

# THE WEEK:

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Fourth Year.  
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Toronto, Thursday, April 7th, 1887.

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The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House in this city at 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, the 25th day of May next.

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a.m. 6 30	a.m. 7 00	a.m. 7 17	a.m. 7 25
a.m. 8 45	a.m. 9 18	a.m. 9 37	a.m. 9 45
p.m. 12 30	p.m. 1 05	p.m. 1 24	p.m. 1 32
p.m. 3 05	p.m. 3 36	p.m. 3 55	p.m. 4 03
p.m. 4 30	p.m. 5 05	p.m. 5 24	p.m. 5 32
Lv. Weston	Arrive Carleton	Arrive Union Stat'n	Arrive York
a.m. 7 30	a.m. 7 38	a.m. 7 57	a.m. 8 30
a.m. 10 00	a.m. 10 19	a.m. 10 52	a.m. 11 25
p.m. 1 30	p.m. 1 59	p.m. 2 32	p.m. 3 05
p.m. 5 40	p.m. 5 48	p.m. 6 07	p.m. 6 40

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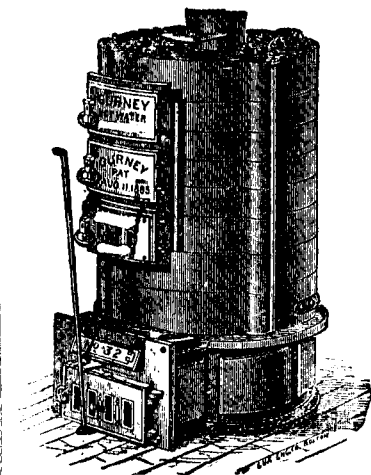
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Fourth Year.  
Vol. IV., No. 19.

Toronto, Thursday, April 7th, 1887.

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## MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND "THE WEEK."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I see, copied by an American from a Canadian journal, the statement that I have resigned the editorship of THE WEEK. I never, as you know, was Editor, though, when in Canada, I was a regular contributor. My only reason for laying down my pen as a journalist, is that after a life of pretty hard work, I find it expedient to husband my powers. I have the satisfaction of knowing that Canada has now, in THE WEEK, a well established literary organ in good hands. I have also the satisfaction of seeing that the principle of independence in journalism has at last prevailed. My chief aspirations having thus been fulfilled, I can, without regret or misgiving, withdraw to other literary occupations.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

March 31st, 1887.

## EASTER.

THE festival of Easter is of profound interest and importance whether we regard it from a religious or an historical point of view. It is the oldest festival of the Christian Church and the most universal. It commemorates the most stupendous miracle of Christianity, a doubt about which is the destruction of faith in an historical Christ. Its antiquity is witnessed by the early disputes as to the proper day of celebrating the festival—the East alleging a tradition from S. John according to which the day of the month was kept, the West a tradition from S. Peter according to which the commemoration was to be held on the first day of the week whatever the day of the month might be. The Council of Nicœa declared in favour of the latter view, which was afterwards universally adopted. If the other view had prevailed, Easter Day would have been like Christmas Day, falling always on the same day of the month, but on different days of the week.

The importance of Easter has been shown by the manner in which it has been celebrated by Christians and assailed by unbelievers. In all ages it has been felt that here is a fact which vitally concerns the very existence of the Christian faith. It is only in our own times that the notion has been promulgated that, so long as we keep the idea of a resurrection, the need and reality of a spiritual resurrection, the fact is of comparative unimportance. Dreams of this kind may entertain the imagination of visionaries. For ordinary human beings it is sheer nonsense. Either Jesus Christ did rise on the Sunday after His crucifixion, or He did not. The first preachers of the gospel declared that He did. If He did not, their testimony is false, and the rejection of this part of their testimony is the removal of the foundation on which rests the whole fabric of Christian belief. This conviction has shown itself in the numerous "apologies" and other writings which have emanated from the Christian Church from the

days of the first Apologists in the second century down to our own days; and also in the attempts made by their enemies to discredit the testimony of the Apostles. If those first witnesses of Christ could be believed, then the enmity of the Jews and their rejection of Him who claimed to be their Messiah were to be condemned as without excuse. The first endeavour to explain the fact of the disappearance of the body of Jesus showed the plight in which His enemies were left. His disciples, they said, had stolen away the body while the keepers of the sepulchre were asleep. Such a theory could not long hold its ground, and it has seldom been revived.

Without noticing an anticipation of some modern forms of unbelief, such as that which Origen notices in his reply to Celsus, it may be interesting to say a few words on the only two theories which seem in any way defensible by those who still refuse to believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. They are those of the rationalistic school and of the mythical school respectively.

Before, however, stating these theories, it is necessary to note a point on which all men seem now to be agreed. It is this:—that the disciples of Jesus were not imposters. Whatever else they were or did, at least they believed that Jesus Christ had risen from the dead. Strauss, the chief expounder, if not the originator, of the mythical theory, holds it as a matter beyond all question that the Church of Christ had its origin in a belief in the resurrection of Jesus. No other theory, he says, can account for the facts. Those who, like himself, do not believe in any such resurrection, must explain how it was that the Apostles declared that Jesus had risen, and how they had themselves come to believe that which they preached.

Of all the theories which have been propounded by unbelief two only can be said to retain any number of advocates—both very improbable, and one inconceivably absurd and inconsistent with the facts. Paulus and the rationalistic school, following their usual method of allowing the historical facts while denying their miraculous character and circumstances, profess to believe that Jesus Christ was actually seen alive after His crucifixion and burial. But they explain the fact by saying that He never really died upon the cross. Now this view is not consistent with the veracity and good faith of the Apostles. But, further, it fails to account for the new faith and hope which filled the hearts of the first preachers of Christ when they went forth to proclaim the message of salvation. Strauss has put forth this objection to the theory with great power in his new "Life of Jesus." We are asked to believe, he says, that a man who crept out of the grave half dead, needing to be bandaged, tended, watched over, nursed, could work the amazing change which passed upon His disciples, so that they could believe in Him as the Conqueror of death and the grave! It is incredible and inconceivable.

As far as we know, the view of Paulus has very few advocates in the present day. A work entitled "The Fair Haven," by Major Butler, is the only considerable essay on the subject which advocates the hypothesis of the apparent death of Jesus. The writer of these lines has seen a paper, read before a scientific society and printed for private circulation, which is attributed to an eminent living scientific man, and seems to advocate the same naturalistic explanation of the resurrection. But there is little chance of its prevailing.

The view which was finally adopted by Strauss, and which has been advocated by Renan, Macan, the author of "Supernatural Religion," the author of "Philo-Christus," and others, is of much greater plausibility, and seems resolved to hold its place with those who refuse to accept the historical fact of the resurrection. According to this theory, Jesus did really die upon the cross; but He never rose from the grave at all. The disciples, under the influence of strong excitement, only believed that they saw Him alive. Probably Mary Magdalene was the first who fell under the illusion. She communicated her impression to others, and it soon spread abroad, so that the multitude of the believers had speedily convinced themselves that their Master had appeared alive before them.

It is only when we carefully examine this theory that we become fully aware of its internal improbabilities. Certainly it is not the Christian believer that is here most liable to the charge of credulity. The simple story of the evangelists and of S. Paul, set against this account, is plain history compared with the wildest romance. First of all, the disciples were not expecting their Lord's resurrection. The accounts in the gospel are internally probable—that it was at first rather difficult to convince them

that He had risen again. It was not merely to one disciple, or two or three, or to the twelve, or to a large multitude that He appeared, but to all of these, at different times and in different circumstances. Could they all imagine this strange phenomenon? It is hardly possible. It is most improbable. Then there is the case of S. Paul, a man of powerful intellect, calm, reasonable, free from the wild enthusiasm which accepts its subjective impressions for proofs—as all his writings may prove. Then again, as has been acutely suggested by Keim, there is the difficulty: "If Jesus appeared so frequently during the forty days which succeeded Easter Day, why did the manifestations cease, abruptly and entirely." If the visions were merely subjective, the material which produced those illusions still existed; why did it not continue to produce them? This is a question very difficult to answer, and yet it ought to be answered by those who accept the hypothesis of visions or illusions. And then—to go no further—there is another and crowning difficulty: What had become of the Lord's body? It was not in the grave. If it had been there, it would have been produced. If it had been removed, it must have been taken away by friend or by foe. If the enemies of the teaching of Christ had removed it, they would have silenced the preaching of the resurrection by showing that He who was declared to have risen was still dead. If the disciples had stolen it, then they were imposters. There is no escape from these conclusions.

It is impossible for any one, whether Christian or unbeliever, to regard this alleged fact as a mere question of history. And yet the Christian has no need to call in the aid of imagination, or even of faith, except in the sense that faith is an universal necessity. Say what they will, the assailants of Christianity have done nothing to shake the foundations upon which rest ultimately the whole structure of Christian faith and hope. Easter Day will come and go; and ever as it comes the disciples of Jesus will sing with a faith unshaken and immovable, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." C.

### THE JUDGMENT.

Two souls that had been tied in life—  
She, true in all things; he, base and vile,  
But loving her through all,  
Stood at the gate of heaven, in tears were parting,  
And with the weight of sin his soul was smarting.

"Ah! must we part after our ties of love,  
Shall I no more behold thy tender grace?  
Were but no past mine own, that I might prove  
Worthy of good, and win in heaven a place."

"No, no; I cannot let you go," she cried,  
"Thus, I relinquish heaven and all beside,  
Follow you on into unfathomless despair;  
Heaven were not heaven to me, save *you* were there!"

"Nay, not for me," he said, "nay, not for me,"  
And loosed her clinging arms, "So I love thee,  
I would the memory hold of you in peace;  
This thought will almost make my own pain cease."

And then there came a trumpet sound, a deafening roar;  
A holy angel burst the bolted door,  
Beckoned to *him*, "Come in, for *you* there's room!"  
But waved *the other* back, into the gloom.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

### PARTYISM AND POLITICAL MORALITY.

ON no subject has the course of events in connection with the efforts to settle the Irish question thrown clearer light than on the obstacles interposed by the party system of government to prevent free expression of opinion. Of those who helped to defeat Mr. Gladstone's measure, there are a number who are as justly entitled to be classed as Liberals as Mr. Gladstone himself, and yet Mr. Gladstone's persistent refusal to modify the terms of his proposal for the settlement of the difficulties in Ireland forces them into an attitude of opposition to every measure distinctively Liberal. It may be that, for those who share Lord Salisbury's views respecting Ireland, a few timely concessions will render the position no great hardship. But, making due allowance for these, there are still many between whom and Lord Salisbury, setting aside their common opposition to Mr. Gladstone's particular scheme, there is not the slightest sympathy.

The fruitless efforts of Mr. Chamberlain to avoid, by an arrangement with Mr. Gladstone, the bitter draught prepared for him in the shape of a drastic Coercion Bill, makes this clear enough. But Mr. Chamberlain will

illustrate better than any the point to which we desire to draw attention. Deriving his principles from the Birmingham Radical Clubs, signalling his tenure of the chief magistracy of his native city by special efforts to benefit the poorer classes, sitting in Parliament as an avowedly people's man, the natural place of Mr. Chamberlain, if that of any man can be, is in the Liberal ranks. The alliance of Lord Salisbury with Disraeli, which excited so much comment at the time, lacked the elements of incongruity to be found in this. Whatever their personal feelings for each other might be, Lord Salisbury and Disraeli had at least a basis of common political principles to unite upon. But between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain there is nothing in common. In aims, as well as in feelings, they are entirely antipathetic. Truly, no more ill-assorted pair were ever driven to find shelter under the same political blankets.

We are not ignorant of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has been charged with being ambitious; nor are we concerned to defend him from the accusation. Whatever colour his other acts may have given to the charge, it is certain that there is nothing in the course he has pursued with reference to the Irish question that will substantiate it. All that can, in fairness, be said is that, after setting the preservation of the unity of the Empire against the realisation of his Radical schemes, he decided for the former. Between these two courses there was no third.

Our object in directing attention to the peculiar situation into which Mr. Chamberlain and his followers have been forced by the system of government which obtains in England is not to bring the merits or demerits of that system into question. We desire simply to point out what is involved in a change of party, in order that, conversely, a correct inference may be drawn respecting the coercive nature of the bonds imposed on each member of Parliament for a faithful support of his party leader, and thus account for much of that through-thick-and-thin devotion, which is so frequently charged. That these charges are not baseless is most true. Men above reproach in all other relations are found in Parliament condoning offences for which there can be no justification, supporting measures repugnant to them in principle, and opposing others the only defect in which is their introduction by an opponent. The blind unreasonableness of the "brute majority" has become proverbial.

But a moment's thought will show that, so far from being an evidence of weakness or venality, much of this may be dictated by a wise patriotism. Bearing in mind the rule of political ethics which makes the fate of the Government dependent on the fate of their measures, a member is not always free to express his real opinions respecting a measure introduced by the Government. If he be a supporter of the Government, and the measure one that he regards with disapproval, then instead of simply being allowed to give effect to his conviction he is obliged, by this curious rule, to make a choice between two evils—the passage of the bill in question or the defeat of the Government. Hence, as matters stand, it may be taken as axiomatic that a man will continue to support a Government in acts of whose wrongfulness there can be no question so long as in his opinion the benefits accruing from its general policy outweigh the evils inflicted by its wrong doing. It will be thus evident that in the absence of positive evidence of corruption, the only charge to which the most unfaltering support of a leader leaves a man open is lack of judgment.

An enquiry into the validity of the claims made for this curious system would be interesting. When one considers the absurdities and inconsistencies to which legislators are driven by Partyism, one cannot avoid a suspicion that, in asserting that to it we owe most of the liberty we enjoy, its advocates have fallen into the common error of confounding the real cause with the means by which its effects were produced. But whether this is so or not, it is certain that, if we are to retain this system, we must not, in our judgments upon the political conduct of legislators, overlook its obligations, in taking account of the circumstances determining that conduct.

### THE HABITANS OF LOWER CANADA.—II.

IT is well to inquire what have been the results of the priestly influence wielded so long over the people. So far as personal observation has been able to go, the French of Lower Canada are moral and virtuous. They are sober: there is no need here for Scott Acts or Prohibition to check or eradicate the drunken habits of the population; such habits do not exist. One is struck by the absence of drinking in the small country towns, and one may drive for many miles through the country without encountering a single roadside tavern, that abomination and curse of Ontario. Stopping places there are in plenty, where one may get a good meal and a clean bed, and where the proprietor will perhaps produce the well-known square gin bottle and offer his visitors a glass, out of pure hospitality and without expecting pay; but the tavern, with its frowsy bar, its attempt at ornamentation by the array of bottles and glasses, and its quota of sodden loafers waiting for a chance drink, is conspicuous by its absence. The men, too, are clean



spoken. One does not hear that foul-mouthed blasphemy that is so repulsive and so common among Young America and Young Canada. Everywhere one receives courtesy and hospitality. Men in humble positions in life are not ashamed to show respect and politeness to those who are above them in station; nor does one find that insolent assumption of equality which in other parts of the continent is accepted as the birthright of each individual. The young men and maidens seem to live virtuously together; and, judging from the size of the families, that disgusting crime, which has become so prevalent in the United States as seriously to affect the growth of the native-born population, is completely unknown among the married women.

If these results are due to the supervision and control of the priesthood—and though something is doubtless to be set down to the peculiarities of race, yet in all fairness we must attribute the greater part to the Church—they are results of which any body of men may well be proud. At the same time they are results obtained at the sacrifice of much that is best and noblest in the human character. In the attainment of the control that has been effected a community has been formed, not merely obedient, but submissive. The weakness of the French-Canadian character is a want of manliness—what is coarsely described as a want of backbone. The faults that are most readily apparent are untruthfulness, and a proneness to petty crimes of fraud and stealing. It is the invariable characteristic of a weak disposition that it flies to prevarication as a short cut out of a difficulty, or the attainment of an end; and it would seem as though petty stealing were a natural corollary to lying. Where the Romish Church has conspicuously failed in her treatment of the French-Canadians, is in education. With her great wealth, her perfect organisation and widely extended system, the education of the masses of the people would have been one of the easiest, as it should have been the chief, of all her undertakings. But there are probably no people on this continent who are so ill-educated as the French-Canadians. Few of the *habitans* can read or write: and the younger men seem to be as ill-provided in this respect as the older generation that is dying off. No doubt statistics of schools and colleges can be produced to contradict this statement, but still this is a fact that forces itself upon one's observation when mixing with the people, and it is a fact much to the discredit of the Romish Church.

As labourers there are few people more energetic and hard-working than the French-Canadians. In the particular kind of work that they are capable of doing they can scarcely be excelled. Whether with the axe, pick and shovel, or plough, they can, in quickness and readiness, hold their own in a comparison with any other nationality. And frequently, too, many are found who, as carpenters or blacksmiths, have few equals both in the quantity and quality of work. With such characteristics as these, it may be a matter of surprise that greater advance has not been made by the community. But what the people are lacking is that power of organising their energies, and concentrating them upon some, it may be, remote object. If set to do some definite piece of work that is well within their powers, under proper direction and supervision, few labourers will do it quicker or better; but if left to themselves there is a difficulty and hesitation about initiating work, which paralyses all progress. The same peculiarity is visible among the Italian labourers, who can now be studied in large numbers throughout this country and the United States. They too have the same quickness, steadiness, and perseverance, when working under direction, that mark the French-Canadians; but lack that spirit of enterprise or speculation which induces men to work hard for themselves. They will labour all day long with energy that cannot be surpassed, for a certain fixed wage—and that wage often not a large one—but will hesitate, or flatly refuse, to do similar work if paid by "the piece," though the same amount of labour might bring them much higher remuneration. It is among the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races that one finds the piece-workers, and those who will take small contracts in the hope of making something more than mere wages—the English, Scotch, and Irish, the Germans, Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes. Whether this difference is altogether to be set down to race, or how much of it is due to education, is a subject that could afford interesting discussion; but, however this may be, the distinction above described is very observable between the Latin derived and the Teutonic races.

It may easily be imagined that in matters political one need not expect to find any markedly free and independent lines of thought or action among such a people as the French-Canadians. The whole effect of the ecclesiastical supervision under which they live is to repress originality and to check independence of thought. The general drift of this supervision can be gathered in part from little pamphlets and booklets—usually written anonymously—which one occasionally comes across, and which bear strong internal evidence of being the product of the Church.\* The teachings of these may be briefly summed up as follows:—Men are *not* equal; some are superior to others in natural gifts and in education or training; one man is best able to plough fields or cut timber, while another finds the fulfilment of his energies in studying science or theology; it would be as absurd for the theologian to give instruction in ploughing, as it would be for the ploughman to offer advice or criticism in theology; let each attend to his own business, and in questions of doubt let each be ready to be guided by the opinion of the other on the subject with which he is acquainted. When difficult and involved political questions arise, let not the ploughman attempt to solve them for himself, either by taking part in fruitless discussion or reading untrustworthy newspapers, but let him be guided by the advice of some wise and disinterested man who has the interests of such as he at heart, and who, by his reading and learning, is able to arrive at a sound judgment in such matters; and who so wise,

learned, and disinterested as the priests who are appointed to the care of the people?

What are the political aims of the French-Canadian hierarchy, becomes, therefore, a question of some importance; for it is evident, under the above view, that these are ultimately those of the people. But this is a question not very easily to be answered, for the hierarchy is not wont to lay all its plans and schemes plainly before the public. They were, however, very clearly set forth in 1880 by the Abbé Gingras, in an address delivered by him before *Le Cercle Catholique* of Quebec, and afterward published in pamphlet form.\* The sentiments there vented were received with unmixed applause by the French-Canadian press. The objects which the people are exhorted to strive for are: The complete subordination of the State to the Church; the securing of the immunities and privileges of the clergy as anciently enjoyed, the extension of the French language and laws, and the formation in Canada of a thoroughly French-Catholic community, under a completely Roman Catholic form of government. The immortal Syllabus of Pius IX. is set forth as containing—when properly explained and understood—all that is necessary for the proper guidance of a citizen in the use of the franchise. The whole presents a very pretty programme, and a programme which makes progress toward being carried out so long as the work is confined to the ballot box and political intrigue. Its final consummation will probably be prevented by the awakening of that stern spirit of British freedom which in times past has, with rough-and-ready strength, swept away similar prisons and bounds with which it has been oppressed. The struggle—if it ever comes to a physical contest—will not be a long or severe one, for the French-Canadians are *not* fighters.

This notice would be incomplete without drawing attention to a peculiarity of this people, which is very remarkable—viz., the size of their families. It is no unusual thing to find families of fifteen to eighteen children; twenty to twenty-two are more infrequent, but still sufficiently often encountered to prevent much surprise; but I have heard of one family that consisted of thirty-two children!—all were born to the same mother, and there were four pairs of twins; the greater number of this immense progeny died in infancy. It is difficult to account for the wonderful fecundity of the French-Canadian race; it is a fact in natural history opposed to the behaviour of all other peoples, or even animals or birds, on the American Continent. Naturalists show that all on this side of the Atlantic have fewer offspring than in Europe—the *habitant* of Lower Canada alone excepted—and to what this exception is due might form an interesting subject for inquiry and study. G. C. C.

#### "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED."

A HOLY gladness fills the earth,  
A holy joy lights every eye,  
In every heart this song has birth:  
"Jesus, the Lord, has gone on high!"  
The very bars of death are riven,  
The way is open unto heaven!

He is not what we blindly thought,  
He is what His own word declared,  
He had the power o'er death, but wrought  
In death the good for us prepared!  
Ah, late upon our knees to fall,  
And own that He is Lord of all!      ESPERANCE.

#### THE SELKIRK SETTLERS.

ONE by one the early settlers of Manitoba, those who came to the Red River District at or prior to the time the Earl of Selkirk established a colony here, are passing away. They were a hardy race of men, who came principally from Scotland; but time and its ravages is no respecter of persons, and operates upon the robust as well as the delicate constitution, reminding man of the inevitable end to which he is hastening. Within a very few months three men prominently identified with the early history of the country, and consequently participators in its pioneer hardships, have died. Their names were Robert McBeth, William Drever, and Hugh Polson. The latter died but a month ago, and now, like the other two, fills an honoured grave. They had all passed the allotted age, and, had they lived a few years longer, would have been centenarians. With the interment of each of these old settlers, who have always constituted the very salt of the settlement, there is buried a store of useful information about the country and its early hardships, which, if collected, would form interesting annals for our historical societies. There is but a mere handful left, and their great age and increasing infirmities give warning that they too must soon go. With the death of the last will be extinguished as noble a band of sturdy settlers as ever blessed the earth with their industry, integrity, and honesty of purpose. They came to the country at a time when the Indian was almost supreme; at a time when the majestic buffalo ranged their fields; at a time when Fort Garry was a trading post, of which Canadians might expect to hear about only through the medium of dime novels; at a time when danger beset them on all hands;—and yet here they stayed, building a sturdy superstructure of civilisation, on a foundation in which honesty formed the mortar which cemented the elements of progress and unity. As one contemplates their early experience,

\* A fair average specimen of this class of work is *Le Conseiller du Peuple*.

\* Under the title of *Le Moyen Age en Canada*.

the lines in Bryant's beautiful poem on "The Prairies" come rushing to mind :

These ample fields  
Nourished their harvests ; here their herds were fed,  
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,  
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.  
All day these deserts murmured with their toils.

The poem is so expressive later on, that, in view of the early extinguishment of this noble band, I am constrained to quote further :

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise  
Races of living things, glorious in strength,  
And perish, as the quickening breath of God  
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The Red man, too,  
Has left the blooming fields he ranged so long,  
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought  
A wilder hunting-ground. The beaver builds  
No longer by these streams but far away,  
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back  
The white man's face ; among Missouri's springs,  
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,  
He rears his little Venice. In these plains  
The bison breeds no more.

With what peculiar force does Thomas Gray, in his immortal "Elegy," describe their experience in the verse :

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

I have already referred to them as the very salt of the settlement, and I think every Manitoban who has studied their lives, or who has come in contact with them, will agree with me. Nothing save the firmness of their dispositions, and the honesty of their dealings with the Indians, could have protected them from the incursions of the Redskins, who were at constant feud in those days among themselves, and who were ever ready to plunder all whom they did not regard as their friends. It is impossible to conceive of any more entertaining and instructive pastime than to spend an evening with one of these old settlers. They are all the very soul of hospitality ; and with the bottle of Hudson Bay whiskey (for they will have no other) on the table, of which they insist upon the guest taking a liberal allowance, they love to recount the story of their hardships. They thoroughly enjoy the relation of their adventures and hair-breadth escapes. In such a conversation one naturally hears a great deal about the Hudson's Bay Company, for which, with a very rare exception, they entertain the most profound respect. Half a century ago their very existence depended upon the Company, and to its honest dealing they all bear testimony. No advantage was taken of their position, and when the Company dispensed its patronage it was done with scrupulous impartiality. In the early days the settlers each received from the Company a share of the annual freighting of goods from York Factory. These were the days when the historic York boat, now rarely seen here, was so much used ; these were the days when most of the travelling in winter was done by dog train ; these were the days when pemmican constituted the staff of life ; these were the days of the famous buffalo hunt ; these were the days of feud among the Indian tribes which then ranged the Province ; but all is changed now. The York boat and dog train have almost disappeared before the steamer and railway car ; the buffalo has given away to the domestic animals ; the Indian has receded before advancing civilisation ; and all is changed. The change too is recognised by the old settlers, who sometimes chafe under the fact, and complain that they themselves are out of fashion and belong to the past. But they will ever be remembered, for the traces they are leaving behind must "be as enduring as the strains which Homer sung."

The introduction and decadence of the Red River cart occurred during the period when these Selkirk settlers constituted, for the main part, the entire settlement. It was principally used for freighting goods from St. Paul, when railway communication to that point enabled the Hudson's Bay Company and other corporations to bring goods *via* that route. The manner in which the mails were carried in the early days would alone constitute an interesting chapter in Canadian history. About such subjects these old settlers love to speak. Many of them are possessed of much useful geological and botanical information in regard to the country, and not a few have their minds stored with intelligence relating to the Arctic Seas, and the more northern regions of the continent. But it does not come within the scope of this article to enter into details, its object being to indicate the character of the information possessed by them.

Winnipeg.

R. L. RICHARDSON.

### MY DIARY IN HONOLULU.—I.

I HAVE been asked to give to friends some extracts from my diary during a visit I paid in the year 1881 to the Sandwich Islands, and by them also I have been induced to give my simple notes a wider circulation through THE WEEK.

Honolulu, it is almost unnecessary to say, is the capital of the Hawaiian kingdom, or Sandwich Islands, that important Polynesian group in the North Pacific, which was discovered in 1777 by the great navigator, Captain Cook ; and on Hawaii, the largest island of the group, he met his death in Kaleakikua Bay on his second visit, in 1778. On his first visit his large ship and big guns caused the natives to regard him as a god. On his second visit he was struck by a spear (it is said accidentally) ; blood flowing from the wound dissipated the idea that he was more than human, and the natives present immediately attacked him and those of his crew on shore. A neat granite monument, brought from England by a man-of-war,

now surrounded by acacias, marks the spot where he fell. The group consists of seven inhabited islands of volcanic origin, united into a kingdom, and governed on the so-called principles of a constitutional monarchy, with a Legislative Assembly, composed of nobles appointed by the king, and representatives, elected by manhood suffrage, of Hawaiian subjects. Very few white people, who are the owners of all the property of any value, are Hawaiian subjects, and as the Cabinet control the whole of the representatives by patronage and a few presents, dollars, cases of gin, etc., and as the members of the Cabinet are appointed and dismissed at the sole will and pleasure of the king, and as the king is under the thumb of his principal creditor, where constitutional principles come into practice it is a little hard to determine. Still, the kingdom has tried to model itself after the Old World monarchies, with all the legislative machinery of a petty state, including that constitutional adjunct, a public debt, principal never to be paid, interest very doubtful after a few years. Honolulu, the capital, with a population of twenty thousand, is on the island of Oahu, on the shores of the only good harbour of the group, which is situated in the neighbourhood of the Tropic of Cancer, between 20° and 22° north of the Equator. The islands have regular communication with San Francisco, some 2,100 miles distant, every fortnight, by large, well-found steamships.

To the Northerner setting sail from San Francisco for the first time, a good many foreign elements are presented. What especially struck us was the predominance of Chinamen acting as waiters, porters, sailors, etc., and looking very curious with their squat forms, impassive yellow faces, and long pigtales. The fashion of having most of the head shaved gives them a sort of surprised appearance. A few dark faces showed the probability of there being Hawaiians and Portuguese among us. There were also with us a jolly band of English professional cricketers, who added much to our enjoyment by their capital singing of songs with choruses. The most distinguished passenger was His Majesty King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian Islands, who was returning to Honolulu after a leisurely tour round the world. Three gentlemen and a servant made up the suite. The king was a large, tall man, too stout for his height, of a deep copper colour, with black curly hair and whiskers and fine white teeth. He rarely left the captain's cabin, which was beautifully decorated for his use. Shortly after leaving San Francisco I was introduced (or presented!) to His Majesty, and he was always very kind to us afterwards. His natural dignity was very marked, his voice soft, musical, with a slight foreign accent, and his English, owing to the fact that he was educated chiefly in California, was perfect. He told me that when he was present at an audience given him in Rome by the Pope, he supplied a word in English, at which Cardinal Mazzini hesitated, doubtless thinking that a native of the Pacific Islands might not be a proficient in that language. On the fifth day of the voyage, officers, stewards, and the king also, appeared in white linen raiment, and the Chinese steward in a loose coat and short trowsers of shining black calico. This latter, in spite of his comical appearance, tempted one gentleman to wish that he was "dressed like that Chinaman."

A sad incident of the voyage was my casual acquaintance with a young girl, who, we were told, was dying of some wasting disease. Her father, of high legal standing in Honolulu, was a German, her mother a native of the Islands. Often in passing her cabin, where she lay always, I used to peep through the chintz curtains hung in the doorway, wish her good morning, and stand to chat for a few minutes. Her face was small, thin, and yellow ; her eyes large, dark, and very melancholy. One hand was bound up, and we heard she had lost the other, also a foot. Some weeks later, when she was wasted almost to a shadow, I saw her again at her invitation. Shortly afterwards she died, and the suspicion arose that for the only time during our stay in the Islands I had seen a person dying of leprosy, that fatal disease which is surely exterminating the Hawaiian race.

The bold bluff called Diamond Head, which was the first point of land visible, was perceived early on the morning of the seventh day. Towards evening the king and his suite appeared in most fashionably cut London clothes, and were met by officials arrayed in gorgeous uniforms—gold lace, cocked hats, etc.—who left the shore in small boats. A beautiful gig, manned by natives dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers and leaves around their necks, and flying the royal Hawaiian standard, was ready for the king, and in it he embarked. The streets of Honolulu, which is a pretty southern-looking town of twenty thousand inhabitants, were thronged with native men, women, and children, and finely decorated and illuminated in honour of Kalakaua's return. The women wear *helokus*, or long cotton gowns, flowing loosely from shoulders to bare feet, the men in blue or white cotton trowsers, and bright-coloured shirts, with pearl buttons the size of a shilling—and all wearing *leis* or wreaths of closely strung blossoms round hats and throats. Some of these strongly scented flowers were overpowering in their effect upon the olfactory nerves. The hotel is large, airy, and comfortable, and engages Chinamen only as waiters. Mosquitoes are carefully guarded against, every bed being completely shrouded in netting, which is drawn close as soon as daylight wanes, else there is small chance of sleep. A valuable addition to one's comfort in travelling in the Islands is a tin box of Persian Insect Powder, the fumes of which, though harmless to humanity, are disastrous to its winged enemies, as quantities of them have been brushed into a dustpan in the morning after burning the powder on the previous evening.

A walk about the town showed it to be quite as pretty in the interior as it appeared from the harbour. Nearly all the streets were shaded by rows of trees on both sides, and the houses, built in every form of architecture—brick, adobe, wooden, and rough-cast, and all with verandas,—were overgrown with Mexican creepers, honeysuckles, and passion flowers, in the loveliest profusion. The hedges of scarlet geranium and coleus

were wonderful to look upon, and the air was scented with heliotrope and roses of every hue. There is so little change in the seasons that many of these flowers bloom all the year round.

The festivities in honour of the king's return were prolonged for some days—guns firing and crackers going off almost without intermission. We were interested spectators of a very long procession, lightly clad, profusely be-ribboned and flower adorned, bearing large silken banners, with mottoes in English and Hawaiian, embroidered in gold and colours. One of them, "Hail! David," roused our curiosity, which was not allayed until we learned that David was the king's English name. One old native, bent and gray, carried a lighted torch, made of oily and inflammable nuts, called ku-kui (coo-coo-e), bound in a mass at the top of a large staff. The right to bear a lighted torch in the daytime belongs only to those who can claim true descent from the High Chiefs, or relationship with the royal family. It was a very hot day in October, and the walls of the new palace shone dazingly white in the sun. The long, low, one-storied houses of the king and queen have wide verandas, surrounded by lattice-work painted pink. The king, attired in white, made a speech in Hawaiian, which was greeted with loud shouts of "Aloha! Aloha!" a general salutation of Hawaiian welcome and greeting, after which the natives dispersed about under the trees, eating or drinking, and all chattering at the top of their voices. The effect of the whole mass was that of jolly dark faces, flashing eyes, gleaming white teeth, light dresses, and brilliant flowers, making a bright tropical-like picture never to be forgotten.

Honolulu by moonlight is indeed a dream of beauty. On such nights a very excellent band played on a platform erected in front of the hotel, and numbers of people gathered on the verandas to enjoy the music. Sitting there, with the palms, ferns, flowering shrubs, and tall feathery trees all silvered over in the faint light, one felt that to be in a tropical country was a very charming experience. Just behind the town is a mountain called Pali (Palee), and its shadows are ever changing: deep purple in the morning, growing brighter as the day went on, till the setting sun made the peaks glow with roseate hues, and then fading with the rapid tropical twilight, and again clothed in new, soft beauty by the moonlight. One of the pleasantest drives is that which takes one along the mountain road—up, up, till one is not very far from the top, when there is unrolled before the view a wonderful picture of rice plantations, with their tender green plots, white houses gleaming in the sunlight, and the sea rolling blue and calm beyond.

Shortly after our arrival in Honolulu we were bidden to a luncheon party at Waikiki (Wai-ke-ke), where the king has a pretty little country home, to which he is fond of resorting for a change from the affairs of State. The drive was delightful out of town, past beautiful palm groves, and houses fairly embowered (I never realised the meaning of that word till I saw Honolulu) in the most luxuriant shrubs and creepers. The king in his favourite white suit, with a garland of red and yellow blossoms about his neck, received us most kindly in the veranda of his white painted house; then we were taken in to a pretty drawing-room, and presented to Her Majesty the Queen, who, though not speaking English herself, understood it fairly well, and gave us a very cheery smile, warm hand-shake, and hearty "Aloha nei!" (*Anglice*, "Warm Welcome.") Her Majesty is a large, tall, dark woman, with a mass of frizzy black hair piled on top of her head, fastened with a big tortoise-shell comb. Her dress was of coffee-coloured silk, trimmed with lace, and made with a long train, which is quite indispensable to a native's full dress. The rooms were pretty and cool-looking, the ceilings and sides of the rooms were of wood painted pink and white, matting on the floor, cane furniture and lace curtains. The luncheon table was covered with flowers, and the meal served with curry in the middle of the *menu*, and fruits in profusion. One dish which seemed to find great favour with the gentlemen was of caviare spread on small pastry biscuits, and on top of each a fresh radish nicely prepared. The curry, pronounced by one of the party the best he had ever tasted out of India, was made of shrimps and flavoured with cocoanut; the rice was served with mangoe chutney, and limes. Ices were in little bowls of Japanese lacquer work. Afterwards, while we were sitting and chatting in the garden, with the sound of the sea in our ears, and the cocoanut palms waving over us, an old native woman made her appearance, crawling on her knees and holding a dish of freshly caught fish of the most extraordinarily brilliant colours. The wizened old creature held the dish in front of the king, still crouching at his feet, and when we had all admired the wonderful opaline colours, she fell almost flat on her chest, and writhed (there is no other word to express her motions) away out of the garden, laughing and chattering to herself as she went. The servants were all natives, and probably friends, who would see that she did not go away unrewarded. In old times no one could approach a high chief except by crawling, and in addition had to take the risk of finding him in good humour. If in a bad temper, and the chief chose to move so that his shadow fell on the person approaching, that person, be it he or she, became *tabu*, which signifies more than our word taboo, for once falling under *tabu* meant not only being shunned, but not allowed to touch anything belonging to others, and to live how they could, on what they could, apart from all. If the chief happened to be in a very bad humour he would order the tabued creature to be killed. Instant death followed such an order.

M. FORSYTH GRANT.

## THE SIXTH HOUR.

[St. Luke xxiii. 42-44.]

STAINED o'er with sin, by hope and peace forsaken,  
Snared in my guilt, by vengeance overtaken,  
High on the tree, no more in earth to waken.  
Helpless, I languish.

Still, I discern, Thou, Spotless One, art near me,  
Still prompts my heart, Thine own hath grace to cheer me,  
Still, in despair, I feel that Thou canst hear me  
'Mid Thine own anguish.

Pity for Thee, that ne'er hast earned disaster;  
Love, than rude scorn, my breast outwelleth faster;  
Men may revile, I hail Thee Lord and Master,  
Thou, to death driven.

Mounting on high, O King, do not forsake me!  
Home to Thy realm, in mercy, Monarch, take me!  
Fall I asleep, in bliss, Redeemer, wake me!  
All here forgiven.

C. F. B.

## LETTER FROM ITALY.

If the names of Savonarola and Dante appear very often in these letters, if we ignore much, that their haunts and homes may be visited at greater leisure, it is only because these men are now, and always will be, the chief figures in Florence. Than a baptism of pain, nobly endured suffering for great ends, nothing perhaps makes us more truly and firmly a member of the temple of fame. It is the "I have suffered" before which mankind bends.

To the north-east of the city, and away from the busiest parts, rises the Church of S. Marco, with its adjoining monastery. In the latter, naturally, our interest centres. It is to-day a museum, and though small, a very precious one, for the walls are covered with some of Fra Angelico's loveliest frescoes. Entering a vestibule from the street, we pass immediately into the charming cloisters, "The dearest little cloisters," as an English dame remarked. These grave monasteries of gentle aspect, with their calm, dreaming, sunlit courts, do they not remind you of the coral islands in the midst of a convulsed sea? Have men grown so much stronger that they need these havens no more; or, is it that their skin is hardening?

Opening into the cloisters are the chapter house and the large and small refectories. The first contains a "Crucifixion," by Fra Angelico; the second a "Providenza," "St. Dominic and the Brothers seated at a table and fed by Angels," and the third a "Last Supper," by Dom. del Ghirlandajo. Ascending to the upper floor we find ourselves in a corridor flanked on either side by tiny cells. Each of these Fra Angelico has beautified by one of his exquisite frescoes—soft, lovely dreams, visions that came to those sad monks, and lo! vanished not, but stayed a reality to comfort them; and now we come to the most interesting of all the small chambers—the two occupied by Savonarola. Here we find his crucifix, his notes, and, above everything, his portrait by Fra Bartolomeo. If you have seen photographs or engravings of this, you have not only a poor, but a very false idea of the man's face; for it is by no means a disappointing physiognomy, neither over-grave nor monkish, but, as it were, a screen of glass before a steadily burning fire. Every feature speaks that passionate calm, that concentrated force, which leads to great ends, and the lightning smile of the eyes shining here alone says with disdainful persuasion—"Obstacles there are, but only that I may conquer them!"

I doubt if in any position a man appears more attractive than on his knees. There is something essentially ennobling in the act of admiring. Humanity, though little praiseworthy, I admit, still loves not evil. We rather fail than do deliberate wrong; are more blind and weak than keensighted and wicked. From which you see that when we admire deeply it is well, and I cannot help thinking it will be the best of signs in you should this dark face before us inspire your enthusiasm. Turn from the contemplation of those strong features, those beautiful luminous eyes, to the dreadful scene pictured in the adjoining cell; dwell an instant on the mighty struggle waged in the time elapsing between the painting of these two pictures. Savonarola the conqueror, and Savonarola the martyr, you are not busy "accounting for him" are you? No, only silently worshipping the good and the strength that were in him.

The monastery of S. Marco contains the first public library founded in Italy, 1441. We find here some eighty-two exquisitely illuminated ritual books of different churches and suppressed convents.

Unless you are an art student, I do not think you will care to linger long in the Accademia di Belle Arti. It is a most interesting collection of pictures, inasmuch as it enables us to trace the development of Italian art from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, but the ordinary "layman" will not stop to examine it very closely. However, we visit this gallery, if for no other reason, to see Michael Angelo's "David." To say he is the most beautiful of all Davids is to say nothing. I cannot tell you with what infinite satisfaction one contemplates this glorious youth—all that man might be. It was from a block of marble, put aside as spoiled, that the great master formed this, the most marvellous of his creations. "Not only was the subject prescribed to him, but also its size and proportions, added to which he was confined to the narrowest limits for the development of the attitude and motion, yet this constraint is not perceptible, and

ON one occasion Sheridan's doctor, finding him engaged with the sixth bottle, gravely warned him that he was infallibly destroying the coats of his stomach. "Then," replied Sheridan, coolly filling his glass, "my stomach must digest in its waistcoat."



the history of the statue could by no means be divined from its appearance. Outwardly the demeanour of the young hero is composed and quiet; but each limb is animated by a common impulse from within, and the whole body is braced up for one action. The raised left arm holds the sling in readiness, the right hand hanging at his side conceals the pebble; next instant he will make the attack."

Adjoining and at the back of S. Lorenzo, one of the oldest churches in Italy, stands what is called the New Sacristy. It was built by Michael Angelo in 1523-29, and destined to be the mausoleum of the Medici family, of which, however, two members only, Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, have monuments. This Sacristy is a quadrangular edifice, lined with marble and of exquisitely harmonious composition. The sarcophagus containing the remains of Lorenzo de' Medici is adorned with life-size statues of "Evening" and "Dawn," that of Giuliano with statues of "Night" and "Day." A very lovely, ideal "Night," *da un Angelo scolpita*, reclining, melancholy and wearied, on this tomb—a figure breathing out all the languor of warmth, and calm, and starless skies.

In the square before the Church of S. Croce stands a white marble statue of Dante—a good work, truly, but not so grave and sad, and, consequently, not so true, as the one in Verona.

S. Croce is unquestionably the most interesting of Florentine churches. From an architectural point of view it is very charming. In the Italian Gothic style, there is an air of lightness and grace about it, extremely pleasing after the cold, heavy edifices we meet so often. Then, again, the frescoes of Giotto, Taddeo, Gaddi, and others add infinite interest to it. But, above all, is S. Croce the resting-place of some of the greatest Italians. On entering, on the right we find the tomb of Michael Angelo, with a bust of the master by Battista Lorenzi, and three figures, "Architecture," "Painting," and "Sculpture." Next is a monument to Dante, with the inscription, *Onorate l'altissimo poeta*. This is not, however, a pleasing composition; indeed, there seems something almost ridiculous about it. One smiles at the incongruity of a seventeenth century peruke towering over the head of a toga-clad statue, but it is usually with no feelings of sympathy for the victim, whose vanity, if he be king or statesman, would doubtless prevent his seeing anything absurd in such a combination. However, the case is very different with the greater heroes, so it is with infinite distress we behold a lightly-clad or undressed Dante. Why we should think it any more appropriate that a poet of the fourteenth century should appear in the garb of one of the first than that his poems should be translated into the Latin of the Caesars, I cannot tell. Between the clothing of a man's body and the clothing of his thoughts there is by no means so great a distance, and the sombre dreamer in other costume than a serious cloak and tightly-fitting cap loses his individuality.

"Mankind in this world are divided into flocks, and follow their several bell-wethers." We think of this when looking at Machiavelli's monument. Alas! that men should so seldom care to try the spirits for themselves. That appeal to the great council of humanity is almost useless when a "terrible ten" have condemned. *Les hommes en général ne sont pas ceci ou cela, ils sont ce qu'on les fait être*. The over rough usage of our name would be easily forgiven if on our tomb could figure such an inscription as this, *Tanto nomini meliorem par elogium*, and this is what they have inscribed on Machiavelli's. The monument of Alfieri was erected by his friend, the Countess of Albany. Galileo Galilei is also buried in S. Croce, and there are other tombs, but of minor importance. The chapels of the Peruzzi and the Bardi contain Giotto's principal paintings. In the former he has depicted the lives of the two St. Johns; in the latter are scenes from the history of St. Francis Assisi.

The Rialto of Florence is the Ponto Vecchio, a most picturesque old bridge, lined on either side with goldsmiths' shops. It leads us to the left bank of the river, much less interesting, of course, than the right, but where we find two places in which we may linger long—the Pitti Palace and the Boboli Gardens. The former literally dazzles by the magnificence of its paintings. Of hardly one have you not seen a score of copies. There are no fewer than a dozen Raphaels; the early Florentine period is well represented, and we find some grand works from the Venetian school. The portraits of the former are among some of his best; while his "Madonnas" and "Vision of Ezekiel" captivate one entirely. Especially charming are the "Madonna del Granduca" and the "Madonna della Sedia," the half-concealed beauty of the one, rejoicing over the child with tender bashfulness; the other, strong and proud, yet gentle and motherly withal. In the "Vision" we have the most exquisite little gem—the Almighty is borne in the air by angels. Only I wonder why He is always the same terrifying figure. Strange, men's imagination has never pictured Him the most glorious embodiment of manhood in His prime—of mighty power, yet merciful, and gazing upon us with infinite pity. Surely the more conscious a great being is of strength, the less will he care to show it uselessly; and the truly skilful hand is always the least anxious to draw the sword from its velvet sheath; yet, instead of a benign Divinity we have invariably a Jupiter Tonans. This must be a very mistaken idea.

Among the works of the Venetian school, Giorgioni's charming "Concert," a group, representing, it is said, Calvin, Luther, and Melancthon, "La Bella di Tiziano," and Lorenzo Lotto's "Three Ages" stand out pre-eminently. Of the paintings of foreign artists there are not many; Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Velasquez have each a few works only. A portion of the Pitti Palace is set apart as the residence of the King and Queen when they visit Florence. Almost every city of importance in Italy has its Palazzo Reale, [interminable suites of chilly rooms, sometimes unvisited for years.

From the Boboli Gardens must we take our farewell view of Florence. There is something very fascinating about these deserted grounds. In summer, when a motley crowd dances upon *les tapis verts*, and shrieks in

the sombre alleys, it seems like desecration. No; one must linger in them at twilight, when all is still, or visit them on a winter's afternoon while the mists flit about their paths and groves like the ghosts of past joys. These gardens, and many others besides, seem like the graves of so many delightful pleasures—dead forever. To-day nervous excitement supplants a quiet enjoyment. *Le monde s'est fait vieux*, alas! L. L.

Naples.

#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

To possess the gift "to see ourselves as others see us," is no small advantage for an individual; how much more, then, ought it to be for a nation? A wise enemy is not to be despised. Only, in judging peoples, it is necessary to bear in mind that each has its peculiar habits, usages, and social standards. An Esquimaux prefers train oil to champagne. M. Carteret, in his volume, "France Judged by Germany," has collected all that has been written or said, since three centuries, by the most distinguished writers or politicians of Germany on France. In the present relations between the two countries, impartial minds will know how to hold the scales. The worst critics of the French are the French themselves, to judge either by their journals, their theatres, or their novels. But these are highly coloured portraits, no more real than Offenbach's operettes.

Naturally, woman is the criterion selected. Here the picture is strong rather than just. Here is a true type, and be it remembered the provinces also form the best *milieu* to sample the inhabitants of France, or indeed of any country. Semming is selected for his description of the domestic life and manners of the wife of the ordinary humble clerk in Paris. She represents order, economy, privation. Like the saints of old, she is in the midst of all the temptations of the great Babel, a model of self-denial, devotion, and virtue. She unites gracefulness to poverty. Then, as mother, what miracles of economy and care she practises! She knows how to serve herself with everything, and to utilise everything. It has been observed that an English woman will make soup out of bones, while a French woman will do the same—out of nothing. The Française is lady and servant at once; she works at everything, she sews, cuts out, washes, irons, scours, cooks, and markets. Yet she is not a charwoman. She sees in Paris only luxury and vice, but recognises that an existence full of home sacrifices is the paying side in the struggle for life.

Parisians' shoulders must bear the following severity by Dr. Rommel: Monsieur is dwarfish and withered, of small muscular vigour, ignorant of orthography and geography, and incapable of acquiring a foreign language. He is freethinker, without ever thinking of other doctrine, but to be decorated with some order; he aims to live on the national budget, and feels out of his latitude if he strolls beyond the Boulevard des Italiens. The Parisian, too, is hostile to the Government, but accepts servilely all *régimes*; and is incapable of playing chess, etc. It appears that in 1686 France had a population which comprised one-third of the civilised world; she represents not more than the one-twelfth now. Also, what the writer believes to be the best in France is the foreign element.

THE memoirs of M. de Beust are as richly instructive and entertaining as those of Greville; they touch so many actualities and so well, and they cover the interesting period 1860-1885. As everything about Prince Bismarck would be read even were he interviewed morning and evening, the recollections of Comte de Beust of the Chancellor will be welcome. After 1870 the Austrian minister renewed his relations with the Prince, which had been broken since 1866 and Sadowa. Both statesmen occupied the same hotel at Straubinger during three weeks, and spent their days together. If one be in the good graces of the Prince, writes the Comte, the latter will be found the most agreeable and amiable of men, whose ideas are as original as they are originally expressed. His favourite expression, "He is an imbecile," is not intended to be injurious. Perhaps it is a harmless sulphurous ejaculation.

But the Chancellor takes his revenge, it appears, not on the follies, but the wickedness of men. He storms frequently and frightfully, and nothing draws off his *donner und blitzen* equal to letting him smash something. It is possibly his way of whittling. Bismarck is full of anecdotes about Thiers and Jules Favre, and relates them with the gusto of an old sportsman. Once he was discussing with them the renewal of an armistice. Suddenly he remarked: "M. Thiers, since one hour I have listened to your eloquence without an interruption, and we are no nearer a result; for the future I shall only speak German." "But, Monsieur," said Thiers, "neither of us comprehend a single word of German." "That's nothing to me, I shall speak only German." Thiers continued arguing; Bismarck followed up with German. An hour later the French delegates signed the protocol.

The German troops before they made their promenade-entry into Paris were reviewed by the Emperor on the race-course at the Bois de Boulogne. Bismarck was at his Majesty's side when a man in a blouse approached the Prince, and said: "Bismarck, you're a blackguard!" "I could have had the fellow instantly shot, but the man's courage so impressed me I abstained." Comte de Beust would find it difficult to give the Chancellor a certificate for veracity or straightforwardness. He is skilled in duplicity, and yet, oddly enough, it is the only weapon he bungles with—if he ever bungles.

In Michelet's "Notre France" his widow has added some new extracts from her husband's journal. Paris, said Michelet, is the common centre of France, and that centre is marked by circumstances more political than natural, more human than material. The national activity of the centre is derived and sustained by the north, which is in the vicinity of England, Belgium, and Germany. The Seine, he maintained, is the most civilisable



river in France. It has not the capricious and perfidious indolence of the Loire, nor the rough rudeness of the Garonne, still less the terrible impetuosity of the Rhone, which rolls like a bull escaped from the Alps, piercing a lake for nearly sixty miles, and then rushing seaward, biting its banks all the way. The Seine alone possesses the facility to centralise, blend, and harmonise all that comes to it from the various points of France. Michelet adds, they were the Germanic, Norman, and English invasions that helped to make Paris the capital of France—that France which is to-day an individuality, while Germany is a race, and England an empire occupied by the Anglo-Saxon, the most expansive of races.

FRANCE is resolved to maintain her supremacy, acquired after so many years of well-merited success, in the matter of the fine arts. Never were the schools and studios so crowded, and especially by foreigners. Up to the present there has been no methodic guide to contemporary artists, sculptors, and designers. M. J. Noulens, the distinguished art critic, has taken as base the 1886 salon or exhibition of paintings, and has analysed over eleven hundred exhibits with an impartiality, science, and competency which recall the late Theophile Gautier. The artists are alphabetically arranged, so the criticisms on their works are readily found, and profitable to consult, alike by the professional, the amateur, and the general reader. England and America will be gratified to peruse the discriminating appreciations on Browning, Wyld, Thompson, Whistler, Miss Hall, Curtois, Bridgmann, Butler, Healy, Sargent, Miss Singer, Boyle, etc.

### PAUL BERT.

[THE following letter from a correspondent residing in Paris exhibits the character of the late M. Paul Bert in an aspect so different from the one familiar to many of our readers that we feel assured they will read it with interest.]

It is now more than three years since I first saw that tall, strongly-built figure, that genial face over which played a continual smile, lurking more especially in the kindly eyes, the intelligent, honest, far-seeing eyes. Monsieur Bert's aspect was even more benign that Sunday afternoon, for he was to speak on one of his favourite subjects, "The Education of Women." Full of sense were his words, most unprejudiced his ideas, very amusing his covert sarcasm. Once again, above the din of the *Chambre de Députés*, I heard a few scattered sentences from the same lips. The subject under discussion was the separation of Church and State. It is always the calm, bold Freethinker who speaks, the fierce enemy of that subtle, crafty power so puissant to suck the very life blood out of men and nations, to chill the warm current of universal sympathy, trammel the mind that should have the liberty of the wind, and warp into mystical dreamers those destined to be the hard-working sons of light.

Born in Auxerre, the 19th October, 1833, Paul Bert prosecuted his first studies in the college of that town. Coming afterward to Paris, he entered there the school of law, but this science was not his forte. Chancing to meet with Gratiolet, the head of the anatomical works of the museum, in his laboratory he found the intellectual atmosphere most suited to him. His next master was Claude Bernard, under whom he studied six years, in the fifth of these taking the prize in experimental physiology for his thesis on "La Greffe Animale." Not a little curious was one of the first of the experiments in that of which he was later pronounced the discoverer—the uniting of a cat and mouse, the grafting of the latter on the back of the former, so that all sensations felt by the one were experienced by the other. But Paul Bert was by no means so ruthless an amateur of vivisection as people imagined, indeed he was a far more merciful enemy to unfortunate quadrupeds than Claude Bernard, for now he turns his attention to the sensibility of plants. From this time date also his researches on the influence of the brine of the sea, and his book on the compound physiology of respiration. In 1870 the war interrupted his lectures at the Sorbonne, but in March, 1871, they were resumed. In 1872 he became deputy of Yonne. Far from interfering with his scientific labours, his duties at the *Chambre* became but so much extra work. The prize of the Institut de France, so far only awarded to Thiers, Guizot, Mariette, Félicien, David, and Wurtz, was taken by Bert in 1875 for his "Pression Barométrique."

Thanks to this indefatigable discoverer, chloroform, hitherto always used with more or less danger, may now be employed fearlessly, its vapours mixed with certain proportions of pure air. For this end he constructed a large box-like affair, too large and costly for general use at present, but which one of his followers is even now modifying and improving. Other paths he opened, other ideas he suggested, in the pursuing of which his devoted disciples are only too happy to strive.

It was during the war that he became so closely attached to Gambetta, entering into his schemes, and holding for this statesman that deep friendship which grew ever stronger with the years. First among the visitors that come each December to the little house in Ville d'Avray, it was no slight regret that last year he would be unable to speak the customary few words in memory of his dead friend.

Though it is certainly true that Paul Bert, the scientist, will outlive a hundred times the President-General of Tonkin, still, without his achievements in the political world, France would, in some respects, scarcely be in the position she holds to-day. If patriotism and military ardour are instilled in the small French boy's breast as soon as he can handle a miniature gun; if primary instruction is gratuitous, obligatory, and laical; if women are now taught more than dancing, embroidery, and the catechism, it is due to Paul Bert. We may picture him standing like one of those giant mountains at dawn; the valleys are dark as yet, only this proud peak is bathed in the glory of the rising sun.

L. L.

### THE VIGIL OF ST. BASIL.

'Tis morning now, yet silently I stand,  
Uplift the curtain with a weary hand,  
Look out while darkness overspreads the way,  
And long for day.

Calm Peace is frightened with my mood to-night,  
Nor visits my dull chamber with the light  
Of love to drag my senses into rest,  
And leave me blest.

Long hours since the city rocked and sung  
Itself to slumber—only the stars swung  
Aloft their torches in the midnight skies—  
With watchful eyes.

No sound, all's still, I even do not sigh,  
Nor hear a distant footstep passing by—  
Yet I am not alone, for now I feel  
Another presence steal

Within my chamber walls; I turn to see  
The sweetest guest that courts humanity,  
With subtle, slow enchantment draws she near,  
And Sleep is here.

What care, I for the olive branch of Peace?  
Kind Sleep will bring a thrice-distilled release,  
Nepenthes, that alone her mystic hand  
Can understand.

And so she bends—this welcome sorceress—  
To crown my fasting with her light caress.  
Ah, sure my pain will vanish at the bliss  
Of her warm kiss.

But still my duty lies in self-denial,  
I must refuse sweet Sleep, although the trial  
Will reawaken all my depth of pain.  
So once again

I lift the curtain with a weary hand,  
With more than sorrow, silently I stand,  
Look out, while darkness overspreads the way,  
And long for day.

"Go, Sleep," I say, "before the darkness die,  
To one who needs you even more than I,  
For I can bear my part alone, but he  
Has need of thee.

"His poor tired eyes in vain have sought relief,  
His heart more tired still, with all its grief;  
His pain is deep, while mine is vague and dim,  
Go thou to him.

"When thou hast fanned him with thy drowsy wings,  
And laid thy lips upon the pulsing strings  
That in his soul with fret and fever burn,  
To me return."

She goes. The air within the quiet street  
Reverberates to the passing of her feet,  
I watch her wing her passage all alone  
To your dear home.

Belovèd, would you knew how sweet to me  
Is this denial, and how fervently  
I pray that Sleep may lift you to her breast,  
And give you rest,—

A privilege that she alone can claim.  
Would that my heart could comfort you the same,  
But in the censer Sleep is swinging high  
All sorrows die.

She comes not back, yet all my miseries  
Wane at the thought of your calm sleeping eyes—  
Wane, as I hear the early matin bell  
The dawn foretell.

And so, dear heart, still silently I stand,  
Uplift the curtain with a weary hand,  
The long, long night has bitter been and lone,  
But now 'tis gone.

Dawn lights her candles in the east once more,  
And darkness flees her chariot before;  
The Lenten morning breaks with holy ray,  
And it is day!

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

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LENTEN austerities are well-nigh done. For the few who have abstained, the Nemesis of dyspepsia approaches; for the many who confess their fast to be notable chiefly for the frequency with which it has been broken, a season of untroubled conscience is at hand. Sackcloth and ashes will shortly become most unfashionable attire, and the spring bonnet will bloom forth in unrestricted exuberance. Society will forsake the devotional right angle, and such rotatory exercise as is compatible with the season will begin again. The high tea will become an anachronism, Terpsichore will prepare the way for the "ladies' slippers;" the unwary public will be drawn into the vortex of the kermess. All this and something more. With the breaking buds and the springing grasses, in the bird-songs of the still early dawns, and through the hush of the odorous twilight, the voice of the most holy and beautiful episode written in the chronicles of humanity will speak to the world, as it has spoken with tender and faithful recurrence all through the later ages, and the world will have the grace to listen.

THERE is a lull at present in hostile demonstrations toward Upper Canada College. Vandalism, having shouted itself hoarse, has turned its attention, for the nonce, to matters more worthy of it, and the strident voice of ultra-radicalism echoes no more down long columns of the morning newspaper. "Silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the blows of sound," and we are all feeling the grateful influence. A singular unanimity of principle has pervaded these communications, which may be fitly illustrated by a phrase from one of them. The writer, with some show of moderation, states the grounds of its friends' protest against any interference with the usefulness of the school, and thereupon proceeds, with amazing *naïveté*, to urge its abolition, "apart from any inquiry into the justice of this claim." This is precisely the attitude of Upper Canada's antagonists. Quite "apart" from any inquiry into all that has been, is, or may be, said to show the place the College holds in the very heart of our history, its value as a factor in our present development as a people, and the growing necessity for it, supplied by our increasing prosperity as a nation; quite "apart" from any trifling consideration of right or honour; quite "apart" from any such vapidity as national sentiment,—is every line of the attack planned against the College. Nothing could be more sedulously shunned than such "considerations" as these. And it may be as well that the most high Cabinet gods, who love justice and righteousness and the votes that thereto appertain, and upon whose alliance the prospective pillagers depend, remember this.

ANOTHER correspondent suggests the need of a State-endowed college for girls, and, at first blush, one is disposed to exclaim "most desirable!" But the conclusion drawn is that, since a college for girls is theoretically as much needed as one for boys, therefore the present provision for our youth masculine should be dispensed with. Against which there is nothing to write but Q. E. D.

RUNNING on in a careless and light-hearted manner from this lucid and comprehensible demonstration to the next paragraph, we become confused again, for there we are informed that "no urgent demand has arisen for the establishment of such a college for girls," and referred to the "existence and acknowledged usefulness of ladies' colleges under Church auspices." In view of the other argument it is difficult to draw a conclusion from this, unless it be that since public opinion has not yet been educated to the point of establishing such an institution for girls, the educative result arrived at sixty years ago should be annihilated!—which is a logical deduction truly.

THE subject of girls' education in connection with denominational colleges and private seminaries is a wide one, and requires separate and careful treatment. Whether a sufficiently urgent necessity for such a college for girls as "Upper Canada" has yet arisen or not, few will deny that an institution of the sort would bring with it a greater boon to the young women of the country than any they enjoy at present. In the meantime

no more manifest absurdity has been advanced by the foes of the college than that we should deprive ourselves of one national good because we have not so far succeeded in supplying ourselves with two.

THE Hon. James Young has written an interesting letter to the *Globe* on the subject of Commercial Union. This he proposes to follow by one on Imperial Federation, and the design of both is to show that the ideas of Commercial Union and Imperial Federation alike are opposed to the true interests of this country. With respect to Imperial Federation, whether or not its adoption would be detrimental to the interest of Canada matters but little: no federation of the colonies in the shape of the present project will ever include Canada. For naturally, the Province of Quebec is not likely to grow enthusiastic over a union of the Anglo-Saxon race; and without enthusiasm, which is not superabundant elsewhere, even British-Canadians will hardly submit to the partial self-effacement Imperial Federation must involve. The truth is, the element of a common commercial interest between mother country and colonies, necessary to a solid basis for the edifice of Imperial Federation, is wholly wanting; it is non-existent; yet without it the project must ever remain a castle in the air. The utmost that can be accomplished in that direction is, we believe, some arrangement of the nature of an alliance for Imperial Defence between the mother country and the colonies, and among these; which would admit of after enlargement into an alliance between this Federation and the United States—an alliance of all Anglo-Saxondom.

As to Commercial Union, Mr. Young does well in emphasising the distinction between Reciprocity and Commercial Union. Reciprocity, that is in all raw products and some manufactures, our neighbours to the south have steadily refused us for the past twenty-one years, and still refuse; yet they are willing to grant the larger measure of complete Commercial Union. They object, for instance, to let in to their markets our fish, lest this should prove detrimental to the New England fishing interest; yet they are quite willing to throw down the customs barrier all along the line, if only we will admit their manufactures to compete with ours. That done our manufacturers would certainly have a bad quarter of an hour; and though in the long run, perhaps, the country might be the more prosperous for an influx of American capital, it would as certainly not be able to escape political as well as commercial assimilation. Commercial Union in fact means Annexation. Of that the smooth-spoken gentlemen who have of late been so solicitous in Congress to remove the unhappy differences between Canada and the United States are well aware: indeed, we have a suspicion that Mr. Young is perfectly right when he discerns in Annexation the ultimate object of the whole recent commercial policy of our affectionate cousins towards us, from the days of the expiry of the Elgin Treaty down to the passage of the Retaliatory Fisheries Act.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *New York World* the Retaliatory Fisheries Act was the Congressional product of "a deliberate and concerted programme of bluster and buncombe" pursued by Secretary Manning and Secretary Bayard in order "to scare Canadian officials into doing something they could not be induced to do by more amicable means." This, no doubt, is an exaggerated statement of the case; yet we are inclined to believe that the kernel of truth in it is of considerable size. Both Messrs. Manning and Bayard, but especially the former, have dealt with the Fisheries question too much in the spirit of the old-time, and to Englishmen typical, Yankee politician, whose unlovely figure it was that rose before the British mind at the breaking out of the civil war, and led a great many to exult at the threatened break-up of the Union in resentment at the bullying and over-reaching England had suffered. But the truth is, we suspect, that the Cleveland Cabinet are not the principals in the present affair: they are rather the victims of circumstances, who have to strike out at Canada in order to show the country that they still ride atop. The instigators of this anti-Canadian policy are mostly certain Republican demagogues, who through this Act have hoped to place the President in the dilemma of offending either the common sense and business interests of the country by putting it in force, or "Jingo" and the fishermen by neglecting to do so.

THE past week will be memorable in British history for the two Irish measures proposed by Government, which, no doubt, will, in substance at any rate, become law. Government being armed with "cloture," and secure in the support of the Unionist-Liberals, whatever opposition Mr. Gladstone and his followers may offer to the passage of the Coercion Bill, must, it would seem, be in vain. We may expect that the Gladstonite Liberals and their Parnellite allies will, in committee, contest every line

of the Bill; but opposition the most skilful and determined must fail where the elements of success are wanting, and it is hard to perceive how the utmost pertinacity is to avail the Gladstonite-Irish party in the face of the Government majority, if the Government stand by its guns. But here there is some uncertainty; already has come the report that the change of venue clause—a most objectionable clause, it must be admitted—has been dropped; and it is quite probable that if, as is reported, there be really a tide rising in England against the Coercion Bill as proposed, some other of its more stringent features may also be obliterated before it becomes law. Still, we believe that law it will become, in some shape; its passage has, indeed, already been secured by the approval of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington; and if, owing to the obstruction which the Irish party may still practise, it should become necessary to appeal to the country, the tide of indignation that will swell up in the breasts of a stubborn yet just-minded people at this continuous paralysis of all government by a faction is not likely to carry the faction to victory.

MR. GLADSTONE'S indignation at the drastic character of the Coercion Bill is what might have been expected. Exactly a year ago he was elated with the prospect of settling the Irish question by a measure which he then introduced into the House, and which, conceived in a spirit totally opposed to that pervading the present measure, would, he had reasonable cause to believe, when supported by the authority of his great name appeal to such among the Liberal party as were disposed to adopt a conciliatory course towards the Irish people. But, unfortunately for his design, the impossible problem before him was to satisfy a very real Irish aspiration for national autonomy, and at the same time to preserve the Union intact. This he weakly hoped to do by an ambiguously worded Act of Parliament, that might be read in either sense; and the result—a result due in great part to the bad character of the men to whom he proposed to surrender the government of Ireland—was failure. The fall of his Government was accompanied by the secession from genuine Liberalism of nearly the whole Liberal party, who, lured by an unwise leader from the path they had trod with honour for the preceding fifty years, have now embraced a fanaticism for a creed, branding as unorthodox orthodox Liberalism, because it will not agree to the provincial, and essentially Tory, designs of the Parnellites, and ally itself with a League that has usurped the Queen's Government in Ireland.

MR. GLADSTONE'S present position does more honour to his heart than his head. Unquestionably he is ardently desirous to help Ireland; but this is a generous impulse that has led him—never remarkable for soundness of judgment—to adopt means which, in the opinion of a great many perhaps better able to judge than he, though certainly not capable of greater sympathy for the just cause and the right, to adopt means which would probably increase the evil he aims to cure. Having, however, adopted such a conciliatory policy towards Ireland, it had been matter not merely of surprise, but of disappointment, if Mr. Gladstone had not shown considerable indignation at the hard features of the Coercion Bill. Nothing evidently but the direst necessity can excuse some of its provisions, which are a perfect antithesis to the method he proposed and still believes to be the best. In this we believe him to be wrong; but it is a debateable subject, its premises depending very much on the view one takes of the character of the present agitation in Ireland. If we are convinced that the Parnellite movement is a wicked conspiracy, and that the Parnellite designs are treasonous, then we approve most heartily of the Bill, as a measure for the coercion of crime, and, as a consequence, for the restoration of order in Ireland. But if, on the other hand, we should take the view—as Mr. Gladstone does—that the Parnellites truly represent a legitimate and general national aspiration for local self-government, then we could not but condemn most strongly a measure that would impose penalties on patriotism, and stigmatise Irishmen in general as unfit to be entrusted with the ordinary privileges of civilisation. We do not believe they are so; nor do we believe that the mass of the Irish people, however strong their national feeling, aim to set up an Irish nationality independent of Great Britain. But the politicians who, as a National League, have seized the reins of power in Ireland unquestionably do so; they are using for their own purposes a wide-spread disaffection, springing not from political but from economic causes; and against them and their knowing tools is the Coercion Bill directed. If the Coercion Bill affected all Irishmen alike, as seems to be the rather extravagant contention of its opponents, we should condemn it as strongly as they do; but, in fact, it affects only a small body of offenders, and while, besides, all offences of a political character, such as treason, treason-felony, and seditious libel, are expressly excluded from its operation, all law-abiding people are perfectly secure

under it. The only classes that it affects are those guilty of certain offences—criminal conspiracy, boycotting, rioting, offences under the Whiteboy Acts, assault on officers of the law, forcible and unlawful possession. These are crimes not usually practised by a law-abiding people; therefore all such, while they remain such, are safe; the only new feature introduced by the Bill is that persons guilty of such offences will not have so many and great chances of escape as they have enjoyed of late; and the National League, or any others, if they incite to these crimes, will be suppressed or punished. But to complain, as the opponents of the Bill do, that it is an injury and insult to all Irishmen, is to protest too much. The suspension of the ordinary law in a country is a great evil, as being a sign that crime is unusually rife—too rife to be dealt with by the ordinary tribunals; and it should not be done without the very gravest cause—such, for instance, as the practical usurpation of the Government by a conspiracy of treason and plunder. But none but traitors and malefactors have anything to fear from the suspension; to all others—and let us hope the mass of Irishmen are among these—the institution of a law for the effectual coercion of crime is a protection.

THE meagre particulars of the Land Bill that have reached this side do not afford material for an intelligent judgment to be formed on the probable effects of this Bill. One good feature, however, seems to be clear—the abolition of the dual ownership of land created by the Act of 1881. This is most desirable; and if, besides, a cheap and easy method of transferring the landlord's interest to the tenant has been devised, the Irish problem is solved. But, we regret to say, we do not note in the cable reports a word on this subject of cheap land transfer, which yet is the one great vital need of Ireland, as an essentially agricultural country, whose prosperity depends so much on the well-being of the peasantry. Such a provision is as much in the interest of landlords as of tenants: the landlords' day is evidently done, and any ready means of effecting a transfer of the land on fair terms to the tenants, doing away with the exorbitant law charges, which are almost prohibitory, ought to be welcomed as a deliverance from an untenable position. Mortgages will, no doubt, in a great proportion of cases stand in the way; but no settlement of the Irish question can be had till the general body of tillers of the soil own the soil; and to assist in the transfer, the State must step in with authority and with assistance, while the landlords and mortgagees, remembering what the land has already yielded them, must be prepared also to bear a share of the sacrifice. This, or something leading to this, is, we hope, provided for by the Land Bill: it would go far to solve a problem whose pretended insolubility is a disgrace to the political sense of the English people; among all the plans for worthily celebrating the Queen's Jubilee none—not all put together—would yield so noble a result as such a satisfaction and contentment of a now disaffected portion of the Queen's subjects.

IN spite of the revived war rumours from Europe, we are still of opinion that no war will break out this spring. The key of the situation really lies with Russia in Bulgaria; and she is not likely to lift her hand while Germany is free to assist Austria. While also Russia is clear of the embarrassment that an invasion of the Balkans would probably involve her in, Germany will not attack France; for Russia will never permit France, if defeated, to be "*saignée à blanc*." On the other hand, France cannot attack Germany while Austria and Italy are standing by idle and fully armed. The chapter of accidents may, of course, at any time precipitate a war; but neither side will willingly rush into it, until some new combination or development affords a better protection in flank. The latest alliance reported is between Russia and France, as against Germany, Austria, and Italy; and this is probably the final arrangement of the opposing forces: still, the coming war is probably yet very distant.

THE Toronto cricketers who banqueted the other day in honour of their game would enjoy the second volume of Mr. Pycroft's "*Oxford Memories*" (Bentley and Son). It is full of the history of the game, with accounts and anecdotes of its heroes, and discusses all the questions which affect its present or future. Evidently a crisis in the fortunes of cricket has arrived. The time which a match takes, since training has made the defence of the wickets so superior to the attack, begins to be felt as a serious objection, especially in countries like ours, where there is not, as in England, a leisure class. Moreover, matches lose their interest when scores of three hundred become common; the thing, as Mr. Pycroft says, is too palpably easy; it is like fishing when the fish rush of themselves into the net. Mr. Pycroft, however, thinks that there is a remedy. He holds that the game admits of ready adaptation to the powers of the sides and to the time at their command. He would have the stumps placed closer

or wider apart according to the proficiency of the players, just, he says, as in archery the distance between the targets is regulated on the same principle. Rather than go on as we are, he would have thicker stumps or more of them; but the simplest way, he thinks, would be to alter the length of the bail, and leave it to the umpire to say whether the ball passed through or not. We should be rather sorry to be the umpire; and, besides, in playing an ordinary game or practising, you cannot always have umpires. How would it be decided, in any given match, whether the skill of the players was such as to require the wide wickets? How could a man form his play, when in one match, as a member of a first-rate eleven, he would have to play with wide wickets, and in another, as a member of an inferior eleven, with narrow wickets? Conservatives say of the House of Lords that it must either be as it is, or not be at all; and the same thing, we suspect, may be said with more truth of cricket. Simultaneously with this internal crisis in the affairs of cricket, caused by the inordinate length of innings, comes the dangerous competition of lawn tennis from the outside. Yet who would not lament the displacement of a game which has formed so much British manhood by one infinitely less manly? Who can bear the thought of having the cricket field, with its summer glories, its happy crowd, and all its associations, swept out of English life?

MOMMSEN, in the preface to his long-expected work on "The Provinces of the Roman Empire" [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons] says: "With self-denial this book has been written, with self-denial let it be read." It is indeed a monument of erudition not less austere than profound, and refuses almost entirely the seductive aid of the historical imagination, and of literary ornament. It will therefore disappoint those who expected to meet again the Mommsen of the Roman history, with his trenchant, picturesque, piquant, and somewhat flippant style, or to enjoy a series of vivid pictures of Provincial life under the Empire. The delineations of society at Athens, Antioch, and Alexandria, are exceptions to the general severity, we had almost said dryness, of the work. But the research is immense, and the learning is not that of an antiquarian or a pedant; it is that of a writer who practically realises and uses his erudition to illustrate the operations of government and war. Gibbon's masterly panorama can never be superseded, but it must yield, as the classical work on the subject, to an account worked out by a hand hardly less masterly in full detail. On the interest which attaches to the subject it is needless to dilate. Fourteen centuries the Roman Empire stood, and its Western Provinces became the matrix of modern nations, though its Eastern Provinces were not only overrun but desolated for ever by the worst of all barbarism, that of Islam. We have long ceased to regard the Empire as a mere tyranny, and acknowledged that the transition to it from the Republic was inevitable, inasmuch as it was impossible for a City Republic to rule the world. It was the necessary organisation of universal conquest. But Mommsen, like Gibbon, and partly because he resembles Gibbon in tastes and temperament, goes a good deal beyond this. "If," he says, "an angel of the Lord were to strike the balance whether the domain ruled by Severus Antoninus was governed with the greater intelligence and the greater humanity at that time or at the present day, whether civilisation and national prosperity generally have since that time advanced or retrograded, it is very doubtful whether the decision would prove in favour of the present." This does not say much for Parliamentary Government; but it also ignores spiritual life; it overlooks the condition of the slave; it takes no account of the absence of nationality; it leaves out of sight the fact that the Empire of Severus Antoninus was hurrying to inevitable decay. Dr. W. P. Dickson, the translator of these new volumes from Mommsen's pen, it should be said, has done his work well.

A NEW ENGLAND journal the other day delivered itself of a very timely and sensible article on Society's Shortcomings in the matter of "guest-right." Hospitality, or what now represents that duty, is in these times put to such uses that the protest does not come a day too soon, nor is its lesson for one sinning community alone. The evil the journal in question complains of is a twofold one, touching, on the one hand, the motive the person has in view in inviting you to his house, and, on the other, the rights of him who in good faith accepts the proffered hospitality. On the first count, its indictment is against the man who dishonours "the covenant of salt" by asking you to his table in return for some expected service or favour, or from the equally degrading motive of ostentatious display and vanity. Here are its remarks on this point: "When people are invited from political influence; when hospitality is made a bribe in matters mercantile, pecuniary, or pertaining to social advancement; when the fashion reporter is given the *entrées* of a house in recompense for advertising; when,

in a word, hospitality is made an affair of barter, its dignity quickly disappears. The man who extends social favours to people from whom he wishes substantial returns, degrades his own hospitality, so that it ceases to be an honour: and he is left with nothing to offer his friends except the worthless imitation of a generous and noble institution." There is no need to dwell on these pointed words, or to make any local application of them, though they furnish a text for an extended homily on social usages, and on practices unhappily not unknown in Canada, from which men and women of good breeding and a high sense of honour shrink with disgust. The second indictment is directed against those who abuse the good name of hospitality by forgetting that the code of a gentleman compels a man in receipt of social favours to be loyal to the friendship which these courtesies, rightly regarded, represent, and who in accepting them tacitly gives a pledge of fealty to the host who honours him, and who opens his house for his entertainment. How often one sees this rule disregarded and good breeding shocked by a failure on the part of some who mix in good society to comprehend what is implied in accepting courtesies of this kind, the experience of many will attest. On both sides, it is well to remember that there are obligations which, if society is not to lose its tone and become utterly *bourgeois*, press for rigid and inflexible enforcement; and the man, be he host or guest, who disregards them, not only violates the social code and dishonours friendship, but sullies the grand old name of gentleman.

THOSE who are willing to indulge in an expensive book should buy the illustrated edition of M. Duruy's History of Rome. The history itself is good: without being so vigorous or lively as that of Mommsen, it has more sedate merits of its own. But the plates are a complete gallery of Roman antiquities of every kind, executed in the best style.

IF anybody wants to prime himself for the Jubilee by obtaining, in a compendious way, a general knowledge of the period, he can hardly do better than get Miss Yonge's booklet, "The Victorian Half Century" (Macmillan). The authoress of the "Heir of Redclyffe" must be nearly the contemporary of the Queen, and she has herself added no feeble ray to the literary glory of the reign.

WE understand that the Ontario Press Club has secured a lecture from Will Carleton, to be delivered in Shaftesbury Hall on Thursday evening, April 14th, the subject being one notably, we think, within his province, "The Science of Home." We feel it is unnecessary to bespeak for Mr. Carleton the appreciative welcome which he can hardly fail to receive from a public so familiar with his work as that of Toronto. He is pre-eminently a poet of the people, and his sunny place in the affections of Canadians is questioned as little as the one he occupies in the hearts of his own countrymen. His poems, like some of those common garden flowers that are the sweetest, spring perennially under the cultivation of publisher and bookseller; their homely sentiment has a vital quality which will preserve it for generations that will not know the author, as is our privilege. We might suggest to Toronto's literary few that some recognition of Mr. Carleton's presence among us, beyond the *quid pro quo* arrangement involved in the sale of tickets, is a courtesy that should not be neglected.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of those interested in the Home for Incurables is an occasion worthy of especial comment. We may be said, as a city, to be addicted to philanthropic institutions, and there are few among them upon which we may look with such unmixed gratification as upon the Parkdale Home. Qualification for admission to it being disease so advanced as to be susceptible of alleviation only, and removal being made usually by the hand of death, there is no room for scruple upon moral or economic grounds in the minds of those who support the institution. It is a pure and unvexed charity. Last week's meeting showed the affairs of the Home to be in an excellent position, and actively in the minds of the people. Mrs. Alex. Cameron's munificent gift of \$7,000 to build the cancer ward, and further contribution of \$1,200 to furnish another, were shown to have been supplemented during the year by various smaller sums—no less encouraging as expressions of popular interest. Mr. William Gooderham took the opportunity the meeting afforded to enhance his wide reputation for liberality by adding a thousand dollar cheque to his previous donations to the Home, an act of generosity most enthusiastically received. About \$15,000 is still lacking to complete the new wing, for which the benevolence of the Toronto public is implicitly trusted, and not, we think, unwarrantably.



## EASTER, 1887.

ARISE! let us watch in the dawning,  
 At the gates of fair Easter morning.  
 See angels preparing the way.  
 Pale, exquisite colours are shifting,  
 Arms of pure gold are uplifting  
 The clouds for the entrance of day ;  
 The shadows fold backward, concealing  
 The night in the new day's revealing.  
 O heart! art thou rightly divining  
 The power of that Light which is shining  
 Since angels the stone rolled away ?  
 The light of that Love, oh! so tender,  
 Beaming ever in undying splendour  
 Through gates that stand open for aye.  
 In the light of that Love shining ever  
 The shadows have vanished forever.

Burlington, March 26, 1887.

A. LAURENCE-THOMSON.

## AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.

MR. KINGLAKE has at last sent the conclusion of his manuscript to his publishers. We may therefore hope to read shortly the final volume of the "Invasion of the Crimea." It is now twenty-four years since the first volume came out.

Mr. Marion Crawford's story, entitled "With the Immortals," begins in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March. It consists half of romance, half of literary criticism, being in fact an attempt to resuscitate, in a manner which will be no surprise to readers of "Mr. Isaacs," a dozen or so of the great Immortals of all time. Mr. Crawford's French story, "La Crucifix da Marzio," began in the *Nouvelle Revue* for February. "Sarracinesca" was published in three volumes, by Messrs. Blackwood, in March. To fill up his leisure time Mr. Crawford is writing a story for *Les Lettres et Les Arts*.

Mrs. Henry Wood, whose death occurred on the 10th of February, after a long and painful illness, was born at Worcester in 1819, and was the daughter of a glover named Price. From her earliest girlhood she scribbled stories, but her first appearance in print was in *Bentley's Miscellany*. In 1860 Mrs. Wood won, by a tale entitled "Danesbury House," the £100 prize offered by the Scottish Temperance Society for the best story illustrating the evils of intemperance. In 1861 appeared "East Lynne," which achieved one of those successes memorable in the annals of literature. In France it was published as a *feuilleton*, and both Parsee and Hindustani translations were made. No novel, except, perhaps, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been so often dramatised.

One of the best criticisms on "She" yet written is to be found in the February number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which says: "Mr. Rider Haggard has not proved as yet that he has anything that can be called imagination at all; but invention he has of the most robust kind, such as may afford a certain amount of pleasure to everybody who reads, and which probably impresses the masses more than the most poetic fancy. All the adventurous portions of the story—the shipwreck of the dhow, the sudden wild night squall, the escape across the line of breakers to the savage unknown coast, the voyage up the river into the wild solitudes and dismal swamps,—are most vividly and picturesquely set forth, and whether real or not, look like truth. We will venture to predict that in adventure Mr. Rider Haggard will find his best field—'Truth is stranger than fiction,' and it is hard even there to fit such a person as 'She' to the uses either of poetry or grammar. 'She' is a sham, and not a pleasant one."

M. Munkacsy's picture of "Christ before Pilate," which has been exhibited in New York this winter, was sold in February for the amazing sum of \$120,000, probably the largest price ever paid for a modern painting. The enthusiastic purchaser is a Philadelphian amateur, Mr. John Wanamaker, a merchant. It is said that the exhibition in Europe of M. Munkacsy's picture brought in \$40,000, while in America the profits are expected to be still larger. There is a fine engraving in the Rembrandt Art Rooms, Leader Lane, of a single figure of Christ from a picture by Munkacsy.

Mr. R. B. Angus, of Montreal, has given two paintings to the Art Gallery in that city, "Redding the Nets," by Colin Hunter, and "The Crown of Flowers," by W. A. Bougereau.

The collection of paintings and other works of art owned by the late Robert Graves, of Brooklyn, which were disposed of by public sale in New York in February, occupied nearly as much space as did the famous effects of Mrs. Morgan, and Mr. Graves' list of great names was nearly as long as hers. The best pictures were by representatives of the modern French school; of these four or five examples by Daubigny and Jules Dupré were very valuable. "A Black and White Cow," by Van Marcke, superb. "The Little Shepherdess and Sheep," by Troyon, a triumph.

An exhibition of the complete works in black-and-white of J. F. Millet, which was held in March in New York at the galleries of Messrs. Frederick Keppel and Company, was of the greatest interest as exhibiting qualities in that modern French master which his paintings do not show. The collection is the most complete one in existence, and was formed during the last thirty years by M. Alfred Le Brun, of Paris, the relative and friend of Sensier, Millet's biographer, and all the unique and very rare pieces which the latter received from Millet during the many years of their intimacy are among them. It is claimed to contain every etching,

heliograph, lithograph, and woodcut executed by the painter, and every state of each plate. The collection of etchings from Millet's own hand commences with his very earliest tentative plate, not two inches square, a rough little sketch of a ship under sail, which was a reminiscence of his life by the sea, and of which there are only these two impressions known, printed by himself. Of these early plates there are several. "The Two Cows," "A Sheep Grazing," "A Woman Churning," and the admirable, "Peasant with a Wheelbarrow." The first impression of the celebrated work was rubbed off by Millet with the bowl of a spoon in a little colour taken from his own palette instead of ink. The proof in the first state of the largest etching, "Peasants going to Work," bears on the margin Millet's autographic dedication to Theodore Rousseau. In all these plates his well known simplicity and largeness of treatment is joined to a beauty and sureness of lines, and to a most admirable sense of draughtsmanship which his pictures do not always exhibit, and which would scarcely be recognised as the work of a painter striving to earn his daily bread. The sense of action in the figures, the rendering of the forms of the body under the coarse garments, the careful study of the anatomy and action of the hands, are all qualities of the best realistic school, and supplement with a curious completeness the breadth of conception, the rhythm and artistic grace of the composition. These qualities appear in a somewhat lesser degree in his drawings on the wood, in the heliographs and lithographs, but in his endeavours to engrave the wooden block his lines are as uncertain as those of most beginners.

Miss Kate Vaughan revived in February, at the Opera Comique, London, "She Stoops to Conquer." Her company includes among its members Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Edith Chester, who appeared last spring in Toronto with Rosina Vokes, and is now adopted as one of the latest professional beauties.

Mr. Brandon Thomas, another supporter of the popular Vokes combination, has forsaken the boards temporarily and assumed the pen. His first production, called "Lodgers," an adaptation from Eugene Scribe's "Ma Niece et Mon Ours," was brought out lately at the Globe Theatre without much success.

Mrs. James Brown Potter made her *début* at the Haymarket, on March 29, in Wilkie Collins' drama of "Man and Wife." Her initial performance is not unfavourably criticised by the London papers, which speak of her excellent abilities, but at the same time complain of her high resonant voice; she was prepared for the stage by Mrs. Kendal, and announces her determination to adopt it as a profession, having already received \$60,000 for her performances. The Haymarket was filled with a large and fashionable audience, numbering among others the Prince of Wales, Lord Dunraven, Lady Colin Campbell, etc., etc. The career of Mrs. James Brown Potter will be watched with interest by those Canadians who met her ten years ago at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara, where she spent several summers. She was then a young girl, a Miss Cora Urquhart, of New Orleans, with a commanding figure, a handsome mobile face and Titian red hair; she married early the son of a wealthy New York banker; and has one daughter aged seven. The step she has taken is approved by her whole family, her husband and mother being now with her in London.

All those who were present at the performances given by the Vokes Company in the spring of 1886 must necessarily have compared them with those of 1887 with a sense of regret and disappointment. Miss Vokes sustains her old rôles with admirable pluck and ability, but evidently with much effort; the mental power is all there, but physical weakness draws heavily upon a constitution enfeebled, we fear, by heart disease. The natural *abandon* and enjoyment of her parts is gone for ever; only the spirit sustains the burden of dance and song. The loss of Mr. Brandon Thomas has been irretrievable to the company, his place being very inadequately filled by Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, who is no substitute for the finished actor of light comedy. Mr. Weedon Grossmith has his own individuality, which is warranted to carry the house with it, and certainly has created for us the type of London swell immortalised by Du Maurier. To Mr. Elliott we think, however, belong the laurels masculine. In the very different characters of the retired dry goods merchant in the "Game of Cards," of *Primmer*, Scotch butler to *Sir John Moncrieff*, in the "Double Lesson," he was inimitable, his conception of the latter part being really a masterpiece. Grossmith will always be Grossmith, but in Elliott we do not recognise Elliott's personality. E. S.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A DAINY and artistic combination of poetry and engraving has been issued by the firm of D. Lothrop and Company, Boston, under the auspicious title of "Sunshine," suggestively illustrated on the cover. That it is charmingly appropriate in word and sentiment to the spring season will be evident from the opening lines:

The sun rode high, and the clear, green earth  
 Was stirred in her motherly heart with mirth.

The author, Miss Katherine Lee Bates, is to be congratulated on the success of her pretty conceit, which will make a graceful Easter offering. The illustrations are unusually soft and tender in tone.

AMONG the contributors of dainty trifles that mark the Easter festival Prang and Company, of New York, as usual, lead the way. At this late date in the popularity of picture cards it is naturally a matter of some difficulty to present marked originality in design; but the sentiments used are as appropriate, and the taste in ornamentation as admirable, as ever before. One exception to this has reached us in the sample card, "North-

Easter," representing a rat stormily afloat in an eggshell with a withered leaf as sail, and underneath the couplet:

My boat is frail; I ne'er had leas'd her,  
Had I expected such an Easter.

Jokes upon so dear and beautiful a religious season are more than questionable. Among the fringed cards the prettiest we have seen is Walter Satterlie's design of violets, a crescent, and swallows.

Two very appropriate little paper books, of the delicately lithographed, cream-laid sort so popular just now, have been issued for Easter, by Lee and Shepard, of Boston—the well-known hymns, "Abide With Me," and "My Faith Looks up to Thee," with designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey and Lisbeth B. Comins, respectively. The latter artist's work exhibits the greater degree of facility and right feeling, although both are successful when simple ideas of flowers and branches are presented, and both fail, as all but consummate draughtsmen must, when the human figure is concerned, in the illustration of beautiful and familiar imagery. Dr. Ray Palmer's poem is given in facsimile of his handwriting, which will impart for the many who knew and loved this clergyman, either personally or through his pen, an especial value to this little book which comes to them almost with the sad news of his death.

THE same firm has re-issued, in if anything a prettier cover than before, Irene E. Jerome's "Message of the Blue-bird," with the sweet words and dainty drawings with which the public is already familiar. In similar form comes "Gladness of Easter," a selection of poems on the subject from various sources, and appropriately illustrated, the best of the poems being contributed by Sarah Doudney and Susan Coolidge. Either of these neatly boxed, delicately tinted, little volumes would make a charming Easter gift.

The many and loyal friends the Rev. Walter Inglis left behind him when he forsook his earthly pastorate to enter into his everlasting reward, who have long waited for some sympathetic word in memory of him, will congratulate themselves that the task has fallen to the Rev. William Cochrane, D.D., whose literary achievements have already done almost as much to make his name familiar to Canadians as his well-earned fame as one of the first of our pulpit orators. The volume, which the author has with old-fashioned dignity entitled, "Memoirs and Remains of the Reverend Walter Inglis," contains, with an admirable photograph of the deceased clergyman, an ample sketch of his rugged Scottish youth, manhood, labours in Africa, and Canadian pastorate, recollections of him by several prominent clergymen, and several lectures and addresses which those who heard and who did not hear will alike be glad to possess. Dr. Cochrane has done his work most acceptably. His vivid, terse, epigrammatic style seems especially adapted to the subject he finds in Mr. Inglis, while the love he bore his friend is eloquent in all that he writes of him. Much skill has also been shown by the author in his manipulation of the material at his disposal, with a keen and penetrative insight into character, wherever he has had to deal with it. Dealing with Mr. Inglis's African career, Dr. Cochrane takes occasion to introduce a brief but interesting sketch of Boer and British domination, in which we find the following:

"At last, in one of those turns of feeling to which the British are occasionally subject, the Boers were treated with, and their independence recognised." Nor is this the only passage in which the reverend author indulges in a little playful irony. (Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson. Williamson and Company.)

It is apparent from the legend of copyright obtained in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa, that "Out of the Depths," by Jean Blewett, was printed in Toronto by the firm of Rose and Company, last year. The book, however, has only recently reached our "Library Table," and the lateness of our comments upon it must be condoned on that account. "Out of the Depths" is a novel which contains the histories of a great many people, in a great many chapters, and of which the scene is laid chiefly in England. We understand the author is a Canadian, and have fault to find therefore, that she did not make the *locale* of her story Canadian. It might in that case have possessed the attraction of local colour, of which it is totally devoid. No law should operate more undeviatingly in the making of fiction than that the novelist should give his work an *entourage* with which he is thoroughly familiar. The style of "Out of the Depths" is bright and flowing, changes from one point of space to another being made with quite remarkable facility. We have to reproach the author with an occasional lack of consistency as regards grammar; as, for instance:

"Gilbert looked gingerly about. Babies are rather nice things, but one doesn't relish the idea of stepping around among them free and easy."

One of the novel's strong points is evidently its religious element, in which the author takes life, herself, and the public very seriously. On the whole it may be described best, perhaps, as a cross between a *Young Ladies' Journal* serial, and a work for the edification of adult female Sunday school classes.

WE are glad to hear, from the firm which was unfortunately responsible for it, that the production recently unfavourably criticised by us, "A Haunted Life," was printed through a mischance, and is not offered for sale. It would be a matter of great surprise, as well as regret, had Messrs. Funk and Wagnall's countenanced the issue of the book, and the public will be relieved to know that the proverb, "accidents will happen," is applicable in this case, even to the "best-regulated" publishing houses.

"WHY did nobody think of it before?" is the familiar phrase that immediately forms itself in commenting upon the two neat thick little volumes which Walker and Company, of London, have just made the latest addition to

geographical publications—"The British Colonial Pocket Atlas," and "The Pocket Atlas of the World" by John Bartholemew, F.R.G.S. The general nature of geographical ignorance is only less alarming than that of original sin; and any effort made to popularise study of this sort is worthy of the strongest commendation and encouragement. The World Atlas will be found useful chiefly for purposes of casual reference, and its value nobody who reads the newspapers can long doubt. The Colonial Atlas contains however, in the most compendious form, not only careful maps, an isochronic track chart, and a complete index, but all the information, in a condensed form, afforded by the unwieldy geographies, with sundry economic and statistical tables not found in any of them. The idea in this form is quite new, and its utility must at once be apparent. (Toronto: Hart and Company.)

#### A NEW POEM.\*

WE have often been warned that the time is rapidly approaching when poetry will be a thing of the past; but we are more inclined to agree with those who tell us that the reason why much of the poetry of the present day will not live is because there is so much produced that is very far above mediocrity. Every year gives us some poem for which we would gladly exchange some piece contained in our standard poets, knowing that we should be richer by the exchange. We quite admit, however, that a great deal of what passes for poetry is no more than a somewhat faint echo of the song of greater bards, sometimes, alas! a mere weaving together of phrases culled from earlier writings, painfully reminding us of the schoolboy's hexameters, which have been industriously built up with the aid of his Gradus.

If Mr. Mackenzie's poem reminds us, and reminds us agreeably of one of the most charming of Lord Tennyson's early productions, "Dora," he is in no sense a copyist, nor perhaps even consciously an imitator. It is no reproach to any writer to say that he reminds us of one who is certainly not only the chief of modern poets, but entitled to a very high place in the roll of English writers. To any one who can appreciate the purest and the choicest language, used to clothe thoughts generally solid, sometimes profound, often subtle and suggestive, Tennyson's poetry must be a perpetual joy; and Mr. Mackenzie has drunk deeply at the fountain of his great master, and imbibed much of his spirit, both ethical and literary, and, although we cannot ever detect him in the actual use of Tennysonian language, his own is pure, and clear, and nervous.

The story of the little book is painful, but it is with the pain that purifies. Malcolm, the hero, is an agnostic; so is his friend Eric. The latter pledges some securities unlawfully, and gets penal servitude. Malcolm falls in love, but the object of his passion cannot marry or live where there is no spiritual sympathy; and Malcolm becomes a wanderer and a sufferer, passing through experiences which bring him back to the Father of lights and the God of comfort. The rest of the story may be learnt from the poem itself. It is short, and few will grudge the time they bestow upon its perusal. Canadian literature need not be ashamed of its productions if it can sustain as high a standard of pure and musical English as Mr. Mackenzie has reached. Let our younger men only cultivate the same models. A word should be said on the pretty and elegant form in which the Toronto printers and publishers have produced this little book.

#### THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL GRAMMAR.†

THE appearance of this native work on English Grammar, by an acknowledged master of the subject, has been long expected, and now that it has been issued it will doubtless find its way into the High Schools, into the hands of every Canadian teacher of English, and into the library of every student of the language. The work, though ostensibly based on Whitney's "Essentials," is an elaborate original treatise on the subject by a well-equipped grammarian, a thorough student of English, and a man of marked ability and wide and varied scholarship. Mr. Seath very properly constructs his work upon an historical basis, and finds in this, as Mr. Skeat and other scientific grammarians have found, the right key to the understanding of Modern English, and the true foundation on which to rear the many-storied and quaintly-gabled edifice of the language. Throwing over the now antiquated and vicious notion that the rules of English grammar teach the correct use of English, the author seeks rather to draw teacher and pupil to the rich stores of the language gathered by its reflective users and enshrined in literature. In the study of this material lies its real educational value and a means of mental training. After the pupil has been drilled in this, he naturally proceeds, under the author's direction, to formulate the rules which govern the structure of the language, and intelligently to trace its underlying principles. The reversing of the process which has hitherto been followed in the teaching of grammar, especially in the case of an analytical language like English, must be attended with the best results. As a consequence of his method, Mr. Seath gives little prominence to definitions, and what he gives is more in the way of description, leaving the pupil to enunciate grammatical principles in his own language. For a while old-time teachers of grammar, who are unfamiliar with modern inductive methods, will be at sea in the use of this book,—(for ordinary catechetical purposes, as the author remarks, it will be value-

\* Malcolm: a story of the Day-Spring, by Geo. A. Mackenzie. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison.

† "The High School Grammar" (based on Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar), by John Seath, B.A., Inspector of High Schools for Ontario. Toronto: Canada Publishing Company.

less); but when its design is fully grasped the result will undoubtedly be good. The work, which is a marvel of intelligent condensation as well as of clear and concise statement, is enriched with copious exercises and many suggestive examination questions. A judicious arrangement of type adapts the work to both the junior and the advanced forms in our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. Our limited space prevents mention of the many valuable features of this able work; but we must at least call attention, under the division on Syntax, to the full treatment of Infinitive and Participial constructions and of abridged and irregular expressions. The chapter on "Order of Words," a novelty in grammatical text-books, is an interesting and instructive addition to the work, which will doubtless be appreciated by the teacher as well as by the scholar.

### KERMESS.

THE Kermess, which will be held during Easter week in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, will open on the 12th of April, and promises to be an entertainment of a different character to anything ever given before in Toronto.

Essentially of Dutch origin, the ladies who have undertaken its management have spared neither time nor trouble in their efforts to carry out every detail of the National Fair of Holland. The result of their well-directed energies, we have good reason to anticipate, will make the Kermess, not only a novelty, but an education to many who have been unable to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel.

Among the various attractions will be booths or "Krams" (Dutch), representing Holland, Italy, and Europe; also a candy booth, a bag and basket booth, and two Bowers of Flowers. Each of these will be presided over by well-known ladies, assisted by beves of fair maidens, attired in typical costumes, and as their object has been to avail themselves of every original idea which could enhance brilliancy of effect and novelty of design, a most complete success may be confidently anticipated. A Russian tea will be held in the conservatory by Mrs. Forsyth Grant and Miss Robinson, with an accompaniment of music and singing by distinguished amateurs. A theatre managed by Messrs. W. J. Baines and Townsend, dances in the national costumes of Italy, France, and Russia, with a botanical dance of flowers and bees, will be features of the Kermess, together with the exhibition of the only and original Punch and Judy show on this continent; several hundred children have also been trained by Professor Davis in appropriate marches and dances, suggestive of the Dutch fête. An intellectual and spectacular treat has been prepared for the Toronto public, which will guarantee the fifty cents admission as a cheap investment.

E. S.

### MUSIC.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

To lovers of music the concerts that take place at St. James's Hall every Saturday afternoon during the winter, are an intense enjoyment. Here, on each occasion, besides a soloist, either vocal or instrumental, is to be heard to perfection the exquisite classical music of all the great composers for stringed trios, quartettes, quintettes, etc., performed with infinite taste by the faithful little band who, with slight change, are always in attendance, viz., Straus, Ries, Hollander, and Piatti, augmented, from time to time, as occasion requires, by Gibson, Howell, Burnet, Wiener, Bottisini, etc. It is a pleasure to see the quiet way these musicians enter, and seat themselves for performance, so unostentatiously and with thoughts entirely bent on what they are about to do.

The hall, which holds nearly two thousand people, is generally well filled for these concerts, but when special attraction is offered, as was the case on Saturday, March 5, it is filled to overflowing, and people are content (?) to stand the whole time. On this particular occasion, Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim had been announced. Long before the advertised time of performance a large crowd had collected outside; in fact, it had begun to gather as early as eleven a.m., especially at the one shilling entrance, so that many people actually waited four hours before the concert commenced, and directly the doors were opened all the unreserved part of the hall was quickly packed. The front row of the stalls was covered with crimson cloth (conspicuous in contrast with the sombre green of the others), and tables with programmes on them were placed in front. It was evident some one of importance was expected! Very soon it was whispered that the Princess was coming, and as the time drew near, every eye anxiously watched the door. Three o'clock struck, but the performers (usually at these concerts punctual to a minute) made no appearance. People who had been long in their seats were naturally impatient, and began to give their impatience outward expression. However, they were not kept waiting for more than a few minutes when the doors were thrown open, and H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her two eldest daughters, Princesses Louise and Victoria, and Prince Albert Victor, entered and took their seats.

With the good taste of high-born Englishwomen, so quietly were they dressed, that any one, not knowing them, would never have guessed who they were. The Princess wore a dark blue velvet *visite*, and bonnet of the same with small light-blue feathers, while her daughters wore still darker blue hats and short gray tweed cloth jackets. As they entered, every one in the hall rose in a body, and both coming in and going out, the Princess turned and bowed right and left with her usual pretty manners. The young Princesses do not promise to be as graceful as their mother. Lady Suffield, Miss Knollys, and Mr. Holymann were in attendance.

The Royal party being seated, the stringed quartette, headed by

Joachim, who was rapturously received, appeared, and played Schubert's quartette in D Minor. You might have heard a pin drop, so almost breathlessly was it listened to. The audience at these concerts is very attentive, being chiefly composed of those who appreciate and love the Divine Art, and week after week the same faces in the same seats may, in many instances, be seen.

Miss Liza Lehmann next sang, "Sta in Tono, mio core!" (Old Italian.) It was well sung, but most people were too anxiously looking for the next number on the programme to give much applause. The expectation for the Princess was great, but nothing compared to the present moment. Every head was turned, every eye strained to catch the first glimpse of the great Clara Schumann, now in her sixty-eight year. After she appeared, it was many minutes before silence was restored, so enthusiastic was every one at sight of her. After a characteristic little prelude, "Sketch," Op. 58, No. 1, followed by "Two Romances," were given as Madame Schumann alone could give Robert Schumann's music. Others may imitate her, but she stands first and foremost. Notwithstanding her years, she still plays with wondrous *verve*, great force, and exquisite execution. Above all great composers, Schumann, taken all round, seems to have felt, and expressed in a marvellous way, the joy and suffering, the pain and pleasure of human nature in deepest depths. Having a natural inspiration herself, it is not strange that his wife, before all others, should best give expression to his music; and it may be she feels that the nearest intercourse now left between them rests in playing and interpreting it. (Surely much of it does require interpretation.)

The performance ended, Madame Schumann was rapturously applauded, and after twice reappearing to bow, she was again brought back, and this time took her seat once more at the piano, and played another of the "Sketches," No. 4. It was kind of her, for the pleasure she gave by it was great. The orchestra seats (all those at the back of the platform) are the one shilling ones, and from these, bouquets and flowers were thrown at and showered upon Madame Schumann. This little fact is significant, and musicians must appreciate it.

Miss Lehmann now sang two songs, the first, "Ich stand in dunklen Träumen," by Clara Schumann, and second, "Frühlingsnacht," by Robert Schumann, which latter was encored. It is very lovely. Beethoven's most beautiful "Grand Trio," in B Flat, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, was the next and the last number. The refined, dainty way it was performed by Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti baffles description; the effect of it—delight, even to tears—will probably never be forgotten by those who heard it.

It is generally more difficult to describe music than anything else, possibly because in itself it alone expresses what words cannot be found to do. As George Sand aptly puts it, "La musique dit tout ce que l'âme rêve et presse de plus mystérieux et de plus élevé. C'est la manifestation d'un ordre d'idées et de sentiments supérieurs à ce que la parole humaine pourrait exprimer. C'est la révélation de l'Infini."

Joachim plays upon a Stradivarius violin. The old master maker would probably be pleased could he hear how the great violinist makes the soul of his creation speak. Perhaps he does hear,—*qui sait?* "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

London, March 10, 1887.

FREDA.

THE many friends and pupils of Mr. V. P. Hunt were present on Saturday last in Messrs. Mason and Risch's rooms—the occasion being a *Matinée Musicale*, at which many interesting numbers were performed. The valuable assistance of Miss Hillary and Mr. Schuch contributed much to the general enjoyment, and the progress made by Mr. Hunt's pupils must be gratifying to both teachers and friends.

A VERY pleasant entertainment was given, on the 25th ult., at Bond Street Congregational Sunday School-room, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. Dr. Wild acted as chairman. Messrs. Harris Brothers performed excellently on the violin, clarinet, and piano. Mrs. Galloway, Miss Johnston and Messrs. Thomas and Sparks' vocal efforts were warmly received by the audience. Miss Jane H. Wetherald, of Philadelphia (now a resident of this city), proved herself to be a very able elocutionist, her readings being repeatedly applauded by the wellfilled schoolroom. The proceeds of the entertainment go towards the building of the new Sunday School.

### THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

#### Notice to Canadian Writers.

A PRIZE of one hundred dollars will be given for the best POEM on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

A similar prize of one hundred dollars will be given for the best ORATION on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

The right of publication of both poem and oration to be reserved to THE WEEK. The competing poems and orations must bear on them a motto, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with this motto and the words QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.

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

DEAN CARMICHAEL, of Montreal, has lately written a book that will be read with much interest. It is a comparison of the standards of teaching of the great Protestant Churches upon the chief points of Christian doctrine; and the Dean's task has been to demonstrate the feasibility of union among Protestants. The subject is a most interesting one in itself, and dealt with by Dean Carmichael's eloquent pen, a readable book may be expected. It will be published shortly by Messrs. Dawson Brothers.



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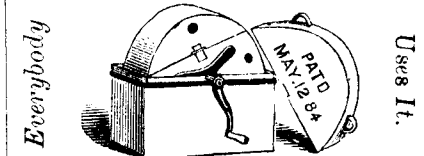
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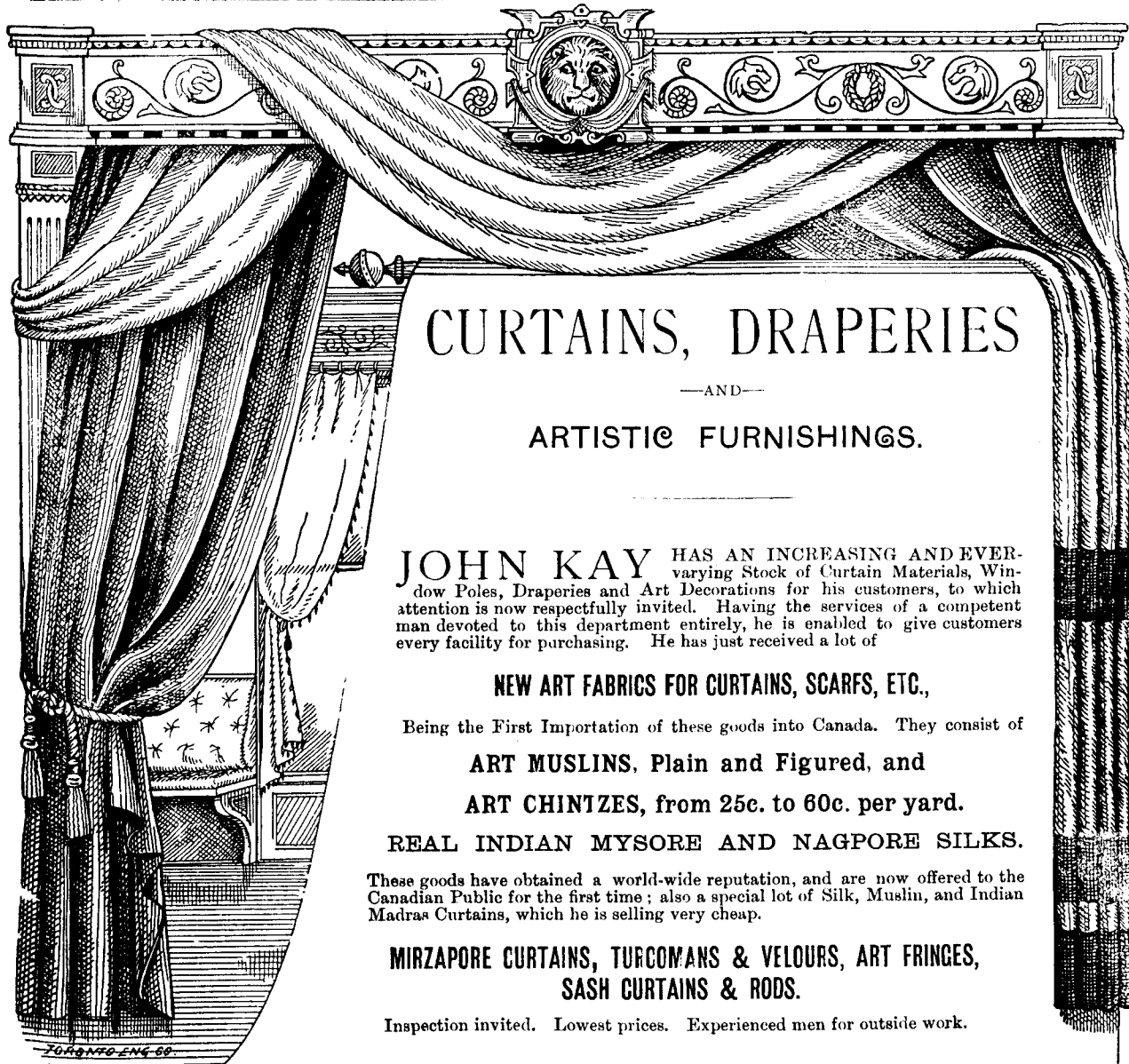
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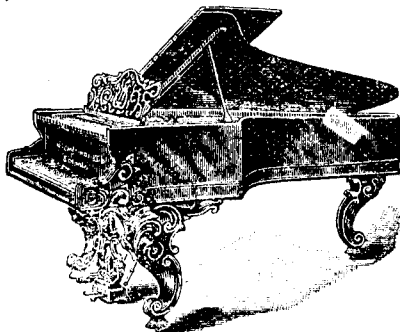
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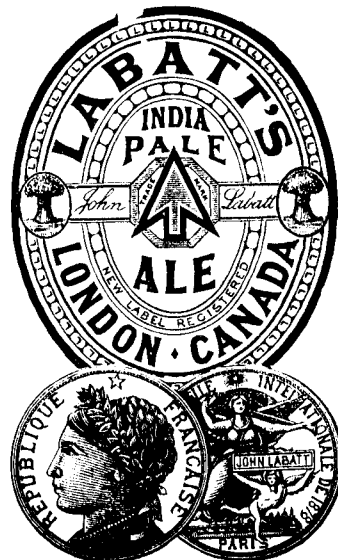
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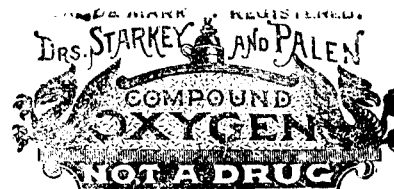
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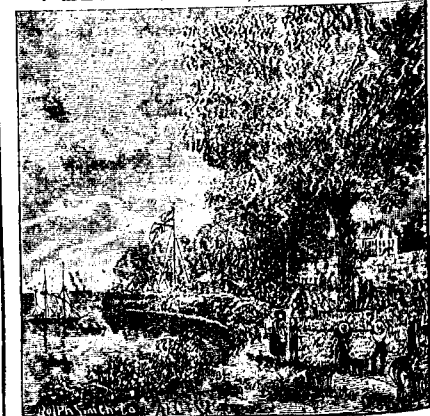
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