

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fifth Year.
Vol. V., No. 14.

Toronto, Thursday, March 1st, 1888.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Speech from the Throne	211
The Debate on the Address	211
The New Treaty the best Obtainable	211
The Fisheries Difficulty not Settled	211
Amendment of the Election Acts Needed	212
The New Tactics of Gladstone and Parnell	212
A Parliamentary Example	212
The Bye-Elections in Great Britain	212
End of the Reading Strike	212
The Action of the U. S. National Democratic Convention	212
Censorship of the Press in Russia	213
Russia's Attitude Towards Bulgaria	213
Russia's Words and Acts Not in Accord	213
Italian Campaign at Massowah	213
OTTAWA LETTER	Sara J. Duncan. 213
LONDON LETTER	Walter Powell. 214
THE PIONEERS (A Ballad)	W. D. Lighthall. 215
MONTREAL LETTER	Louis Lloyd. 215
SOME RECENT FRENCH-CANADIAN BOOKS	George Stewart, Jr. 216
SONNET TRIO	Sarepta. 217
MR. KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA	217
THE WRITINGS OF WYCLIF	218
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	219
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	219
LITERARY GOSSIP	219
MUSIC	220
CHESS	220

It is useless nowadays to scan the Speech from the Throne for a forecast of the Government legislation of the session. The practice seems now to be to reduce to the minimum the number of forthcoming measures promised in the speech; nor are even those mentioned always the most important ones in contemplation. Were it otherwise one could but wonder at the paucity of legislative measures promised in the address of the Governor-General at the opening of Parliament the other day. But there is a convenience and a kind of grace in this avoidance of allusions and sentiments likely to be provocative of party discussion. The old practice of flinging a shower of firebrands at once into the faces of the enemy, and thus precipitating the party conflict, almost before the greetings of ordinary civility have been interchanged, is better honoured in the breach than in the observance. Meanwhile the public will watch the proceedings with interest, not unmingled with anxiety as to the course the Government will take in regard to the Manitoba difficulty and other pressing questions.

THE debate on the Address in the Dominion Commons was not very significant of the courses to be taken by the Government and the Opposition respectively on the great questions of the day. Perhaps its most remarkable feature was the broad contrast in the opinions expressed in regard, not to matters of policy, where it is the business of party leaders to differ, but to a matter of fact, where substantial agreement might be expected. The most opposite opinions were expressed as to the state of the Dominion. The Government speakers, especially the mover of the Address, waxed eloquent in descanting upon the general content and prosperity of the Canadian people. The Opposition speakers described the situation in lugubrious terms as one of unrest and discouragement, and especially of great depression amongst agriculturists. In this, as in most similar cases, the truth probably lies between the extremes. With his usual skill, Sir John A. Macdonald managed to speak at some length on matters in Manitoba without any reference to the question of railway monopoly, in regard to which almost the whole population of the Province is in a state of intense excitement. This excitement a few words from the Premier would have done much to allay.

Now that the full text of the new Washington Treaty is made public, its provisions are found not to differ essentially from the newspaper forecasts.

This may be said of it, however, that it is for Canada probably about the best settlement at present attainable. This is evident from the opposition that is being developed in the United States—an opposition which seriously threatens even its ratification by the Senate. Clearly any measure approximating what the majority of Canadians would think the just and fair could not have been accepted by the American Commissioners, with the certain prospect of rejection by the treaty-making power of the nation. This fact may prove the wisdom of the British and Canadian Commissioners in affixing their signatures to the document, and that of the Canadian Government in recommending it for Parliamentary sanction. It does not necessarily prove the inherent righteousness of the document itself. The origin and grounds of the American opposition have to be taken into account in determining this. If it be found that this opposition originates partly in the selfishly prejudiced views of American fishermen, and partly in the readiness of a set of demagogues to manufacture capital for their party out of national jealousies and race animosities, its moral weight will be very materially lessened. That such is its real origin can scarcely be doubted by any foreign onlooker, and will be freely declared by many of the people of the United States themselves. This view is further confirmed by the nature of the objections urged, which resolve themselves into a complaint that American fishermen are not accorded equal privileges in every respect with Canadian fishermen in Canadian ports and on Canadian coasts.

PERHAPS the most serious objection to the Treaty is that it is quite unlikely to prove what it chiefly purports to be, and what it was specially desirable that it should be—a full settlement of the dispute. There is weight in the contention of our neighbours that the strict enforcement of the Treaty of 1818, or, if they please, the Canadian interpretation of that treaty, in denying ordinary commercial privileges to their fishermen was not in accordance with international comity, or the spirit of the age. That contention, it must be borne in mind, is not confuted by the fact that the refusal of those privileges was the readiest, if not the only means whereby Canada could hope either to guard successfully those inshore fisheries which were indisputably hers or to profit by that advantage in deep sea fishing which belonged to her by virtue of her geographical location. No wrong can be justified on the ground that it is necessary to the protection of a right. But the great defect and danger of the proposed arrangement is that while the duty of guarding her inshore fisheries still devolves upon Canada, the opportunity and the temptation to trespass are greatly increased for the foreigner. Most of the irritation hitherto felt has been engendered in connection with the seizure of United States craft for trespass. If Canada seriously attempts still to protect her coast fisheries these seizures are likely to be not only repeated, but increased in number. And this chief cause of exasperation may be made still more active by attempts at smuggling, for which the new conditions seem to afford special facilities. To what extent the danger of fresh misunderstandings may be reduced by the clearer delimitation of bounds and fixing of penalties remains to be proved. An imaginary line in water will scarcely appeal very forcibly to a fisherman's conscience. Of course, the removal of the duty on fish by Congress, which there may be some reason to hope for, would give a happy issue out of most of these troubles.

IT was almost a matter of necessity that amendments of the Election Law, and the Controverted Election Act should have a place in the programme of the Dominion Government. The differences of opinion in the courts as to the meaning of the clause of the latter Act limiting the time within which a protest can be entered, is surprising and somewhat discreditable either to the ability for clear definition of those who framed and passed the law, or to the consistency of the judges in applying the principles of interpretation in construing the language of a public statute. Worse than that, these conflicting interpretations and verdicts have led to practical injustice. There can be little doubt that a number of members are now occupying seats in the House to which they have no better claim than that of a number of other persons who are no longer members, in consequence of the decisions of the courts; the sole reason why the former are in the House and the latter out being the differences of interpretation of the clause referred to by the courts. Thus it has appeared that the

Canadian Election Courts have not at present one law for all, but practically different laws in different localities. It does not yet appear in what direction the Government propose to amend the Act, but in any case some nice questions will arise. Suppose for instance the judgment of the Quebec Courts be sustained, and it be found that the unexpired portion of the Parliamentary Session should be included in the six months' limit. What will be the effect upon the status of those who have been deprived of their seats under the opposite ruling? Will they have no redress for the legal injustice done them? It seems not unlikely that the whole question of the character and workings of the Election Act may come up for vigorous criticism.

THE course of the Opposition in the British Parliament seems to have been thus far marked by an unexpected and singular degree of moderation. It is possible that this unusual policy may have embarrassed the Government almost as much as a series of the most violent assaults could have done. Opinions are no doubt divided as to the motives which have led to this change of tactics on the part of Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell. While some may regard it as proving that these astute leaders have discovered that public sentiment will no longer condone obstructive measures, others suspect, apparently, a deep design, and await developments with more or less of uneasiness and suspicion. It is quite possible that the secret lies no deeper than in the wish of the Opposition to have the arena of conflict transferred as soon as possible from Ireland to the home field. When the Government submits its instalment of home rule for England and Wales, they think, very likely, that their time will have come, and that they will be able to make their attack upon a divided party, instead of the solid one which confronts them at every turn on the Irish question. It is hardly to be expected that the Session can proceed very far without some severer engagements than have yet been had. The ready acceptance by the Opposition of the new procedure rules may have been due simply to the sound common sense and "sweet reasonableness" of the one-o'clock closing and other innovations; or it may have been prompted by the wish to facilitate business that the crucial test of the Municipalities Bill might be the sooner reached. There is also the further possibility before hinted at, that the Radicals, anticipating a future return to power, hail the new weapon as a most effective one, made ready to their hands, for the accomplishment of their own legislative purposes.

A GRATIFYING proof that patriotism may still, upon occasion, rise superior to party feeling was afforded in the course of a discussion of Foreign Affairs in the British Commons last week. Notwithstanding that Mr. Labouchere had a somewhat mischievous and reckless resolution to offer in regard to the foreign policy of the Government, Mr. Gladstone rose and expressed in the most handsome manner his satisfaction with Lord Salisbury's assurances that the Government were not committing the nation by any entangling alliances. The veteran ex-Premier approved generally of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, and declared his hope and conviction that should England's intervention become necessary it would be made in such a manner as to carry with it all the added weight of unanimity in Parliament. The Leader of the Government in the Commons was of course highly gratified with this action, which he said was worthy of England's ancient reputation, while Mr. Labouchere was glad to be permitted to withdraw his motion.

THE Gladstonian victories in the boroughs of Southwark and Edinburgh West, which caused so much jubilation in the ranks of the Home Rulers, have been already in part offset by the signal triumph of the Unionists in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This defeat was unexpected, and seems to have caused considerable dismay amongst Gladstonians and Parnellites. These alternations are no doubt due rather to some of the local and personal influences so potent in bye-elections than to any marked fluctuation in popular sentiment in the different districts. Two or three other contests are soon to occur which may perhaps afford better means of judging whether Home Rule is making the progress amongst the English democracy which its advocates assert, and the Tories and Liberal-Unionists deny.

THE Reading strike that has been so long in progress has now been "ordered off," and is no doubt virtually at an end. The only advantage that seems to have been directly gained by the strikers is the rather dubious one of a promise by the Company to negotiate in regard to the future rate of wages. Possibly a greater though an indirect benefit may result from the revelations that have been made in regard to the workings of the road,

and the dishonesty in management which has loaded it with its present enormous debt of one hundred and sixty millions. The Congressional investigation has, it is said, done something to confirm the charge that the managers have been trying to pay off this debt by beducting it out of the wages of the miners. The result has illustrated afresh the need of some reliable tribunal for the settlement of such disputes, and the folly of proceeding, as strikers and fighters generally do, upon the converse of what the *Christian Union* terms "the very simple principle, that negotiation should precede, not follow, war." The settlement, in the great majority of cases, is in the nature of a compromise which might have been much better, and ought to have been more easily, effected before than after the exhausting struggle.

THE action of the National Democratic Committee of the United States, in fixing June 5th for the National Convention in St. Louis, instead of the later date at first favoured, argues confidence in the strength of the party and its proposed platform. It was at first proposed to appoint July 5th as the time for the great meeting. In favour of this it was urged that it would give an opportunity to find out the platform and the nominations of the Republican Convention which takes place about the middle of June, and also probably to learn the action of Congress on the tariff issue. But the Democratic leaders seem, after deliberation, to have gathered pluck and resolved to take the lead and lay down their programme boldly, without waiting to watch the course of either their opponents or of Congress. This is no doubt a wise decision. The people admire courage and manliness in their party leaders. By coming to the front with a clear and definite policy and a strong candidate, such as they are pretty certain to agree upon in Mr. Cleveland, the Democrats will get such a start of their opponents that victory will be well nigh assured at the outset. Instead of the action of the Democratic Convention being influenced by that of Congress in regard to the question of Tariff Reform, it now seems quite probable that the converse may take place. The Convention has been fixed at a date which will very likely precede that of final action upon the Bill which may be submitted to Congress by the Committee of Ways and Means. Action upon the recommendations of the President's Message must be initiated by the House of Representatives. As the Democrats are in the majority in this body there seems good reason to suppose that it will approve such a moderate measure of tariff reduction as is likely to be brought before it. The *New York Star* defines as a "just and reasonable measure," one "which will reduce the taxes to the extent of about eighty millions a year, and which will effect the reduction by making free the materials most used in our industries, and by greatly diminishing taxation upon the commodities that are necessary to life." Iron, coal, salt, lumber, and wool will probably be placed upon the free list as being both necessary to life, and the raw material of thousands of industries. It is needless to say that the action of Congress will be watched with interest by Canadians. It so happens that each of those commodities named is one of the staple productions of some parts of the Dominion. While the action of the Congress and people of the United States will no doubt be dictated solely by a regard to the welfare and progress of their own country, it so happens that the course which is undoubtedly best in their interests would also give a great stimulus to the branches of industry represented in Canada. From this somewhat selfish point of view, irrespective of their opinions which will no doubt be divided in regard to the larger questions at issue, Canadians may wish success to the Democrats in their efforts to secure Tariff Reform.

THE *London Mail* publishes a letter written by the editor of *Gatzuk's Gazette* in Moscow, to a subscriber in England who complained of the irregular arrival of the paper. The statements, which may, we presume, be accepted as facts, bring into gloomy relief the tyranny of the press censorship in Russia. The editor, A. Gatzuk, undertakes to explain why it was that after appearing with unfailing regularity for twelve years his paper became irregular of a sudden. Through the influence of Katkoff, who used to praise the freedom of press and speech enjoyed in Russia, M. Gatzuk says the paper underwent such tortures at the hands of the Censor and the Minister of the Home Department, Tolstoy, as "could not be borne by any paper in the whole world, even during one year." These tortures were "the frequent confiscation of single numbers; refusal even of permission to state that the non-appearance of the paper was not the fault of the editor; the forced suspension of the paper in the busiest time for subscriptions; the prohibition of the retail sale for a whole year; and, finally, the closing of our printing office (the oldest private printing house in Russia) and keeping it under seals without being allowed even to sell it." In order to secure the regular appearance of the paper the publishers

decided in 1887 to submit it to the "preliminary censorship," in which case the responsibility falls on the Censor. "But the Press Department contrived even then to throw obstacles in the way, and at last, on the 20th of October, by order of the Minister Tolstoy, without the usual 'statement of the motives,' the paper was prohibited for eight months. The chief manager of the Press Department explained verbally that this penalty, equivalent to the fine of 80,000 roubles worth, was inflicted for a private letter written by the editor to the Censor, the tone of which the latter deemed insulting." Against this decision there was no appeal; no possibility of self-defence through the press, nor even of sending letters to each subscriber, as such letters would be looked upon as acts of hostility to the Government. If all this be true, M. Gatzuk may well say that he who knows the real situation of the press in Russia, and what an honest journalist, unable to sell his conscience, has to undergo, will not reprove them for the sudden irregularity in their editions.

It is difficult to fathom the ultimate purpose of recent diplomatic movements on the part of Russia in relation to Bulgaria. The Bulgarian question is, ostensibly at least, the European question at the present moment. Russia persistently refuses to recognize the present status in Bulgaria, which she declares, correctly enough perhaps, to be an infringement of the Berlin Treaty. With many protestations of unselfish regard for the welfare of the Bulgarians and that only, which may be taken for what they are worth, she refuses to admit the legality of Prince Ferdinand's election, and tries to induce the other Powers to endorse her refusal. Prince Bismarck, it is understood, is willing to accept Russia's view, and to join the other parties to the treaty in making representations to that effect. These representations, if resolved on, would be addressed to Turkey, and would take the ground that it is the Sultan's duty to undertake to convince the Bulgarian people that the person whom they now call Prince is not their legal ruler, but an usurper. The *North German Gazette* contends that the Russian proposal to make such representations to Turkey does not require the unanimous support of the Powers to warrant the Porte in taking action, but that Turkey can on her own initiative declare the present Bulgarian Government illegal, as being contrary to the Treaty of Berlin. The *Gazette* further asserts that Germany is prepared to give diplomatic support to Russia in making such a demand upon Turkey.

Thus far all seems tolerably clear. But what would follow in case, such representation or demand having been made, Turkey declines to act upon it, or Bulgaria refuses to act upon Turkey's suggestion? Either contingency seems probable enough, and the chances are largely in favour of one of the two as against the immediate deposition of Prince Ferdinand. There would seem to be weakness or incongruity in the course of the Powers if, having gone so far in the direction said to be pointed out by the Treaty of Berlin, they should allow the matter to drop without any practical effect having been produced. And yet Russia is represented as saying, through her ambassador at Berlin, that she does not think it compatible with her dignity to interfere in Bulgaria's internal disputes, and that she has no intention to prejudice in any way the liberty of the Bulgarians. She has from the outset, it is further alleged, rejected the idea of eventually restoring the legal status by force, though as a matter of course, until the removal of the usurper, she will continue to regard the situation as illegal. This position might perhaps be understood did Russia's actions at all correspond. But wherefore, in the face of all these protests of peaceful intentions, all those immense and constantly increasing armaments?

THE apparently slow progress of the Italians in their Abyssinian Campaign has given rise to some wonder at the extreme caution manifested, and some suspicion of reverses not allowed to come to the knowledge of the public. The real explanation seems to be that the Italians have no intention of climbing Abyssinia's mountain stronghold 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, or of attempting to repeat, in the face of solidly hostile tribes the march, which, notwithstanding the neutrality or sympathy of the intervening races, cost England nine millions of pounds sterling. What Italy really wants is, it appears, a secure hold upon the port and colony at Massowah, and what her forces are really trying to do, is to make the surrounding territory practically impregnable. If the Abyssinians show equal good sense by refusing to leave their native fortresses to attack the Italian fortifications on the seashore, not much blood may be lost in the campaign. At the same time the case is rather a hard one for King John and his people, who, it is said, want nothing but a right of transit through the territory in question to the sea coast. Massowah is, it appears, prac-

tically the only port through which they can carry on the commerce with foreign nations which they are anxious to establish. Had England remained in possession, this privilege would, no doubt, have been readily granted, and it is not easy to see what Italy has to gain by refusing it. It would seem certainly that King John has some reason to complain of having been left in the lurch by England, who, when she handed over Massowah district to another nation, might, in consideration of King John's friendly action in relieving the Soudan garrisons, at least have stipulated to reserve Abyssinia's commercial rights or privileges. Possibly a natural resentment may have had something to do with the failure of the recent British Embassy to King John to counsel peace.

OTTAWA LETTER.

AMONG all the peculiar and interesting phases of life at the Capital which will doubtless reward the observer during the Parliamentary Session this year, not the least peculiar and interesting is the wave of revivalism by which the city is at present submerged, even, if the evidence of our eyes and ears may be believed, to the base of the Government itself. The Rev. Mr. Hunter and his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Crossley, both ordained ministers of the Methodist Church, are entering upon the seventh week of their evangelistic labours in Ottawa, for which labours, if the good work they are believed to have accomplished prove but as lasting as it seems to be universal, they are not over-rewarded in the esteem and the enthusiasm and the five hundred dollars they take westward with them. How much of the interest that has attached itself to these meetings in classes of society not usually affected by the methods of revivalism is due to the frequent attendance of the Premier and Lady Macdonald would be difficult to say accurately and uncharitably, perhaps, to say at all. It is certain, however, that a much larger number of people who prefer, perhaps from Civil Service association, a little more red tape in the process of obtaining salvation, have been attracted to the "Hunter and Crossley" services than the history of any similar revival has shown in Ottawa before. As to Sir John Macdonald himself, his very hearty and sincere interest in the proceedings is easily evident to any one who watches his face as he sings straight through with genuine zest such stirring and popular sacred melodies as "The Lily of the Valley," or "The Handwriting on the Wall." It is also true that he has availed himself of the usual opportunities offered for the public manifestation of personal concern, all of which will naturally tend to make the most interesting figure in the recent history of Canada more interesting still in his direction of her business. Further than this, speculation and enquiry seem to savour of presumption. Perhaps even a Premier may be entitled to and entrusted with the sole management of his spiritual affairs. If there is a further public duty of observation and criticism moreover, it may be safely left to the gentlemen of the Opposition.

There is nothing remarkable, as might be imagined, about Mr. Hunter or Mr. Crossley, or the services they are holding, except the effect upon the people. The latter evangelist possesses a pleasant tenor voice, which he uses in such simple and suggestive songs as find an easy response in the sympathies of his audience. He talks with point, earnestness, and moderation, and in tolerably good English, but without special force other than that of honest and serious conviction. His co-labourer is of the utterly unorthodox type of revivalist in so far as forms are concerned, and uses to their full extent all the unconventionalisms with which revivals have made us familiar. If it were not for the unbounded egotism, the occasional vulgarisms, and the extraordinary grammar which appears in this gentleman's methods, it would be easier to understand his remarkable success. From another point of view these very characteristics may explain it; and Mr. Hunter may have a distinct purpose in introducing them.

Another "opening" has taken its place in the blue books of the Parliamentary Library, in the memories of those who witnessed the scene for the first time, and in the long line of similar pageants which some day will lend colour and picturesqueness to Canada's past. Our present Governor-General has performed for the last time the duty of representing his Sovereign and ours in her relation to her colonists of half a continent, and the colonists have sat decorously in rows and watched the ceremony, not without some sense of its meaning as well as of the unusual grandeur of their raiment, and the extraordinary humour of the genuflections of the Black Rod. It is doubtful indeed whether national circumstances ever before combined to bring the significance of the Speech from the Throne so strongly and sharply to the minds of those who heard it. Commercial Union, Imperial Federation, Annexation, Independence, however we would ballot for Canada's future, we cannot be deaf to the voices in the

East and the voices in the West crying aloud in the hearing of ever-increasing multitudes that a change must come. And when it does come we know that a good deal must go, amongst it certain quaint old forms that have grown dear to us perhaps. And so, in the reflected light of nineteenth century legislative procedure, as it is in our neighbours' capital for instance, where the legislators come to order, like so many school-boys, at the tap of the Speaker's ferule and the calling of the roll, and where the cuspadore testifies all day long to at least one blessing put within general reach by a democratic form of government, every act of stately deference acquires a new importance and every knee-buckle shines with an individually valuable lustre.

It is a scene well worth a journey to witness, not only for its dignity and importance in itself as illustrating Canadian comprehension of the fitness of things, and as symbolic of our relation to the greatest of earthly Powers, but for the lesser reasons of its brilliancy as a picture, its delightful *rococo* suggestion in the matter of costumes, its materialization, for a fleeting moment, of the impressions that are fading, for most of us, between the pages of the school histories. It is something to see that unwieldy brass "hauble," the mace, borne in by the sergeant-at-arms deputy and laid upon its cushions on the table in the midst of the gowned clerks, and to reflect upon all that has been done and undone by its authority in debates which still echo round the world. This mace of ours, by the way, is said upon Mr. Bourinot's authority to be the same used in the old Legislative Council of Canada, it having been saved from the general destruction of 1849 by one Botterel; so it is worthy our most respectful consideration on its own account as well as on its antecedents'. Nor is it wholly unprofitable to gaze upon that solemn functionary, the Black Rod, in the exercise of his voluntary vertebral humiliation, remembering the portentousness of his office in other days, and the long historical succession of his bows.

Before the Governor-General, as he takes the Speech from the hand of his *aide-de-camp*, and lifts his plumed hat in acknowledgment of the dignity of the "Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate," lies a very creditable representation of the Canadian social structure. The Premier and his Ministers, the Major-General of Militia, and a few distinguished visitors representing official eminence from one or more of the Provinces, are grouped about him. At the foot of the throne-chair sit the judges of the Supreme Court on our modern adaptation of the woollack, in their scarlet robes and capes and ermine hoods. The Senators occupy the inside row of seats, behind them their wives, daughters or lady friends in all their bravest apparel. Coming as they do from all parts of the Dominion these ladies, among whom are included the members' wives, make an interestingly typical assemblage, and one which few Canadians would fail to point to with pride and satisfaction. The seats at the lower end of the Senate Chamber are filled with the clergy and notable visitors, where the tightly-buttoned frockcoat of the western evangelist brushes the rich purple vestments of Monseigneur. Behind the bar through the Commons, and through the crowd may be seen the acutely intelligent faces of many of the cleverest men on the Canadian press. Over it all there is a superb surface play of colour and glitter; but the most casual observer detects under this the principal elements of a social composite which is as reasonable in theory, as abounding in opportunity, and as honourably put together as any in the world. His Excellency, in contemplating the assemblage called forth by the "opening of the House," finds in the answering regard a strong expression of national individuality.

The only other public event of social importance last week was Saturday evening's "Drawing-room," where Their Excellencies received the respects of a procession of people who were exactly one hour in passing a given point of the gubernatorial presence. It was an exceptionally brilliant affair, although to the individual it consisted of but two brief courtesies, a bow in return, and a smile perhaps, if he were favoured with Viceregal recognition. The chief satisfaction derivable was to be had in the galleries, where the onlookers who had done their duty discovered what a large chapter in the book of human nature might be read in a gesture of deference. It reminded one a little of the astonishing table of contents George Meredith put into the mouth of that clever woman of his who says of "the Egoist," "You see he has a leg."

Nothing important is expected at "the Buildings" for several days, the House having adjourned to-day after a sitting of fifty minutes. The Fisheries Debate, upon which so much more interest and energy will be concentrated than upon any other during the Session, will come on soon, but not immediately, the announcement having been made to-day that sundry important papers had not yet been received.

Ottawa, Feb. 27th.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

LONDON LETTER.

THE Haymarket Theatre, crammed with all sorts of interesting people, was a curious sight the opening night of *Partners*, and presented as gay and pleasant a picture of the present-day playhouse as any one could wish to see. The popular manager's friends overflowed both stalls and boxes, and even condescended to occupy the plebeian dress circle—a spot solely tenanted as a rule by Clapham in red opera cloaks, or Belsize Park in square black gowns,—and the energy with which the actors and actresses were cheered by vociferous clapping in and out of season was something delightful to hear. But how little this portion of a first night's audience are to be trusted. Are they blinded by affection, these kind hearted stalls and boxes, this blandly-smiling gallant dress-circle? In the pit, or in the great hot galleries close to the chandelier in the roof, the verdict of the

crowd—a verdict which it is grimly said is always wrong as regards art—was curiously different to that expressed by the "gigmanity" who applauded all through the tedious five acts, through the long-drawn dull unfolding of the plot. There the young clerks and old clerks, shopmen from Whitely's, caretakers from City offices, girls serving in Marshall's, girls on whom Howell and James depend, could hardly conceal their yawns, and compared notes with each other as to the merits of *The Golden Ladder*, or *The Bells of Haslemere* as opposed to the play they were witnessing. They were neither impatient nor rude, considering their provocation. Once at the beginning the immense applause when Miss Marion Terry appeared was cut short by a voice from the Upper Circles remarking "That's enough for her," and at the end, when the stalls demanded the author, then the galleries cried out that he was not wanted: and a few words, the reverse of complimentary, were addressed to the lagging musicians: but beyond this nothing could be said against the behaviour of those whom the Reverend Alexander Carlyle (one of the best of the last century chroniclers) was wont to call "the commons." They were as attentive as, if rather wiser than, we were: has nature made them as good critics? Mr. Anstey's "Voices Populi" in *Punch* are echoes, as genuine as the voices we listen to through the telephone. That one can swear: but in the boxes as well as in the pit foolish remarks on the performance are the rule, not the exception. The little knowledge—that dangerous gift—which educated classes possess enables them to express better what they mean, but I think the *canaille* (do you like that uncivil old word?) are as quick as we are at feeling what they know to be true. One person in twenty is more sensible than his neighbours: take that twentieth man in stall and gallery, and their verdict will coincide in spite of the difference in their grammar. At *Partners* Mr. Tree's estimable, if thoughtless friends, succeeded in expressing their goodwill towards him and his piece: but when they are no longer there *en masse* the real opinion of the theatre-goer will not fail to make itself heard. I saw Buchanan walking restlessly up and down, up and down, the corridor between the acts: and Irving's second boy, a handsome lad of sixteen, with a cream-coloured complexion and jet black hair, lounged in a box with the Bancrofts and Mrs. Tree; and Alma Tadema was not far from me, as was Hamilton Aide; and you may be sure Sir Gorgius Midas and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins, Sir Pompey Bedell, Grigsby, Sir Peter, —all the familiar *Punch* types—occupied prominent positions. These, and many more, were agreed in saying that the play was excellent, and the acting all it should be, and this opinion was repeated next day in most of the papers: but in spite of that I doubt if this tedious, lumbering, five-act drama can succeed. Beerbohm-Tree is an admirable actor, and does what he can: still Borgfeldt would be an intolerable bore off the stage, and is decidedly an intolerable bore on it: and Miss Terry has not strength of character enough to make one feel interested in foolish Claire and her aimless flirtation; while the rest of the company, having stupid or unnatural things to say, repeat them stupidly and unnaturally. So it came to pass that when I left the theatre I felt as if I had spent a fortnight there at least, and spent it unprofitably too: and the galleries said as much to each other as they clattered down the stone stairs, or stood in groups about the muddy pavements.

It was in '58 that Dickens, in a letter to Forster, spoke of the pleasure Marie Milton—now Mrs. Bancroft—had given him as the boy Pippo, in *The Maid and the Magpie*. "I call her the cleverest girl I have ever seen on the stage in my time," he says, "and the most singularly original." We have all endorsed this opinion since then. I remember her at the "Prince of Wales," and feel satisfied that the spirit of some one of the actresses of Garrick's time has revisited the earth in her guise. Who will ever come near her in *Caste*, *School*, *Ours*—those ideal comedies which are to the ordinary play what Mr. Du Maurier's drawings are to those of the draughtsmen of the *Penny Illustrated* or *Family Herald*? Who will ever touch her performance of Nan in *The Good for Nothing*, of the girl in Gilbert's *Sweethearts*, of Peg Woffington in *Masks and Faces*? Such a woman ought never to grow old. The very tones of her voice as she passed through the Haymarket swinging doors the other night made us all turn with a pleased start, and she went to her carriage, smiled on, greeted, by those who have laughed and cried with her times out of number. What will she make of her book? Some people when they take up their pens lose their identity, and the little I have read of hers, short stories, and school-girl verse chiefly, makes me think nature left out in her that literary capacity with which the present generation is largely endowed. Still the memoirs should be interesting, and I hear *fac-similes* of some of Robertson's MS. are to be given. I remember Robertson—he was Mrs. Kendal's brother, and used to say of himself, "I come of a large and *disunited* family,"—a delicate, bright-eyed man, with a reddish beard, and the thinnest hands I ever felt; and I have a recollection of a Sunday afternoon spent in his little drawingroom up in St. John's Wood, when he told us of a new comedy he meant to write, the scene, Italy, in which the hero, an artist, was to be called suddenly from the studio, and then an interchange of garments was to be effected between the girl-model, and a young Duchess in love with the painter. There was to be consequent mystification, but exactly what happened I have no recollection of. Robertson died a few weeks after our visit, of rapid consumption. I wonder if he ever sketched out the plot. He it was who told us Dickens could not endure *Lord Dundreary* (what a badly-written, silly play it was!), that he saw it but once, and then only sat out two of the acts, and this at a time when the theatre was crowded week after week, and the town was ringing with Dundreary jokes. One cannot understand its success nowadays, and why Sothorn, an admirable actor in other parts, condescended to make of himself such a buffoon.

And now, inasmuch as truth is stranger than fiction, I want to tell you

something I heard as I came from *Partners* the other night, which strikes me as being one of the most curious of the many curious facts which are ready and waiting for any one attentive enough to listen to them, in every street through which we pass, at every corner at which we cross. About forty years ago, a Mrs. Munroe, a childless widow with a large fortune, took a house in Curzon Street for the season, and, wanting a companion, bethought her of her niece Jessie, the eldest daughter of a clergyman in Scotland, a young lady only just out. The girl was written for, came, and proved a great success; for she was an excellent dancer, exceedingly pretty, and blessed with a good digestion, and consequently with a good temper. It was after the May Drawing-room at which she had been presented, and at the ball at S. House that Captain—shall we call him Nemo?—meeting her for the first time fell desperately in love before the end of the evening. A few rides in the early mornings by the Serpentine, a few "drums" in Arlington Street or Park Lane, the opera twice, the theatre once, endless dinners, routs, and balls, and then, just at the end of the season, he proposed and was accepted. The lover having little money, Mrs. Munroe generously agreed to give her niece an allowance, and insisted on the marriage taking place in town, instead of upsetting the quiet little manse close to the loch on the West Coast. So St. James', Piccadilly, was filled with the *élite* to view the ceremony one early autumn morning, and Miss Jessie in orange blossoms and Brussels lace sat in the old barbaric fashion through the long wedding breakfast, afterwards, in flounced gown and round curtained bonnet, going with her bridegroom for their honeymoon to the Italian lakes. Captain Nemo was a sailor, and soon had to start with his ship for a cruise of fifteen months. I think there was a talk of his wife joining him, but the station selected was an unhealthy one, so after all she remained in England with her aunt to look after her. Letters were to be very regular, and the time would soon pass. When the letters were all written and received, and the very last of the fifteen months had dragged itself away, the day arrived on which Jessie was to meet her husband at the railway station: no one was on the platform but Mrs. Munroe, looking white and strange, who gave him a note to read, and then took him to his pretty little empty house from which the inmate had flown only that morning to Paris. The poor lady wept, asked that her carelessness might be forgiven; she had been duped, deceived, and would never see the wretched girl again. Captain Nemo was quite gentle. Yes, he would try to dine with her that night, and they would talk over what was best to be done: had this man a wife already? Well, matters should be arranged somehow, and now, would she be good enough to leave him alone? Then he went into the morning room where Jessie's miniature still hung on the wall: and an hour afterwards when they went to call him he was found dead with a bullet through his heart, clasping her portrait and her cruel letter in his cold fingers. There being no *World* or *Truth* in those days the scandal was quietly hushed up. After a time Mrs. Nemo appeared again in London, but none of her old friends noticed her; her own people sternly cast her off. Mrs. Munroe answered no appeal, and formally refused any communication, and finally when she died left not a penny of her fortune to the erring niece who had so grossly deceived her. So year after year, year after year, came and went, and matters grew from bad to worse. A woman educated so long ago was not so likely to be able to help herself as is the Girton-trained girl of to-day with her practical common sense, and it became more and more difficult for her to keep her head above water. Within the last ten years she has found occupation, however, and if you like to come with me some afternoon I can show you where a small spare woman in neat bonnet and shawl, with fine China blue eyes and lint-white hair, diligently sweeps a crossing in the very heart of her old neighbourhood, which small woman is Mrs. Munroe's niece, the girl who was presented to the Queen, who danced at S. House, who was married at St. James', Piccadilly, and had an Italian honeymoon. She refuses all help now from any one. How do I know this? I was told the story by a connection of her husband's. Do I think it's true? Emphatically, yes. There are as queer skeletons in every cupboard, almost of every house where one calls, and behind the brick walls of an ordinary commonplace street terrible tragedies are acted every day, every hour, the plots of which are to the full as distressing as those of any melodramas you like to name; with this exception, that on the boards the wicked are punished, the innocent are rewarded, while in real life too often it is *vice versa*.

Acting, I take it, is the rarest art of any. I could count on the fingers of one hand the genuine actors and actresses I have ever seen—and this because, I suppose, it requires such a combination of gifts: so at Lady Freake's we were certainly not astonished to find no budding genius among the ladies and gentlemen who made such effort to entertain us at her theatricals arranged in aid of an excellent charity. First Mr. Gilmour (of *Amber Heart* fame) gave us his graceful little play, *Cupid's Messenger*, and was obliging enough to act in it himself, taking the part of Sir Philip Sydney, and reciting the blank verse with the oddest American accent. A daughter of Terris', of the Adelphi, spoke her lines prettily, and Miss Freake helped considerably with her vigorous, bright tones and characteristic action, with no trace of nervousness, the amateur's bugbear. And then we had *The Scrap of Paper*, in which Suzanne was excellent, Anatole being good, and the rest nowhere: and as we left the great saloon I thought—ungratefully, I own—that first, it would be better if inexperienced players did not choose a piece now being admirably performed by the St. James' company, as such a proceeding is apt to invite comparison; and secondly, if they feel they *must* act, why there should not be a law compelling all amateurs to perform only in the country, where, I am given to understand, such entertainments are not only well received but appreciated.

WALTER POWELL.

THE PIONEERS.

A BALLAD.

ALL you who, in your acres broad,
Know Nature in its charms,
With pictured dale and fruitful sod
And herds on verdant farms,
Remember those who fought the trees
And early hardships braved,
And so for us of all degrees
All from the forest saved.

And you who stroll in leisured ease
Along your city squares,
Thank those who there have fought the trees,
And dared the wolves and bears.
They met the great woods in the face,
Those gloomy shades and stern;
Withstood and conquered, and your race
Supplants the pine and fern.

Where'er we look, their work is there;
Now land and man are free:
On every side the view grows fair
And Eden yet shall be.
The credit's theirs who all day fought
The stubborn giant host,
We have but built on what they wrought;
Theirs were the honour-posts.

Though plain their lives and rude their dress,
No common men were they:
Some came for scorn of slavishness
That ruled lands far away;
And some came here for conscience' sake,
For Empire and the King;
And some for Love a home to make,
Their dear ones here to bring.

First staunch men left, for Britain's name,
The South's prosperity;
And Highland clans from Scotland came—
Their sires had aye been free;
And England oft her legions gave
To found a race of pluck;
And ever came the poor and brave
And took the axe and struck.

Each hewed, and saw a dream-like home!—
Hewed on—a settlement!
Struck hard: through mists the spire and dome
The distance rim indent!—
So honoured be they midst your ease
And give them well their due:
Honour to those who fought the trees,
And made a land for you!

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, 16th February, 1888.

NOTE.—The writer was astonished, just as these lines were being sent, to find a passage in his morning newspaper (February 20) stating that at a banquet "on Wednesday evening last," i.e., February 15, when these verses were first thought and begun, a speech had been made containing the passage: "I was glad to hear our chairman refer in such fine terms to the pioneers of the country. There is one sentence of Goldwin Smith's which shows a true appreciation of the work done by the young settlers . . . but there is a history—if it were recorded, or able to be recorded—which would be interesting indeed, and would be to us a religion of gratitude, and that is the history of the pioneer in all his lines. A monument of that history is the fair land in which we live!"

MONTREAL LETTER.

MONSIEUR SOULÉ has come all the way from Paris to preach the Lenten Sermons in Notre Dame. Judging from the dense crowd that packed the parish church this morning—a crowd by the way, in which the men seemed far to outnumber the women, so long a journey, for a Frenchman, bids fair to receive a flattering reward. Monseigneur Soulé belongs to the Order of St. Sulpice. The St. Sulpicians, if I mistake not, were the first *seigneurs* of Montreal, and to this day seigneurial dues are paid to them by all holding lands not yet commuted. The large seminary adjoining the parish church is theirs. It was by those of this influential brotherhood living in Paris, that the distinguished prelate was asked to preach in the church of the brotherhood of Montreal.

One almost believes in predestination, at least as far as worldly matters are concerned, when examining a priestly physiognomy. Monseigneur Soulé's appearance forms no very marked exception to the generally accepted picture. However he showed certain qualities with which all his confrères are not equally endowed. In the exquisitely-turned phrases that opened his discourse, in his pronunciation, and in his musical voice, we found a pleasure that is not ours every day. Did it ever strike you how much more mellow English and French sound spoken by our brothers over the sea than spoken by us? We seem to have the shrill, rough voices of youth, and they the deep, clear tones of manhood. Monseigneur Soulé's

discourse was very simple, very fervent, in fine what a sermon should be—words addressed less to the head than to the heart.

In his learned article on the *Decline of Art*, Mr. J. T. Palgrave remarks the preference of modern amateurs for "Annual Exhibitions," and further asks us to contrast the animated throngs that frequent these, with the listless wanderers through museums and "national galleries." Though such is the state of affairs, are we so very much to blame for preferring to be talked to in our own modern tongue? We need not, I think, too deeply deplore the absence of hazy, grimy, "old masters" from our art gallery, seeing that our admiration for them would scarcely exceed the enthusiasm they inspire among people of more mature taste. *En revanche*, we can have a very fair collection of essentially modern works, true, honest pictures before which we may take refuge as at a shrine. Is art really only a luxury in these days? Truly, of preoccupied "madonnas," and unsympathetic saints there seems no need, but surely without the lovely human inspirations that come to us year by year, we should feel much poorer. There is a goodly number of "copies" adorning the lower hall of our gallery which one might wish to see exchanged for a work or two of greater interest. If we could boast an Uhde, or a Gabriel Max! I am sure the constant presence amongst us of the favourite figure of both these artists would do the work of many a clerical enthusiast. Uhde's Christ is neither the painted, purple-robed image we find throned for one portion of humanity to worship, nor the cold, serious spirit of less poetical imaginations, but an exquisitely sympathetic man, with wan, sad face illumined by strange wisdom and gentleness. Such a countenance must always be contemplated with profit—even on Sundays.

The next best exhibition to that in our art gallery is the small but select one in which Mr. Lawson's pictures were seen. This is a sort of New Bond Street Gallery, where one sees at times some really interesting work. At present among the canvasses, of more or less worth, we find two heads from Louis Boschamp. This artist scored a certain success in the French Salon some years ago with the most melancholy of pictures. Like Henner, he is haunted by a certain type of female—one can scarcely call it beauty in his case—so that his heads have always the same great, round, lustreless eyes, the same dishevelled hair, and altogether a foggy, tear-stained aspect.

A Dutch artist, Nahuys, gives us the most pathetically sweet little scene—the corner of a dark grimy room, where a poor washerwoman bends over her work. Everything in the picture is very black, everything except a cloud of pale gold curls that serves as an exquisite note of light.

Mr. Homer Watson's clouds are as lowering as ever in a small landscape. His pictures attract us by the same strange force as that of the coming storm he so delights to paint. In the one I speak of now you can already feel a cold, damp breath, and the first heavy drops falling from the steely clouds that are rolling and tumbling before the wind.

In my next letter I hope to be able to tell you something of Mr. Harris's work.

Talking of art leads us very naturally to speak of the death of the Hon. Robert Mackay. It is needless to say what a very great loss we have sustained. Men of culture are few enough in any portion of the globe, but more especially is the New World in need of them. Our artistic and literary life the late Judge did all he could to foster and encourage. He was for five years the President of our own Art Association, and to McGill College he presented his library. It is one thing to have wealth, it is another to have taste and discrimination; but we may safely say Judge Mackay had both.

The advantages and disadvantages of co-education, or perhaps what some would call merely the disadvantages under which McGill University is at present labouring, owing to the non-division of labour—that is to say, owing to the Professors' having to repeat their lectures every day—is greatly exercising the intellectual portion of our community. However, as matter now stand it is scarcely safe for the uninitiated to speak of the affair.

LOUIS LLOYD.

As we read the cabled extracts from the memorable speeches heard last week in the House of Commons, we cannot but look with doubt on the current assertion that the day of orators is over, and that votes no longer can be changed by eloquence. If we take into account the effect produced, not only on the immediate auditors, but on the immeasurably wider audience reached through the press, we should probably consider the speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone on Friday one of the most telling displays of oratorical ability ever made in the British Parliament. What casts suspicion on the notion that the art of oratory is moribund is the fact that precisely the same depreciatory comments have been heard from the extollers of times past on the speakers of their own day in every generation for the last two hundred years. Thus Canning used to be compared unfavourably with Burke; Burke was held inferior to Chatham; Chatham in turn was pronounced less persuasive than Bolingbroke, while St. John's extraordinary power to captivate an audience was deemed unequal to the species of mastery which had been shown by Pym. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of his coevals should dispute Mr. Gladstone's claim to rank in the very highest class of England's orators. Some of his detractors, as, for instance, Mr. Froude (who himself is nothing if not rhetorical), speak of him slightly as a mere rhetorician. But even his least friendly critics must acknowledge that no man by virtue of the spoken word has ever wielded a vast influence for so long a period as has Mr. Gladstone, or has at an age so advanced exhibited such boundless fertility and fervour.—*New York Sun*.

SOME RECENT FRENCH-CANADIAN BOOKS.

OUR French-Canadian friends, without stopping to enquire whether they have a literature of their own or not, have unconsciously answered the momentous question in the affirmative, within the last few weeks. Authorship with them has been unusually active, and each production of their press bears the unmistakable stamp of Canadian origin. Four volumes of respectable size, illustrative of the poetry, the historical romance, the essay, and the review of the country, lie on my table, the works mainly of Quebec authors. The first in importance perhaps, from a general point of view—since it appeals more directly to the popular taste—is the book entitled *La Canada Français*,—an elegantly printed quarterly of some two hundred and thirty pages. The staff of writers include such names as Dr. Chauveau, Judge Routhier, Napoleon Legendre, Abbés Casgrain, Laflamme, de Foville, Gosselin, Methot, and Hamel, and M. Thomas Chapais. The review is conducted by a committee of the professors belonging to Laval University, the Patron of which is his Eminence the Cardinal. From such an administration one would imagine that at least, ecclesiastically, the new magazine would possess no doubtful significance, and that in any Roman Catholic household it would prove a very welcome guest indeed. But there are wheels within wheels, and grades of Churchmen always, and so when this new candidate for public favour was announced, the Programmists of the Church promptly condemned it. Their organs in the newspaper world impaled—metaphorically of course—the leading contributors, and showed cause why a magazine containing the writings of such men as Routhier, Chauveau, and one or two others whose names have escaped me, should not be encouraged by the faithful. The fact that the new serial would bear the *imprimatur* of the Faculty of Laval offered an additional reason why sentiments of condemnation instead of praise should be uttered. It proved the old story over again, and against the liberalism and theology of Laval, the captain of the ultramontanes arose as one man. But the Cardinal's hand has been given to the enterprise, and lovers of the best writing in French-Canada, by Churchmen of generous views, and by the most capable essayists and reviewers of the Province of Quebec, will find much to their liking in the initial issue of *La Canada Français*. As an experiment, it will be published quarterly, but as soon as practicable it is the intention of the proprietors to issue the magazine monthly. Religion, Philosophy, History, the Fine Arts, Science, and Literature are the themes to the elucidation of which the contributors will devote their pens. How well the programme has been fulfilled, a brief examination of the pages will prove. The administration and Judge Routhier explain the objects of the publication, its scope and purpose. M. Chapais writes intelligently of *La Bataille de Carillon*; a second historical paper is furnished by Abbé A. H. Gosselin, who discusses the *Rôle politique de Mgr. de Laval—le Conseil Souverain et les Gouverneurs du Canada*, while a third paper in the same class is supplied by Abbé Casgrain, who discusses Acadia before the dispersion. Each of these topics is ably treated, but those who have formed their impressions of the Acadians' expulsion from the writings of Francis Parkman and Sir Adams Archibald will do well to consider what Dr. Casgrain has to say on the other side. He has lately visited the land of Evangeline, where he investigated the subject by the light of historical documents and annals of the period. His presentation of the question is strong, and as he is the ablest questioner of the brilliant American historian on that phase of our history in the Dominion, his essay must not be thrown lightly aside. This number of the *Review* is also valuable on account of the historical papers which appear in print for the first time. Eight of these documents are given, all of them drawn from the archives of Canada and of France, and as each issue of the magazine will be enriched by similar papers, the student of our early history will in the course of a year's numbers find a veritable storehouse of facts hitherto inaccessible to his hand. The documents here presented treat principally of the closing days of French dominion in Canada, the description of Acadia in 1746 by Abbé de Loutre, missionary, and the declaration of war by the Micmacs against the Governor of Halifax in 1749 (the text being in Micmac with French translation) being especially interesting. No less striking is the memoir addressed to the Duc de Choiseul, in justification of the claim of France to the possession of Acadia. Among the other contents of *Canada Français* may be briefly mentioned Mgr. Methot's story of the Pope's Jubilee, M. de Foville's paper on the Faculty of Arts in the Catholic University, and Mr. Ernest Marceau's poem addressed to the founders of the *Review*. It is not every day that the editor is embalmed in lofty and stirring verse, nor would most editors care for such homage in the pages of his own magazine. But M. Marceau's work is patriotic and enthusiastic, and one may forgive much on the score of patriotism or enthusiasm. Of course, Dr. Chauveau is very much at home in his review of European current events—a task which he has accomplished in various publications since 1857. In his writings the ecclesiastical and literary flavours are always happily blended, and, naturally enough, in the review before us, he begins with the Pope and his jubilee. Judge Routhier's larger contribution is dated Paris, 28th November, and he chats delightfully of the gay city, in that charming form of composition which the French-Canadian has borrowed from France, the *chronique*. The scientific part of the *Review* is entrusted to the Abbé Laflamme, who in this number lets in some light on electrical metallurgy.

IN noticing these French-Canadian books, I ought perhaps to have mentioned first Dr. Louis Frechette's *La Légende d'un Peuple*, which comes to us from the press of *La Librairie Illustrée*, Paris. The poet is now in

Canada, receiving attentions from his friends, and exchanging civilities with his acquaintances. In a few weeks, I hear, he returns to France to live, following the example of French-Canada's greatest poet—the unfortunate Cremazie—though in Frechette's case exile is not forced. The legend is beyond all doubt our poet's most notable performance. In it he sings at his best, and while residence in Paris and communication with the authors of old France have contributed much in the way of extending his vocabulary and improving his form of expression, his notes have still that distinct tone and character which so surprised the Academicians seven years ago. The *Salon* has softened his phraseology, and we have less repetition of idea than formerly; but the Canadian stamp continues to be the marked feature of his work. Jules Claretie introduces this volume to the French public in a fresh and charming paper, in which he says all manner of pleasant things about the Canadian poet, likening him in his knowledge of his language to a French man of letters of the time of Louis XIV. writing lyrics of the nineteenth century. The *Legend of a People* tells the story of Canadian life, character, movement, hope, and sacrifice. It is dedicated to France, and opens with a prologue—*L'Amérique*—after which, divided into three epochs, we have the historical episodes which make up the volume. The first epoch deals with early Canada, adventures of hardy Jacques Cartier, Champlain, and Maisonneuve. In ringing lines the poet tells of the great St. Lawrence, the forest, the first mass, the early seasons, the missionaries and martyrs, and the pioneers and their trials, de la Salle and his expedition furnishing the author with a theme which happily lends itself to his verse. The second epoch brings the story down to the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Frechette excels in descriptive passages usually, and in patriotic pieces always. His *Apostrophe to Wolfe* and *Montcalm* is admirably done. The third epoch deals with Canada under English rule, and the poems which emphasize the period are striking and noble, with two or three exceptions. One can only regret that Frechette saw fit to include in his splendid garland, *Le Gibet de Riel* and *Le Dernier Martyr*,—poems which are quite unworthy of the author of *Papineau*, *Chateauguay*, and *Le Vieux Patriote*, which enrich the collection before us. The world will long refuse to believe in Louis Riel and a patriotism which was openly exposed for sale. Spirited lines addressed to France form the epilogue to a volume which is a real contribution to the letters of our Dominion.

M. ERNEST MYRAND, a young advocate of Quebec, in *Une Fête de Noël* gives us an historic romance of the time of Jacques Cartier, his model in the way of treatment being M. Jules Verne. As extravagant as M. Verne, however, M. Myrand is not. In Verne we never knew where fact and romance separate. M. Myrand entrenches himself behind the footnote, and book and chapter and page of undoubted authorities constantly fortify his narrative. The scene of the work is Quebec; time, 1535. M. Myrand in fancy starts out with the late Abbe Laverdière, one of the ablest members of the Canadian priesthood, on a Christmas eve to attend midnight mass, when, presto! the scene changes, and they find themselves transplanted to the Quebec of three hundred and fifty years ago. From that hint the character of the narrative may be imagined. They are in the middle of the forest primeval, wild animals cross their path, the Indian roams at will, and the old story is retold, very entertainingly, it must be said. Faults there are, of course, but the attempt to popularize our history, so that even children will take pleasure in reading it, is a step in a direction which ought to be cultivated. M. Myrand, I am told, intends to take up Frontenac and his times as his next venture into literature. He will find much in that subject for his pen, for during the old Count's career events marched rapidly.

It is long since we had a book from M. Faucher de St. Maurice, whose pen a dozen years ago was busy indeed. Politics has claimed him for its own, but from affairs of state, he turns now and then, to his old love. From the press of A. Cote and Co., he sends out *Le Canada et les Canadiens-Français pendant la guerre Franco-Prussienne*. The monograph, as its title indicates, deals with the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the attitude assumed by French-Canada during those trying days. M. Faucher tells of the delirium of joy which swept through Quebec on that memorable August day, when the bulletin boards of the city newspapers proclaimed a French victory over the German troops, at Metz, and of the rude awakening which followed when the telegraph flashed the tidings that the tale was false, and no French victory had been achieved. These reminiscences, which M. Faucher prints in his *brochure*, show the excited state of the popular feeling in Quebec, and tell in eloquent terms, how sympathetically the French-Canadian heart beat for France. The people met in hundreds and thousands, and formed themselves in processions, the *Marseillaise* was sung in the streets of Quebec, and judges, politicians, and citizens addressed the people in patriotic speeches. Money was raised for France. All these things are told in this interesting volume, and at the end the author draws a moral, and shows how thoroughly French Quebec Province is, and how true also she is to her mother country. As M. Faucher puts it, "The French-Canadian is faithful to Great Britain, but he never forgets France. Our thoughts and our hearts are with our mother country."

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

THE record of the *Challenger* expedition will soon be completed by the publication of the twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth volumes. This work has been in course of publication ever since the end of the voyage, in 1874, and the cost of compiling and printing the report is said to have already exceeded £200,000.

SONNET TRIO.

FOUNDED ON A WELL-KNOWN PASSAGE OF DANTE.

I.

Do you remember, dear, the day we sat
And read together from an old love-book
Alone in that sweet, calm, sequestered nook
Which Nature made for souls to marvel at?
Beneath us stretched a soft and shining mat
Of velvet verdure; leaves and blossoms shook
As songsters all their melodies forsook
To hear a legend from Love's laureate
We knew no fear, for there was no one by,
The stream seemed in its ripple to repeat
That tale of Lancelot, so sadly sweet,
Whom love enthralled in endless slavery.
Ah, me! there is no greater grief than when we feel
The thought of happier days o'er present sorrows steal.

II.

When from your lips the words fell on mine ear
Full many a thought our souls together drew
In sympathy, that with the story grew
Still more intense, and oh! so wondrous near.
Our eyes were dimmed by Love's all-pitying tear,
And from our cheeks the blushing colour flew
As if ashamed of its divulgent hue;—
How well we understood the story, dear!
The blue vault overhead bore not a cloud
Upon its surface; on our sky of love
Not 'en the shadow of a sigh did move,
Where now the soul-storm rages long and loud.
Ah, me! there is no greater grief than when we feel
The thought of happier days o'er present sorrows steal.

III.

But one sweet passage from the book you read
The o'ergrown bud of love contrived to burst,
And all the beauty it had warmly nursed
Broke in our trembling hearts and blossomed.
Youth's long-fought fire our unloosed fancies fed;
Our souls felt Love's unsatiable thirst;
O! happiest moment then, but now the worst,
When life's blue sky grew all aflame with red!
But when you told how that long looked for smile
Was kissed by noble Lancelot, then—then—
You kissed my quivering lips; nor read again;
And bliss eternal breathed in us awhile.
Ah, me! there is no greater grief than when we feel
The thought of happier days o'er present sorrows steal.

SAREPTA.

MR. KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

[CONCLUDED.]

YET in the midst of all this time of deepest difficulty for the allies there were brilliant episodes; and Mr. Kinglake, by the glowing enthusiasm and the happy art with which he has described them, has made what always seemed the dullest period of the siege alive with human interest and noble example. At the time of the April bombardment the allies had accumulated in all five hundred and one pieces of artillery: the Russians had mounted nine hundred and ninety-eight, but of these only four hundred and sixty-six could be brought to bear on the threatened side. Most of the English guns were in the "first parallel," one thousand three hundred and forty yards from the Great Redan, the immediate object of their blows. But beyond this a nearer second parallel had been pushed forward, in which there were no guns. Yet again beyond this, and only seven hundred yards from the fortress, a third parallel had been constructed. The bombardment began on the ninth. On that day no guns were mounted in the third parallel. But by immense efforts during the night between the eleventh and twelfth of April, Captain Oldershaw, of the Royal Artillery, succeeded in moving five thirty-two-pounder guns into this third parallel, about half-way between the fortress and all the other guns that could in any way support them. One of the guns was disabled next day before it could be put in position for use, or, as we say, mounted. Before night-time on the twelfth some experimental fire was made from this battery against the fortress; but as the fire was very soon ordered to cease, on the ground that the battery in its exposed position and unsupported "could be of no service," the only effect of that evening's fire was to draw the attention of the Russian gunners to the fact of its presence, to enable them to perfect their ranges, and, as it happened, to deprive the guns of the protecting "mantlets" which, hanging in front of the open embrasures, had been intended to some extent to protect the gunners employed when not actively engaged. The battery being on very low ground, was completely commanded by all the batteries, with one exception, against which it could be engaged. It could be fired into by one hundred and

thirteen well-protected fortress guns: it was within effective range of rifle-fire. Nevertheless, on the evening before the thirteenth of April, Captain Oldershaw was ordered on that day "to work the battery to extremity."

The successive captures of the works, which Todleben ought never to have been allowed to complete, represented, with the bombardments, the chief incidents of the siege up to the moment when the time came for what was intended to be a general assault on the eighteenth of June. Mr. Kinglake has shown clearly that, on that unhappy day, the first great cause of the disaster arose from a sudden and wilful resolution of Pélissier to attack with his infantry without any immediately preceding artillery-bombardment. A very heavy bombardment had occupied the preceding days; but long experience had shown that Todleben, when not hampered by artillery-fire continued up to the moment of assault, could, during the night, so completely restore his works as to make assault hopeless. An agreement with Lord Raglan bound Pélissier to carry out the principle of a heavy bombardment on the morning of the eighteenth, directly preliminary to the assault. Nevertheless, for some reason which does not seem to have been clearly ascertained, he made up his mind to launch his infantry to the attack during the early dawn without waiting for the artillery. Confusion worse confounded of all kinds attended the several French attacks: Lord Raglan felt himself bound in honour, despite his better judgment, to send our infantry to their support, and the attempt upon the Redan, hopeless from the first, ended, like all the French attacks, in utter discomfiture.

There seems very little doubt that the failure hastened Lord Raglan's death, which followed it very closely. The end of his career thus recorded makes this the best moment to consider what Mr. Kinglake has established as to his general responsibility in relation to the campaign.

In the first place, it seems clear enough that had Lord Raglan been in command of a single army, able to utilize the force of the expedition as a whole, the allies would have marched straight from the battle of the Alma upon Sebastopol. They were in fact prevented from doing so by the illness of Marshal St. Arnaud, not even by a conflict of judgment between the two leaders. St. Arnaud felt himself unequal personally for the task that would have been laid upon him. He did not wish to resign a command for which he felt himself unfit. Therefore, and therefore only, he refused to undertake what was the obviously right course for the allies. Had they then marched on Sebastopol, it is abundantly clear, on the evidence of Todleben and on other Russian evidence, that Sebastopol would most certainly have fallen at once. No one within Sebastopol then thought it possible to defend it.

Again, when the flank march from the north to the south side of Sebastopol had been accomplished, it appears to be at least reasonably clear that Lord Raglan would have wished to attack the place on that side at once, without waiting for the long process of disembarking the siege-train and preparing the batteries for it, which, surrendering to the Russians three precious weeks, enabled them to so improve their defences of the places in men and material that afterwards the strangest siege in history became inevitable. In this case also it is clear, again on the evidence of Todleben and on other unanswerable Russian evidence, that the place must have fallen. No one within the town believed resistance to be possible.

Had either of these events taken place, that language which Mr. Kinglake quotes from the *Times* as having been delivered to the world on the reception of the false rumour of the fall of Sebastopol immediately consequent upon the Alma, would hardly have even now seemed extravagant. It would have almost appeared as "the most splendid achievement of modern warfare—an exploit alike unequalled in magnitude, in rapidity, and in its results." That instead of this there followed the long, slow siege was, as Mr. Kinglake has now conclusively shown, due, first, to the depression produced on Canrobert by the explosion in the French lines during the first bombardment, which prevented an immediate assault at a time when Todleben has declared that he could not have resisted it; and, secondly, to the long intrigue represented by the presence of Niel with the French army.

The more this story as a whole is studied, and its mere casual impressions swept away, the more clear, I believe, will it become that the story of Sebastopol does not justify those conclusions which have in fact been drawn from it, and have produced a most unfortunate effect upon English politicians.

That for the time being the command of the French army was in the hands of men not selected because of their military capacity, but because of their connection with the *coup d'état*, is at least clear enough. That in any case, an army not commanded by a single man, but confused in its leading by conflicting counsels, is utterly unfit for prompt decision and rapid execution, is not a new lesson of war. The real lesson is to be found in the enormous power that might have been and would have been exerted under the command of a single able chief by such an army, sixty thousand strong, assailed in the Crimea, supported by a fleet which held the command at sea.

In order that the amphibious power, which England can, if she will, apply with such cogent effect to the mightiest empires, may be effective, it must be in a condition to strike rapidly. The army that is required to act for such a purpose must be complete in all its parts, an army ready to take the field and move for action. The whole power is lost if long delays supervene; for the power lies in rapidity of movement, in gaining time. Let in any circumstances that time be thrown away, and all is lost.

Into the causes which tend to prevent England from so exercising her power, Mr. Kinglake has supplied us with an exhaustive inquiry. His

volume on the "winter troubles," the seventh of the series, comprises almost all that can well be said on that subject: there are, however, others on which I must touch as being specially important at the present moment. One is the story of Inkerman, and the evidence which Mr. Kinglake supplies that the Russians had at the time of it to the best of their ability adopted, and endeavoured to adopt, the very form of action employed afterwards by the Prussians in 1866 and in 1870, that of the "company column." This is so curious an illustration how little forms serve to assist soldiers, when not adapted to national characteristics and to trained habit, that it should not be ignored at a moment when we may before long again see Russian soldiers at war. In the same fight the marvellous success of the skirmishing mode of fighting instinctively employed by our own men shows, in Mr. Kinglake's graphic details; how easily our soldiers may adapt themselves to such conditions. If I have not misunderstood what one very careful student of the Russian army appears to consider the great change wrought in it by modern times, a little study of the details of that battle may be commended to him before he condemns English officers for looking upon it, rather than upon the days of Frederick and Napoleon, as indicating the present fighting-power of the Russian infantry.

Mr. Kinglake's vindication of the loyalty of Austria during all the transactions of this period, is a correction of ancient prejudices so important that it ought earnestly to be pressed upon the attention of all who concern themselves with the politics of the present hour.

Lastly, there are words which occur in Mr. Kinglake's second volume as a deduction from the result of the fight at Giurgevo, of which he makes the Czar say, "Heaven lays upon me more than I can bear," because there, half-a-dozen English officers led Turks in the open field to victory over Russians, with which I shall close this study of his work. I think he will not object to their selection as summarizing one of its most important deductions. "Therefore whenever it is possible, a British force serving abroad and engaged in an arduous campaign, ought to have on its side, not mere allies—for that is but a doubtful and often a poor support to have to lean upon—but auxiliaries obeying the English commander, and capable of being trusted with a large share of the duties required from an army in the field. Nor is this an advantage which commonly lies out of our reach; for in most of the countries of the Old World the cost of labour is much lower than in England; and it is one of the prerogatives of the English, as indeed of all conquering nations, to be able to lead other races of men and to impart to them its warlike fire. By beginning its preparations at the right time, and by bringing under the order of some of our Indian officers a fitting number of the brave men who came flocking to the war from every province of the Ottoman Empire, our Government might have enabled their general to take the field with an army of great strength—with an army more fit for warlike enterprises than two armies, French and English, instructed to work side by side and baffled by divided command."—*Frederick Maurice, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE WRITINGS OF WYCLIF.

It is probably known to many readers of THE WEEK that an effort is being made, for the first time, to print the whole writings of John Wyclif, the "Day Star of the Reformation." The University of Oxford, with characteristic generosity, led the way, and gave to the public three volumes of Wyclif's English writings, and also the *Triologus* under the able editorship of Dr. Lechler, perhaps the most eminent Wycliffian scholar of our times. The Early English Text Society put forth one other volume of the English Writings; and then it was felt that an appeal should be made to those who felt a more special interest in such subjects, and accordingly a Wyclif Society was formed, five or six years ago, for the publication of the remaining works, some of them of very deep interest, preserved chiefly in the libraries of Austria and Bohemia.

Already eight volumes have been published, comprising sermons and controversial treatises, and the work is being carried forward, the editing in many cases being done out of a pure enthusiasm for the cause of theological literature and Church History. The work however is, of necessity, a laborious and an expensive one; and unfortunately the number of people who care whether Wyclif's writings are published or not, is not very large. It becomes the more necessary, therefore, that the actual state of the case should be made known, and that the public generally should be made to understand that there is some danger of the scheme never being brought to completion. Mr. Standerwick, of the General Post Office, London, the Secretary of the Society, has just issued a fresh appeal, a portion of which we commend to the notice of our readers:

"The work contemplated is heavy, and the support which the Committee of the Society have hitherto received is not so great as to admit of that work being done as well or as expeditiously as could be wished. I may be allowed to point out that to keep interest alive the period over which the issues of the Society are being presented to the public should be short, and not only so but—who knoweth what a day may bring forth—fire, or the closing of an important library might at any moment prevent the Society from presenting to the public some portion or other of these priceless treasures. Besides, every member added to the Society represents an additional number of pages per issue as the average return for every guinea, and consequently that very abbreviation of time which we have so much at heart. By all considerations therefore—patriotic, literary, practical, and selfish—I would urge you to try to obtain at least one more member for our Society. The subject has been brought under every one's notice—now is the time!"

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ALLEGED INCREASE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND.

WE are glad to see that a writer in the *Quarterly Review* has exploded the absurd but widespread impression that Roman Catholicism is increasing in this country. The statistics that are perpetually published mean nothing except a great Irish immigration. The *Catholic Directory* claims 1,350,000 Roman Catholics in England. Of those not less than 800,000 are Irish Roman Catholics. When to these we add the numerous foreign Catholics, it reduces the purely English adherents to about half a million. When we take into account the immense increase of the population, it appears that Roman Catholicism is relatively much weaker in England to-day than it was one hundred years ago. Whatever strength it has is mainly the result of our wicked conduct in Ireland. The Orangemen of Ulster are the best English-speaking friends the Pope has ever had since the reign of Henry VIII. We believe that even in the Church of England the sacerdotal party has now reached the summit of its triumph, and is about to descend into comparative impotence. The new school of clergymen at Cambridge is saturated with the liberal theology of Canon Westcott. Even at Oxford the most gifted of the younger men are beginning to discover that Christianity did not originate in the fourth century. Evangelical Christians have no occasion for the panics in which they sometimes indulge. Let them heartily recognize all that is good, both in Romanism and High Anglicanism. But it is as mischievous to fear as it is wicked to hate either of those sections of Catholic Christians.—*Methodist Times*.

CHANGED TACTICS OF HOME RULERS.

IT is a great thing however, to have got Mr. Gladstone's pledge to facilitate in every way the business of the Session, on condition that reasonable opportunities shall be given to the Parnellite Party and to the Radical Party to air their grievances in Parliament. We are all of us willing to furnish these opportunities. The last thing that any reasonable Unionist wishes for, is to stifle the fair and reasonable discussion in Parliament of any controverted issue. To do so would be to substitute a despotic for a free Constitution, and even true Conservatives do not wish that, much less true Liberals. We want to see the majority fairly ruling, instead of simply paralyzed by the minority. But we do not want to see the minority silenced. It should be confined to the reasonable privileges of minorities, and has no right to wield the power of the majority as well. If we can secure that, we shall be quite satisfied to leave it to the country to judge whether the majority or the minority were in the right in refusing the demand of the Irish majority that the United Kingdom should be broken up. Our opponents have opened the Session in a style of moderation which does them credit. We must not be misled by any suspicions as to the motive of their policy, into any want of proper appreciation of their advances. Nothing could be in better taste than Mr. Gladstone's speech, and if the Parnellite Members do but observe in future the same discipline which they observed on Thursday night, we should have as little right to complain of them as we have to complain of the Scotch Members. Of course, it will not be so. The passions which have been raging so fiercely in the recess will not vanish at a word from Mr. Parnell; and even if they should, we may be sure that some excuse would be found for raising them again, if the policy of stilling them were discovered to be a failure. But every night won from disorder and obstruction is a night gained, and though we cannot augur a fruitful Session from the strange calm of the first night's debate, we can at least recognize and imitate Mr. Gladstone's moderation, and clinch the engagements which he has voluntarily undertaken towards the House of Commons and the country.—*Spectator*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN. By Sir John W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: John B. Alden.

This is a cheap but neat and substantial cloth-bound edition of Sir J. W. Dawson's work. Of the work itself, little need be said. It has been published for some time, and its merits are well known. The author deals with problems of great interest and difficult, but in such a way as to make them attractive even to unscientific readers. He presents his "subject in the aspect in which it appears to a geologist whose studies have led him to compare with each other the two great continental areas which are the classic ground of the science, and who retains his faith in those unseen realities of which the history of the earth itself is but one of the shadows projected on the field of time."

A CATALOGUE OF CANADIAN BIRDS. With notes on the distribution of the Species. By Montagu Chamberlain. St. John, N.B.: J. & A. McMillan.

In his preface, the author of this valuable work deplors the little interest taken in ornithology by our scientific men, especially by those connected with the Geological Survey. Holding the opinion that all that can be learned about our fauna is now known to science, the leading scientific men of the Dominion have taken little interest in the investigations that have been going on and have withheld all encouragement from students of ornithology. This indifference, he says, is the one great reason why ornithology has not made the advances in Canada that it has in other countries. In support of this he quotes freely from prominent American naturalists, who are unanimous in their opinions as to the neglect of this science in Canada. Mr. Brewster, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., asks, "What has Canada done for ornithology? Simply

nothing, excepting the little that has resulted from purely private investigations and from work instigated, and in some cases paid for, on this side of the line. . . . Speaking in general terms, Canada—and especially its North-Western provinces—is still a virgin field, about which we are in almost total ignorance." The author, who is, we believe, one of the most prominent and industrious of Canadian ornithologists, has done a very useful and valuable service to the science by compiling this catalogue. It is the first work in which all the birds of Canada have been named; it gives the latest method of naming and classifying the birds, and gives also the geographical distribution, breeding area, relative abundance, and the range in winter of each bird. The author is not himself satisfied with the portion of the work respecting geographical distribution; but with so few workers in so wide a field it was impossible to avoid incompleteness and perhaps inaccuracies. He deserves much praise for the ability and zeal which has enabled him to produce a work which will doubtless "prove of some advantage to all who take an interest in our birds," and of service to students of the science.

SCRIPTURE READINGS for use in the Public and High Schools of Ontario; Revised Edition. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a second edition of the Selections from Scripture for use in the schools about which there has been so much bitter, unnecessary, and perhaps insincere controversy. It has been revised by the same committee of clergymen and laymen that examined and approved the compilation before it was authorized by the Education Department, and it is now issued with many of the changes and improvements which were suggested throughout the controversy excited by its first publication. The most noticeable and important change is the addition to each selection of a reference to the chapter in the Bible from which it is taken and the verses it comprises. The want of this reference was a serious defect in the first edition; it made a critical examination of the work infinitely more difficult—a circumstance which, perhaps, added some rancour to the criticism it received. The new edition is well printed and substantially bound. It contains the Departmental Regulations respecting religious exercises and instruction in Public and High Schools, and a very full table of contents, setting out the chapter and verses from the Bible and the subject of each lesson.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING. A Poem delivered at the celebration of the Centennial of Columbia College, New York, April 13th, 1887. By George Lansing Taylor, S.T.D., L.H.D. New York: John B. Alden.

The delivery of "orations" and addresses in verse at college commencements and on other occasions has become a common custom in the United States. This poem was written for and read at the festivities in celebration of the centennial anniversary of the re-chartering of old King's College, New York, and its change of name to Columbia College by the Legislature of the State of New York. It is an account in rhymed couplets

"Of Learning's progress, Learning's schools and sages,
And march illustrious down the illumined ages—
Her trials, her martyrdoms, her triumph's glorious—
Her away forever widening and glorious."

These, the opening lines, indicate very fairly the style and the subject-matter of the poem. It will not be read for its poetical beauty, but as an essay it contains much to instruct and interest young collegians and other students. The book is neatly printed and bound in ornamented cloth covers, and, like all Alden's books, remarkably cheap.

Scribner's for March is chiefly noticeable for the large number of fine portraits and fac-similes of MSS., etc., which it contains. *A Shelf of Old Books* is an account of some of the books in the private collection made by the late James T. Fields. It is exceedingly interesting, and contains portraits of Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, Barry Cornwall, and the artist Severn. The concluding instalment of *Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles* is also rich in portraits and fac-similes. Robert Louis Stevenson continues his essays, this time writing in his own charming way about *Beggars*. The opening article on Waterloo gives, so far as it goes, a clear and interesting account of that eventful campaign.

Harper's for March is a rich number, both in illustration and literary matter. Mr. E. Bowen Prescott gives in the first article interesting sketches of the leading modern painters of Spain. Another article describes the Old Virginian plantation which was once the property of Mrs. Custis, afterwards Mrs. Martha Washington. Charles Dudley Warner begins a series of papers on the Great West, and Mr. W. D. Howells concludes *A Little Swiss Sojourn*. A paper on the Empress Eugénie presents that unfortunate lady in a new light, and gives many new and interesting details of her life. *A New England Vagabond*, by Col. Higginson, gives an entertaining account of a tramp of Revolutionary times. Canadian readers will turn with zest to Mr. Farnham's account of the French voyageurs and lumbermen on the Saguenay, which is richly illustrated by Howard Pyle and other artists.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

JOHN B. ALDEN has in press a book entitled *The Land of the Pueblos*, by the wife of General Lew Wallace.

A NEW volume of poems by James Russell Lowell, entitled *Heartsease and Rue*, will be published early in March by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

THE Tillotson Newspaper Syndicate have arranged to publish the *Reminiscences of J. L. Toole*, the comedian, related by himself and chronicled by Joseph Hatton.

CASELL AND COMPANY have in press *John Bull, Jr.*, by P. Blouët better known under his pseudonym of Max O'Rell, who considers this his best effort in his speciality of political satire.

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY now expects to issue his well-advertised *Shakespeare Cryptogram* during the current month. Nearly 800 pages are printed. There will be a limited *edition de luxe* sold for \$25.

THE eleventh volume of Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures, comprising those delivered during the winter of 1887, will shortly be issued from the Riverside Press under the title of *Current Religious Perils*.

MESSRS. A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY have in press for early publication *Witnesses to Christ; A Contribution to Christian Apologetics*, by William Clark, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Trinity College, Toronto. This volume will contain the Second Annual Course of Lectures on the Baldwin Foundation, delivered before the Hobart Guild of the University of Michigan in November and December, 1887.

BISMARCK is the subject of a brief but timely paper which is to appear in the *March Century*. The author (the article is anonymous) is of the opinion that so long as Bismarck is Chancellor—that is, so long as he lives, for no new Kaiser will be likely to take the responsibility of displacing him—things will probably continue to run in their accustomed course. The question is, who or what is there to replace Bismarck when he too disappears?

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON, at one time literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and the author of several works well-known in the literary world, has recently completed a book which is to bear the title of *The Poetry of the Future*, in which he presents some such sharp criticisms of the poetry of the past and of the present, and some such radical ideas concerning poetical evolution that it will not be strange if he finds himself presently in the midst of a literary "hornet's nest." Some chapters of his criticisms will appear in *Literature*, Alden's new illustrated weekly magazine.

DAVID R. LOCKE, widely known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," died at Toledo, Ohio, on the 15th ult., aged fifty-five. The *Nasby Letters*, begun by Mr. Locke in April, 1861, had an enormous vogue, and were no doubt very influential in making opinion against slavery and disunion. They were published first in the Findlay (Ohio) *Jeffersonian*, and afterwards in the *Toledo Blade*, of which Mr. Locke eventually became the proprietor, and for years were widely copied by papers all through the North and West. Mr. Locke was an active journalist. He also did much lecturing, and had made successful ventures as a playwright. He left a large estate.

MRS. S. A. CURZON, author of *Laura Secord, and other Poems*, is contributing a well-written drama to the *Canadian Advance* (Toronto). It is a dramatic story of the time of Louis XIV., founded on the action of the Intendant of Canada, the illustrious Talon, who, in order to procure wives for the disbanded troops and unmarried colonists, procured a large immigration of marriageable young women of good character, to whom a handsome dowry was paid. On the arrival of the annual ship-load of candidates for matrimony couples were married "by thirties at a time." Mrs. Curzon vividly describes the character living in the old French inn, the priests who come for Marie, the maid, and the hunchbacked witless lad, and presents an interesting picture of French-Canadian life in the early days of New France.

MUSIC.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the melodies and choruses of *Eli* are almost an unknown quantity in Toronto, the friends of Mr. Edward Fisher's society, as well as a representative portion of the musical public, assembled in full force on Thursday last, in the Pavilion. *Eli* is not perhaps a thrilling or highly original oratorio: it is more, in common with *Naaman*, an exercise in the oratorio form of composition; still in honour of the memory of so talented a conductor and painstaking a composer as Sir Michael Costa, it deserves to be occasionally heard. Mr. Fisher was as careful and conscientious as usual, and did everything in his power to promote the accuracy and energy of the performance. The orchestra was well up to the local mark, and included some of our best players as well as a few from outside. The chorus-singing was satisfactory as a whole, and the solos were admirably taken by Mdme. d'Auria and the American contingent. Babcock is one of the finest singers on the continent undoubtedly. The Choral Society, firmly established in the affections of many of our best-known citizens, deserves to prosper, and is now, we understand, or soon to be, engaged in the work of preparation for the Grand Musical Festival of 1888.

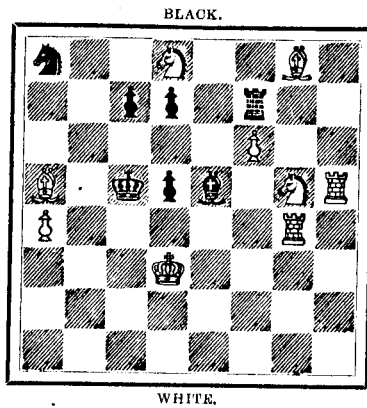
THE Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, the annual statement of which appears in another column, affords, if any company does, what is of first importance to the insurer, absolute security. Its assets now amount to nearly \$119,000,000, while its annual income from premiums and other sources exceeds \$21,000,000. Messrs. T. and H. K. Merritt are the Toronto agents.

THE Annual Report of the Western Assurance Company, published elsewhere in our columns, exhibits a very satisfactory year's business. Though the year was not generally a profitable one to Fire or Marine Insurance Companies, the Western's large revenue enabled it to pay all losses, and have a profit on the year's transactions amounting to nearly \$100,000. The Western is an old company, and has a good directorate and able management.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 231.

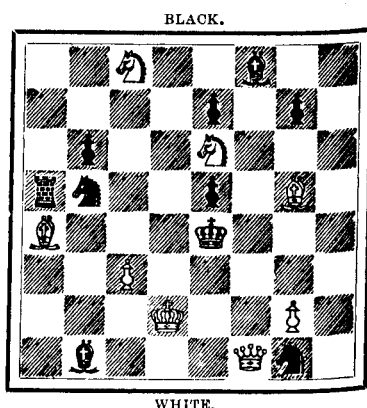
By J. Mcgregor.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 232.

By O. F. Reed, N.Y., from "100 Gems of Chess."



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 225. White. Black.
 1. Kt-Kt 8 K moves.
 2. Q-K 3 or Q K 7 moves.
 3. Q mates.

- No. 226. White. Black.
 1. B-B 7 P-Q 6
 2. R-K 3 + P x R
 3. P-B 3 + K-B 5
 4. K x P mate.

Correct solutions received to Problems 227 and 228 from Chas. W. Phillips, Chicago. In Problem No. 229 the white and black sides of the board are wrong and should be changed.

GAME BETWEEN MR. Mcgregor AND MR. DAVIDSON IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR 1888.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

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

White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) P-B 5 would give White a winning position.
- (b) Surely R-K Kt 1 is better.
- (c) P-Q Kt 4 is much the better move.
- (d) We prefer P x P passing.
- (e) White should press the game on the Queen's side.
- (f) Giving up his most valuable Pawn.
- (g) Weak; this and his next move leaves White's game hopeless.

KEENE.—Mr. Keene's repertoire for the first half of next week does not contain any play which he produced when here in the spring, but consists of the three strongest tragedies in his repertoire, "Richard III.," "Julius Cæsar," and "Othello." Keene is not only kindly remembered here for his own brilliant portrayals, but also for the strong supporting company which he always brings, and which this year is said to be the greatest that ever supported a tragedian in America. There are certainly no finer legitimate artists than Joseph Wheelock, Arthur Elliott, and Miss Anna Boyle; while, in addition to these, all the old favourites of last season's company are retained. This will prove a very brilliant engagement, and one which should test the capacity of the house. Sale of seats opens on Thursday morning, and there is no advance in prices.

JACOBS AND SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE.—"Passion's Slave"—a new drama, abounding in comedy, sensation, emotion, song, and music, and mounted with a car-load of special scenery—will be the attraction at Jacobs and Shaw's Opera House next week, commencing with the usual Monday night performance. The story told in the drama is a strong and plausible one of man's slavery to his passions, and the degradation he can bring upon himself by his unguarded actions, allowing humility by self-sacrifice and noble bearing to regain its former position. The mechanical and light effects used in the play are new and novel, and said to be something of a deviation from the usual contrivances employed. The piece will be well cast, the names of Hamilton Harris, J. Gordon Edwards, Carrie Rose, Fanny Lewis Burt, Theresa Burrows, Jeppe and Fanny Delano, and the Black Diamond Quartette appearing in the cast.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

SHAREHOLDERS' MEETING.

The Thirty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Western Assurance Company was held at its offices at noon yesterday.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

In submitting the Annual Statement of the accounts of the Company for the year ending 31st December last, the Directors are pleased to be able to congratulate the Shareholders upon the prosperous condition of its affairs which these indicate, as well as the evidence they bear of its continued growth in public favour and confidence.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Fire premiums, Marine premiums, Interest account, Fire losses, Marine losses, General expenses, and Balance to profit and loss.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Dividend paid, Depreciation in investments, Balance from last year, and Profit for the year as above.

LIABILITIES.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Capital stock paid up, Losses under adjustment, Dividend payable, Reserve fund, and Balance, profit and loss.

ASSETS.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes United States bonds, Dominion of Canada stock, Loan company and bank stock, Company's building, Municipal debentures, Cash on hand and on deposit, Bills receivable, Mortgages, Re-assurance due from other companies, Interest due and accrued, and Agents' balances and sundry accounts.

Western Assurance Offices, Toronto, February 14th, 1888.

A. M. SMITH, President. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Western Assurance Co.:

GENTLEMEN.—We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and have examined the vouchers and securities in connection therewith, and find them correct, and the above statements agree with the same.

Toronto, February 14th, 1888.

R. R. CATRON, } Auditors. JOHN M. MARTIN, }

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, offered his congratulations to the Shareholders on the prosperous statement which had just been read by the Managing Director, to whose unceasing energy and care, assisted by a thoroughly loyal and experienced staff, they were largely indebted for the satisfactory report just put in their hands.

Mr. William Gooderham, the Vice-President, seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously, and on motion of Mr. James Scott, seconded by Mr. Robert Thompson, a vote of thanks was passed to the President, Vice-President and Board of Directors for their services and attention to the interests of the Company during the past year.

Messrs. F. J. Stewart and William Anderson having been appointed Scrutineers, the election of Directors for the ensuing year was proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the following gentlemen: Messrs. A. M. Smith, Wm. Gooderham, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robert Beatty, A. T. Fulton, Geo. A. Cox, Geo. McMurrich, H. N. Baird, J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held subsequently Mr. A. M. Smith was re-elected President, and Mr. William Gooderham, Vice-President for the ensuing year.

STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1887.

ASSETS.....\$118,806,851 88.

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

Table with 4 columns: Description, No., Amount, and another Description, No., Amount. Includes Policies and Annuities in force, Risks Assumed, and Risks Terminate.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Table with 4 columns: Description, Amount, Description, Amount. Includes To Balance from last account, Premiums, Interest, Rents and Premium on Securities Sold, By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities and Death Claims, Commissions, Comutations, Taxes and all other Expenses, and Balance to new account.

BALANCE SHEET.

Table with 4 columns: Description, Amount, Description, Amount. Includes To Reserve for Policies in force and for Risks Terminated, Premiums received in advance, Surplus at four per cent., By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate, United States and other Bonds, Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals, Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest, Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Table with 4 columns: Year, Risks Assumed, Risks Outstanding, and Surplus. Shows data for years 1884, 1885, 1886, and 1887.

NEW YORK, January 25th, 1888.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, 2nd Vice-President.

WILLIAM E. EASTON, Secretary.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Table listing names of trustees: Samuel E. Sproulls, Lucius Robinson, Samuel D. Babcock, George S. Coe, John E. Devlin, Richard A. McCurdy, James C. Holden, Hermann C. von Post, Alexander H. Rice, F. Ratchford Starr, Lewis May, Oliver Harriman, Henry W. Smith, Robert Olyphant, George F. Baker, Jos. Thompson, Dudley Olcott, Frederic Cromwell, Julien T. Davies, Robert S. well, S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Charles R. Henderson, George Bliss, Rufus W. Peckham, J. Hobart Herrick, Wm. P. Dixon, Robert A. Grannis, Nicholas C. Miller, Henry H. Rogers, Jno. W. Auer, Incross, Theodore Morford, William Babcock, Preston R. Plumb, Wm. D. Washburn.

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PRESS COMMENTS.

The value of this comprehensive scientific weekly to the student, the scientific worker, the manufacturer, and to the whole of that large and daily-growing class to which scientific knowledge is a necessity, can hardly be over-estimated. No student, business or professional man should be without it.—Montreal Gazette.

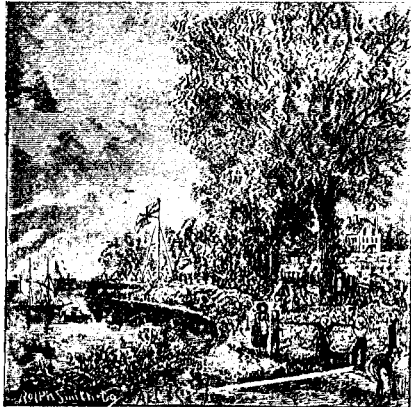
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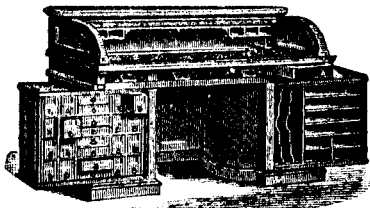
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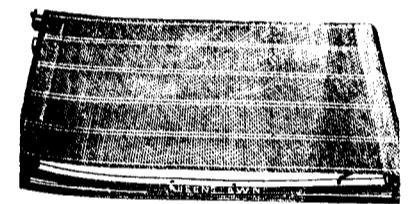
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Analysis by Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Professor of Chemistry and Inland Revenue
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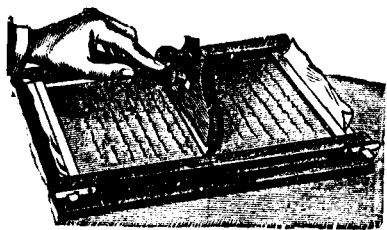
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