

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fifth Year.  
Vol. V., No. 22.

Toronto, Thursday, April 26th, 1888.

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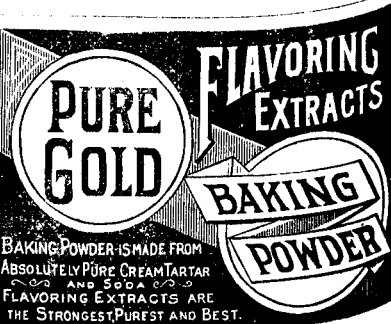
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THE 24th of May is officially named as the date of the Governor-General's departure from Canada. At Ottawa, a Citizens' Committee, with the Mayor at its head, has been formed to make arrangements for a farewell banquet and public reception, as a token of the estimation in which His Excellency is held at the capital. Parliament being in session, it is probable that the Senate and Commons will take some appropriate part in the demonstration, making it thereby in a degree representative of the Dominion. In regard to the manner in which Lord Lansdowne has discharged the duties of his high office there is, we believe, but one opinion in Canada. Not only has his course been eminently constitutional and discreet, but he has devoted himself to the interests of Canada with a zeal and assiduity betokening a genuine interest in her welfare and progress. Following the commendable example of Lord Dufferin and Lord Lorne, Lord Lansdowne has, during his term of office, visited all the provinces and territories of the Dominion, acquainting himself with the peculiar resources, circumstances, and wants of each. The general regret that the term of his administration is being cut short is tempered by the knowledge that his departure from our shores is hastened in order that he may assume the duties and responsibilities of the highest gubernatorial position in the gift of the British Crown. That his success and popularity in the viceroyalty of the great Indian Empire may be equal to his abilities and deserts will be the wish and hope of all loyal Canadians.

THE *Canadian Gazette* of April 5th contains an interesting résumé of a very important report which has been prepared and presented to the Commercial Sub-Committee of the Imperial Federation League, by its chairman, Sir Rawson W. Rawson, K.C.M.G., C.B. This document, the preparation of which must have involved an immense amount of labour and care, contains first a synopsis of the tariffs and trade of the Empire for 1885, the latest year for which full information was obtainable; second, a comparison of the rates of import duty upon the principal articles of commerce in 1887, and, third, some general conclusions which Sir Rawson W. Rawson deduces from the formidable medley. It would be impossible to present within the limits of a paragraph an epitome, even in barest outline, of the results reached under the various divisions. Suffice it to give the first conclusion reached, viz., that uniformity of tariffs as regards duties leviable in each country is hopeless at present, and to say in the words of the *Gazette*, that "the compilers of the work frankly admit that, in so far as such a union [Commercial Union of the Empire] would mean a common British tariff, it is at the present time nothing more than an enthusiast's dream. The tariffs of the United Kingdom and of the several British possessions are all at sixes and sevens—a very chaos, out of which it would be little less than a miracle to devise any practical scheme of fiscal unity which should satisfy at one and the same time so great a variety of economic and financial aims." "But," adds the *Gazette*, "while admitting these obstacles, the compilers of this synopsis have a hope for the future, and rightly enough recognize that the first step towards even the adequate discussion of a question of such magnitude—to say nothing of the actual removal and reduction of the present hindrances to uniformity—is to show in a clear and concise way exactly how the tariffs of the Empire now stand as compared with one another." Whether such a hope must be dim and remote the reader may judge.

Few will dispute the wisdom of the Government in determining to discontinue the policy of assisting immigration with public funds. Equally clear is the necessity for establishing some system of supervision, with a view to prevent the wholesale deportation of helpless, diseased, and worthless people from English houses of refuge to our shores. But it would be a great pity if, in our zeal to prevent Canada from becoming an asylum for paupers, imbeciles, and social outcasts, we should close the gates of this wide land against any who are really deserving of a share in the opportunities it offers to the industrious poor. There is some danger of this. The work carried on by such philanthropists as Dr. Barnardo seems to be the outcome of wise beneficence. To gather up the deserted and orphan children from the streets and byways of the Old Land or the New, to feed and clothe them and carefully train them to habits of industry and thrift, and then to find places for them in Canadian homes, is surely a work of the highest utility, as well as the broadest and most practical philanthropy.

THE somewhat sudden death of Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, has called forth expressions of sincere regret from men of all shades of political opinion throughout the Dominion. The deceased was but fifty-eight years of age, and, in the ordinary course of events, might have hoped to have many years of public service yet before him. Like many others who have attained to eminence in public life, Mr. White was a trained journalist, and for years before his entrance into Parliament stood in the highest rank of the profession. The extensive knowledge of the political history of the country and of its public affairs gained as editor and manager first of the *Hamilton Spectator*, and afterwards of the *Montreal Gazette*, stood him in good stead in his Parliamentary and official career. During his three years of office as a minister of the Crown, Mr. White proved himself eminently laborious and efficient. In fact, it is said to be the opinion of his physicians that to the physical exhaustion produced by overwork was mainly attributable his inability to rally from the effects of the disease which caused his death. In private and social life Mr. White was genial, amiable, and cultivated to a degree which won him general esteem and warm friendship. He was an active and useful member of the Anglican Church. His bereaved family will have sincere and widespread sympathy in their great sorrow.

THE success of the movement for the repeal of the Scott Act in every one of the counties in which a vote was taken on Thursday last will surprise no one who has observed the workings of that Act. The result in these cases may be taken as significant of a general revulsion of popular feeling, and is no doubt prophetic of the issue in other counties, as soon as the question is re-submitted to the voters. The most enthusiastic advocates of compulsory total abstinence, if not wholly given over to fanaticism, must have become convinced of two things, first that local prohibition—the attempt to prevent the sale and use of liquors within the bounds of a municipality, while these are freely permitted in other municipalities all around it—is a folly; and secondly that all prohibitory legislation, so long as it lacks that hearty support of an overwhelming majority of the people affected which alone can secure its enforcement, is not only doomed to failure, but is sure to multiply and intensify the evils it is designed to cure.

And yet it is becoming the fashion with too many of the newspapers to include such works as this in the indiscriminate fulminations launched against unsuitable immigration. It was but a week or two ago that the case of a single lad who had displayed some strange perversity of nature was heralded abroad as a warning against the Barnardo importations. It afterwards appeared that the boy in question was not from one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. But had it been otherwise, how illogical and uncharitable it would have been to base a condemnation of hundreds of ordinarily well-behaved boys and girls upon a single case of depravity. It is to be hoped that the editors of newspapers will carefully investigate the facts before lending their influence against what may be an enterprise for the benefit of the country as well as a work of mercy to the children. Of the 2,643 children sent out from the Stepney Homes to Canada Dr. Barnardo claims that not one has ever become a burden to the public, and that only nineteen of all those sent out during the last eight years have failed to be absolutely successful. If this can be proved his work needs no further justification.

THERE is certainly much reason for the strong ground taken by the Legislative Committee of the Trades Council, in their Report submitted to the Toronto meeting the other day, against the contract system for prison labour. If the facts be as stated in regard to the decline of the broom-making industry in Toronto, and the driving out of the city of scores of honest men, who might, but for the unequal competition of the convict labour product, be making a good living here, few will deny that the system which leads to such results must be wrong. It is so far satisfactory to find that the Trades' Committee is not uncompromisingly opposed to any and every system of convict labour, and does not demand its total abolition. Meanwhile the authorities and the general public are under obligation to look at the question from other than the purely economic standpoint to which that committee is necessarily confined. The paramount object to be kept in view by the State is not the payment or reduction of expenses, though that cannot be lost sight of, but the improvement, and, if possible, reformation of the character of the prisoners. In order to this regular labour and training, not only in habits of industry, but in the knowledge of some means which may be available for future self-support, are indispensable. But it requires no very profound reflection to show that the contract system, which the Government of Ontario has wisely determined to supersede, must be about the worst possible from the reformatory point of view. The question is much too broad to be treated here; but there are few better worth the attention of the thoughtful statesman than that of the best means of providing employment for prisoners without bringing them into unfair competition with honest workmen.

THE refusal of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to recommend the Fisheries Treaty for ratification probably foreshadows its rejection, or at least postponement, by that body. This result, should it take place, can scarcely be regarded as a criterion of the estimation in which the Treaty itself is held by unprejudiced Americans. In fact its rejection by the Republican senatorial majority under present circumstances might, with some plausibility, be construed to mean that the party leaders are unwilling that President Cleveland and his supporters should go to the country with the credit that would attach to a settlement of the fisheries dispute on terms so favourable to the claims of the United States. It is, however, but too obvious that some of the Senators, who, as representing the constituencies most interested, may be supposed to know most about the merits of the question, and to be entitled to take a leading part in the discussion, are so blinded by local and national prejudice as to be unable to take a reasonable attitude in regard to it. It is very likely that on sober second thought, the Senate, after the Presidential contest if not before, may take a different view of the matter, unless the bitterer opponents of the treaty should succeed in securing its immediate rejection.

MUCH regret was caused amongst riflemen by the announcement that after this year Wimbledon Common would be no longer available for their great annual competition, and much influence was brought to bear in the effort to prevent the threatened change. But, great as is the Duke of Cambridge's interest in the encouragement of rifle-shooting, his interest in making the most of his valuable estate has proved greater, and Wimbledon will see the volunteers from all parts of the wide empire striving for victory at the targets no more, after the present season. If, however, means can be found to carry out the ideas of Lord Wantage, President of the National Rifle Association, and others interested, the dreaded loss may yet be converted into gain. Lord Wantage urges that the new ground, wherever

chosen, shall, if possible, become the property of the Association, in order permanent instead of temporary buildings may be erected. It is also hoped that enlarged space may be secured, so as to afford accommodation close by for drilling practice, an arrangement which would be very helpful to volunteers from a distance. For instance, a few weeks', or even a few days' practice on the ground, and under the same conditions of light, atmosphere, etc., under which the contests will take place, would, we presume, be of great advantage to the Canadian contingent, and materially improve their chances of success. Amongst the places under consideration as the sites of the new Wimbledon are Epsom, Redhill, Harrow, and Brighton.

WHAT will become of the weaker as the struggle for existence becomes more severe? is a question much discussed just now in the papers and magazines. It cannot be said that very much light has yet been thrown upon the problem. The stern natural law which un pityingly decrees that the unfittest must perish in order to make room for those better fitted is being year by year more successfully counteracted by the great moral law which in its lower application enjoins the strong to respect the rights of the weak, and, in its higher, commands each to love his neighbour as himself. It is true that the operations of this moral law are not yet very marked, and, perhaps, are not likely soon to become so, in modifying the fierceness of competition for places of employment and profit. Still the combined agencies of sanitary science and Christian philanthropy are helping on the rapid increase of the race by the removal of the sources of disease, on the one hand, and the more merciful and skilful treatment of the diseased and helpless on the other. Wonderful as are the achievements of applied science and human inventiveness it is doubtful whether it can long be in the power of these or any other agencies to increase the means of subsistence in equal ratio with the multiplication of the race. If not, the world must be tending towards absolute overpopulation. In other words, a time must inevitably come when there will be large numbers for whom no profitable work can be found, and who will, therefore, be foredoomed either to be supported by the labours of others or to starve. This, however, may be regarded as, for some time to come, a speculative rather than an actual danger, since the state of things described cannot exist, save in special, overcrowded communities, so long as there are in other parts of the world large and fertile areas unoccupied. Thus the problem, for some generations to come, resolves itself into one of redistribution of populations by emigration from the congested to the sparsely settled localities, a process which is being carried on on a constantly increasing scale from year to year.

THERE is, however, one form of the difficulty which cannot be so easily met. Emigration is easy enough for unencumbered young men, or even, in most cases, for families. But what about the multiplying thousands of single women who cannot go abroad alone to fight the battle on a foreign soil? Take the case of Great Britain, for instance. Statistics show that there are at the present time 800,000 more women than men in the United Kingdom. That means, of course, as the *Spectator* points out, that there are 800,000 girls who can never have husbands, unless polygamy is resorted to. What is to become of these? But a limited number of them, we may assume, have parents or friends in a position to provide permanently for their support. Under the influence of the better notions which modern opinion, or perhaps modern necessity, is causing to spread, large numbers of these women are becoming educated and fitted to support themselves, provided suitable occupations can be found. But there's the rub! The scope of woman's opportunities for self-support has also been enlarged of late years, until the professions and pursuits which remain exclusively male preserves are very few indeed. But the trouble is that the number of workers increases more rapidly than the opportunities for work. There are now, the *Spectator* tells us, three applicants for every situation where there was a little ago only one, and the great London shopkeepers could fill their establishments with the daughters of clergymen, country solicitors, doctors, and superior clerks, and then leave a kind of worldful begging for admittance outside. What is to become of the constantly increasing number of these young women, to whom self-support is a necessity, and who are able and willing to work, but for whom no suitable work is forthcoming? It would seem as if the revolution in regard to woman's work and sphere were as yet only begun.

DEMOCRACIES, as a rule, do not take unfavourable criticism very kindly. The people of the United States were but just recovering from the resentment excited by the late Matthew Arnold's *Nineteenth Century* article, when their self-complacency was again ruthlessly disturbed by their own distinguished countryman, James Russell Lowell. Mr. Lowell's address,

delivered in New York City a couple of weeks since, on the Place of Independence in Politics, contained some home truths which could be profitably meditated upon by Canadians, as well as by his own countrymen. Mr. Lowell does not condemn political parties as such, but regards them as necessary adjuncts of popular government. The chief strength of his criticism is directed, in a manner worthy of the author of the *Biglow Papers*, to the moral aspects of the question, and against the intrigue, chicanery, and the other forms of corrupt influence which now, by confession of all parties, play so large a part in the politics of the Union. While he admires the "splendid complacency" of his countrymen, and even finds "something exhilarating and inspiring in it," he deplors the lack of "leaders in statesmanship." "An adequate amount of small change will give us the equivalent of the largest piece of money, but what aggregate of little men will amount to a single great one, that most precious coinage of the mint of nature?" Mr. Lowell does not think the nation has lost the power of bringing forth great men, but he evidently thinks there is a deplorable lack of such at the present moment. He emphasizes the necessity for frank and fearless discussion of public questions, and this duty can be done, he avers, "only by men dissociated from the interests of party. The Independents have undertaken it, and with God's help will carry it through. A moral purpose multiplies us by ten, as it multiplied the early Abolitionists. They emancipated the negro, and we mean to emancipate the respectable white man." Mr. Lowell's brave and honest words are most timely, and may hereafter win the recognition and gratitude of many who now denounce their author as un-American. He is anything but that. His admirable and memorable speech at Birmingham four years ago stamped him as an American of the very highest type.

REPORTS from Sofia indicate that the Bulgarian Government continues its armaments. The work of fortification at Varna, Bourgas, and other points on the Turkish frontier is being pushed forward with great vigour, and ammunition is being distributed throughout the country. Replying to a statement in the *Tirnovska Constitutia*, the organ of M. Karaveloff, to the effect that the day will come when the difficulty will have to be settled by an appeal either to Russia, or to Austria, and that, meanwhile, "it would be dangerous for any patriotic Bulgarian to take his stand outside of the Berlin Treaty, according to which Treaty Prince Ferdinand is simply a usurper," the *Svoboda*, the organ of the Bulgarian Government, replies defiantly that Prince Ferdinand will hold his own in Bulgaria, in spite of all attacks, and independently of Austria, as well as of Russia. It says, moreover, that Prince Ferdinand is fully persuaded that his election will eventually be sanctioned by the Great Powers. Thus it would seem that all the elements of danger in connection with the Bulgarian situation are still active, and an eruption may occur at almost any moment.

"How much longer?" is the touching question which the dying Emperor of Germany is said to have put to his physicians, after a paroxysm of difficult breathing, the other day. The incident, like so many others that obtain currency, may not have occurred, but there can be no doubt that the Emperor's struggle with the disease that is gradually sapping his life is a brave and manly one. The change he has caused to be made in the expression used in the public prayers on his behalf from "His Majesty Emperor Frederick," to "Thy Servant, Frederick, the Emperor," though trifling in itself, indicates sterling good sense as well as a pleasing humility. It would now seem that a large part of the sensational stories about the alleged struggle for supremacy between the Empress and Prince Bismarck is apocryphal, and that there is no misunderstanding between the two sufficient to prevent frequent and cordial consultations during the sad crisis through which the Empire is passing. It is very likely that the German people are not superior to national jealousies, and that these may, under the present circumstances, be directed against the Empress and the English, but it seems highly improbable that these feelings have reached anything like the acute stage represented in the press despatches. The Germans are not a wealthy people, and may not unnaturally dislike the idea of provision being made for the support of the English Empress, on the magnificent scale to which the members of the Royal household to which she belongs are accustomed. But the Germans are too well accustomed to bearing heavy burdens at the dictate of Royalty to be likely to revolt at the comparatively small one thus forced upon them.

SOME remarks on the state of affairs in France would seem to belong appropriately to an outlook over the history of the past week, but nothing short of an inspiration, utterly independent of current events, could enable

one to prophesy with the least assurance what a day may bring forth in Paris. Mr. Lowell, in the course of the speech referred to in another paragraph, took occasion to say that the French, like his own people, "have gone into the manufacture of small politicians." The history of a day's proceedings in the French Chamber affords a striking illustration of the aptness of the criticism. Almost in the same breath that august body seems to have declared its confidence in M. Floquet's Ministry, and decided in favour of an immediate revision of the Constitution, which Premier Floquet, on behalf of the Ministry, had just declared to be inexpedient. In an Anglo-Saxon nation the fact that M. Boulanger has gone into the duelling, and his followers into the rioting, business would be deemed sufficient to discredit him as a leader, and prove him the charlatan which he protests so warmly he is not. M. Boulanger is said to have informed the correspondent of a New York paper that his policy was to remodel French republican institutions after the American pattern, whereas they were now built on "the hybrid English model which is wholly unsuited to the French character." But there seems too much reason to doubt whether either M. Boulanger knows enough about the American political system to be entitled to pronounce upon its adaptability to the genius of his countrymen, or the French people have the stability of character necessary to the permanent and successful adoption of either British or American methods.

#### THE REMEDY FOR INTEMPERANCE.

It may be questioned whether the present is an age of faith, but there can be no doubt that in morals it excels all its predecessors. War is still waged, but it comes at longer intervals and much is done to soften its horrors: extreme poverty is not unknown, but it rarely fails to meet alleviation: the relations of the sexes are better regulated, and woman placed on a higher plane than she has ever before attained: pestilence no longer claims its millions of victims, and the intemperate use of strong drink is more and more condemned by the world at large. In regard to the last named, however, more controversy has arisen than on any other question of a like kind. It has always been and is still alleged that alcoholic drinks are useful when used in moderation, and on the other hand it has been as strongly repeated that they are not only useless but actually hurtful save in so small a number of cases as to be unworthy of consideration, and that consequently their manufacture and sale should be suppressed by the infliction of fines and imprisonment; and the quarrel is not yet settled even in the most moral and religious communities.

There are some points of the drinking question, however, which are settled. Nobody defends the wage earner who spends a large part of his income on drink, beats his wife and children, and reduces them to poverty. Nobody defends the richer man who resorts to a bar-room six or more times a day, treats and is treated, and though possibly sober—for there are men incapable of becoming drunk—yet spends money which ought to go towards the advancement of his family, and keeps himself in a state of bibulous excitement injurious to his health and to whatever intellect God has given him. Nobody now defends the man who drinks his bottle of port at dinner, as was the custom of the fathers, or partakes of five or more kinds of wine at one sitting. Even in England where the climate renders liquor less noxious than in our exciting North American atmosphere, heavy drinking and the mixture of liquors has gone out of fashion. No one defends the farmer who takes his jar of whiskey home from market and makes his solitary house, unobserved by neighbours, a hell upon earth. Nobody defends the young fellows who congregate about the roadside tavern, race horses, play cards, and drink till they are unable to make their way home. But there are still respectable citizens who love their kind and would fain do them good, who yet allege that they find benefit from a moderate quantity of stimulant, and question the propriety of asking them to abandon their glass of wine, spirits, or beer, in order to aid in putting down drunkenness.

When people speak of "Prohibition" in Canada, they do not mean that no alcohol is to be sold. Not in Maine nor Kansas is its use entirely forbidden. It is sold under restrictions more or less severe. The Canadian Scott Act permits the sale under a certificate. This gives the licensed M.D. and one or two other persons prominent in the community the power of determining who shall or who shall not drink intoxicants. There can be no doubt that the Act wherever introduced with the general consent of the community has produced beneficial results. But it is imperfect in its working; there is a strong desire to repeal it whenever the law permits, and in the meantime to render it inoperative. The abrogation of the Act in Halton, Bruce, Dufferin, Huron, Norfolk, Renfrew, Simcoe, Dundas,

Stormont, and Glengarry by large majorities shows that it has failed to secure the desired result. So long as liquor can be introduced from the large cities and towns, or from neighbouring counties where the Act is not in force, no efficient or permanent acceptance of the system can be expected anywhere. A conviction is slowly but surely fastening itself on the minds of the enemies of intemperance, that nothing but legislation applied to the whole Dominion at once and not only to the sale, but the importation and manufacture of intoxicants will accomplish the object in view. Temperance men are wasting money and time in introducing the inoperative Scott Act into separate counties which rightly directed might secure a Dominion measure infinitely more effective and far-reaching in its results.

If temperance advocates would change their formula and offer to sell good liquor to all fit to be trusted with it, and at the same time sternly forbid intoxicants to the young and to the mature who do not know where to stop, they would make better speed in their work. Prohibition is the word they use, but it is not prohibition which they advocate, or have any hope of now securing, and it would be better to abandon it. The Scott Act is defective according to their view, because it gives the sale to those who make a profit by it and who are therefore tempted to sell to drunkards, and the objection is well founded. Above all things they desire that the sale should be placed in the hands of those who do not share in the profits. It is obvious that this cannot be done except by public officials receiving salaries. To trust the appointment of such persons to municipalities, or even provinces, which would be tempted to loosen restrictions on sales, to gain commercial advantages over their neighbours, would not be advisable, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it is to the Dominion Government temperance men must look for a satisfactory settlement of their difficulties. Already that Government regulates the manufacture of liquor, and could easily make arrangements either to acquire the distilleries and breweries, or purchase their products. The importation of foreign liquors is but another step not presenting extraordinary difficulties.

Obstacles would doubtless be encountered in carrying this plan into effect, but none would be insurmountable. Governments carry on very large manufacturing establishments with success. They have their choice of the best men in the community as their servants. So far as the prohibitory rules were concerned, they would be closely watched by temperance advocates, and errors would be speedily and sternly exposed. Every drunkard convicted, every crime committed resulting from liquor would be set down to their account, and they would feel all the force of public opinion. It might be that there would be leakages in handling so much money and liquor, but these would be detected and punished. Against them must be set the profits of the retail sale, which would fall into the coffers of the Government. There would probably be only one selling-place in each city, town, and township, and if present prices were continued the profits would be large, though the sales would be diminished by refusal to sell to minors, to drunkards, to those known to be in danger of falling into intemperate habits.

There would be infinite gain to the temperance cause from placing the manufacture, importation, and sale of liquor in the hands of the Government. Doubtless for a time public opinion would swing to and fro, but the exclusion of private interests from the traffic would be an enormous gain, and if the majority of the people were in favour of strict regulation, that majority would in the end, secure all they wished. The Canadian population is not at present very large, and the proposed change could be much more easily introduced than in more populous countries. Once introduced no increase in numbers would injure the system.

J. GORDON BROWN.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

THERE is no topic, as I write, but the sad and solemn event by which the Dominion of Canada is deprived of one of the most faithful and honourable Ministers that ever held a portfolio in her service. It would go without saying that the death of the Honourable Thomas White would cause a deep and wide depression in social and political circles here, but the peculiar and personal character of the regret that is expressed on every hand should be heard to be understood. It can have its source only in the loss of a man whose special virtues made him dear to the people, as well as honoured and admired among them. And so, on the streets and the corners of the streets, where the winter drifts still baffle the chilly sunshine and a few blades of green are disheartened looking for the spring, men stand in transient groups of twos and threes and turn over the memory of his kindly deeds, his painstaking service, his upright behaviour, hardly realizing yet that he is gone away from them for all time.

The Chamber has witnessed no more touching scene for years than that of Monday, when Parliament assembled to adjourn. The very quiet was pathetic, in this place of constant dispute and frequent upbraiding. It seemed to speak wordlessly of the one great silencer of tongues. One by one the members took their places, the little pages clustered with childish seriousness about the foot of the Speaker's chair, the galleries too were full and quiet, the purple and gold light burned in the tall windows as it shall burn when none of us shall see it, and there was the empty place. Sir John Macdonald rose to move the adjournment of the House, but could not, for the sad reason of it, and sympathy with the grief which choked the voice of the Premier was shown on rugged faces both Conservative and Liberal. Sir Hector performed the task to which his leader was unequal, and Mr. Laurier's answer was one of his most eloquent efforts. Nature has given the leader of the Opposition not only the tongue of an orator but the soul of a poet, and in his tribute to Mr. White we heard the one and saw the other.

Politically the serious nature of Mr. White's loss is shown in the blank silence or vague guessing which answers the question as to his successor.

There is no lack of ability to take his place, but the filling of it demands different qualifications. The late Minister of the Interior was a bulwark of no ordinary strength to his party. His journalistic training, with the wide information it gave him, enabled him to defend his Department in the House as it is generally acknowledged never to have been defended before; and his system of close, personal investigation of the affairs under his charge made him competent to deal with them as years of ordinary Ministerial experience would not make a man of different calibre. All sorts of speculation have arisen upon various grounds, among them the expected change by which Sir Charles Tupper's portfolio was to have been given Mr. White, and the Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick admitted to the Cabinet, the fact that the Hon. the Secretary of State is known never to have been very well satisfied with the patronage at his command, and the rumour that the North-West will press strongly for a representative man. The varied character of the castles in the air which might be constructed upon such foundations as these by a strong political imagination will appear.

The Jamaica debate has been as interesting as anything in the House during the past week. Having dispelled any hope of Unrestricted Reciprocity that might have lingered in the Maritime bosom, the Conservatives are naturally desirous of replacing it with something at least approximately pleasing. So again they are giving visions of a rainbow stretching from Halifax to Kingston, with a pot of gold at the Kingston end, and the rainbow is subsidized. The debate upon Gen. Laurie's speech, in moving for the correspondence between our Government and the Legislative Council of Jamaica of some three years ago upon the subject of extended political and commercial relations, was not generally expected to be of much importance; but Gen. Laurie found that the Hon. Mr. Davies had also been consulting the *Hand Book of Jamaica* and other compilations of authority in the Library, and was ready to blight his Arcadian picture of unlimited bananas for Canada, and an exclusive codfish diet for 580,000 Jamaicans without the slightest regard for its value as a beautiful colour-scheme whatever. It will be remembered that a year or two after the Jamaican Commission that came to Canada with a view to negotiations of a political or commercial kind returned with such scanty results, our Government sent a Mr. Wylde to the West Indies to see what could be done toward bringing about reciprocal trade concessions, and the joint subsidizing of a line of steamers.

Mr. Wylde found the Governor on the eve of departure for England, and could get only the vaguest possible official sentiments. He sounded the Jamaica Society of Agriculture and Commerce however, and the result was not altogether encouraging. The Society assured him that while in a general way they would be delighted to see trade stimulated between the two of Her Majesty's colonies concerned, Jamaica couldn't afford to subsidize and in fact wouldn't subsidize if she could, being much of the opinion, supported by the prosperous unsubsidized lines that ran between her ports and that of New York, that commercial opportunity would set its own steamships going. The Society also assured Mr. Wylde that fruit sent to Nova Scotia would probably spoil on the voyage of ten or twelve days necessary to take it there even by a subsidized steamer. Mr. Wylde produced other authority to show that it would take only seven days, but if the Society's statement was an exaggeration, it hardly showed a spirit of enthusiasm regarding the project. Mr. Wylde, however, seemed at liberty to suggest free fruit only to the Jamaicans. A larger concession, reducing the duties on sugar, dye woods, coffee and rum, if the Government on a reciprocal basis, are prepared to make it would doubtless alter the situation. Private capital, in that case, would probably take the responsibility of the carrying unaided. As to the subsidy method of stimulating trade, we must believe that it would be to a certain extent effectual, but the fact that out of \$2,745,257 worth of Canadian exports to the West Indies in the year 1885 Nova Scotia sent \$2,488,131, shows the very small extent to which the plan would be approved by the rest of the Dominion from a common benefit point of view.

The event of the week in non-political circles has been "Ye Fayre of Ye Olden Time," which is to be perpetrated again in Toronto, I believe. It is to be hoped that the architecture will fit the interior with you. It was very cleverly designed and painted for the Montreal "Fayre," and filled the long narrow gallery of the Art Association with pretty and quaint effect. Here however, it was put of necessity in the Drill Shed, where from the "shoppe" on one side one could hardly see the other opposite, and a vast and dreary rafter space yawned above. This was the one defect. We had pretty modern maidens in costumes that were certainly becoming, however else one might be able or unable to characterize them, and other charming anachronisms in abundance. Lord and Lady Lansdowne opened the "Fayre" on Wednesday night, and a great many people paid fifty cents to see it done. There were "merrie milk-maids" and "fair apothecaries," and junket and syllabub, curds and whey—but I will not set the Toronto public's mouth watering in advance. There would be no use in that, since if you will but possess your souls in patience all these things shall be set before you at the usual premium. But one pretty thing you shall not see at the Toronto "Fayre," a Chaucerian trifle, in which those who know his predilection for making dainty verse will recognize the pen of the Librarian of Parliament. It is sent with the express purpose of convincing you that all the sweetness and light of the Dominion does not centre in Toronto. An occasional drop, an occasional ray, escapes. For instance:

#### ADDRESSE

FROM YE FAYRE LADYES OF YE FAYRE.

I.

Now we that hev at herte in all gladnesse,  
To save some little folk from sore distresse,  
By this swete foolishnesse we here arraye  
That hath been thoughten out this many a day,

## II.

Do give fayre welcome to yir gentleness,  
And kyndest thanks for this and all largesse ;  
For, certes, none have ever been more kynd,  
Nor to swete charity more well-inclyned.

## III.

We wolde that we myght kepe ye many a day,  
Nor have ye soone depart so far away ;  
For in all graciousnesse ye did excel,  
And in all duties ye have wroughten well.

## IV.

Wise have ye been in all high governance,  
And to all virtue given countenance ;  
Withouten sournesse and withouten frown  
On all our pastimes ye have lookèd down.

## V.

Most noble Lord, we bid you welcome fayre,  
Most gracious Lady, swete beyond compare,  
We give ye gretynge, and our bosoms swell  
With pain to think 'tis *welcome* and *fayrvelle*.

## VI.

Oft-times, when farre amid the Indian hilles,  
Ye holde y<sup>r</sup> reins of rule, and work yir willes  
O'er all the subjects of Her Majestie,  
We pray ye hold us in yir memorie.

## VII.

When in yir gardens at the sonne upriste,  
Ye gaze on flowres gorgeous, as ye liste,  
Forget not how among us birdis sing,  
And flowres red and white mak' swete the sprynge.

## VIII.

Ye will not be outmemoried, for we holde  
Yir memorie dearer than it were of golde ;  
And pray that many springes with white and rede  
May richly dight their garlandes for yir hede.

A copy of Mr. Griffin's graceful verses was presented to Lord Lansdowne.  
SARA J. DUNCAN.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THERE is something more than ordinarily pathetic in the sudden passing into the invisible of one whom we have long known as a keen searcher into the mysteries which envelop the region of sense, and who, more than most men, has felt the weight of an all but unintelligible world, whose dark problems, if they have not been solved by his mellifluous phrases, have been brightened by his earnest aspirations and large humanity. "What?" we cry, as we hear the bodeful news, "Matthew Arnold dead!" and yet, even in his case, shall we not in his own words say that, while the world will miss him for a day or two, the great mundane movement will still go on—

The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Ah, gentle, knightly soul, now wilt thou know all, and, as thou hast crossed "the unplumbed . . . estranging sea" of death, no more will the baffling problems of this world trouble or vex thee. All will be clear in the light of the Spirit Land! In his latest hour, as the poet desired, he has had his wish. Long ago he wrote :

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,  
The friends who come, and gape, and go ;  
The ceremonious air of gloom :—  
All that makes death a hideous show !

His life's work now over, is it too soon to glance at some stray aspects of it, and to ask ourselves has he left us anything beyond a few memorable phrases and the beautiful example of a gentle, cultivated, and graceful life? Matthew Arnold, in a peculiar sense, is the product of his age—the product of the critical habit as well as of the doubting spirit of the time. In him meet, paradoxically, the "sweetness and light" of the serene poet of nature and the intellectual arrogance of the impatient critic of modern manners and life. English born as he is, of what nationality he has sprung seems at times to be a puzzle to us, for he displays at once the intellectual characteristics of Greek, Celt, and Teuton. The union of the three perhaps accounts for the paradoxes in his nature, and for those mental strands in his work which reflect Goethe and Carlyle on the one side, and Wordsworth and Sainte Beuve on the other. This makes him, however, the more complex and interesting a study, and perhaps the most unique figure in the literary and scholastic annals of later Britain. But not only has his life been serene and beautiful; it has been full of work. Years ago was flung at him the derisive epithet of "a literary trifler," but the dart did not stick in his flank, for in the great missionary work of Culture in which he has long and unweariedly been engaged, the scornful assailant of British Philistinism has shown that he was more than a poetical dreamer and a fastidious, dilettante critic. But what of real value, it may be asked, has the essayist and poet left us in his work? Not in his aphoristic phrases, we fear, shall we find a satisfactory answer to this query. Let us look at a few of them.

"Truth," he tells us, "is discovered by intuition, not by argument;" but is this more than what the essayist, Walter Bagehot, calls "a sort of truthful scepticism, which makes the author anxious never to overstate his own assurance of anything"? Does it stand to us in any sense as a creed for action, or is it not rather a mere flavour of the mind—a bit of Hellenism, with no Hebraic earnestness behind it? Is there more in the aphorism than we find in Pilate's fatigued way of asking "What is Truth?" and if Truth is only to be discovered by intuition, how many will find it unenlightened by argument and unimpressed by the experience which comes of the laborious and diligent search for it? Again Mr. Arnold says: "To be perfectly cultivated we must be perfectly religious;" but what is his definition of religion—"morality touched with emotion!" Here again, is

there more than a mere epigram, a languid paraphrase of the Gospel message, distilled of its vital force and shorn of everything but its literary trappings? The asserted facts of Christian doctrine, he has told us, it is impossible to verify; while the Personal Ruler of the universe is transcendently minimized by him to "a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." In this phrase-mongering where is there solace for the sin-burdened soul, or any fit substitute for that faith which he loftily derides and would supplant by an oft-repeated metaphor? Is this all, we ask, he has to teach us of his emasculated Hebraism or the lessons in "high seriousness" he would have us learn from Israel of old, to whom we are to go that we may cultivate righteousness—"the sense of right conduct?" Nor hardly in literature do we find Mr. Arnold at all times more coherent or logical, though as a critic he possesses the rich qualities of freshness and thoughtfulness, his work being suffused with the glow of a keen intelligence and a rare culture. Take his definition of poetry—"a criticism of life"—and let any one endeavour to find out how "lucid" is the phrase, or wherein it may not apply as a definition of prose. "Lucid" Mr. Arnold may be, but logical,—well, he has himself acknowledged that he has "never been able to hit it off happily with the logicians!"

But though Mr. Arnold's phrase-making falls before the test of logic, and though little of it brings conviction of truth, many of the more memorable of his sayings have a value beyond the charm of verbal felicity. They have often that touch with genius which few sympathetic readers of his works can fail to recognize, however imperious or ethereal may be his spirit and coldly condescending his manner. In our study of the author we feel that we are in contact with a spiritual nature which longs to surmount the gross wrappings of earth, and seeks to wrest from the invisible world the secrets that would immeasurably extend the survey of his thought. More than this, we are conscious that we are in the presence also of a finely-trained intellect and of questioning powers which are as keen and penetrating as they are at times audacious. Hence we have in his writings "a gospel of ideas" which, though it is an indifferent substitute for that to which a simpler and robuster faith would faint cling, is at the same time full of suggestiveness, painfully charged though it may be with intellectual disbelief. The gospel is never one of "good tidings," and therefore nothing, we may be told, is to be gained from the consideration of the vague Pantheism that characterizes much of Mr. Arnold's religious disquisitions. But to this we can hardly give assent when we consider how much Christianity in the last quarter of a century has benefited by scientific inquiry, and by the large results of modern scholarship and Biblical interpretation. Nor can we allow that truth will greatly suffer from a free though reverent spirit of inquiry, even if the intellectual mood of the critic, with the final results of his criticism, be steeped in doubt.

It is to Mr. Arnold's poems, however, that the reader must turn for that note of mental disquiet and bewilderment which is so characteristic of the time, and which there finds freest and saddest expression. In his verse we shall meet with no popular pipings of grief or joy, no overflow of the affectional nature, no note of unrestrained feeling or ebullition of emotion. To Mr. Arnold these passionate outbursts are alien to his serene, contemplative spirit, and would be destructive of his carefully-maintained mental equipoise. In their place we find a deep, speculative melancholy, the languorings of a soul disquieted, the plaintive cry of a heart vexed with vain questionings and wearied with equally vain regrets.

Wearied of myself, and sick of asking  
What I am, and what I ought to be.

Occasionally, however, nature asserts herself, and, in the spring and elasticity of a yet undaunted mind, we hear the lyric notes of returning joyousness and the choral song of a spirit freely breathed upon by the winds of heaven. Then is the poet most truly a poet, and the reader most in sympathy with the author's mood.

As an artist in verse Mr. Arnold has a special charm, which is equalled only by the delight which his high and pure sentiment affords. Deficient he may be in the sympathies which excite ordinary mortals; yet there is no lack of that graver ecstasy of the intellect which to a cultivated nature, sensitive to the influences of art and scholarly workmanship, is hardly less thrilling. But the chief note in all his verse—his subjective verse, at any rate—is a sense of bafflement and defeat, the feeling that in the storm and stress of life one is sure to be wearied, if not worsted:—

Hardly, hardly, shall one  
Come, with countenance bright,  
At the close of day, from the plain ;  
His Master's errand well done,  
Safe through the smoke of the fight  
Back to his Master again.

But for him the Master's errand, whatever it was, is accomplished, and it is not for us to say that, in the larger and fairer view of Heaven, it does not merit the "well done" awarded to those who have wrought its purposes, though he may have been "broken" in working with or against them. From the strife and contention of the age he has, with Carlyle, counselled us to abstain, and "be still"; and still now is the spirit, which, having led its own vain onset, death has rudely withdrawn from the world. Here are the words the poet years ago addressed to his dead friend and brother pessimist, Arthur Hugh Clough; they may now well apply to himself:—

Creep into thy narrow bed,  
Creep, and let no more be said!  
Vain thy onset! all stands fast:  
Thou thyself must break at last.  
Let the long contention cease!  
Geese are swans and swans are geese,  
Let them have it how they will!  
Thou art tired; best be still.

G. MERCER ADAM.

## SAPPHO: A VACATION STUDY.

A MAN need not be held as too intellectually fastidious should he confess to having got tired of the Unrestricted Reciprocity Debate, and when the vacation came, no course better to rest the mind could be devised than to take down Thomas à Kempis or Euclid, and find a tonic in quietism or in demonstration. Or one might take an excursion into Greek literature and find a world so diverse from the present, and in Greek lyric poetry a spirit so different from the eloquence of honourable members, that rest and tonic would both be had while wandering in those Elysian fields.

Fancy going from a long speech of Mr. —, overladen with newspaper extracts, to a three-verse fragment of Sappho—the fragment read and to be read for ever, with wondering worshipping eyes, the three hours' speech consigned to the "immortal" pages of *Hansard*! Such is fate's capricious irony.

Sappho was in the zenith of her fame about the year 610 B.C., before Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, was born, long before Confucius taught China, torn by the jealousies and conflicts of petty kings, true principles of virtue and government. During her life-time the first Tyre was at the height of her wealth and glory and made the nations her tributaries, unconscious of impending doom; Jeremiah began to prophesy; Daniel was carried away to Babylon; Nebuchadnezzar besieged and captured Jerusalem; Solon was legislating at Athens, and Tarquinius Priscus was probably reigning, the fifth king, over Rome. "Two centuries," says one of her biographers, "have sufficed to obscure most of the events in the life of Shakespeare; it can hardly be expected that the lapse of twenty-five centuries should have left many authentic records of the history of Sappho." What little one knows of her family leads to the inference that she belonged to the wealthy and aristocratic class. She was a native of Lesbos, and lived at Mitylene, the chief city of the island. "Mitylene," says Strabo, "is well provided with everything. It formerly produced celebrated men, such as Pittacus, one of the seven wise men; Alcaeus the poet, and others. Contemporary with these persons flourished Sappho who was something wonderful; at no period within memory has any woman been known who in any, even the least degree, could be compared to her for poetry." The wine of Lesbos was the most celebrated through Greece. For a period the Ælians blazed in the foreground of Greek literature with a lyrical splendour which has been hardly ever equalled and never surpassed. The temperament of the Ælians was passionate and intense, and in Lesbos, the energies of a fiery race were all turned into the channel of individual emotion, and the motive of enthusiastic passion produced for a time a dazzling result. The Æolian women were not confined to the harem like the Ionian. They were highly educated. They mixed freely with men. They were famous for their beauty and accomplishments even in Homer's day. In the ninth book of the *Iliad*, when Nestor has persuaded the wayward, faltering-hearted "King of men," to seek to appease Achilles, Agamemnon enumerates among the gifts he will bestow on the sulking Jove-nurtured hero.

ἐπὶ γυναικας, ἀμήμονα ἔργ' εἰδυίας,  
Λεσβίδας, ἃς, ὅτε Λέσβον ἐκκρέμεν ἔλεν αὐτὸς,  
ἐξελόμην, αἰ' κάλλι ἐνίκων φύλα γυναικῶν.

The people of Lesbos degenerated in time, as a people cannot fail to do who live for art alone and find their inspiration in sensuous beauty; but there can be no doubt that in Sappho's day degeneration had not set in, and in that brief and brilliant springtime they applied themselves to literature, to poetry, to music, and formed clubs for the cultivation of art. Passionate for the beautiful, they lived in a land and climate prolific of the choicest luxuries of life: gardens in which a thousand different flowers mingled their perfume with that of rose and hyacinth; rivers fluting between and reflecting the oleander and the pomegranate; olive groves, fruits, marble cliffs, statues, temples—all framed in the tideless sea. The colour, the light, the perfume, the music of this land; the breath and breadth and boundless beauty and power of the sea, were in the lyres of the Æolic singers, and in the noblest literary period of Lesbos Sappho stood foremost as she stands foremost to day—absolutely without a peer.

Now what was her manner of life? Did she cherish an unrequited love for Phaon? Did she throw herself from the Leucadian steep? Did she surrender herself to forbidden attachments? Considering that in one place she speaks of herself as somewhat old (*γεραιτέρα*), we may be pretty certain she did not kill herself as is generally supposed. Mr. Edwin Arnold tells us that "Sappho loved, and loved more than once, and loved to the point of desperate sorrow; though it did not come to the mad and fatal leap from Leucate as the unnecessary legend pretends. There are nevertheless worse steeps than Leucate from which the heart may fall, and colder seas of despair than an Adriatic in which to engulf it." But it is to be hoped to have loved more than once makes nothing against the purity of Sappho's character. We all love more than once, and Heine says in his biting, witty way, but with at least as much truth as is needed to give body to an epigram: "We ought to love woman—we ought to love woman, for she loves much and many."

The source of the slanders on Sappho's life should have made men careful in accepting them. The Middle Comedy is not the place to find regard for truth or justice; nor could the Attic comedians at the close of the fifth century B.C., had they cared to be just, have understood the free, pure life of an Æolic woman a century before. A woman as a leader in letters and song could not be understood by such men, still less could we expect them to take other than coarse significance from the fervid words which incarnated the divine immeasurable passion of her soul.

When we look at this woman at home, what do we find? She is in

Mitylene, the centre of a literary society, the head of an æsthetic school devoted to art; and as a few generations later students flocked to Athens to learn wisdom from its philosophers, so maidens from distant shores gathered to the capital of Lesbos to learn all that might be learned of poetry and music from the most brilliant woman of her time. The Lesbians gloried in her, and her image was engraved on the coins of Mitylene, "though she was a woman," as Aristotle says. It should be noted in passing that in those early times poetry and music constituted the staples of a liberal education, and no bad education either. Erinna of Telos, a young poetess who died in her nineteenth year, but not before she had made on the Greek mind an imperishable impress, was among her pupils. Apollonius tells us of another poetess, Damophyla of Pamphylia, that she lived in close friendship with Sappho and imitated her style. The great poetess blames and praises her pupils. She reproaches one as disloyal to the Muses. Ovid's "Sappho to Phaon" is valueless as bearing on her character, but it proves the celebrity of her teaching. A Roman dandy of the time of the Cæsars would gather his idea of Sappho from the women of a corrupt and fashionable court, and the author of the *De Arte Amandi* was not likely to understand a pure, earnest, passionate nature. His poem gives the tradition of the large number of her students, though the foulness of an abominable society either through Ovid or his corrupters oozes out offensively. The suggestion which Pope adopts in his translation is wholly inconsistent with the strong overmastering sentiment for Phaon. Maximus Tyrius tells us: "What Alcibiades and Charmides and Phædrus were to Socrates, Gyrinna and Aththis and Anactoria were to the Lesbian." The fragments addressed to her girl friends have the purity and grace of those letters and professions of friendship which sometimes pass between educated, warm-hearted girls still at school. How warm and pure is the love at times of a young matron for a few girl friends who recall her own girlhood, and whose ripening bloom and expanding interests interest her! In a line quoted by Athenæus Sappho says: "Leto and Niobe were friends full dear." The same author quotes: "This will I now sing skilfully to please my girl friends." It is impossible to believe that a woman could have been loved of maidens and honoured as Sappho was among her countrymen, that she could have attracted pupils in great numbers from far and near, that she could soar to the highest heaven of song, unless she had qualities and habits which, judging her by the standard of her day, should make us rank her as among the noble women of the world.

She had a longing for fame—"that last intirmity of noble minds." "Men, I think, will remember us hereafter," she says, and again, "I think I have a goodly portion in the violet-weaving Muses." Speaking of her social character she writes:—"I am not one of a malignant nature, but have a quiet temper." Alcaeus is said to have addressed her:—"Violet-weaving, pure, soft-smiling Sappho, I want to say something but shame deters me." To this she replies:—"Hadst thou felt desire for things good or noble, and had not thy tongue framed some evil speech, shame had not filled thine eyes, but thou hadst spoken honestly about it." Plato numbered her with the Wise—with those who see and know. Plutarch says when he read her poems he set aside for very shame the drinking cup, such was their exalted influence on him. In Cicero's time it was a note of an ill-bred woman not to be able to sing her songs.

The English reader, who is also a student of poetry, will have gained some idea from Mr. Swinburne of the utter impossibility of translating Sappho. Plato ranked her as a tenth Muse. The epitaphs on, and references to her found scattered through Greek literature are all to the same effect, Strabo, as we have seen, calling her, *θαύμιστόν τι χρέμα*, "something wonderful," something altogether out of the common—unapproached—defying all comparison. Addison prefixes to the first of his all-inadequate essays on her these words of Phædrus:—"O sweet soul, how good must you have been heretofore when your remains are so delicious!" Catullus tried to translate the ode "To Anactoria," and even he utterly fails. Mr. Swinburne, with his limitless power of expression, declares it beyond him and beyond all men to translate her odes. A man who shall listen to some rare bird's powerful song and try to fix, not the passion of the melody but the metre of the exultant lyric in syllables, will not be more sensible of the inadequacy of his work to give an idea of the liquid and luscious cadences of the little singer, than he who tries to translate Sappho's fragments of perfect song, of his own incapacity and of the unfitness of the material in which he works to reproduce the music, sweetness, fire, pregnancy, and passion of the great Lesbian poetess. Surely with the excellence of her work before us; with the pure sentiments of hers one finds scattered over Greek literature; looking at the eminence she enjoyed during her life and her imperishable posthumous fame, we should not, without conclusive evidence, believe her to have been other than a good woman, especially when judged according to the standards of her country and time.

This brief essay may lead some who are more recently from their studies to take up Welcker, Neue, Theodor Kock's *Alkaios und Sappho*, and some other recent writers, English, Spanish and Italian, and give us an essay which will be of abiding value—an exploration of this interesting subject, and not a mere vacation ramble which can claim no more value than every day journalistic efforts, the best of which are like those insects which buzz into life in the morning and expatiate with aggressive energy and delight in fields where they perish as the sun goes down.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

An instrument, called the autographometer, has lately been devised which autographically records the plan of the ground over which it is dragged. It can be carried about on a light vehicle, and when in use indicates the topography and differences of level of all places over which it passes.



## A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—VIII.

A BEAUTIFUL city London cannot be called. In beauty it is no match for Paris. The smoke which not only blackens, but corrodes, is fatal to the architecture as well as to the atmosphere. Moreover, the fine buildings, which if brought together would form a magnificent assemblage, are scattered over the immense city, and some of them are ruined by their surroundings. There is a fine group at Westminster, and the view from the steps under the Duke of York's column across St. James' Park is beautiful. But even at Westminster meanness jostles splendour, and the picture is marred by Mr. Hankey's huge Tower of Babel rising near London has had no ædile like Hausmann. The Embankment on the one side of the Thames is noble in itself, but you look across from it at the hideous warehouses and dirty wharves of Southwark. Nothing is more charming than a fine water street; and this water street might be very fine were it not marred by the projection of a huge railway shed. The new Courts of Law, a magnificent, though it is said inconvenient, pile, instead of being placed on the Embankment or in some large open space, are choked up and lost in rookeries. London, we must repeat, has had no ædile. Perhaps the finest view is that from a steamboat on the river, embracing the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, and the Temple, with St. Paul's rising above the whole.

Westminster is the centre of politics. It may be said historically to be the centre of politics, not for London and Great Britain only, but for the civilized world. All civilized nations both in Europe and America, as well as all the British Colonies, have now adopted the constitution which was here founded and developed, with a single head of the State and two Chambers; though with regard to the headship of the State and the Upper Chamber, the elective has, in the most advanced politics, been substituted for the hereditary principle, while in the cases of the United States and Switzerland there is a federal as well as a national element. The Roman imposed his institutions with arms upon a conquered world: a willing world has adopted the institutions which had their original seat at Westminster. But the British Constitution now means little more than the omnipotence of the House of Commons. The immense edifice is still styled the palace; but the king who now dwells in the palace is the sovereign people, or perhaps rather the sovereign caucus. If you chance, which is very unlikely, to see the Queen open Parliament, you may get a lesson in Constitutional Government. There she rides in her gilded coach of State, with the State coachman and horses, with lords and ladies in waiting, pages and equerries surrounding her, and with a glittering guard of cuirassiers. Nominally, that lady ratifies or rejects all legislation at her good pleasure, at her good pleasure makes war or peace, and herself appoints all officers of State, all judges, all commanders by land and sea. Practically it has been settled that she has not the power of appointing her own waiting-women. The authority that once was hers now vests in that plainly dressed man in the crowd, on whom no train attends, for whom nobody makes way, to whom, it may be, no one doffs his hat. The speech which she reads is that man's speech, and as he has written it she must read it. They told George II. that a wretch had presumed to counterfeit the King's speech, but he would soon be brought to justice. "Let the poor fellow alone," replied the King, "I have read both speeches, and I like the counterfeit much the best."

That the Houses of Parliament, with the colossal clock tower from which booms Big Ben, are majestic and imposing cannot be denied. Architecture is the most material of the arts, and in its productions size and costliness go a long way even without genius. The river front has been with too much truth compared to a fender, and the elaborate ornament of the exterior is doomed to be spoiled by the smoke. Nor in the inside, though all is rich and magnificent, is the effect that of spaciousness or grandeur. The halls of debate are too much ornamented. When this is the case attention is distracted from the assembly and the speakers. It is interesting to see the constitutional fiction preserved, as it is even in the Parliament House at Ottawa, by decorating with special gorgeousness the Chamber of that House which has been stripped of all its power. The Celestial Emperor of Japan has more than one counterpart in England, ever conservative of forms. Curiously enough, the collective science of the country which was applied to the construction of those Houses, failed both in the ventilation and the acoustics. In the House of Lords it was so difficult to hear that it used to be said that members went out to buy an evening paper that they might learn what the debate was about. The Houses are divided down the middle, in conformity with the Party theory of government, the Ministerial sheep being upon the right of the Speaker's chair, the Opposition goats upon the left. The ancient forms meet and please the historic eye. There is the "bauble," waiting perhaps for another Cromwell, when government by faction shall have worn out the patience of mankind. There is the Speaker's wig, which it was said Sheridan might have plucked off with impunity after his "Bagum speech," so transported was the House with his eloquence. There is the Sergeant-at-Arms with his sword to defend the Commons against the bravoos of Charles I.

A debate should be heard, if possible, from a seat "under the gallery" where the spectator is on a level with the speakers. In the gallery you miss not a little of the play. Hear it where you will, a debate is no longer what it was in the days of the Grand Remonstrance, in those of the great party battles which raged through the reigns of William and Anne, or even in those of Walpole and Pitt. The real debate then took place in the House, and the struggle for political ascendancy was decided by the efforts of rival speakers on that floor. The real debate, in our times, takes place, not on the floor of Parliament, but in the open court

of public opinion. Its chief organs are not Parliamentary orators, but the journals whose representatives sit yonder in the reporter's gallery, and whose offices on Fleet Street or in Printing House Square bespeak, with their lighted fronts, the work which subtle and active brains are carrying on in them through the long night and almost to dawn of day. The speeches delivered in the House of Commons, as a rule, are hardly intended, much less expected, to turn votes; they are manifestoes addressed fully as much to the country as to the House, and for the most part they contain substantially little which has not appeared in the morning's editorials. Still it is well worth the stranger's while to attend a good debate in the House of Commons. If he can get admission when a great faction fight is going on and the fate of a Ministry is trembling in the balance, he will find the entertainment at least as good as a play. The average of speaking is not so high in the House of Commons as in Congress; but the level of the best speakers is higher. American oratory almost always savours somewhat of the school of elocution, and has the fatal drawback of being felt to aim at effect. The greatest of English speakers, such as John Bright, the greatest of all, or Gladstone, create no such impression: you feel that their only aim is to produce conviction.

Westminster Abbey is pronounced by Mr. Freeman the most glorious of English churches. But its special attraction for the stranger is that which it possesses as the central fane of the English speaking race and the sepulchre of our great men. Its character in this respect has been asserted by the erection of a monument in it to an American poet and the performance of a funeral service for an American President beneath its roof. Not by any means all the great men of England however are buried in Westminster Abbey. To visit Shakespeare's grave a special pilgrimage must be made to his own Stratford-on-Avon, with its old church and shady church walk, the beloved and worthy retreat of his later years. St. Paul's holds some famous graves: among them are those of Wellington and Nelson. Peel sleeps among his family at Drayton, Cobden in a country churchyard. Selection did not begin early enough; and among the illustrious dead are obtruded some dead who are not illustrious and yet occupy an immoderate space with their monuments. Some of the monuments, it must be owned, might with advantage be removed from a Christian Church to a heathen Pantheon, while some might be better for being macadamized. Perhaps, as a monument, nothing in Westminster Abbey is so striking as the simple sarcophagus of the Duke of Wellington in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Law has now migrated from Westminster Hall to the New Courts though if another Strafford or another Hastings were to be impeached, the great judicial pageant, it is to be presumed, would be again exhibited in Westminster Hall. But here also we are on sacred ground. Here were preserved, though under rude and sometimes half-barbarous forms, the great principles of justice, while over the rest of Europe prevailed arbitrary tribunals, secret procedure, imprisonment without legal warrant, and judicial torture. Trial by jury and the other great judicial institutions of England have, like her political institutions, gone round the world. English justice still keeps its scarlet and ermine, with some other vestiges of ancient state, which may perhaps be displeasing to the severe republican eye. But with such outward helps to reverence, the common people in England at any rate cannot yet afford to dispense. The ermine at all events is stainless. A century and a half ago Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was impeached and deprived, not for selling judgments, but for selling offices. Otherwise, since the expulsion of the Stuarts, no suspicion has ever been breathed against the incorruptibility of an English judge.

Of all nations, with the possible exception of the Greeks, England has produced the greatest and the finest body of poetry. It is singular that she should have produced so little comparatively in the way of art. Indifferent to art she certainly is not, since she has just given three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a not supremely interesting Raphael. However, in the National Gallery, besides a general collection which is allowed to be very fine and instructive, will be seen some native paintings which seem to show that the training and direction rather than the faculty have hitherto been wanting. There will be found the best works of Turner, the supreme genius surely of landscape painting, alone in his power of producing on canvas what a poet sees in nature. There too is Gainsborough, though his "Blue Boy," which every one should make a point of seeing, is in the private collection of the Duke of Westminster. Hogarth belongs to a much humbler grade, yet few paintings are more pathetic than the last in the series of "Marriage à la Mode." The great general painters are the best portrait painters: Reynolds cannot vie with Titian, but he presents to us in a very interesting and engaging way, whatever was graceful, sweet, and half-poetic in a polished and refined society. The late Prince Consort has been accused of meddling with things with which he had better not have meddled; but he gave a real impulse to the study of art in all its grades. Of that study the great centre now is Kensington, and its home is marked by the growth of buildings of a highly æsthetic character. It would be presumptuous in any one who is ignorant of art to express an opinion about the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Few of us perhaps would be able to discern how the Masters of the present day fall below the Old Masters in technical skill. What to the unskilled eye seems wanting is not greater technical skill, but more interesting subjects. The power of expression appears generally to exceed the wealth of ideas to be expressed. The religious painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance had never to look out for a subject; the modern painter has to look out for a subject, and he not seldom lights on one very remote from common interest. Happy is the stranger who gets an invitation to an Academy dinner; nowhere will he hear such after-dinner speaking or see so many men who are worth seeing.

It is curious that the finest extant works both of Greek and Assyrian art should meet under the same roof in London. British adventure has rifled the world almost like Roman conquest. The British Museum must be visited, were it only to see the sculpture of Phidias and those brought by Layard's enterprise and energy from Nineveh. Greek art was nothing short of a miracle. In form it remains supreme, as he who looks on the friezes of the Parthenon must own, though in depth and richness of sentiment it has been transcended by the widening mind and deepening heart of humanity.

If Science has any special centre, perhaps it is the Royal Institution in Albermarle Street, over which Tyndall has just ceased to preside. There at all events the great men lecture, and there you can most easily get into connection with the scientific world. Should the British Science Association be sitting, there would be an opportunity of seeing all the most eminent men of science at once and at the same time of visiting some interesting place in England under the best auspices. But scientific institutions and facilities of all kinds abound; and everywhere, and not least in the literature which deals with religious belief and in the conversation of the educated classes on that subject, you will mark the rapid and resistless advance of the power which seems destined in the immediate future to assume the guidance of humanity.

The tradition that Englishmen enjoy their pleasures very sadly runs on like the traditions that they shoot themselves in November and sell their wives. But the English will now be hardly found wanting in the love of pleasure. They have in fact become an eminently pleasure-seeking and excitement-loving people. Since the Great Exhibition of 1851, which drew to London everybody who could afford it and a good many who could not, there has been a passion for excursions and every show place is now inundated by the crowds. London has theatres in abundance, and every imaginable equipment of pleasure. The out-of-door gaiety of the Boulevards is of course impossible in that climate. It is on the Marine Parade at Brighton or at one of the favourite watering-places that something like the aspect of the Boulevards will be found. A Frenchman finds the Sunday terribly dull; but he may solace himself to some extent by a trip to Richmond Terrace with its glorious view, to Greenwich Park, to Hampton Court, or some other junketing-place in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. The London Parks themselves, filled with citizens and their families on a fine evening, present London life perhaps in its pleasantest aspect. Those Parks are unequalled of their kind, especially since the Board of Works has improved their walks and made them gay with parterres of flowers. They are superior to the Central Park at New York in having broad lawns, stately shade trees, and large sheets of water; but above all in being in the centre of the city. Not only are they the recreation-grounds, but, together with the numerous squares, they form the lungs of London. Nor are they less essential to the moral than to the physical health of the people, especially of the young, who would otherwise be driven to the amusements of the streets, as our children will be in Toronto, when cruel folly, to save a trifling sum of money, shall have deprived us of the Queen's Park. It is sad to hear that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is in imminent danger of being closed. To the name "Crystal," the strict devotees of the Lamp of Truth have perhaps been right in taking exception; but the place with its splendid gardens is a magnificent palace of the people. A fête at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV. got up at lavish expense, was enjoyed, as the old prints show us, by a few hundreds of privileged courtiers. A fête at the Crystal Palace is enjoyed by myriads. Here at all events is progress in happiness.

The grand popular fête in England, as everybody knows, is the Derby, and the curious may go from London to Epsom to see it as they would go to see a bullfight in Spain. In point of wholesomeness there is unhappily not much to choose between the two exhibitions. Probably the bullfight is the less extensively demoralizing of the two. The Turf in England is now neither more nor less than a vast national gambling-table, of which the devil is the croupier, and at which multitudes of gamblers take their places and meet their ruin who know nothing about horses and perhaps have never seen a race. You can hardly take up a country newspaper, especially in the North of England, without being made aware by its sporting column of the prevalence of this degrading and deadly mania. If Agrarianism would pass its plough over all the race-courses it would confer an unmixed benefit on the nation.

In enjoying the pleasures of London or any other great city, let us not forget the multitudes who minister to them, and whose own share of them is often small. Let us not be unkind to "Cabbie." Something has been done for him of late, but his lot is still a hard one, and few of the slaves of civilization perhaps have a better claim to compassion. He must sit on his box in all weathers, often drenched to the skin, racked with rheumatism, yet obliged to drive on. To be near his stable he must live in miserable quarters, for which he pays very high. Hardly ever can he get an hour in his home. Sometimes he takes to night-work, as his only chance of seeing his wife and children in the day. He drives you very safely on the whole through the press of vehicles, though in the height of the season, besides the regular cabmen, a number of ephemeral "butterflies" are put on with very miscellaneous drivers. Inquiry will show that as a rule the cabman is respectable, and brings up his children as well as he can. His general honesty is proved by the great number of articles left in cabs and brought by the drivers to Scotland Yard. He is almost invariably civil to you if you are not, like too many, uncivil to him. His legal fares, it is believed, hardly do more than pay for the hire of his cab and horse, so that he must subsist practically on his gratuities. Do what he will it appears that his end too often is the workhouse.

A tribute to philanthropic London will fitly close this paper. It may be paid in no unstinted measure, as the number of great hospitals and

charitable institutions proves. Of that let the stranger remind himself if he is tempted to censoriousness when he looks on the social sores and plague-spots of the Old World. Hitherto in this New World there has been room enough and plenty for all. Yet we are not exempt from the social problems. They begin to confront us even now.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE END.

### A REPLY.

[NOTE.—This reply is by one of our readers in England who read and greatly admired Miss Wetherald's sweet, tender sonnet, *Sometime, I Fear*, published in THE WEEK in December last.—EDITOR.]

FEAR not, beloved, our God indeed does know  
 Mine eye shall e'er responsive be to thine,  
 To music of thy lips mine ear incline,  
 Nor leave thee, sweet, the clasp I once bestow;  
 Our hearts united feed one fire of love,  
 And the great warmth from it shall never die  
 But leave a lasting radiance in the sky,  
 To light the path of her who looks above.

Love shall remain, this earth shall still be bright,  
 For love can all hearts soothe, all sorrows heal;  
 Love takes no thought—for so the poet saith—  
 Of morning sunshine or oncoming night;  
 And while thy great heart throbs mine own shall feel  
 The link that binds us closer drawn by death.

S. A. WILDE.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE PULPIT ADMONISHED."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—An article under the above heading appeared in a late number of THE WEEK purporting to be based on the newspaper report of "a recent vestry meeting." In subject if not in manner your article savoured enough of the "religious" party press to surprise some of your readers, who understood your columns to be devoted to a different, if not a higher, order of literature. It would seem unnecessary to suggest to a Toronto journalist that at the hands of the generally adolescent average reporter of the period, a discussion at a vestry meeting or elsewhere may often preserve little of its point, and at the same time may lose nothing in "liveliness." You therefore arrived somewhat hastily at your conclusion that "it is certain that one gentleman gave it as his opinion that the pulpit was not the place from which to tell the congregation of their shortcomings in giving to missions"; and also at your additional deduction that "two other gentlemen were found ready to support this astounding statement." Not only was the "astounding statement" never made, but the opinions of the three lay speakers were far from being mere echoes of each other. Each spoke for the purpose of bringing out a distinct fact in answer to the indiscriminate reflection which had been cast in a very public manner on a large body of people. The humble part of the third speaker, one of the churchwardens, was to point out, as seemed to be his official duty, that the figures in the financial report of the church did not seem to bear out the remarks that had been made from the pulpit. You have done the Rector no kind office in giving enlarged currency on the authority of those remarks to the unfounded charge that his congregation "contributed miserably to a certain cause of great importance." The fact is that those unfortunate remarks, to which a still more unfortunate notoriety has been given, seem to have originated in some misreading of the figures on which the Rector founded his comparisons. The mission collections from the congregation in question for the year ending Easter, 1888, are already very much larger than those of the previous year with which they were contrasted. These facts are shown not only by the churchwarden's accounts, but by the official accounts which your writer if a clergyman can consult at the Synod office.

A body of laymen which in the distribution of its contributions has always exercised the heretical right of private judgment is prepared to support an occasional professional scolding on the subject. It subscribes more liberally to certain objects which lie under the ban of episcopal disfavour than to a fund which is conceived to be an instance of episcopal maladministration. It is able to make due allowance for the leanings of its own very eloquent Rector. But it would not expect to find a literary journal echoing one side of a controversy, the true merits of which it would be inappropriate to present at length in your columns.

An attempt on the part of any body of people to refute by arrays of figures and comparative statements a general charge of illiberality would be an effort of unspeakable vulgarity. Few indeed, at the best, in this thrifty world, have the right to call themselves generous. It is not permissible to do more than point out that such a charge against a large and thoroughly representative body of citizens is a charge virtually against the average inhabitant of Toronto, this so-called city of charities.

O. A. H.

[With reference to the above letter we have only to say that we mentioned no congregation and gave no names, we did not vouch for the accuracy of the newspaper reports of the meeting and even expressed a hope that they were incorrect. The gist of our article was merely the right and duty of the preacher to admonish from the pulpit, within certain limitations.—EDITOR.]

## PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XIV.

THE HON. PIERRE JOSEPH OLIVIER CHAUVEAU.

In the chapel of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec there are two monuments to the Chauveau family, wherein the mother and three daughters are buried. One of the monuments, the work of Marshall Wood, represents the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity in high relief, and the other, on the opposite side, by Van Looper, contains a low relief of Carlo Dolce's "Mater Dolorosa." The inscription underneath is drawn from Jacopone da Todi's "Stabat Mater," and as applied to the whole scene of sorrow and bereavement which the tombs commemorate, is thrillingly pathetic: "*Quis est homo qui non flet?*" It is the subject of this mourning whose biography we are about to trace.

Pierre Joseph Olivier Chauveau was born at Quebec on the 20th May, 1820, of Pierre Charles Chauveau and Marie Louise Roy. His ancestors, originally of Bordeaux, crossed over to New France at an early period of the colony, and settled at Charlesbourg, one of the prettiest parishes in the neighbourhood of the Ancient Capital. The boy was brought up by his grandfather, Joseph Roy, a wealthy citizen of Quebec, and also received assistance from his uncle, Justice Hamel. He entered the Quebec Seminary, going through the full course of studies with distinction and success, and afterward at once began the law under Messrs. Hamel and Roy, and later under G. O'Kill Stuart. It was not long before he went into active life, his first effort being in the channel of journalism. He wrote for *Le Canadien* from the second year of the Rebellion, 1838, to the date of the Union in 1841, with such merit that he obtained an engagement, while always dwelling at Quebec, on *Le Courrier des Etats Unis*, of New York, that continued to 1853 and set him up before his countrymen. His writings were copied in the Quebec papers, and as he was allowed to state his views more freely than he could have done at home he acquired quite an authority for his years.

Journalism proved a stepping stone to public life. In 1844 he was returned to Parliament for Quebec county, beating, by over a thousand, Hon. John Neilson, long a leading member of the Legislature, and editor of a Quebec paper. In 1848 he was re-elected by acclamation. Young Chauveau stood by the Lafontaine-Baldwin Government from the start, but drifted to the side of Papineau in favour of Representation by Population alone, and in 1849 took strong ground in behalf of the Rebellion Losses Bill. In 1849 also he obtained a committee to enquire into the causes of French-Canadian emigration to the United States, a noteworthy event as the first of a long train of similar commissions since.

Mr. Chauveau's promotion to office came in good time. In 1851 he was appointed Solicitor-General in the Hincks-Morin Government, and in 1853 became Provincial Secretary in the MacNab-Morin Administration. The year 1853 is further memorable for the publication of Mr. Chauveau's first work, *Charles Guerin; A Story of Canadian Life*. It may be set down as the first novel put forth in French Canada, and drew its success from its graphic description of the character of the peasantry. Besides serving as a model for a series of similar works which have survived, such as *Jean Rivard* and other tales, it took the lead in advocating the cause of the pioneers, and stirring the simple and primitive settlers to have faith in their destiny.

There seems no doubt that this work further drew the attention of the public to the author and led to his appointment, in 1855, as Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec. He took up the good work prepared by his predecessor, Dr. Meilleur, and perfected the system of education among his people during the eighteen years that he held the office. Toward the Protestant Board, of whom he was official chief, he always acted with deference, fairness, appreciating their wants thoroughly—being a master of the English language and literature—and granting them all the freedom wanted to carry out their methods. He made a further practical use of his staff, department, and of his pupils during the Trent Affair, at the opening of the American Civil War, when he formed a corps of *Chasseurs Canadiens*, of which he was appointed captain. The young men of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, training for teachers, likewise joined this body. Nor was this our subject's single soldierly experience. During the first Fenian invasion he was nominated Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd Battalion of Home Guards, and when the service was over, official thanks were rendered him, and he was empowered to withdraw, holding his rank.

In 1866 Mr. Chauveau was sent over to Europe on a congenial mission. He made an extended visit of Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, inspecting their chief seats of learning, and gathering what he thought would be worthy of imitation or adoption in his own Province. The result was eminently successful. The intelligent traveller wrote a work on the subject, which added considerably to his name and was of practical use to the cause of education.

The eventful year of Confederation, 1867, brought a turn in Mr. Chauveau's career. He was taken from his books and school rooms to return to the burdens and cares of active political life. To him was entrusted the task of organizing and constructing his native Province on the lines of autonomy, devised by the British North America Act, whereby the French people were practically to be their own masters again after one hundred and eight years following the Conquest. The late Mr. Cauchon, a man of great ability and experience, was first asked to undertake the peculiar work, but as he could not manage to form a government, Mr. Chauveau stepped in, and manned all the departments with tact and a shrewd knowledge of competent men. It was observed at the time, with pleasure, that he gave important places to as many young men as possible who had distinguished themselves in letters, and in almost every instance

his choice was justified. In addition to the office of First Minister and Provincial Secretary, Mr. Chauveau was induced to retain the headship of the Education Department till January, 1873, and he was also returned as member of the Federal Parliament which met that year, for the first time, at Ottawa. Up to that date, and for the twelve years previously, he had edited two periodical publications founded by himself—the *Journal of Public Instruction* and *Le Journal de L'Instruction Publique*—having for colleagues such men of letters as Joseph Lenoir, Aug. Bechard, A. N. Montpetit, P. Chauveau, Jr., and Napoleon Legendre.

Early in January, 1873, Mr. Chauveau withdrew from his office in the Provincial Government of Quebec, and accepted the Speakership of the Senate of Canada. He held the chair in that body during the Session of 1873, in the spring, and again during the short sitting in the fall, when the Government resigned. On his accession to power, Mr. Mackenzie revoked Mr. Chauveau's commission to the Speakership of the Senate, and the latter gentleman resigned his seat in the same body. In the general elections, which shortly followed, Mr. Chauveau ran for Charlevoix County, but was beaten, and retired to private life, after a continuous public service of thirty years.

Thenceforth the statesman became more specially the man of letters, devoting his time to the management of education, intellectual progress, and patriotic labours for the advancement of his own people. In 1876 he was elected a member of the Quebec Harbour Commission, and chosen chairman of the same. In 1877 the greatest law office in the gift of the Government, the Shrievalty of Montreal City and District, became vacant, and, to the general satisfaction, it was offered to Mr. Chauveau, who accepted it. In 1878 he was named Professor of Roman Law, in the Montreal Branch of Laval University, and subsequently became Dean of the Faculty in the same institution. He is furthermore a Doctor of Laws and a Doctor of Letters of Laval University. McGill University and Bishop's College, Lennoxville, conferred on him the same degree of LL.D. He is a member of the French Section of the Royal Society of Canada, and has been President thereof; and he was the first Vice-President and second President of the Royal Society itself. He is affiliated with a number of literary and national societies in Quebec and Montreal and, among his other titles of distinction, he is a member of the Muses Santones; corresponding member of the Athenée Louisianais, of New Orleans; Commander of the Order of Pius IX.; Knight of the Order of St. Gregory; and Officer of Public Instruction of France. Surprise has been often shown that this worthy and distinguished man has not yet received any token of regard and reward from the Crown for his great public services, and it is hoped that this oversight will yet be atoned for by some deserved decoration.

The literary fame of Mr. Chauveau dates back to his early life, as we have seen, and has gone on increasing to this day, when he is still in the ripeness of his powers, and the pattern and encouragement of young men of letters and the professions. He has come to be looked upon as the Dean of French-Canadian literature, and as such his published works deserve to be mentioned. There is first his panegyric of the Braves who fell at the battle of St. Foye, in 1760—a masterpiece worthy of the place it has long held in the several collections of elegant extracts; and again his oration on the translation of the remains of Bishop Laval. Mr. Chauveau is essentially an academic speaker, chastely rhetorical, delicate in feeling, judiciously impassioned, and a perfect master of style. Mr. Chauveau has not published much verse, although the writer learns with pleasure that he is at present bestowing his leisure on an elaborate poem, meant to be his *magnum opus*. The little that he has written, however, is stamped with merit, and his ode to Donnacona, for instance, the chief of a Quebec tribe, captured and conveyed to France by Jacques Cartier, is full of spirit, and the first lines present a picture that a painter might copy:

Stadaconé dormait sur son fier promontoire;  
Ormes et pins, forêt silencieuse et noire,  
Protégeaient son sommeil.  
Le roi Donnacona, dans son palais d'écorce,  
Attendait, méditant sur sa gloire et sa force,  
Le retour du soleil.

Mention has already been made of *Charles Guerin*, a sweet picture of *habitant* life, which has retained its charm of freshness, although dating back five and thirty years. Among other published works of Mr. Chauveau may be named *L'Instruction Publique en Canada*, 1876; *Souvenirs et Légendes*, 1877, light and fanciful; *Francois Xavier Garneau, sa Vie et ses Euvres*, 1883, a fine volume supplementary to the new edition of Garneau, in three tomes, giving the life of the historian and a masterly summary of his history; *Voyage du Prince de Galles en Amérique*, 1861, and *Dies Irae*, 1887, one of the most literal and spirited translations of the great church hymn in the French language.

Mr. Chauveau was married in 1840, to Marie Louise Masse, who died in 1875, and they brought up a charming family of eight children. But amid the brilliant successes of public life and the triumphs of literary distinction, he was bereaved in his dearest affections and left with an almost desolate hearthstone at a comparatively early age. Three of his lovely and accomplished daughters were carried off in their prime, two after happy weddings with English officers of rank, and the third after parting from the world beneath the white veil of the consecrated virgin. Then the loving, dutiful wife and heart-broken mother pined and faded away to join her children, under the holy shrine of the gentle Ursulines.

In the Province of Quebec, if one inquires after the typical public man, the scholar and the gentleman, the representative of what is conceived to be best in the character of the people of French Canada, the almost universal reply would be the subject of this sketch. He embodies almost the leading mental, moral, and physical qualities of the race. His mind is well stored from solid early training and constant reading through life, as well

as from the contact of intellectual men in the various phases of his career. His judgment is well balanced and sound, and when Mr. Chauveau speaks out on any vital topic of the day—which, however, seldom happens—his countrymen always stop to listen with respect. He is thoroughly French in feeling, and indeed touchy on certain delicate points of the history of the country, but his esteem for British institutions is genuine, and like the better class of substantial French-Canadians, who have a stake in the land, he quite appreciates the advantages which his people enjoy, and the freedom of language, laws, worship, and customs which make the French-Canadians about the freest people under the sun. It has been said that Mr. Chauveau or rather, Dr. Chauveau, as he is called in Protestant educational and clerical circles, in Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, and other centres of the Province, is well acquainted with the English language and literature. This has had the result of broadening his relations with the English-speaking representatives of Quebec, and enabling him to step in with authority on questions of important divergence. Physically, Mr. Chauveau is a fine example of his race—good size and build, strong chest and shoulders, handsome features, shapely head well-crowned with hair of silver, a beautiful voice and a carriage of rare distinction. He is such a type as would be noticed anywhere, although he makes no stir, nor cares to draw attention. He is fortunately in the enjoyment of good health, and while still continuing to render public service, through the important office which he holds, he has the leisure to spend the evenings of his useful life among his favourite books and papers, and to write still other works that will enhance the high reputation which he holds in the literature of French Canada.

JOHN TALON—LESPERANCE.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A LEGAL HAND-BOOK AND LAW-LIST for the Dominion of Canada and a Book of Parliamentary and General Information. By Louis H. Taché, Advocate. Toronto: Carswell and Company.

Taché's Legal Hand-Book and Law-List is the short title of this exceedingly useful compilation. It is the first work of the kind, to our knowledge, that gives a complete law-list for the whole Dominion. It contains much useful information that we have had, heretofore, to seek in several different publications; and while it will not entirely supersede these, it will make reference to them less frequently necessary. The arrangement of the matter is good, and very copious indices add materially to the value of the work. In a work of this kind it is almost impossible that errors and omissions should not occur, especially in a first edition. We have noticed some in this, and doubtless many have escaped our observation; but, on the whole, the Legal Hand-Book and Law-List is exceedingly creditable both to the compiler and the publisher.

THE CRIMINAL STATUTE LAW OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. Relating to indictable offences, with full text as revised in 1886, and put into force by Royal Proclamation on the first day of March, 1887, and Cases, Notes, Commentaries, Forms, etc., etc. By Henri Elzéar Taschereau, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Canada. Second Edition. Toronto: Carswell and Company.

This new edition of Mr. Justice Taschereau's work was rendered necessary by the passing into law of the Revised Statutes of Canada somewhat more than a year ago. The former edition was in two volumes: this is in one, and it is to a great extent a new work. The matter has been re-arranged and many new notes and references to new cases have been added. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by the annotations of Mr. Greaves, Q.C., many of which will be found throughout the book and some of which are collected in an appendix. This compact volume of nearly twelve hundred pages will be found invaluable not only to professional men but to magistrates, coroners, and others concerned in the administration of the criminal law.

OUTLOOKS ON SOCIETY, LITERATURE, AND POLITICS. By Edwin Percy Whipple. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

This volume contains a collection of essays by the late E. P. Whipple. They were originally published as magazine articles, some of them upwards of a quarter of a century ago. Many of those on political subjects appeared during, or soon after, the civil war, and cannot greatly interest the reader of to-day; but they recall some of the questions which seemed of first importance in the United States at that time, and express very clearly the opinions that were held by the politicians of one party about them. The essays on literary topics and social problems are of more general interest and possess a more permanent value. These are full of suggestiveness, and evince shrewd insight, genial humour, and considerable critical acumen. Mr. Whipple's style is that of the "essayist." It is clear and business-like. He expressed his opinions with manly vigor, but without any taint of arrogance or presumption. A commentator on events as they occurred, on society as it presented itself to him from day to day, and on books as they appeared, he did a good work in his time, the value of which the literary productions he has left will not adequately express. The book is handsomely printed and substantially bound, uniform with two volumes of essays by the same author, previously published.

PATIENCE PRESTON, M.D. By Mrs A. F. Raffensperger. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Most of the books of the Round World Series that we have seen are good, but this one has very little to commend it. The first two chapters,

and they are the best, seem to promise something good, but the promise is not fulfilled. The story is poorly constructed, the characters insipid, and the conversations commonplace, if not absolutely trivial. The young "woman doctor" and her mother are going somewhere, presumably in the North-Eastern States, but their intention is so indefinite that they do not get through tickets; and at the little town where they have to change cars and re-check their baggage, the mother becomes too ill to continue the journey, and her daughter, Patience Preston, M.D., decides that she may as well make the attempt here as elsewhere of establishing herself as a physician. The object of the journey is not stated. There is a vague intimation of some past calamity, some pending or impending misery. Mrs. Preston is weighed down with grief. When she is not praying she is moaning or secretly reading letters enclosed in large official envelopes from some mysterious correspondent, or making sudden journeys to New York, of which no explanation is in any way vouchsafed. The daughter is in many respects an interesting character, but she is very disappointing. She has a way, according to the author, of looking out of her "clear gray eyes" that makes her always invincible; but when she says a good thing she afterwards recants it and drops into the meaningless twaddle that characterizes the talk of the rest of "the girls." The other doctors whom Dr. Patience Preston meets are adorned with "shaggy eyebrows." "Dr. Graham lifted his shaggy eyebrows" when he had his first interview with this remarkable young physician, and "Dr. Moorhead glanced at Patience from under his shaggy eyebrows" when he had a reluctant consultation with her. Dr. Graham, who is described as at the head of his profession in "Eagle's Mere," a stately old gentleman of the old school, actually takes off his glove to feel Mrs. Preston's pulse, and after he has made up his mind not only to tolerate but encourage and assist his fellow physician, addresses her habitually as "Miss Doctor." "Among the refined and cultured class" in this little town away up in the mountains somewhere, "society" we are told, "was really delightful," but in our opinion it was undoubtedly queer. Mr. Dearborn, a member of the best set in this delightful society, calls on Patience Preston, M.D., and after the briefest preliminary conversation declares she must really allow him to show her "some of the choice bits of landscape round here," and begs her to kindly permit him to "accompany her on a drive some fine evening." This Mr. Dearborn smokes his cigar among several young ladies of this "cultured and refined" society, and removes it only to make a stupid remark. The intention of the author was doubtless good, but a meritorious intention is not sufficient to commend a book. This one inculcates good morals, but it teaches bad manners.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Sunday Magazine* for May has a very interesting paper on Heidelberg, by M. Wilcox.

THE *Cosmopolitan* is decidedly improving. The coloured illustrations do not, in our opinion, add to its attractiveness, but they seem to "take." The April number deserves commendation for the varied and excellent literary matter it contains.

WE have received the first number of *Science of Photography*. It is a neat little monthly published by James W. Queen and Company, Philadelphia, containing much matter suggestive to the photographer and of interest to the general reader.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for May is a capital number: lighter perhaps than we are accustomed to expect, but thoroughly good. The ladies seem to be in favour with the editor, an even half of the signed articles being by contributors of the gentler sex.

THE feature of *Lippincott's* for May is that it is a "no name" or anonymous number, and the conundrum the publishers propound is, Who wrote the several contributions? It may pay to resort to such an artifice to extend the popularity of a magazine, but it seems to us rather undignified.

IN the *Fortnightly* for April the author of *Greater Britain* continues his gloomy criticism of the British Army. Swinburne contributes a poem entitled *The Tyneside Widow*, and Oscar Browning discusses *The Art of George Eliot*. A novel feature of this number is an article in French on *Science et Poésie* by Paul Bourget.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for April is notable as containing the last published article of Matthew Arnold, *Civilization in America*. Swinburne, Prince Kropotkin, the Earl of Meath, Viscount Melgund, Mr. Justice Stephen, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, M.P., and Sir John Pope Hennessey are other contributors to this number.

THE leading, and certainly the most interesting, article in the May number of *Harper's* is the first paper on *London as a Literary Centre*. It has portraits of many eminent writers, including Kinglake, William Morris, Earl Lytton, Froude, Tyndall, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, Max Müller, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Herbert Spencer, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Samuel Smiles, and many others perhaps not so widely known.

*America* is the title of a new weekly recently started in Chicago. It is a large sixteen-page paper with artistically designed cover. The objects which the publishers seem to have in view are praiseworthy, and the list of contributors indicates that this new periodical will not lack literary merit. "It will uphold the duties of citizenship, with the aim of arousing an active interest among the educated and conservative classes, maintaining that the necessary purification of politics can only be accomplished by their co-operation and support." Weekly journals conducted on the lines laid down in the prospectus of *America* are especially needed in the United States, and one in a city like Chicago should speedily make its influence felt.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THOMAS WHITTAKER has in press *The Mental Characteristics of the Lord Jesus Christ*, by Rev. H. N. Bernard.

MADAM RISTORI's autobiography is likely to see the light in this country soon as a volume in the *Famous Women Series* of Roberts Brothers.

*Poems of Plains and Songs of the Solitudes*, by Thomas Brewer Peacock, published by Putnams (New York and London), is favourably reviewed by the American Press.

T. Y. CROWELL AND COMPANY announce for immediate publication an authorized translation of Count Tolstoi's latest work, his *Life*, which has been suppressed in Russia, pending an investigation by the Censor of its religious doctrines.

CHAPMAN AND HALL are now publishing in London a popular edition of the complete works of Thomas Carlyle at a shilling a volume. The books of this collection are not mere stitched pamphlets, but are cloth-bound, seemly, and shapely.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY publish this week, *Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought*, by Joseph Le Conte; a collection of specimens of English verse, compiled by Gleeson White, entitled *Ballades and Rondeaux*, giving chapters on the various forms; *Good Form in England*, giving special directions for Americans on social usages; and Part IV. of Volume III. of Roscoe and Schorlemmer's *Treatise on Chemistry*.

MUSIC.

ANY critical souls present in the Pavilion last Thursday evening must surely have joined, even if a little gingerly, in the applause that followed Mme. Carreno's rendering of the great *Appassionata Sonata*. Carreno is a great artist, as well as a great virtuoso, and to those who had heard her before in such intensely classical numbers as the Mendelssohn 'cello and piano duet, the D minor trio, and the Grieg violin and piano duet, it was simply a foregone conclusion that she would be certain to please and satisfy in any Beethoven selection she might care to choose. But to some who presupposed that her individuality was—say, a little too lawless to adequately and conscientiously interpret Beethoven—her playing of this anxiously awaited number must have been full of revelations. Lawless in Liszt she is, frequently, and often tempted to be lawless in the Titanesque octave and wrist *études* that so often adorn her programmes—the final *bang* may or may not be quite correct, but if she is lawless, she has an artistic reason for so being. The Sonata in question was played with admirable self-control, admirable technique and perfect phrasing, and not one of its many peculiar and abrupt transitions was shorn of its intrinsic meaning. In fact, if critics would consider, they would see that an artist of Carreno's temperament is naturally fitted to play Beethoven best, as his sense of humour, his love of the grotesque, his bewildering changes, and fiery codas, linked to almost childlike simplicity and openness of melodic idea, render his Sonatas manifestly unsuited to the mechanical modern school. In the Chopin selections Mme. Carreno was again at her best, although the temptation to run away in the familiar *Ballade* was perhaps more than evident. The passages in this delightful piece are so rare and exquisite in themselves, and so built up upon the finest harmonies that it seems a mistake to take them so quickly that they assume the nature of mere arpeggios up and down the piano, and are therefore partly degraded. The elegant trifles that composed the remainder of the programme were well received, and of course played with that *abandon*, that grace and finish, that might well be the despair of more solid performers. The author of one of these, Max Vogrich, is himself a very fine pianist, not inferior to many who have been more fortunate as regards popularity. Mme. Carreno's share of the programme concluded with the now hackneyed *Rhapsodie No. 2*, which afforded her ample scope for the display of her immense wrist power and general technical ability. Mme. d'Auria made quite a success of both her operatic selections, *Bel Raggio*, and an encore song from the pen of her husband, Signor Francesco d'Auria. This song, entitled *Why?* is decidedly better than many of the royalty songs that come to us from London, heralded with puffs and dedicated to great artists. Mons. Boucher received a vociferous encore for the Sarasate piece, and played *Badinage*, an airy trifle in the tarentelle fashion, for the recall, but there was noticeable a want of volume and tone in the performance which may be the fault of the instrument, or the size of the Pavilion, or very possibly the result of overwork. Mr. Schuch was in fair voice, and gave especial satisfaction in that languishing but lovely new song of Tosti's, *More and More*, which suited him very well. A Carreno recital here next year, with still more of Carreno and—Beethoven, ought to pay.

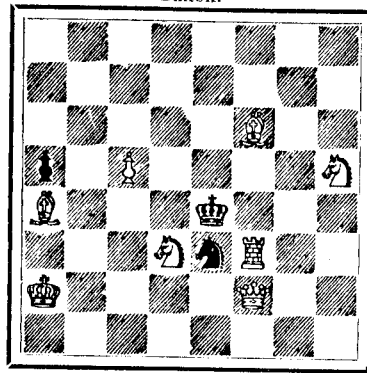
THE concert in aid of the Newsboys' Home, to take place in the Pavilion, to-morrow (Friday) evening, is already being much talked about. The performers will be the young lady pupils of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and we have no doubt a large audience will be present to hear the interesting fairy Cantata of *Cinderella*, composed by Carl Reinecke, of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music.

WE owe an apology to the Faculty and Directorate of the Conservatory of Music for having unintentionally omitted a notice of the very excellent Quarterly Concert given by the pupils Saturday week. The concerted and solo items were everything in matter of choice and execution that could be desired, and too much praise cannot be given to the wisdom of selecting really high-class music for these performances, whereby a correct taste is fostered.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 247.

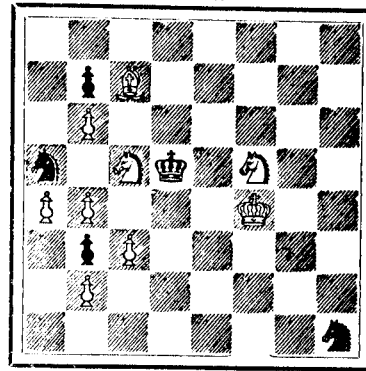
By G. J. SLATER,  
From *Vanity Fair*.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 248.

By J. MCGREGOR, T. C. C.  
Composed for THE WEEK.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 241.  
White. Black.  
1. Kt-R 6 B x Kt  
2. R-K Kt 6 moves.  
3. R or B mates  
Other variations easy.

No. 242.  
White. Black.  
1. Q-Q 4 P x Q  
2. R-B 7 moves  
3. R-Q B7 mate If 1. K-Kt 2  
moves  
2. R-B 7 + If 1. K-Q 2  
3. Q or R mates moves.

Correct solutions received from N. H. G., Crystal City, to Problems Nos. 237 and 238. In Problem No. 245 there is an error; the Black K should be on Black Q 5.

Game played on the 30th ult. at Hamilton, between Mr. H. N. Kittson, Hamilton C. C., and Mr. J. H. Gordon, Toronto C. C. :-

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

NOTES.

- (a) P-K B 4 appears to be the better move.
- (b) This appears to be a waste move, Kt-Q 2 would be better.
- (c) Good, but would not Kt-B 3 be better.
- (d) Black not afraid that White would play 26. B x R P, but it would hardly answer. I think that Black should have played 25. P-R 5 to be followed by P-Kt 5.
- (e) Again P-R 5 appears to be the better move.
- (f) B-B 4 should win.
- (g) Fatal; otherwise the game is drawn.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "That negro minstrelsy never wears out, and is always an attraction to even those who, perhaps, prefer the legitimate, was conclusively proven by the large attendance at the Boston Theatre, when Thatcher, Primrose and West's company of forty-five selected artists appeared in a new bill untainted with the flavour of the fruit of the spreading chestnut tree. The entertainment given was a model and perfectly satisfactory one, and its effect upon those who enjoyed it was of the most refreshing character. It is a relief to a great many to be able to sit down for an evening, and, unbending for a while and forgetting business and other cares, enjoy a good, hearty laugh at clean, pure fun. That was the sort offered to the audience last evening, and the frequency and heartiness of the laughter proved that it went 'right to the spot.' It was evident that not a little care had been taken to provide the audience with the best features to be found in negro minstrelsy, and to eliminate everything that inclined toward the objectionable, so frequently present in the minstrelsy of the cheap variety stage. All that is essential to characterize a good minstrel entertainment has been retained, however, while all the modern improvements, so to speak, have been added, making it undoubtedly one of the best of its kind that has been offered here for a long time. An innovation is made in the first part, as all who appear in it, with the exception of the end men, show white faces. The fine and elaborate dressing is quite noticeable in this part, and is worthy passing remark. Perhaps the special feature deserving of no little praise is the singing, which was excellent."—*Boston Herald*.

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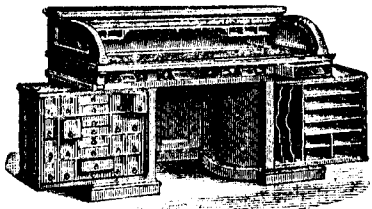
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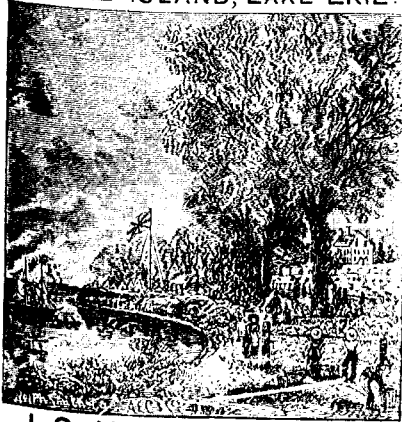
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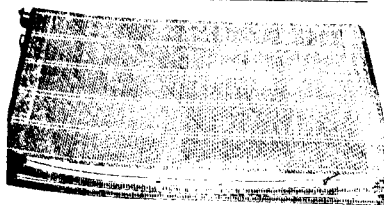


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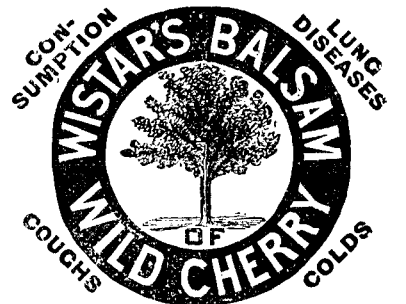
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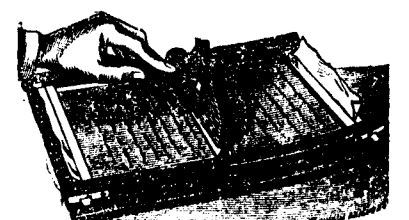
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