country without a fault.

The late Imperial Federation meeting in Toronto was excusable. It was large, representative, and enthusiastic, and gave the lie to the assertion that the people of Ontario would consent to Commercial Union with the States. But to go further—to ask Great Britain to peril her world-wide commerce, which alone enables her to find food for her people, would be an act of folly. English protectionists form a mere handful of the population. No politician known to fame—great land holder or Tory dyed-in-the-wool—would propose to levy preferential duties for the benefit of the colonies. Yet such preference is universally alleged by its advocates to be a condition precedent to Imperial Federation. These gentlemen, probably, do not see the dilemma in which they place themselves. It is clear that if Conservatives allege that Canada cannot prosper without a preference in British markets, and cannot get it, they give an opening for the Commercial Unionists.

If all civilized peoples were to become free traders, the main difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation would disappear. But that event is apparently far off. During forty years of freedom from customs Britain has not made a single convert. The fact is not creditable to the intelligence of the race, but it exists. There may be a change sooner than any one now anticipates. But who can foretell other changes which may arise to render Britain less an Imperial power than she is at present. An aristocracy is always ready for foreign war; it diverts attention from home affairs; the commercial middle classes favour an Imperial policy to extend their trade; but who shall predict what the proletariat—fast becoming the rulers of Britain—will make of the colonial empire? The British workman is not a coward, he has won all England's battles of the last four hundred years. And he is not sparing of his cash for a worthy object. But a long and expensive war against a European combination, stoppage of food supplies, and of foreign demand for manufactures, might make the British wage-earner anxious to escape from complications arising from a widely scattered confederation of states. It is also possible that when Canada's five millions have become fifty, and Australia's three have risen to thirty millions, they may be unwilling to involve themselves in European quarrels.

On the other hand the growth of popular government as distinguished from monarchical will unquestionably cause wars to be less frequent. Indi-

viduals benefit by war, masses suffer. The time will surely come when the great European nations will appreciate the folly of maintaining enormous armaments, and will agree to keep no more soldiers on foot than are needed to maintain internal peace. When men of each race and language are all shaker in one bag the chief excuse offered for recent wars will be taken away. If Russia could secure an entrance to the Mediterranean she would probably cease to trouble the peace of Europe. She is making great strides forward in civilization, and in the future is more likely to become republican than some countries which now possess Parliamentary Government. If the world should become peaceful there would be no motive for Great Britain separating from the Colonies.

Speculation on these matters is utterly vain. Sensible men will deal with events as they occur, will neither anticipate evil nor rush into experiments which existing conditions do not demand. In a sense Imperial Federation exists now, but it is a union which admits independent action in all the more important departments of government, and does not prevent joint action by the Mother Country and the Colonies on any matter. The demand for closer union does not come from practical politicians, but from sanguine theorists. No one is able to suggest a scheme for the government of the Empire by one legislature which any man of sense would consider satisfactory. For Canadians there is no other reasonable course than to pursue the even tenor of their way; develop the resources of their magnificent country with enterprise, but yet with economy, trade with those who are willing to reciprocate; and discourage every attempt to divert them from the work of building up a great nationality, either independent or in connection with Great Britain, as the course of events may show to be advisable.

SAVILLE.

OTTAWA LETTER.

It is all over. The banquet and reception were over and forgotten a week ago; the banquet at which Lord Lansdowne made the speech of his whole gubernatorial term, the reception at which Ottawa society in all its best beauty underwent the tightest packing of the season for the privilege of a farewell pressure of their Excellencies' finger-tips. Prorogation is over, with the addresses which preceded it, when His Excellency, in making his simple and sincere reply, was distinctly affected, and Her Excellency, very pretty in pale blue pongee, with pompons in her little white bonnet, and pearls about her neck, looked nervously concerned.

The farewell demonstration is over, flags flying, cannon booming, public dignitaries in cabs, social eminences in their own traps, non-eminences trooping along the sidewalks and smiling in the street-corners, cheers for the Governor, cheers for the Honourable the First Minister, wide enthusiasm. Ottawa has given Lord Lansdowne such a send-off as never a Governor-General received from the Capital before, even the able and popular Dufferin, or the cultured and appreciative Lorne. There is no doubt that our departed Governor has been personally well liked here in spite of the limitations upon good fellowship that the Viceregal function imposes. Social conduct at Rideau is so official in its nature that it is not easy to detect the pure element of sympathetic intercourse, but there is no doubt that it existed between Lord Lansdowne and his Canadian friends, to an extent which they valued no more than he. His official course has inspired a universal respect. In his acquaintance with the affairs of the country he has been thorough and painstaking; in the discharge of his own special duties he has been admirably correct. Upon every occasion, and in every place, he has maintained the dignity of his office, which, if it has not been greatly magnified by his tenure has certainly lost none of its august proportions since he held it. All this was an excellent *fond* for a demonstration which several other circumstances combined to emphasize. One was the fact that Ottawa is fortunate enough to have an energetic and enthusiastic gentleman in her present Mayor, Mr. McLeod Stewart, who is also a warm personal friend of Lord Lansdowne's.

Another is of course the Anti-Land League feeling which the visit of Mr. William O'Brien did so much to develop in Canada, and which has ever since only waited further opportunity to make itself known. And another perhaps is the sentiment of attachment to England, touched and quickened as it has been during the last three months by the discussion of questions broadly affecting our relations with her. It cannot be unrecognized that all these influences worked together to give Lord Lansdowne a farewell such as he deserved, and such as any Governor-General who faithfully and honourably fills the position deserves. And it is pleasant to think that—far more important than the immediate personal gratification it must have afforded him—this token of Canadian appreciation cannot fail to assist him in further achieving that which it is every true English nobleman's dearest ambition to achieve, important service to his country and his Queen.

During the interim the society of the Capital is without its official head. As a body it is patiently waiting recapitulation, individually it is wondering how things will go when the new king shall arise who knows not Joseph. I speak of course of the very frivolous, of the gilded ambitious of the comparatively new and uncertain. The steady-going old civil servant, whose mutton-chop whiskers have been whitening over his desk these many years, who got his military title in Her Majesty's service "at home," and has experienced criticisms for you of every gubernatorial wine-cellar since Confederation, does not give himself much trouble about it. He and his wife will go to Rideau to dinner two or three times a year as a matter of course; it is almost a perquisite, it is certainly a slight amelioration to life in a colonial capital, which is provided in the unwritten order of things prevailing wherever the British flag floats over an enlightened people. But these are the exceptions, and the exceptions are growing fewer, as they must in any democratic country entertaining the democratic idea of self-government and spoils. There are a great many others who are not deeply exercised—the households of the Cabinet, whose claim to consideration is at least temporarily assured, the residents of wealth and influence who have ever with them an *aide* or two in the red brick resplendence of their West-End dinners or the white brick resplendence of their Sandy Hill teas, the very large number of people whose incomes will not allow them to entertain the Household, and who therefore very sensibly keep out of the official round of gayety altogether. But the rest, from the newly-gilt matron, not yet quite accustomed to her own *bric-à-brac*, to the appointee of this Session, who has already furtively invested a portion of his first month's salary in a book of etiquette, the rest are agitated.

The social system of Ottawa is peculiar. Comparison with that of London, where laws are fixed by a classification which time and temperament have made a stratification, is out of the question. One might allowably turn to Washington, the official centre of a kindred democracy for certain parallels however, and one does not find them. The Americans, with their simple and direct settlement of social forms during Congress, by official precedence, might teach us a valuable lesson. Our ideas are more complicated, and the result is a social procedure which suggests by turns St. James's, a democratic seat of government, and a country town.

The newly arrived member's first duty is to pay his respects at Government House; and as it consists merely in walking, driving, or "tramping" out past the mills and over the Rideau Bridge and up the curving birch-bordered way to the hall, and writing his name in a registry book, this is not an onerous one. Then he and his wife, if he be so blessed, are informed that they are at liberty to call upon the speakers' wives on their reception days, as that is a formality which custom sanctions in Ottawa. Naturally enough the unsophisticated pair, fresh perhaps from the wilds of—but that would be invidious—look to see precedence further governing the action of the Parliamentary population of Ottawa. They might reasonably expect to be required to pay the visit of deference to the wives of the Supreme Court Judges, as the Americans say, to "the ladies of the Cabinet," and to the Senatorial better halves. But this is not the custom, in fact there is no custom visible to the naked eye. The new member's wife is a stranger, and as a stranger she must languish behind her third story hotel window until she is taken notice of according to the usage of Montreal, or Toronto, or Cainsville, or Medicine Hat. Doubtless the lady in question finding that though life is short and the Session shorter, the attractions of Ottawa are soon exhausted therein, wishes that a less provincial system prevailed. Certainly the present one imposes much trouble and responsibility upon ladies whose position gives them an unqualified right to reverse it during the Parliamentary term. Society, moreover, being thus made more accessible, would also be made more interesting.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

SWINBURNE, who is now nearly fifty years old, is living in retirement in Fulham, in the house of his friend, Theodore Watts. The once extremely radical poet is said to have become quite conservative under the influence of this same friend. The portrait of the poet, as a young man, with which so many of his readers have become familiar, has little resemblance to the Mr. Swinburne of to-day. The high forehead has become still higher, and the bushy, reddish hair has become quite thin and white.

ALL goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being in which they lie; an immensity not possessed, and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.—Emerson.

MONTREAL LETTER.

I do not know exactly what right we have to take pride in the fact that spring has at length conquered this stubborn Canadian nature of ours unless it is the crowd, like the enthusiastic urchins following some passing regiment, always feel ten times more victorious than the real victors. Everything "smells green," and the birds chatter and chirp fussily all day long as if a veritable ornithological parliament were in session. Looking over our city from the hill side during this luxurious season, one can hardly believe there lies below a single grimy street. The pale brick, sharp angled houses everywhere are now half hidden by tufts of green; and the spired churches and many winged convents with their metal roofs gain new beauty in the delicious, hazy atmosphere.

A "private view" when really such the privileged few are sure to enjoy infinitely more from the very fact that everybody has not similar advantages; and how much greater is the influence of what they see, in proportion as they are seen, it would be difficult to compute. "The members with their families," who attended the opening of the second exhibition of Black and White, seemed rather more pleased and contented than "members with their families" usually appear. It is quite a happy idea to open exhibitions by a sort of soirée; for artists, *litterati*, and essentially society individuals have thus an opportunity of meeting not always afforded in private entertainments.

Among the etchings now on view are specimens from the works of the greatest masters, from Rembrandt to Whistler. If I am not mistaken, this is the finest collection Montrealers have ever had the privilege of studying. Glancing at the pictures in something like chronological order, we find two by Claude Lorraine, six by Ostade, and some fifteen of Rembrandt's. The latter bear such dates as 1631, 1645, and though for the most part small, exhibit all the power of this virile old Dutchman.

Eugene Delacroix's "Arabes d'Oran" can interest us little when we remember the vivid colouring and passion in his paintings.

Millet is represented by "Les Bêcheurs," "La Grande Bergère," and copies of several other works. Yes, it is Millet, but Millet "shorn of his beams," without his silver and golden atmosphere.

Much as we may appreciate Corot's "Souvenir d'Italie" and "Environs de Rome" as poetical, still, if we would follow his maxim, "Above all, be true to your own instincts, your own method of seeing," they must not satisfy us.

"Le Mendant," "La Tireuse de Cartes," "Un Arabe Veillant le Corps de Son Ami," are by Fortuné, the young, delicate-handed artist, "the Chopin of Art." Simple, fine, weird, expressive is the last; full of infinite feeling the second.

Seymour Haden seems at his best. River and garden, sunset and broad light, whatever his needle finds to do, it does with delicacy and strength.

"The Y near Amsterdam" is cold and breezy and full of atmosphere, and this, Gravesande, a Dutch gentleman, who ranks among the greatest of modern etchers, has succeeded in expressing with exquisite simplicity.

Josef Israel's has but only a commonplace story to tell, but his few lines are so clever and explicit that he quite delights us.

In strange contrast to this work stand the lace-like productions of Monsieur Adolphe Appiau, the daintiest things an artist could imagine.

James Whistler, etcher par excellence, is charming in his wharves and bits of river. Herkomer's portrait of Miss Grant dressed in an eminently artistic gown, does both himself and the lady credit.

Allan Edson's works are at present on view previous to their sale this week. His subject, with few exceptions, is either "the shady sadness of a vale," or a snow-covered road. The cool, damp greenness of the former he has succeeded at times in rendering very happily. All the subtle beauty of snow no painter has yet expressed. "Tree effects" are numerous, too numerous, for we have an ever-recurring Japanese curtain falling across a lurid sky. Perhaps the freshest, most sympathetic work is the oil painting, "Gray Day, Cernay, France."

Inspired by American papers, our Montreal sheets are beginning to give readers a glimpse into their neighbours' purses and tastes truly entertaining. Some time ago the hearts of all zealous but poor and sensitive philanthropists were made glad by the publishing of the respective fortunes of the good citizens of Montreal; to-day, it is not without a thrill of satisfaction. The female admirers of Kant learn from recent interviews with booksellers that there are as ever bright exceptions to the general rule followed by their novel-reading sex. The verdict pronounced upon Montrealers is severe—too severe let us hope. One witness only has declared in our favour. Taste for poetry, it appears, grows yearly less. Even the quarterly magazine must yield to the monthly, and the monthly in its turn to the daily papers. "Trash," the booksellers seem to dispose of with no difficulty; but there is, however, little demand for "sensational works of the Zola type." (I wonder what the great French naturalist would say to "sensational"?) The French Canadian public buy chiefly religious books. It is a pity. Hugo, Daudet and Georges Ohnet's earlier work would be infinitely beneficial. That there are no copies of so excellent a Parisian paper as *Le Temps* has often surprised me; but that only single numbers of the bi-weekly and daily *Figaro* are to be had seems incomprehensible. With no books, no theatre, no sprightly journals, what can we hope? Take away a Frenchman's wit and he might as well be—an Englishman!

But now don't go away with the idea Montrealers are on the whole of less literary taste than their neighbours. The trash-reading class with us is trash-reading the world over; and furthermore, in older towns, does it not comprise also those who, here, have long since abandoned "St. Elmo" for Browning?

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE TROOPER'S LAST RIDE.

OVER our heads the clouds were flying,
Clattered our horses' hoofs along,
Crushing the flowers beneath them lying,
Ringing in time to the birds' sweet song.

Bright gleamed the sun on each burnished rifle,
Gay came laughter on every breath,
Danger was less than a very trifle
Though some of us rode to certain death.

"Comrades," said Ned, "should an arrow quiver
Deep in my heart, and I die to-day,
Bury me close by the silver river
That runs through the green swamp out to the bay.

"Take my sword to my dear old mother,
Tell her to hang it over the door
Beside the other—you know the other
That throws its shadows across the floor."

"Charge," came the order—"lads, sit steady"—
Thundered the hoof beats loud and strong;
Death was before us, but, eager and ready,
We laughed in his teeth and spurred along.

Down through the valley we galloped flying,
Saddles were empty and blood flowed red;
And each as he saw a comrade dying
Felt for his dressing and rode ahead.

Backward, at sunset, we came in order,
Thinned were our ranks as leaves by a blast;
And down in the hollow across the border
Poor Ned had met with his doom at last.

Few were the words that night were spoken,
Scarred were our faces and ashen gray;
"Dismiss"—spurs clanked, and the ranks were broken
And swords put by for another day.

A. D. STEWART.

DRINK AND GAMBLING.

EVERY one knows the misery and the mischief wrought by drink. The drunkard himself knows it, and it is his chief misery that he must despise himself for his weakness. He knows that his excuses and apologies are insincere. He does not believe in them himself, and he knows perfectly well that no one else believes in them; and yet he goes on repeating them just as though they were expressive of the deepest and firmest conviction—just as if he were sure of their obtaining the readiest and fullest credence.

Every one, we say, knows the evil effects of drinking. Most people put down to this vice nearly all the other crimes which are committed upon the face of the earth. One ardent advocate of Prohibition has declared that murders are never committed by total abstainers—a very rash statement indeed. It is also a little rash to make out that drinking is the universal cause of crime, seeing that it is quite as often an effect as a cause.

But we are now in some danger of forgetting that, whether drunkenness is an effect or a cause, or whether it is more of the one than of the other, there are other evils, some of which are hardly noticed at all, while others receive quite insufficient recognition. For example, Sir Henry Thompson, a very distinguished English physician, has declared that the evil effects, physical and moral, of over-eating, are greater than those of excessive drinking—in short, that, on the whole, gluttony is more mischievous than drunkenness. Most of us will feel some difficulty in receiving this testimony; but, on the other hand, there is much to be said in support of it.

The evils of drunkenness are patent and they are immediate. Even if it takes a long time for the full effects of its ravages to be disclosed, yet we see the process as it goes on. It is hardly possible to mistake it. We do not see the evil effects of gluttony either immediately or progressively, or in their ultimate consequences; not even the physician always discovers them. But in many cases he does. There are whole families distinguished as gourmands, the members of which are commonly short-lived. Here is a tangible case; but many other cases may be as real without being tangible.

We wish Sir Henry Thompson could be present at some of the great public dinners at Toronto, and he would see large assemblies of men sitting and eating for an hour or two and drinking cold water, until it seems impossible that any vitality should remain in them. If that eminent man were allowed to express his sentiments at the close of the repast, he would probably bear testimony in something like the following manner:—"Mr. Chairman and gentleman, I have witnessed with great disgust the quantity of food which has been despatched by the present company. You probably think yourselves virtuous because you have no more cakes and ale? Believe me, you flatter yourselves. You would have been much kinder to your souls and bodies alike if you had eaten a great deal less, even if you had washed that little down with a glass or even two glasses of ale; and you would have made a much better preparation for your after-dinner speeches, the heaviness of which is quite intelligible when we remember what a quantity you have eaten."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

THE Senate and House of Commons form one body of representative men, the Royal Society of Canada constitutes another. Last week the bodies came into juxtaposition. As the former was being prorogued, the latter was opening its yearly session, and on that day, Tuesday, the 22nd May, 1888, there was gathered in the Capital of the Dominion as able a set of men as any land could boast of, and yet the Royal Society is not as well known as it should be. Established in 1882, under the patronage of the Marquis of Lorne, it has now six years of life, and the last was its seventh annual meeting. The membership is eighty, divided into four sections of twenty in each. Two of these sections are literary, and two are scientific. The latter are truly the backbone of the Society, while the former may be regarded as supplementary; still there is good work done in all, and the character of the transactions is distinctly improving. The first section is of French literature, archaeology and history; the second, of English literature, archaeology, history and kindred subjects; the third, of mathematical, physical and chemical sciences; and the fourth, of geology, natural science and biology. In each of these sections there are men who have made their mark, whose names are known over the country, and this is especially true of the scientific sections. An essential condition of membership is that the candidate be the author of at least one published book, and have done literary or scientific work such as to command attention. It is safe to say that every one of the present members has done that, although, owing to the limited membership, several who have done as much, if not more, are not yet enrolled into the Society. Their claims, however, are not overlooked, and the eye of the Council and the sections are upon them to provide a seat so soon as opportunity offers.

The French are represented in full force. The Abbés Begin and Bois are famed for their erudition; the Abbé Verreau is one of the chief collectors of historical antiquities; and the Abbé Tanquay has grounded his reputation on his Genealogical Dictionary of Canadian Families. M. Chauveau needs no introduction to the readers of THE WEEK; Hector Fabre used to be the head of the *Chronique* school of Quebec; Faucher de Saint-Maurice is an accomplished stylist, and so is Napoleon Legendre. Fréchette, the poet, speaks for himself; Lemay is the translator of "Evangeline"; Sulte is poet and historian; Marchand excels in bright drama, and Marmette has written several stirring historical novels. The Abbé Casgrain is the author of a number of important biographies and historical studies. Decelles and Decages are learned essayists and Lusignan is a sparkling writer. Joseph Tassé is known by his standard work on the Canadians of the Western States, and Judge Routhier ranks among the best scholars of his province. In the English section, Toronto sends Dr. Daniel Wilson, an ex-president of the Society, and a host in himself; Dr. Withrow, the historian; G. Paxton Young, of the University; Charles Lindsey, the well-known author, and Colonel Denison, late president of the English section. Kingston is represented by Principal Grant, and Dr. Watson, of Queen's; Ottawa, by J. G. Bourinot, the Constitutional writer, and the Rev. Æneas Dawson, and Montreal, by Dr. Clarke Murray, of McGill; Professor George Murray, the poet and scholar; John Reade, author of *The Prophecy of Merlin*, and the writer of these lines. George Stewart, jr., one of the most prolific of our literary men; William Kirby, of Niagara, author of *The Chien d'Or*, and the old Celtic bard, Evan McColl, of Kingston, are also members of the second section.

In the scientific sections are met names of which any country might be proud. There are Carpmael, the "Probs." (but not "Old") of the Dominion; Cherriman, an authority in practical mathematics; Sandford Fleming, a light among engineers; Gisborne, of electric telegraph fame; Hamel, of Laval, and late president of the Society; Harrington, a pillar of McGill; Sterry Hunt, of American and European reputation; Sir William Dawson, equally known, and altogether one of the leading men of Canada, to whom may be associated his son, Dr. George Dawson; James Fletcher, the Ottawa specialist; Sir J. A. Grant; ex-President Lawson, of Halifax, one of our first botanists; Prof. Macoun, explorer and author; Penhollow, the botanist of McGill; Dr. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey, and J. F. Whiteaves, our chief palæontologist. The corresponding members are few, and chosen with great discrimination. Among them are Professor Bonney, of London; Camille Doucet, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy; Francis Parkman, and Xavier Marmette, a French writer who has published novels with scenes laid in Canada and among its Indians.

Parliament allots every year the sum of \$5,000 to defray the expenses of publishing the Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society. The amount is not large and no burden on the exchequer, while it is sufficient to secure a yearly volume which may be called the best monument of the Society, and which in the course of time will be of exceptional value. The work, which is a folio, and a *fac simile* of the well-known volume put forth by the Royal Society of Great Britain, is an almost perfect sample of bookmaking, the paper, type, ink, and whole material execution being of Canadian manufacture, and reflecting honour on both printers and publishers. The proceedings of the past six years have thus been made public, but the number of volumes is only five, the first and second years having been put together. The issue of the work is necessarily limited, and the members now get only one volume apiece, but almost all the foreign learned societies are supplied, and in exchange furnish the Society with their publications. Thus the makings of a precious collection are already in hand, and steps will soon have to be taken to find storage for these treasures; and indeed the Royal Society must shortly have a local habitation.

While at Ottawa during the meeting last week, the writer was one of several members who discussed the feasibility of this scheme. Government will be memorialized for a new building—very much needed—for the housing of the Geological Survey, the Patent Office, the Fisheries Col-

No one will think of defending drunkenness or excusing it or palliating it. But there is, at present, some danger of forgetting that it is only one of many evils which have to be dealt with by the philanthropist and the moralist. It is said that teetotalers are great eaters, that, in fact, they need to eat more than moderate drinkers. If this is so, then we think they should be aware of the dangers to which they are exposed. The liver may be ruined by gluttony as well as by drunkenness; and fullness of bread may depress the moral energies and aspirations no less than tarrying at the wine cup.

Nor are these the only evils which are rife at the present time. An eloquent voice has lately been telling the people of England that there is another vice, perhaps more common, certainly more destructive, than the vice of drunkenness: It is gambling. It is said that, this year, during the season at Monaco, fifty persons have committed suicide. Fifty persons have been made so desperate and hopeless—have been driven to such absolute despair—that they have taken their own lives. And how many have been driven to the borders of desperation—how many have departed with broken hearts, with lives withered and blasted, henceforth fit for no good purpose or work in this world?

But gambling does not take place at Monaco alone; nor is gambling carried on only under one form. It is easy—at any rate, whether easy or not, it has been found possible—to shut up the gambling saloons at Homburg and Wiesbaden, and elsewhere. But it is impossible to prevent the indulgence of the horrible passion in private. Ordinary men and women, we are told, and evidently with truth, know nothing at all of the madness which flashes up in the brain of the gambler. He can no more resist the fascination of the spirit of play than the drunkard can resist the power of drink; and the consequences of indulgence are said, and are believed, on good evidence, to be far more injurious than those which result from drinking. An excessive drinker is apt to become very much like a beast. A gambler is very likely to become something of a devil. It is quite true that the devil might pass in society where the beast would get turned out; but it would not be a comfortable thought that he was our near neighbour; and we may as well know that he is sometimes very near.

Shall we stop here? Is it only the men who stake their thousands at *rouge-et-noir*, or their hundreds at poker, who are to be reckoned gamblers? What shall we say of the reckless speculation which has invaded modern society in many forms and with disastrous effects? Is there no gambling in stocks or in banks, or in many kinds of commerce? If there is a legitimate risk in such undertakings, is there not also a risk which is excessive and illegitimate? It is indeed very difficult to say when many kinds of transactions become fraudulent; but it is generally agreed that this point is often reached long before the moment comes at which the law can take cognizance of the act as criminal.

Are we about to suggest the introduction of further legal restrictions as to the manner of doing business? Of course, it is necessary that the law should intervene to detect and punish all dishonesty and fraud that can be brought home to the perpetrator. But we confess that our hope in this matter does not lie in the making of new laws. Prohibition has not stopped drinking in Maine, and it has brought in a number of other evils. And no form or amount of legislation will quench the spirit of gambling or put an end to the practice. If we could chain up all the Bulls and Bears on the Stock Exchange they would speedily be at large under new names and in new forms. If the evil is to be cured, it must be in a different manner.

What is it that has made excessive drinking almost unknown in all good society? It has been no written law. It has been the growth of right opinion, of higher principles, of truer self-respect. Men have got to see that it is unmanly as well as immoral to steal away their senses by the excessive indulgence of their appetites. Let them get to see that gambling, in every form, is unworthy of a gentleman, that a man actually lowers himself by indulging in such a vicious practice, that he must lose his self-respect and the respect of his neighbours, and he will, in time, be cured of the disease.

When it was thought rather a fine thing to be "as drunk as a lord," and a man who was always sober was regarded as a milksop, excessive drinking was a matter of course. When a heavy drinker finds himself looked coldly upon or regarded with pity, he will not so readily indulge. So long, in like manner, as a successful gambler, who has only ruined others and not himself, is looked upon as a clever fellow who is to be made much of because he has become rich, so long will gamblers be grown in plenty. When society is better educated, and knows that every form of gambling is simply immoral, mischievous, ruinous—when honourable men shall agree to give the cold shoulder to the gambler as a dishonourable man—then the knell of gambling will be rung. M. A.

It is with the favours of fortune as with too high health; that is to say, one is never so near being ill as when one feels too well, nor so near to being unhappy as when one is overwhelmed with happiness.

ONE of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick room is a sand bag. Get some clean, fine sand; dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or even on top of the stove. After once using this, you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags, and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed.

lection, the Weights and Measures, and the Archives—a National Museum, in other words, after the manner of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. When that building is put up the Royal Society will have its place therein, and then its labours, being concentrated and kept together for reference and illustration, it will be enabled to devote itself to scientific and literary work of incalculable importance to the intellectual development and the material advance of the whole Dominion.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

VILLANELLE.

(IN LOWER CANADA.)

THE tall twin towers of the grim *église*
Loom up over the wharf and street,
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

Whichever way one goes one sees
The *séminaire*, and is sure to meet
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*,

And but for the keen Canadian breeze
Blowing the sharp Canadian sleet
Over the Lombardy poplar trees

To me and Pierre, who says it will freeze
By night, I feel as if I must greet
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*.

For an Old-World church with Old-World fees,
The Old-World *carillon* sounding sweet
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

Vite donc, my Pierre! For the time it flees;
Once more would I see from my snug low seat
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

SERANUS.

THE HIGH-CASTE HINDU WOMAN.

It is a fact universally accepted that nothing is ever fully realized except by force of contrast. We are strong: we exult in "the wild joys of living," but our exultation is thoughtless like that of a child until a close relation with pain and feebleness forces us into thankfulness. So it is with the gifts of the Gospel. The civilization which we enjoy, the physical, mental, and spiritual blessings open to us all, we accept as our birthright, and it is only when the veil is drawn aside, and we see a glimpse of the blackness of darkness in heathen lands that we begin to appreciate our privileges.

One of the great glories of the Gospel is the reversal which it has caused in the position of woman. Perhaps the effects of Christianity in this respect cannot be more clearly shown than by the contrast between the condition of life with which we are familiar and that which exists in India.

India, a part of that empire whose women are the noblest in the world, has seventy-five million women doomed to life-long slavery for the crime of having been born. According to the belief of the Hindus, womanhood is the punishment for crimes, manhood the reward of goodness, in past existences. Women in themselves are incapable of attaining to Heaven, and only through union with man can they be saved. Marriage is hence the end of a Hindu woman's existence. The marriage of the daughters gives the parents a title deed to rich rewards in Heaven, and to ensure a husband Hindu girls are usually wedded between the ages of five and eleven. Education is of course impossible: it is a popular belief among high-caste Hindu women that their husbands will die if they should read or write, and the men of India have in most instances set their faces steadily against female education, regarding their wives as fit only for domestic drudgery. The Hindu wife is absolutely dependent upon her husband—his will is her law, its performance her only duty. She belongs to him entirely, and their relations are such that the wife will crouch and kiss the hand or foot that has been raised against her in apology for the blow or kick that has been so great an exertion to her master.

That the mothers should in any true sense train their children is impossible. It is the men's boast that their women have never seen the sun, for the latter are confined to the four walls of the house, which has no windows, and is ventilated by holes in the roof. "Thus deprived of any opportunity to breathe the healthy, fresh air, or to drink in the wholesome sunshine, the Indian women become weaker and weaker from generation to generation, their physical statures dwarfed, their spirits crushed under the weight of prejudices and superstitions, and their minds starved from absolute lack of literary food and of opportunity to observe the world." If it be true that "our mothers make us most," can we wonder that the sons of such women have developed into a slavery-loving and dependent nation?

But even more pitiable is the lot of widows, and especially of child-widows. There are in India 21,000,000 widows, of whom 382,736 are under nineteen, and 78,976 under nine. These unfortunate beings are regarded with peculiar hatred, the child-widows being considered the greatest criminals against whom heaven has pronounced judgment. The widow is cursed by all her husband's relatives as the cause of his death; she is forbidden the use of ornaments, which she has been taught to love, and is deprived of her glossy hair, which Hindu women think it worse than death to lose; she must eat one meal only during the twenty-four hours of the day, and on sacred days she must abstain altogether from food; she must never show herself on joyful occasions, for she is regarded as an "inauspicious" thing; she is ignorant of any art by which she could earn her own

livelihood, and no respectable family would employ her as a servant. Thus destitute of light and love and hope, is it wonderful that "the passage of the Sati to her couch of flame" was, in former days, "like a public festival," and that now many of the widows, unable to endure their life, seek rest in the waters of the sacred river? "O Lord, inquire into our case," writes one, the pupil of a zenana missionary, and one of the few Hindu women who can read and write; "from Thy throne of judgment justice flows, but it does not reach us; in this our life-long misery only injustice comes near us. Thou hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive, but we are too ignorant to know what sin is. Must the punishment of sin fall on those who are too ignorant to know what it is? O great Lord, our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with the very animals; they are responsible, but we are not; criminals confined in the gaols for life are happier than we, for they know something of Thy world. Those who have seen Thy works may learn to understand Thee, but for us who have never, even in dreams, seen Thy world, it is not possible to learn to know Thee. We see only the four walls of the house; shall we call them the world or India? We have been born in this gaol, we have died here, and are dying. O Father of the world, hast not Thou created us? or has perchance some other god made us? Hast Thou no thought for us women? Why hast Thou created us male and female? O God of mercy, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of the men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing, that saved by Thy mercy we may taste something of the joys of life."

This supplication has been heard; a high-caste Hindu woman, herself a widow, has been raised up to plead before the world the cause of her countrywomen. She is a living protest against the Hindu doctrine of woman's inferiority, and having already defied the giant of Hindu prejudice, is prepared to carry on warfare against the social and religious bigotry of her countrymen. The Pundita Ramabai owes to her enlightened parents the scholarship, rare in any country, which gained for her the honourable title of Sarasvati; her father, a martyr to the cause of female education, bequeathed this work to his daughter, who with a faith and constancy which angels love, and men regard with reverence and humility, dedicates her life to the regeneration of the Indian race, which, says Prof. Max Müller, "can be accomplished only through the regeneration of the women." For six years Ramabai has studied educational systems in England and the United States, and it is her intention to establish secular schools in India, beginning at Calcutta, for the training and education of child-widows.

The danger of exciting dangerous disturbances by interfering with caste prejudices occurs to our minds when we hear of this scheme. It must, however, be remembered that the work is undertaken, not by well-meaning and ignorant English people, but by a native thoroughly acquainted with the strength of the caste-system, and also with the natures of her people, and with their needs. The remarkable history of Dr. Anandiba Goshee, the first Hindu woman to take a medical degree in any country, may help to allay these fears. After graduating at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Dr. Goshee returned to India, where, instead of being shunned as an outcast, she was much honoured by the orthodox, and after her death was eulogized in native journals "as proving that the great qualities, perseverance, unselfishness, undaunted courage, and an eager desire to serve one's country, do exist in the so-called weaker sex."

As to the objection that has been made on the ground of the secularity of the schools, reflection will furnish a satisfactory answer. Would any Christian woman attend a school where the study of Brahminism was compulsory? Would a devout Romanist go where she were forced to adopt the doctrine of the Church of England? "From what I have seen and known of my countrywoman," writes Ramabai, "my impression is that many excellent and devout Hindu women will not come to such a school house if the study of the Christian religion be made a condition of their admittance."

For this work Ramabai requires \$75,000, of which she has already obtained \$35,000. Ten thousand dollars is necessary for the purchasing and furnishing of a building, and an annual payment of \$5,000 for ten years to meet current expenses. No pecuniary aid can at present be hoped for from the majority of Hindus, who are so bitterly opposed to female education. "One must have the power of performing miracles to induce the high-caste Hindu gentlemen to receive the Gospel of society's well-being through the elevation of women. Such a miracle Ramabai has faith to believe will be performed in India during the next ten years, and if this be true, the enterprise will prove self-supporting after that period with only native aid." Circles have been formed in the United States and in Canada in connection with the "Ramabai Association." Members pledge themselves to the annual payment of one dollar for ten years. One such circle has lately been formed in Toronto, which new members are earnestly invited to join.

"Mothers and fathers," writes Ramabai, "compare the condition of your own sweet darlings at your happy firesides with that of millions of little girls of a corresponding age in India, who have already been sacrificed on the unholy altar of an inhuman social system, whether you can stop short of doing something to rescue the little widows from the hands of their tormentors. Millions of heartrending cries are daily rising from within the walls of Indian zenanas: thousands of child widows are annually dying without a ray of hope to cheer their hearts, and other thousands are daily being crushed under the fearful weight of sin and shame, with no one to prevent their ruin by providing for them a better way. . . . In the name of humanity, in the name of your sacred responsibilities as workers in the sacred cause of humanity, I summon you, true women and men, to bestow your help quickly, regardless of nation, caste, or creed." M. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CYMBELINE, IMOGEN, AND PORTIA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Accepting with thanks Mr. Meredith's emendation of "as a boy," and very cordially his estimate of Imogen, but hesitating about "prevent," as "pervert" may mean turning from belief to disbelief, which is not what is wanted, I will ask his permission to state with all deference what has been my finding and feeling—for what they may be worth—as to Lady Martin's book generally. Opinions are founded on facts; if the facts are untrue, what is the worth of the opinions? Now, Lady Martin's facts are frequently untrue. I will take one character, that of Portia: *ex uno disce omnes*. 'At setting out, Lady Martin enjoins us to dismiss the stage from our minds and apply ourselves to a "conscientious study" of the play as written by Shakespeare. She professes but does not practise. She calls, for instance, Nerissa the "dame d'honneur and friend" of Portia. She may be so represented on the stage, probably is, but in the "persons represented" she is said to be her "waiting maid," and is so called in the play by both Portia and Gratiano. Lady Martin tells us that Portia's "heart grows as stony as Shylock's," because she has "seen the knife sharpened." It may be so on the stage, but in the play it is done before she enters on the scene. She invents a long story, not one word of which is found in the play, to the effect that Portia goes to Padua, and there finds Bellario "grievously sick"; that "in that extremity he proposes that Portia shall go in his stead." Now, there are three positive proofs in the play (in the instructions which she gives to Balthazar, and in what she says to Nerissa) that she has no occasion to go to Padua, has never any intention of going there, and does not go there, and that, so far from taking any sudden resolution "in extremity," her mind is made up as to her "whole device" before she leaves Belmont. There is, no doubt, what purports to be the letter of introduction from Dr. Bellario, but the obvious explanation of that is that it is a sham-letter concocted by Portia for the occasion. Of this there is ample internal evidence in the letter itself. If it is derogatory to the character of Portia there is no help for that. Enough has been said to show that Lady Martin is no safe guide as to matters of fact. The same must be admitted on points of taste and judgment. She calls Portia's severe strictures on her various suitors "her own playful way," taking care to leave out those which are coarse, as to one of them at least. She passes by without mention Portia's rather full-bodied white lie about the "secret vow which she has breathed toward heaven." And all that she has to say on the subject of the gross indecorum of Portia's proposed lark, in men's clothes, for herself and Nerissa, aggravated by the particular circumstances of the moment, herself a bride of an hour or two,—expressed, be it allowed, in just as racy wit as you please—is "we find her, before her departure, in the highest spirits," being careful to quote only the two least pungent lines of the whole.

The character of Portia is an extremely brilliant one, a capital stage-character overflowing with points for a clever actress, and Lady Martin, the former Helen Faucit, was more than clever; but Portia, the woman, is far from being without blemishes, as what man or woman ever was? As for her legal decisions against Shylock, which Lady Martin lauds effusively, they are exactly what could be expected, manifest quibbles, violations of established principles of law, as a New York lawyer, Mr. Appleton Morgan, has shown. Faithfully yours,

D. FOWLER.

"TU QUOQUE."

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—We have all heard of the Golden Age and the Iron Age, but now we are living in the age of Phrase and Fraud; and the worst of these is the Moral Fraud, deceiving itself and others. This curious metaphysical monstrosity, this incarnate Jesuitry, this mint and anise and cummin piece of self-created obfuscation known as *tu quoque*, and designed to form a connecting excuse between the unfulfilled matters of a weightier law and the heaven-gifted conscience; we are all in it, or it seems to be in us all. The heaven-born statesman, the Christian politician, the platform orator, the popular preacher, the axe-to-grind man for his country's good, the ward grabber, the self-seeker *et al.*; it is quite enough that the opposition deceives and bribes for justification in imitating the example: to fight the devil with fire instead of with holy water as of old. It is enough to merely utter a shibboleth, and all the rest is easy; it is enough to phrase in the prevailing cant, and all is well. It is enough to support a party in order to secure the spoils; right and wrong are in the abstract only. *Tu quoque* is king, and plunder is his empire. It is enough to sign a pledge, and an elastic conscience can manage all the remainder; the innocent are humbugged and the bundle is hived. It is enough to accept the teachings of the New Testament, but women may preach in the churches; to utter the phrase that "the Church has nothing to do with politics," but pastors may teach as they please from their pulpits.

The standard of purity is unfurled to the breeze, but, alas! there is no breeze strong enough to unfold its flag; there is only a tremulous wavering caused by shaky holders and puffed-out blowers; and it is no sooner up than its bearers, unequal to the burden, scream out *tu quoque*, and trail it in the dust, amidst the sneers and laughter of a crowd as incapable apparently of knowing true morality as their antagonists, and who only estimate its quality by finding out who is uppermost in the struggle in the dirt. Then the shibboleth of the uppermost is shouted,

and the numerical mutterings of the crowd composing the upper crust constitute its superiority to the under-flappers for a while.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? no physician in Israel" to put a stop to this sort of thing? Shall we ever have reproduced in any of us the saintly yet rugged countenances of the "men" of the early centuries, and which are portrayed for us by the great painters of the past? Shall we ever come to hate the sanctimonious look and the pious gesture, the evangelical mouth, and the low-toned whinings, the "none but we are the Lord's," and the turned-up eyes of the saintage of the day? Shall any of us ever think of beginning with ourselves before seeking and insisting upon curing our neighbours; of our immediate and pressing and personal duties instead of attempting to reform the world in two weeks, or three at latest, by a special Act of Parliament flavoured by the precious morality of a heterogeneous section? Shall any of us ever come out of this wilderness of verbiage and cant into Canaan? or must we all, in the very nature of things, die in the desert we have ourselves created?

Yours, etc.,

TU QUOQUE.

THE ONTARIO SHOPS REGULATION ACT, 1888.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The above statute, now a law in this Province, contains provisions which have already attracted considerable popular attention, and which call for more than passing notice. They are as follows:—

(2) Any local council may by by-law require that during the whole, or any part or parts of the year, all or any class or classes of shops within the municipality shall be closed, and remain closed on each or any day of the week at and continuously after the time and hour fixed or appointed in that behalf by the by-law, but any such time or hour fixed or appointed by a by-law passed under the authority of this subsection shall not be earlier than seven of the clock in the afternoon of any day.

(3) If any application is received by, or presented to a local council, praying for the passing of a by-law requiring the closing of any class or classes of shops situate within the municipality, and the council is satisfied that such application is signed by not less than three-fourths in number of the occupiers of shops within the municipality and belonging to the class, or each of the classes, to which the application relates, the council shall, within one month after the receipt or presentation of such application, pass a by-law giving effect to the said application and requiring all shops within the municipality, belonging to the class or classes specified in the application, to be closed during the period of the year and at the times and hours mentioned in that behalf, in the application.

Then follows, among other provisions, one (a permissive one, while that for the passing of the by-law, it may be noticed, is obligatory upon the council) to the effect that where "it is made to appear to the satisfaction of a local council that more than one-third in number of the occupiers of shops to which any by-law passed by the council under the authority of sub-section 3 of this section relates, or of any class of such shops, are opposed to the continuance of such by-law," the same may be repealed in whole or part. That is, three-fourths of the resident shop-keepers in a given line may coerce one-fourth, but the minority must secure the support of at least one-third of all before they shall have an opportunity to regain their freedom.

No lengthy criticism of this legislation is necessary, nor will it be attempted here. But the fact which its passage serves to bring into prominence is the very extensive powers, under our present constitution, of a majority to impose, by act of the legislature, its will upon a minority.

That our popular Assembly can, by a bare majority, wield an almost absolute power for good or evil, the far-reaching effects of which it is not always possible to foresee, is worthy of more attention than the proposition has yet received. To make it more apparent, strike out in clause 2 above quoted the last clause, and in clause 3 substitute the "majority" for "three-fourths." It was entirely competent for the legislature to have passed the act in its amended shape. Equally competent would it have been to add a clause providing that all citizens found abroad upon the streets or highways within any municipality after the hour of eight o'clock in the evening, and not producing the written permission of a magistrate, should be liable to arrest. It is not inconceivable that a majority of our legislature, if not a majority of our people, should, at some future time, consider such a law conducive to morality and public order, and, therefore, a highly proper law. If so, the minority would have to submit.

It is to historical causes that we may attribute the danger to which minorities are, in this Province, subjected. We have, properly speaking, no written constitution, or, at least, a very meagre one. Our Canadian legislatures are modelled on the lines of the Parliament of the Mother Country. The latter Parliament is supreme, and its power over the lives and property of subjects is absolutely unlimited. Acting within their jurisdictions, and subject to the exercise of the veto power, our legislatures are also unlimited in power. But the Imperial Parliament possesses two houses, and the material which composes them is such as to render it unlikely that gross oppression of minorities in the State would be permitted. Yet it cannot be said that the Imperial Parliament has not, even of late years, enacted legislation which savoured strongly of injustice to innocent, though helpless, minorities; instances of which, in certain Irish Land Acts, may readily recur to memory.

In a speech delivered at Kelso some three years ago, referring to the practical usefulness of the House of Lords and its proposed abolition, Lord Salisbury used these words:—

The danger at the present time—we see it in operation in America—is that your politics may, as they express it, be worked by the machine; that the power of the caucus, of the wirepuller, of the organization, may become so great that individual opinion shall find no voice for expression, and that those who are in possession of the electoral machine will practically be in possession of the supreme power in this

country, and you have not the protection—never forget it—you have not the protection which the Americans possess. With them no law can be altered, no fundamental law of their country can be altered, without a direct reference to the opinion of the people, without obtaining a three-fourths majority in favour of the alteration. It is not so with us. Everything is theoretically in the hands of Parliament, and if Parliament is whittled down so that nothing remains of it but the House of Commons, everything will be at the mercy of the majority of that House.

It is probable that the reference to the American system would have been better understood by a Canadian audience than perhaps it was by those who listened to Lord Salisbury's words. As is well known here, the Constitution of the United States lays down, in many sections, certain abstract principles which impose a limit upon legislation in that country, and are devised to secure individual rights and for the protection of minorities. The clauses of Sections IX. and X. of Article I., and of Section II. of Article IV. are specially noticeable, while all of the fifteen amendments to the instrument are of that character. The power of amendment, and limit of that power, in the "two-thirds" rule referred to, are found in Article V.

But, some one may say, "How is a written constitution to benefit you? The will of the majority must still govern." It is true that the will of the majority must govern, and this is where a written constitution is of value; for, if wisely framed, it is well adapted, in a popular form of government, to secure a more sure and satisfactory exposition of what really is the will of the majority.

Our local legislature is as democratic a body as that of any State of the Republic. A comparison of our Provincial statutes with those of neighbouring States will convince any one of this. It is composed of representative men, the equal in all respects of those composing State legislatures. Yet we find it enacting laws, for example, which impair the obligation of contracts, and provisions which are *ex post facto* in their operation. Should a State legislature pass such, they would be of no effect, as infringing upon the Constitution, which declares that no such laws shall be passed. True, the Constitution may be amended, but no amendment declaring, in so many words, that Congress and the State legislature may pass laws impairing the obligations of contracts, or *ex post facto* laws, or laws confiscating private property without just compensation, would stand any chance of being passed, because it is only requisite to have the attention of citizens called to such eminently just principles of legislation, to obtain general recognition of their fairness and utility. The cumbrous machinery necessary to be put in motion before any amendment could be carried into effect could not be set going without attracting wide-spread attention. Hasty and slipshod legislature is turned out in American legislatures as often, perhaps, as with us. It may be said that it is not always easy to detect the pernicious infringements upon sound principles of government in the hurry of legislative work. But, beyond the fact that the pruning-knife of the veto is more unsparingly applied in the Republic, there is always present the right of the individual citizen to challenge before the Courts the validity of the statute where he can show it is in conflict with principles laid down in the National or State Constitution—the great articles of partnership of the citizens at large. The will of the majority may safely be assumed to be in favour of legislation which shall not infringe the just rights of individual citizens, but without the assistance of courts specially qualified to determine such questions the will of the majority may unintentionally defeat itself by the enactment of legislation most unjust in its effects. Furthermore, majorities and legislatures sometimes permit themselves, in times of public excitement, to be swayed by noisy passion or unfair prejudice, while the quiet of the courts remains undisturbed.

We in Ontario have power, distinctly conferred upon us by the Imperial Parliament, to amend our constitution. At present, our only safeguard against an unjust and oppressive use of its majority by any dominant party appears to lie in invoking the exercise of the power of disallowance. But the action of the recent Quebec Conference of certain Provincial premiers indicates a desire in some quarters to deprive a minority of even this hope—one not much to be depended on in any case.

Without going the length of affirming that the enactment of the Shops Regulation Act—a socialistic measure of no inconsiderable hardship upon many deserving citizens—indicates a dangerous defect in our present system of government, or offers an alarming menace to our liberties, it may not be inopportune to consider whether, should we at a future time amend our Provincial constitution, we might not with advantage copy some features from an American model.

W. S. G.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

USE AND ABUSE OF DIALECTS.

IN the heterogeneous population of the United States are presented "types" and classes worthy of study, such as were never before offered to makers of literature. Naturally, where men of all nations mingle, they unconsciously put into the common fund of language the coin of their several countries, just as they learn new fashions and acquire new methods of work by intercourse. Although it has been denied that there is such a thing as provincialism in this country, it exists to a certain degree. The Westerner does not like to believe it, but it is so, and is unavoidable in a country so large. The man of one State has characteristics that another across the border of one adjacent knows nothing about. His actions and manner of speaking are different; he has a new version of the Queen's English. This even extends to a city, for has not Baxter Street a patois that Fifth Avenue could not understand? There is a great deal of attention being paid to these various phases of life by the writers of America, who call to their aid bad spelling and frequent apostrophes to give the speech

of those whom they introduce and portray. Thus we have a Hoosier dialect, while just across the Ohio, in Kentucky, the words of the language all are supposed to use is subjected to elisions and substitutions very different. Mr. Riley gives us the first, several writers have attempted the second, Miss Murfree goes to Tennessee and finds a new people with a new vocabulary, and Mr. Johnson discovers still more peculiarities in the common utterances of his Georgians. The plantation negro is placed on paper quite differently by Messrs. Page and Harris, one writing of the type of Virginia and the other of the Georgian. Bret Harte found the Spanish influence traceable in the speech of the Californian, and later comes Cable with his Creoles and Acadians, who pass easily from English-French to French. The New Englander also persists in certain eccentricities of speech, not so unique as those peculiar to other sections, as the characters themselves are dull and uninteresting. For example, The 'Squire Gaylord of Howells does not compare with the Narcisse of Cable. The only legitimate use of dialect in literature is to assist in the presentation of character. Where it is employed merely to convey a crude thought that comes from no particular type, its use becomes an abuse. The value of dialect in fiction does not go much further than in showing the early lingual inelegancies of the people of a section. An objection to its use is that it perpetuates these crudities, taking it for granted that that kind of literature will live. Even now (witness the letter of a coloured man in this paper recently) the coloured race does not like to have the old-time idioms thrown in its face. So it is with the Indianian, the Californian, and the inhabitant of every section which has come under the eye of the student of dialect. There is too much dialect afloat at the present time between book covers, but the writers who employ it may as well make the best of their opportunities, for doubtless their successors of another generation will not find it here.—*Indianapolis News*.

THE ROME OF CICERO.

As for the theatre on which these men played their famous parts—the visible Rome of the last days of the republic—we fancy that we know something of its general aspect. It was still the "city of brick" that Augustus found, and had by no means assumed that air of regal magnificence, never equalled before or since, that far-shining splendour of sculptured façade and gleaming column, doomed to dazzle the eyes and turn the brain of the invading barbarian. The streets were not yet widened and straightened by the strong hand of imperial improvement. Many even of those which diverged from the Forum were narrow and tortuous, betraying by their devious and inconvenient course the haste and heedlessness of effect with which Rome had been rebuilt after its destruction by the Gauls three hundred years before. The houses of the poor were wretched: tall, toppling, roofed with wood, the prey of frequent fires. But the Forum and the Capitol were already nobly adorned. There were long lines of imposing colonnades and statues, in the Greek style, in every circus, theatre, and square. That most excellent of the optimates, Catulus, had received some years before, and was executing with enthusiasm, the commission—his enemies called it the "job"—of enlarging and beautifying the supreme temple of the Capitoline Jove. He was now in process of overlaying its roof with plates of gold; but opinions were divided about the effect of this innovation, and it was thought in very bad taste, as the elder Pliny tells us, by some of the older folk. The slopes of the Palatine were occupied by sumptuous private dwellings, with porticoes and perrons of richly tinted foreign marbles, one of the finest on the side toward the Forum being that which Cicero himself bought, at about this time, of the future triumvir, M. Crassus. On the other side of the city, in the quarter which embraced the Pincian, or "hill of gardens," Lucullus and Sallustius were building on a yet more lavish scale; and here, there, and everywhere within the circuit of the walls, there were large open spaces reserved for lawns and groves. On one of the estates on the Palatine, the property of an elder Crassus, there were six magnificent lotus-trees, of so extraordinary an age and size that they were held to represent half the value of the place. The Rome of that day must certainly have had a touch of homelier pleasantness about it than the more gorgeous Rome evoked by the great transformation machinery of the emperors. Outside the city lay a smiling campagna, well wooded still in many parts, and bright with the crops of continuous and highly cultivated farms down to the very border of the sea. The sweeping curves of the Tiber and the Anio did not lack the green shadows cast by abundant leafage; the mountains on the southern horizon were fair as we see them to-day—and fairer they could not be; the great highways, now flanked by miles of half-obliterated ruin, were teeming with multifarious life; the arches of the great Marcian aqueduct already marched away to the hills in unbroken procession, stepping with all the vigour of youth.—*Atlantic*.

THE Frenchman will not take the trouble to attend to his civic duties; he will not be continuously a citizen; he is sick of politics, and will consent to pay serious attention to the affairs of the country only when persistent neglect has resulted in a crisis.

A GOOD book is body and soul of its author. Our common method of reading is as though we met him on the street—we touch our hat and observe his broadcloth. The proper self-improving method is as though we take him home to our parlours, make him our friend, enfold him to ourselves, and penetrate the depths of his nature. A great work possesses the magnetism of its author, and, as it tumbles through the world, attracts its affinities. Strangers but yesterday, we have discovered that we are attached to the same author, attracted by the same work. and, recognizing the triple affinity, are friends to-day.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

THE ART FAIR.

As an affair participated in by society leaders, artists and some sections of the general public, the above episode in our life as a city merits perhaps a little more than the ordinary reporter's notice. It is of course quite outside our province to discuss the financial success of the Fair. The object for which it was organized was a good one, and it is more than likely that should the promoters of the scheme find themselves at all out in their calculations at the end of the entertainments, the many rich friends of the Canadian Academy of Arts will be found pledged to assist materially in their extrication. All these ways of raising money—fairs, bazaars, exhibitions, and so forth,—are exceedingly difficult of regulation, and the wise rule in such cases undoubtedly would be to attain the maximum of effect with the minimum of expenditure—a problem that only the great executive mind can solve. There seemed a want of coherent effect in the arrangements of the fair, internal as well as external, that went far to imply the absence of such an executive head. There was not, for instance, at any time, any genuine illusion with regard to the premises known in commonplace parlance as the Granite Rink. Despite some very pretty draping of booths and fair women, the Rink remained the Granite Rink still, and the Old English market-place and cross and *entourage* we were promised did not come properly to hand—the artists had failed to connect somehow. This fault—disappointing and at times aggravating to a degree—might easily have been remedied by more enthusiasm on the part of the artists themselves—by a practical knowledge of stage and dramatic effect. In an immense building such as the Granite Rink detail is thrown away, except such detail as goes to create the final whole, and half the ornamentation and care expended on the internal fittings of the booths would have been more effectively spent on the concealment of the roof, the raising of some characteristic structure in the Market-Square, and in general broad touches which would have amply repaid the management.

As for the contents of the booths—the rare old fans, laces, clocks, brasses, stuffs, and books—where were they? Either it is impossible to get up a loan collection of such articles in Canada, or else our people are not public spirited enough to lend them. It is fortunately easy to please people when a fair is once set agoing, and while the sounds of the Boulanger march filled their ears, their eyes were doubtless consoled by the shimmer of Japanese silk kerchiefs, Imari ware, tropical plants and cacti, with an occasional Mary Stuart pearl-bordered cup thrown in by way of seasoning. However, for a *rococo* entertainment, it was certainly very pleasing, and once or twice, when well attended, touched high water mark among fairs. The strong point scored was unquestionably the excellence of the stage representations—the Midsummer Night's Dream, the Masque of May Day, and the Minuet being each worthy of a careful hearing and attentive view. The stage was a first class one, footlights, head lights, scenery, greenrooms and all, though proving decidedly too small for the company in Mrs. Harrison's Masque. For prettiness, well calculated stage effects, charming *tableaux*, and really ambitious musical results, the excerpts from the Midsummer Night's Dream, as arranged by Mrs. Morrison and Mr. Plummer, easily carried off the palm. For novelty, a certain humorous strength in the action, and for extreme fitness with the spirit in which the fair was originally promulgated, the "Masque" deserves high commendation. Here, at any rate, was something in harmony with that distant and picturesque sixteenth century which, according to the prospectus, was to furnish the entire fair with costumes and varied suggestions as to detail.

The libretto was written and the music selected and arranged by "Seranus" (Mrs. Harrison), upon whom also fell the responsibility of the stage direction and the instruction of the entire company. The Court Dance or Pavane was an essentially brilliant feature of the masque, and its correct and cultured performance reflected great credit upon Prof. Davis, who supplied the *data*, and who has thus the honour of introducing the Pavane into Canada, where, perhaps, it may be taken up as cordially as in London and New York at the present day. Two origins are adduced for the name, one being from Padua, the other the Latin word for peacock. Shakespeare mentions this dance, and Rabelais tells us that it was one of the 180 dances performed at the Court of Lauternois on the arrival of Pantagruel, and many other authorities attest to the stateliness and beauty of the Pavane, Pavan, or Pavin, as it is diversely spelt. The Maypole Dance was accompanied by a tune in jig form, composed as far back as the year 1300. The Morris Dance was original in step and arrangement with the librettist, but grafted on the actual old Morris Dance originally participated in by the chief actors in the May Day games. The whole conception of the Masque was essentially English, its presentation highly picturesque, and at the final representation, when "Rule Britannia" was sung "by the full strength of the company," no slight enthusiasm was experienced, and a very general impression prevailed that it would be impossible to be too grateful to the varied talent that under the well-known name of "Seranus" had contributed so unusual a feast of reason and flow of soul.

The Minuet, or Ancient Measure, has simply the dance itself, but very correctly and gracefully rendered, though it can hardly have been paced to Minuet music it, as some declare, the time was not three-fourth time. The Minuet is not mentioned by Shakespeare, though the "Measure" is, and Sir George Grove's *Musical Dictionary* tells us that the "Measure" possessed no definite form of dance-music peculiar to itself, but that it was solemn and stately and allied to the Pavan and Minuet. The *poudrés* effects were very charming, very hard, only we were obliged to think in order to realize that the Wattean surroundings in the house of the Countess of Pembroke were supposed to chime in with the sixteenth century in

Merrie England. However, there could be no doubt of the grace and agility of the performers, nor of the general elegance of the spectacle.

Several minor performance appeared to give satisfaction and the display of beauty, *chic* and cigarette-smoke in the *café chantant* redounded to the honour of the maids and matrons who watched over the giddy throng. One most interesting stall was kept by Mr. Sims Richards, an expert in archery, and who hopes to interest our people in that picturesque pursuit. The dainty Horn-Booke was far too good for the audience. The average public cannot be bothered with so much high art at 25 cents apiece extra, especially when phonetic spelling is not included. *Volapuk*, we suspect, would be easier to some people than the quaint Olde Englishe of the delightful text for which Prof. Keys is mainly responsible.

The proceedings terminated with a ball at which orthodox calico and heterodox broadcloth and satin mixed in amusing fashion. Despite some drawbacks, let us cordially echo the generally expressed sentiment that Ye Greate Arte Fayre has been an artistic success, especially in the number and quality of its entertainments.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

To King Banalin's court there came
From divers lands beyond the sea
A score of knights, with hearts aflame
For love of Lady Ursalie,
Whose wondrous beauty and fair fame
Was sung by Europe's minstrelsy.

Each lord in retinue did bring
A noble and a princely band,
Whose deeds the troubadours did sing
Thro' length and breadth of Christian land,
And each by turn besought the King
The favour of his daughter's hand;

But spake the King to each brave lord,
"When first the sun shall shine in May
A tourney in the palace-yard
We do appoint, and on that day
Who holds his own with spear and sword
Shall take our daughter fair away."

Whereat the Lady Ursalie
Blanched as a lily of the vale,
For many moons had waned since she
First pledged her love to Sir Verale,
And for that sick to death was he
Her trembling lips turned ashen pale.

The heavy scent of musk and myrrh
Hung all about the inner room;
Dim taper lights did faintly stir
To life the arras through the gloom;
She bade her handmaid bring to her
The treasure-box that held her doom.

With lightest touch a secret spring
Upraised the silver casket's lid;
She took therefrom a golden ring,
A broken coin, a heart, hair-thrid,
And many a sweet and precious thing
Wherein their plighted troth was hid.

"Then welcome death, if death it prove,"
She said and kissed with lips still pale
Each sweet remembrance of his love
"I will not fail thee, Sir Verale,
Though from thy couch thou canst not move
To don for me thy coat of mail."

Unto the chapel straight she went
And knelt before the altar-stone;
Her face within her hands she bent
Praying with many a tear and moan
Until the day was well-nigh spent,
When came a headsman she had known.

"O! Father! join thy prayer with mine
The life of Sir Verale to save;
O! plead thou at our Lady's shrine
For health to one so young and brave:
For I will wed, with help divine,
No other lord this side the grave."

The holy friar knelt him there
And crossed him and began to tell
His beads, each counted for a prayer,
Until the sound of vesper-bell
Stole through the darkling twilight air
And warned them of the day's farewell.

Each day at morn and noon and night
Her trusted handmaid she did send
To learn if her beloved knight
In life's estate was like to mend,
And on the eve of April's flight
This message came her hand to rend.

"Tell thou my lady fair," he said
To her who bore the answer back,
"To-morrow will I leave this bed
And wear my suit of armour black;
To-morrow will I win and wed
Or lose both love and life, alack."

The Lady Ursalie knew well
He could not rise, so ill he was,
And shuddered as her maid did tell
His dying state, then forth did pass
Unto the chapel, as the bell
Proclaimed the holy evening mass.

The morrow broke with golden rush
And chased the gloom of night away;
The pipe of blackbird, song of thrush,
Rose with the skylark's roundelay;

The wild flowers started with a blush
To meet the first bright morn of May.

The palace-yard was all prepared;
Bright-hued pavilions stood around;
The banners waved; the armour glared;
The eager steeds tore up the ground
And twenty princes who had dared
The tourney in the lists were found.

The King and Queen on dais'd throne
Received each knight on bended knee;
But like an image carved in stone
Sat lovely Lady Ursalie
And none who saw her would have known
For her the tourney was to be.

But one there knelt in sable mail
Of whom the King, with accents rude,
Did ask his name and why this bale
Of armour black he did intrude;
He answered, "I am Sir Verale,
Long months thy daughter have I woo'd,

"And by this sable suit I wear
This sterling blade of Spanish steel,
This iron shield and trusty spear;
But chiefly by the love I feel
I ask to wife thy daughter fair
And that, proud King, is why I kneel;"

When Lady Ursalie that voice
Did hear, her heart beat high with fears,
Her troubled soul did half rejoice
And memory filled her eyes with tears;
But as she smiled upon her choice
There fell a clash of shields and spears.

Knight after knight was overthrown,
Some ready for the bier and shroud,
At last the black knight stood alone
And in the air applause rang loud
As proudly strode he to the throne
Pursued by all the noble crowd.

Then cried the King, "Right nobly won,
Most puissant, worthy Sir Verale,
I would the words were well undone
That erst in anger I did rail;"
The Knight replied, "Words injure none
And after-grief doth not avail,

"And now, O King, thou soon shalt wis
Thy daughter is forever mine,
And when thy loving liegemen miss
Both thee and all thou callest thine,
They shall recall the Black Knight's kiss
And know that love hath power divine."

Then at the Lady Ursalie
The Black Knight looked and she arose;
But what strange visage she did see
That his raised vizor did disclose
Is still an awful mystery
Which only that dead lady knows.

For when her eyes of lustre rare
Gazed there, where none could see a face,
A flash of lightning rent the air;
But passing in a moment's space
The Black Knight was no longer there
And of his steed there was no trace.

All looked at Lady Ursalie,
Who blushed with love like any bride,
"No power can take my soul from thee,
"I come, I come," she faintly cried,
And swooned in arms held hastily
And smiling closed her eyes and died.

But who the Black Knight was none knew
Though one said who had second sight
He watched a raven as it flew
In circles slow and did alight
Upon the tourney ground and grew
Into a sable horse and knight

By some it is believed and said
That Sir Verale gave one deep sigh
And turned himself on his sick bed
And muttered a low welcome cry
And ere the watchers knew was dead
As his dear lady's soul passed by.

SAVONAROLA.*

We give a most hearty welcome to this new and improved edition of Professor Villari's Life of Savonarola, which may now be said to be so good and so complete that there is little chance of any considerable additions or improvements being introduced in the future. Students of Italian history, and more especially of Florentine history, during the period of the Renaissance, are of necessity aware of the profound importance of the work of Savonarola, not only in its religious, but perhaps even more, in its political bearing. Few men have suffered more at the hands of adverse criticism: few have awakened a more ardent enthusiasm in the hearts of his adherents and admirers. It has been with Savonarola, as with Cromwell and other men of the first class, they have been judged, to a great extent, according to the point of view of the age in which the judgment was formed: sometimes also, of course, according to the prejudices of the writer who dealt with their biography.

Savonarola has been made out, in turn, to be a charlatan, an ambitious politician, a wild fanatic, an apostle and prophet. The popularity of Roscoe's books on the Medici (a popularity now long on the wane) spread abroad among a large circle of English readers the unfavourable view of the character of the great Frate. Such a view would hardly anywhere be tolerated in these days. German, French, English, and Italian writers have at last agreed, with certain differences, to set his character in a true light, as that of a man absolutely sincere and devoted to the good of his country and of the Church, however much he might be mistaken.

We have no wish to disparage the work of Rudelbach and Meier, who first took seriously in hand the writing of the life of Savonarola with careful reference to original documents, although they certainly made a mistake in representing the Florentine reformer as a Protestant. Nor will any one who understands the work done by M. Perrons speak disrespectfully of the life of Savonarola which was written by one, who in that book and in his subsequent History of Florence, showed such an intimate acquaintance with his subject; and yet it must be admitted that the view which he gave of his hero was hardly consistent and coherent. It must, however, be conceded that to Signor Villari belongs the distinction of having given an absolutely historical and unbiassed representation of the life and character of this remarkable man.

Villari not only studied all the documents of the period bearing upon the subject, but printed at the end of his volumes all such as were necessary for the justifying of the opinions which he expressed respecting the life and character and conduct of the man of whom he treated. The view which he took of the position and character of Savonarola has, since the publication of the first edition of his book, been generally adopted, and, perhaps with one exception, to which we shall presently refer—was the view adopted by George Eliot in her great novel, *Romola*. Perhaps most English-speaking persons have got their notions of Savonarola from George Eliot, more than from any other source. On the whole, they will not have gone very far astray.

Villari's first edition was defective in one particular: he had not subjected some of the early authorities to a sufficiently critical examination. The two lives of the Frate, attributed to Burlamacchi and Pico della Mirandola (the younger) respectively, were used as of almost equal authority. Burlamacchi had been a Dominican Friar under Savonarola, and might be supposed to be a primary authority. Readers, however, could not help being struck by the fact that the author of this book quoted the work of della Mirandola, thus showing the later origin of his own. It is to the great German historian and critic Von Ranke that we are indebted for the thorough examination and solution of this question. Our readers who may care to consult his admirable essay, which at its appearance, some ten years ago, was accepted as showing the way out of several difficulties, will find it in the volume of which we give the title at the foot of the page.

Villari has, to a great extent, followed the guidance of Von Ranke, in his new edition of his life of Savonarola; and he has moreover made use of a good many documents which were previously unknown to him, a considerable number of which he has also appended to the new volumes. On the whole, we must give the greatest praise to this new work, upon which a great deal of conscientious labour has been expended with the very best results. In the first place, although we have handsomer volumes, the amount of reading is hardly increased by a page. Indeed, apart from the documents, the biography seems no longer than in the first edition. For all this, there is hardly a page which stands as it did before. The language is often improved, statements are made with greater exactness, some slight errors are corrected, some of them clerical errors of the writer, some those of the printer. We cannot, indeed, affirm that none will be found in the new edition; and on one point, we wish that Signor Villari had more closely followed the suggestions of Professor Ranke; but we are sure that little remains to be corrected.

It will probably be known to many of our readers that one of the most disputed incidents in the life of Savonarola is his interview with Lorenzo de' Medici, at the deathbed of the latter. Roscoe and others, who follow Poliziano, make out that Savonarola almost forced himself upon Lorenzo. Those who follow the early biographies of the Frate maintain that Lorenzo sent for him. It appears to us that, considering their previous relations, the latter must certainly be the true account of the matter. There are, however, two quite different accounts of the interview, and it must be admitted that there was great difficulty in disproving either, and also in reconciling them. If, however, we are to take Pico's account of the inter-

view, and regard that of Burlamacchi as later, and as containing legendary matter, as Ranke has suggested, then the difficulty disappears, and we are able to say that the account given by the friends of Savonarola is the true one, although Politian's account may, in some respects, supplement it. We think, then, that Villari has made a mistake in giving us one sentence in the account of the interview, which is not contained in the earlier authorities, and which contains something which cannot be reconciled with the other narratives of what took place.

The passage to which we refer is that in which Lorenzo is said to have confessed that there were three sins which specially weighed upon him, the sack of Volterra, the money taken from the *Monte delle Fanciulle*, and the blood that had been shed after the conspiracy of the Pazzi. Now, it has been objected, with some force, that no one was likely to have known the contents of this confession, and the objection has been thought to throw discredit upon the whole narrative, as given by the friends of Savonarola. Now, it so happens that this passage is found in the biography attributed to Burlamacchi alone, and the removal of these few lines, which may well be regarded as a later addition, will take away every difficulty in reconciling the various accounts of the interview. We hope that Signor Villari may expunge this one blot that we have remarked in his admirable narrative.

The other disputed point in the life of Savonarola has reference to the last days of his life. After his condemnation by Pope Alexander VI., Savonarola was examined under torture at Florence, and different accounts have been given of his words on that occasion. Villari has investigated this subject with the greatest care. He has shown clearly that the notary was bribed to publish a garbled account of the answers given by the Frate when subjected to the torture, and he has satisfied all fair readers that the only fault attributable to Savonarola was that of having disowned his prophecies. We think that here George Eliot has either misunderstood Villari (for the first edition of his work does not, on this point, differ from the second), or else she has taken a different view of the character of the great preacher. George Eliot represents Savonarola as being doubtful of his own sincerity, as almost admitting that he had deceived. What really happened was this: when he was questioned as to his prophetic gifts, under torture he answered that he was not sure that they had come from God. But afterwards he deplored this admission which, he said, had been extorted from him by the pain which he had to endure. We do not believe that Savonarola for one moment doubted his own sincerity and truthfulness, although he may for an instant have thought himself mistaken in believing that the message which he delivered was given by special and immediate inspiration. It is quite possible for us now to hold widely different opinions on these subjects without thinking differently of the character of Savonarola himself.

Italian scholars will do well to procure this new edition of a work which will soon be reckoned a classic, and which must for many a day, perhaps forever, be the standard biography of the great man whom it describes. We understand that an English translation will soon be published by Madame Villari, who, by her translation of her husband's life of Machiavelli, and her own article on Savonarola in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, has amply proved her fitness for the task.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE STANDARD CANTATAS. A Handbook, by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

This book is the third of the series in which the *Standard Operas* and *Standard Oratorios* have been its predecessors. Short sketches of the music and stories of the cantatas are presented, and the work is prefaced by an admirable treatise on the cantata and its widely different forms, from the middle of the seventeenth century down to the present era, rich in compositions of the kind from German, English, and American pens. Mr. Upton appears to be well-informed as to facts of musical history, and is wisely reticent upon critical points, never bothering the reader with his own opinion of this or that cantata or composer. He might have given John Francis Barnett, composer of the finest music yet fitted to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, a better place than he has done, and he yields on some pages to the temptation—a very natural one—of rating the American composers and their work slightly overmuch. The book will prove of direct benefit to those who do not have access to Grove's Dictionary or other standard works.

HAND-BOOK OF COMMERCIAL UNION: A collection of papers read before the Commercial Union Club, Toronto, with speeches, letters, and other documents in favor of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, preceded by an introduction by Mr. Goldwin Smith; edited by G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company, 1888.

The subject with which this volume deals, though professedly an economical one, has already become the theme of general and animated political discussion. In this, as well as in other discussions of a quasi-political character, we deprecate all partisan and ill-considered ways of talking, and, in the interest of fair play, we object to the too common practice of Party opponents affixing on a movement, the professed aim of which is the general weal of the country, the stigma of treason and imputations of sinister motives which have been unreservedly disavowed. No good can come of such disingenuous methods, whether of public discussion or of journalistic criticism, and it is surely time to abandon them and to deal dispassion-

* *La Storia di Girolamo Savonarola e de' suoi tempi*, da Pasquale Villari. Nuova Edizione. 2 voll. Firenze: Le Monnier, 1888. *Historisch-biographische Studien*, von Leopold von Ranke, 1877.

ately and restrainedly with every question on its merits, particularly with such as vitally affect the prosperity and happiness, as well as the future destiny of our people. The question with which this compact little volume deals is undoubtedly "up" for discussion at the present moment, and in addition to the timeliness of the topic treated in its pages, the *Hand-book of Commercial Union*, we can assure our readers, has merit and interest enough to entitle it to a large share of public attention. Even the most indifferent reader of the volume, if he gets no further than the end of Mr. Goldwin Smith's introduction, will find substantial profit in taking up the *Hand-book*.

A TRIP TO ENGLAND. By Goldwin Smith. (Reprinted by request from THE WEEK.) Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 1888.

The simple, unpretentious title of this little book, the contents of which have run through our pages, would scarcely attract the reader who did not look to see by whom it was written, and had no thought (were this possible) of the rare qualifications of its eminent author for the task he has so admirably performed. Mr. Goldwin Smith tells us that the work is the expansion of a lecture delivered to friends. Happy they who had the pleasure of hearing it delivered. More happy still are those, however, who can sit down now to the ampler intellectual feast the learned Professor has so excellently provided, and be in no hurry to despatch the appetizing meal. The work is one to linger gastronomically over and to enjoy, with its more satisfying qualities, its delightful literary flavour. A trip to England at any time and under any circumstances is to most of us an uncommon treat; how much more of a treat is it in the interesting and instructive company of this well-equipped cicerone, the reader will not travel far to find out and acknowledge for himself. The book is not only the perfection of literary workmanship, it is the blossom and the flower of the richest mental gifts. There is not a page, hardly a sentence, in the book but reveals this. Open where you will and the eye will be delighted, the ear charmed and the fancy stimulated by the spell of the writer's art. Equally gratifying, also, must be a perusal of the work to the historical student, the ecclesiastical antiquary, the political and social inquirer, or even to the aimless saunterer through England, who loves the face of Nature, and takes delight in the rural scenes and feels the sensuous charm of the highways and by-ways of the dear old land. To all of these the book appeals, for the whole of English history, from the Roman invasion to the present, seems to pass as in a panorama before the reader, while each period has its own special illumination in some apt criticism or sage reflection, which add to the profit and delight of a thoughtful and repeated perusal. To those, if any, who failed to read the work as it passed through our columns we commend *A Trip to England*; and seldom, we are sure our readers will say, has commendation been more deserved. Let us add that the work merits preservation in a more worthy and enduring form

WORLD ENGLISH: The Universal Language. By Alexander Melville Bell, Author of *Visible Speech*. New York: R. D. C. Hodges. London: Triibner and Company.

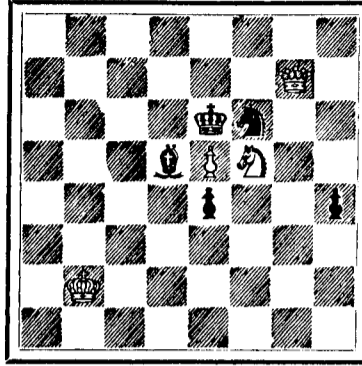
In this short treatise the author argues the fitness of the English language to become a universal medium for the interchange of thought among nations. The spoken language he finds quite suited for such a purpose, just as it is; and he asserts, rightly enough, that the only hindrance to its more general adoption is the irrational orthography by which the sounds of the language are represented. Professor Bell proposes to remove this obstacle by amending our alphabet, and spelling on scientific principles. Three consonant symbols—c, q, x—are redundant, and would be rejected; g would always be sounded hard; the remaining seventeen would be sounded and written as they are at present. The ordinary vowel signs would always have the short sound, the long sound would be denoted by a straight over-stroke, other specific vowel sounds would require one or two over-dots. Nine new characters would be introduced for consonant sounds now unrepresented in our alphabet, and the proposed symbols are exceedingly simple. Professor Bell would leave the spelling of the present body of English literature entirely untouched, consecrated as it is by association. He suggests the present use of "World English" as a means of teaching children and foreigners the sounds of English words. Having first learned to read and pronounce in this way they would find no difficulty in reading old text, because of the very slight dissimilarity of the two systems. And so, in course of time, "World English" would become the only written form of the language and ultimately a universal tongue.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE is inclined to believe that, so far from America having taken its name from Americus Vesputius, the renowned navigator was named for America.

ISLAND HOUSE, Southwest Harbour, Mount Desert, Maine, is situated near the steamer landing, on the south side of the Island, facing the ocean, with the whole range of mountains, thirteen in number, in form of a half-circle, in the rear; in front the cluster of beautiful islands that make the harbour, and afford a fine, spacious, and safe bay for sailing or rowing. The facilities for brook, lake or sea fishing are unexcelled on the Island, and all the most desirable excursions and drives, both along the rugged shores and among the mountains, are of easy access from this point. Green Mountain Railway is only two and one-half hours' ride from Southwest Harbour, over a fine road. The view from the cupola of this house is magnificent. This house, which will open July 1st, has been enlarged, newly furnished and improved, and is now one of the best on the south side of the Island. It is supplied with pure water and perfect sewerage.

CHESS.

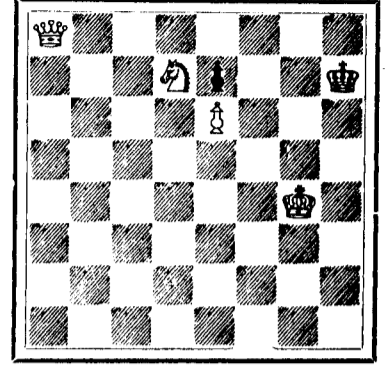
PROBLEM No. 257.
By MR. ROSMAN.
From the *Illustrated London News*.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 258.
By S. LLOYD.
From the *Illustrated London News*.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 251.
- | | |
|----------------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-R 2 | P x B |
| 2. Kt x P | P-B 4 |
| 3. Kt-R 6 | P x Kt |
| 4. K x P mate. | |

- No. 252.
- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R-Q 1 | K-K 4 |
| 2. Kt on Q 4-K 6 | moves. |
| 3. B-K 4 mate | If 1. K-B 4 |
| | moves. |
| 2. Kt-K 4 | |
| 3. P mates | Other variations easy. |

Game played between Messrs. Mason and Winawer in the Vienna Chess Congress in 1882, from *Columbia Chess Chronicle* :-

MR. MASON.	MR. WINAWER.	MR. MASON.	MR. WINAWER.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	27. B-Kt 4	Q-K 2
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	28. B-K 2	K-B 2
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	29. P-Q 4 (d)	P-B 5
4. P-Q 3	P-Q 3	30. R-Kt 1	P-Kt 4
5. B-K 3	B-Kt 3 (a)	31. P x B P	Kt P x P
6. Q Kt-Q 2	P-K R 3	32. R-Q Kt 4	Q-K 3 (e)
7. Kt-B 1	Kt-B 3	33. P-Q 5	Q-B 1
8. P-K R 3	Kt-K 2	34. B x P	Kt-R 5
9. Kt-Kt 3	P-B 3	35. B-Kt 5	Kt-B 4
10. B-Kt 3	B x B (b)	36. Q-K 2	P-B 4
11. P x B	Q-Kt 3	37. P x P	P-K 5
12. Q-Q 2	P-Q R 4	38. B-B 6	R-Q Kt 1
13. P-B 3	P-R 5	39. Q-R 5	R-B 3
14. B-Q 1	B-K 3	40. R x K P (f)	P x R
15. Castles	Q-B 2	41. Q-R 7 +	Kt-Q 2
16. Kt-R 4	P-Q Kt 4	42. B x Kt	Q-K Kt 1
17. B-B 2	P-B 4	43. R-Kt 7 +	K x R
18. Kt on Kt 3-B 5	B x Kt	44. B-B 8 +	K-R 1 (g)
19. Kt x B	Kt x Kt	45. Q x Q	R x P
20. R x Kt	Kt-Q 2 (c)	46. Q-Q 8	R x P
21. Q R-K B 1	P-B 3	47. Q-Q 7	R-Kt 8 +
22. B-Q 1	P-R 6	48. R-R 2	R-Q 7
23. B-R 5 +	K-K 2	49. Q-B 6 +	K-Kt 1
24. P-Q Kt 3	K R-K B 1	50. Q x K P	R on Kt 8-Kt 7
25. R on B 5-B 3	Kt-Kt 3	51. B-K 6 and after a few more moves	Black resigned.
26. R-Kt 3	K-Q 1		

NOTES.

- (a) The German "Handbuch," sixth edition, gives B x B, and with it an analysis to show that by this move Black ultimately obtains a superior game to that of White.
- (b) Castling was better.
- (c) Again Castling K R appears to be better.
- (d) White now turns his attention towards breaking the centre.
- (e) The Pawn could not be saved.
- (f) The initiative move of one of the most brilliant combinations on record. On the strength of this and White's 43rd move, this game was considered the most brilliant of the Tourney.
- (g) If K x B White would reply with Q x Q, followed by Q-Kt 7 + winning a Rook in addition.

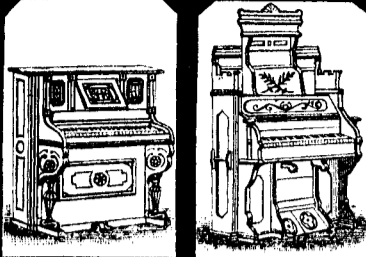
The prizes were presented to the winners in the Toronto Chess Club Tournament at the Club Room, Athenaeum Club, on Saturday evening, the 26th inst., by Mr. Wm. Boulthoe, President.

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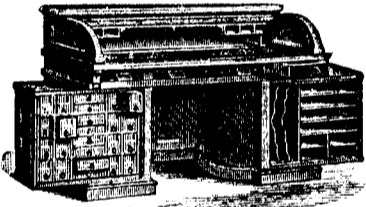
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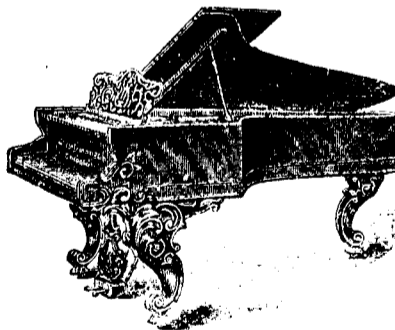
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CLARENCE COOK, Managing Editor.

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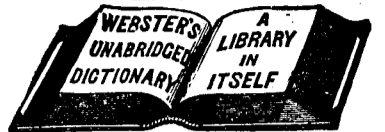
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