

# THE WEEK:

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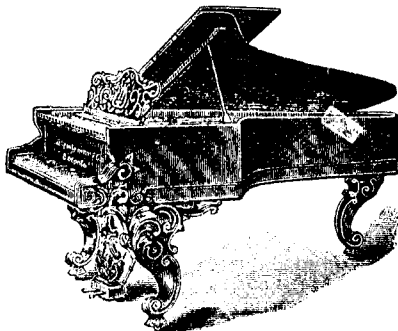
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## IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE demand for close ties between Britain and her outlying dependencies came originally from the parent land, and has found but a feeble echo in the colonies. Australia has given the matter more attention than Canada, probably because of the greater danger which she encounters of descents upon her coasts by enemies of Britain. In both countries the project has found a few warm supporters, but as yet no one has developed a scheme of Parliamentary union worthy of a moment's consideration. These gentlemen generally ignore the fact that Imperial Federation is already in existence, and working with a smoothness and efficiency which is a cause of wonder and admiration to other nations. No British colony, except the famous Thirteen, has ever abandoned the Mother Country, and they were driven away by an intolerable sense of wrong, and of the unfitness of the then rulers of England to appreciate their position. The rebellion in Canada followed the refusal or neglect of the Home authorities to grant complete self-government to the people, and it produced the desired effect—the introduction of the British responsible system. The collision with the Boers in South Africa cannot be regarded as an insurrection. It was rather an attempt of the Cape colonists to conquer the Dutch settlers who had left British territory in order to enjoy self-government and liberty to enslave the black population.

The ties between the Mother Country and the colonies are said to be slender, but a very little examination shows that they are so strong that it is impossible to suggest a method of making them more binding. The Queen appoints the Governor of every colony, and she has power to veto any measure passed by the Legislature. It may be said that she would not venture to use this power in defiance of the fully expressed will of the people of the colony. But the possession of the power entrusted to the representative of the Queen confers great influence, more particularly in matters relating to the Imperial connection. He can dismiss his Cabinet, form a new one, and order an appeal to the people. He is the symbol of authority, the flag under which conservative opinion rallies. What additional power could be given to the Crown under a revised system?

It has been suggested that colonial members might be admitted into the House of Commons, but to what end? Taxation is said to be impossible without representation, and it may be fairly held that taxation should follow representation. That would give the Imperial Parliament the right of taxing the colonies, lying thousands of miles away, of the affairs of which seven-eighths of the Lords and Commons would know nothing, and care less. The House of Commons is one of the worst legislative bodies in the world. Its members are unpaid, and have a hundred temptations to scamp their work. While an Irish or Scotch local question is under discussion, it is almost impossible to muster a quorum of forty in a House of over 650 members—what interest would such a body show in an Australian or Canadian matter, to say nothing of a Fijian or a Jamaican? An insurrection with loss of life would be necessary to secure a quorum. But supposing the House of Commons capable of legislating for the Antipodes, what would be the result? If the English Government desires anything from the colonies, it can obtain it now by negotiation, if the colonists are willing. If, under closer ties, the Central Government by legislation forced measures distasteful to the colonies, how

certain would be the creation of resentments tending to disunion between countries far apart, whose populations differ widely as to modes of government, and hold their opinions with British tenacity. Distance alone supplies insuperable obstacles to such legislation. How could a New Zealand representative gather the views of his constituents on a question of importance demanding prompt solution? And yet New Zealand would justly demand an opportunity, at least, of entering a protest before her interests or rights were invaded.

What complaint has Britain to make against the colonies, to remove which legislative union is advisable? The question of defence has already been dealt with in these columns, and it is only necessary here to point out that the Colonial Legislatures are much better qualified to deal with it than an Imperial Parliament. They alone know the dangers their constituents run, and the means of guarding against them. Whatever the Imperial power might demand would have to be granted or refused by the Local Legislatures, and the demand might as well be formulated by the present House of Commons after consultation with colonial representatives, as by a new Imperial assembly. No reasonable request from that source would be denied, but the people who would find the means would have ample opportunity to pass judgment upon it. In no war in which Britain has been engaged has she failed to receive the moral support of colonists. The Thirteen Colonies gave material aid to the Mother Country against the French in America. Canadians raised the 100th Regiment; and for the last Egyptian campaign an Australian battalion and a corps of Canadian voyageurs crossed the sea at the call of the Mother Country. As to colonial contributions of men or money in carrying on war, much would depend upon the locality of the cause. If a colony provoked war, every man and every dollar would, of course, be thrown into the scale. In case, however, of war with a European power on questions of dynasty, or British trade in which the colonies had no interest, less would probably be asked and granted. The ancient Greeks asked aid from their colonies in times of trouble, but the amount granted was based on the need for the service, and the quarters from whence the danger came. From time to time, as circumstances demanded, arrangements would be made on these points until precedents would be established, having almost the force of law.

In trade matters would Federation contribute to a better understanding between Britain and her colonies? Some Canadians cling to the idea that Britain might be induced to make a league with the dependencies by which Free Trade would be established throughout the Empire, and custom duties levied only upon foreigners. But Great Britain could not afford to hamper the trade of nine hundred and fifty millions of people to secure a larger benefit from ten millions. Canada itself also would suffer under this plan, from a tariff war with her neighbour. Britain has complained, but not loudly nor persistently, that the Canadian and Victorian tariffs are hostile to her manufacturers. Would a common Parliament remove this stumbling block? Imperial interference on that question would result in separation. The essence of the colonial tie is freedom on both sides to seek profit, in unison whenever it is mutually advantageous, but separately when paths diverge. To preserve union there must be full acknowledgment of the great differences existing between the Mother Country and the colonies, and between one colony and another. Without this, harmony would be impossible. "Constitutions under which great nations have been successfully governed have been the growth of time; they have slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent." Great men as Thomas Jefferson and his compeers were, the American constitution was not perfect as it came from their hands, and is not even yet complete. The British people will err grievously if they adopt a paper constitution for the Empire. A conference now and then on questions as they arise, discussion in British and Colonial Parliaments, and the embodiment of the results in contracts or acts of Parliament, will, in the course of years, produce a code under which all points at present unsettled will be adequately defined.

Many persons in Britain and the colonies question whether the connection can be maintained permanently or even for a considerable length of time. The present writer can only express his belief that the British Empire may be preserved as it exists at present to the end of time. The arguments for continuance, if ordinary prudence and skill are shown, are far stronger than those against it. Ties of blood and lineage, of religion, of patriotism, and of habit, are very strong, but stronger than all is self-

interest. If Great Britain and her colonies can stand together in war and peace, in prosperity and adversity, what power on earth can attack them? Supposing Canada and Australia to increase their population to twice the present number in the old land, would they not still be advantaged by union which, while giving strength in war, would not interfere with the self-government, in the most material points, of individual states, or the advancement of the special interests of each member of the Confederacy? No one can predict what a day nor an hour may bring forth, but the union of British people all over the world would be vastly beneficial to them and to the world at large, and is worthy of the patriotic efforts of every citizen of Canada. It might not endure for ever, but it would probably last long, and leave a glorious example to the world, of wise statesmanship.

J. GORDON BROWN.

### SOCIAL RUSSIA.

THE following article, compiled from one in the *Nineteenth Century*, by the Countess of Galloway, a most able writer, will supplement Sir Charles Dilke's clever political treatise, by a glimpse at the manners, habits, and customs of the Slavonic race, dealt with by him merely in the abstract.

EVEN the shortest visit to Russia disposes of many popular misconceptions; and, although it increases astonishment at the repressive rule possible in these days, it shows that generalisations are as false with regard to that Empire as in most other cases. Extraordinary stories are current in England of the private character of the Czar, the health of the Czarevitch, and the reign of terror caused by Nihilism. Many of these become incredible on examination and inquiry. The ignorance and falsity of the reports sent to London are most perplexing; where their information originates remains a mystery. Among other items the reputation of the Czar has been severely handled. As the whole history of Russia depends upon her sovereign, a few words on this subject are important. Society and entertainments do not appear particularly congenial to his disposition. His tastes all lie in the direction of simplicity; he has no luxurious habits, and prefers, to living in town, a residence in the country where he can enjoy exercise and recreation. His children are devotedly attached to him, and he is perhaps seen to most advantage when with them and leading a thoroughly domestic life. In illustration of this, it may be mentioned that he never omits to visit them at their bedtime. That he is not devoid of artistic taste is evident from certain collections made by him in the Museum of the Hermitage Palace in St. Petersburg, to which much, under his superintendence, has been recently added. A naturally vehement temper does not imply violence or brutality. He is not accustomed to be thwarted. When he discovers himself misled or deceived his indignation is great, and he never forgives a lie. It is erroneously supposed in England that he lives in constant dread of Nihilistic plots. Those who know him best repudiate this emphatically, and a study of his countenance and general behaviour in public certainly confirms the opinion of his courage and bravery. It is a mistake to imagine that he is a tool in the hands of a few officials; once determined on a course of action, motives of expediency will not turn him from his resolution.

All power proceeds from the Czar; he represents the united and concentrated force of the millions he governs. As head of the army, and as the impersonation of all the historical traditions of his people, he is a combination of the principles of democracy and aristocracy. He is not supported by an aristocracy of wealth, birth, or civilisation, but by the democratic spirit of the people, which finds its expression in a common devotion to the idea of their Czar, as their father, their leader, and one might almost say their God.

The terrible Nihilistic conspiracies, which cause a thrill of horror throughout the civilised world, emanate from the educated middle classes; the mass of the people have no sympathy with them or their ideas. Russia hardly counted as a European Power till the time of Peter the Great. Young as a consolidated empire, there is no lack of civilisation and no tinge of barbarism left to the eye of the casual observer. During the last fifteen or twenty years the upper classes have appreciated the force of national feeling, and, following the example of the present Emperor, have ceased to affect contempt for their country and their language.

In the reign of the late Czar there was a strong German party at Court, whose influence it was predicted would modify and transform the country. A reaction has set in; the German party is no longer a power; the German alliance no longer so anxiously desired and appreciated. The editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, Katkoff, who is believed to have great influence with the Czar, adds vigour to this reaction and writes for the Slav party and Russia as a great Eastern Power.

When Peter the Great transferred the seat of government from Moscow to St. Petersburg, it was with a view of bringing the country and people into closer communication with Western civilisation. St. Petersburg has the advantage of its magnificent river for shipping purposes (though it is only open for four or five months of the year). Otherwise Moscow is a commercial centre of great importance. The former has become very cosmopolitan. The latter runs the risk of being too provincial, but it is there the pulse of the nation really beats in the presence of its ancient traditions and achievements. At Moscow, too, the spirit of the Orthodox Greek Church becomes more apparent, and cathedrals, monasteries, and convents are more filled with the crystallised faith of the early Fathers. The monasteries do not pretend to be seats of learning, nor the convents homes for the spiritualised and idealised forms of religion. The monks

are not priests, and apparently their only object is to live easily and comfortably without expense or labour. The nuns occupy much of their time with beautiful embroidery, painting, and music. Some educational and refuge work is also done. There is but little effort on the part of the Church to control or cope with modern thought. Due performance of the duties required by discipline and custom appears to be sufficient, and to constitute all that is expected in discharge of religious obligations. No organ or instrumental music is admitted in the church services. The choirs in the cathedrals, composed of a large number of voices, are conducted with extraordinary precision and accuracy, and the chorus singing on the stage and at convents is quite remarkable for these qualities, and is distinguished by great delicacy of tone and expression.

If the ecclesiastical art of the country remains more or less conventional and Byzantine, the modern Russian school of painting contains some striking pictures. Its scenes from Bible history have a stamp peculiarly their own, and are very slightly influenced by Italian art. Landscapes are rare—perhaps on account of the monotony of Russian scenery. The sea is a favourite and well-studied subject, and pictures of an historical character show an immense power of depicting the expression of the human countenance.

Russia is a nation of soldiers, there military rank carries all before it, though the horrors of war cannot be too much insisted upon. A society where any real or political occupation or ambition is impossible will naturally seek this outlet for its energies and desires. Owing to the Russian system of secret police, about which so much is heard, the *tchinovik*, or Russian official, is hardly as independent as the *moujik*, or peasant. All are watched, and their sayings and doings reported. The discontent which exists is chiefly among the educated and higher classes. These, being unrepresented, are more hopelessly in the hands of the officials than even the poorer classes in their communes. Why should not Russia, quite different in race and sentiment to the questioning, subjective Teutonic mind, educate herself through the ancient civilisations of the East, and have sufficient national character to work out a purer form of government on her own lines? The Russian peasant has an interest in the land, and no special grievance to lead him to rebel. The army is not likely to abandon its allegiance to the Emperor so long as it has an outlet for its energies in the East.

The Ministers of State are merely instruments of the Emperor's will. They have no responsibility towards each other, and have, therefore, no common policy. They are little more than chief clerks in a gigantic business firm, who carry out the instructions of their principal with more or less ability and honesty. There is no power of law or justice independent of the will of the officials; and it is the bureaucracy composed of them which is the source of all Russian tyranny and intrigue, for the corruption of the officials is without limit. The Russian aristocracy and plutocracy have few powers and privileges beyond that of serving their sovereign, and their position depends entirely on the will of the Emperor. Official rank is the only distinction, and all rank—or *tchin*, as it is called—is regulated according to the army grades. By this *tchin* alone is the right of being received at Court acquired. Society is, therefore, subservient to the Court, and occupies itself more with those whose position can best procure them what they desire than with any other ideas. The Court itself is very magnificent, and its entertainments display unbounded splendour, taste, and art. In the midst of winter the whole palace is decorated for balls with trees of camellias, dracenas, and palms. The suppers seem almost to be served by magic. Two thousand people sit down at the same moment. The palace is lit by electric light. The tables are placed under large palm trees, and the effect is that of a moonlight feast. At these Court balls, besides the Imperial Family of Grand Dukes and Duchesses, with gorgeous jewels, may be seen many of the great generals and governors of the provinces, who come to St. Petersburg to do homage to their sovereign. The Empress dances, but not the Emperor; he does not sit down either to supper, but walks about, after the Russian fashion of hospitality, to see that his other guests are served. Notwithstanding the great ease and luxury, the fact that so many of the guests are officers attired in their uniforms gives a business-like air, and produces a sense of discipline at these entertainments. Individually, the Russians have much sympathy with English ways and habits, and the political antagonism between the two nations does not appear to affect their social intercourse. They are exceedingly courteous, hospitable, and friendly, throwing themselves with much zest into the occupation or amusement of the moment. St. Petersburg is a very gay society, and the great troubles underlying the fabric do not come to the surface in daily life. The season there begins on the Russian New Year's Day, which is thirteen days late; it lasts till Lent, and during that time there are two Court balls a week, and dancing at private houses nearly every other night, Sundays included. Private balls begin late and end late. The dancing is most vigorous and animated. The national dance is the Mazurka, of Polish origin. The music, too, is special and spirited. The supper is always partaken of seated, and there is invariably a cotillon afterwards. The pleasantest and most sociable entertainments are the little suppers every evening, where there is no dancing, and where the *menu* is most *recherché*, and the conversation brilliant. The houses are well adapted for entertaining, and both comfortable and luxurious; the bedrooms prettily furnished, having dressing-rooms attached, provided with a tiled bath, hot and cold water, and numerous mirrors. The wives of the Court and State officials, as well as many other ladies, have one afternoon a week, on which they sit at home and receive visitors, when there is always tea and Russian bonbons, most excellent in quality. The number of men, officers of the army, and others, who attend these days, is quite remarkable. Many notabilities, such as General Kaulbars, may be seen quietly sipping tea, and talking of the last ball to the daughter of the house.

A favourite amusement, even in winter, is racing in troikas, or sleighs.



with fast trotters. These contests are witnessed from stands, as in England, and are only prevented by falling snow. The pretty little horses are harnessed for trotting races singly to a low sleigh (in summer a drosky), driven by one man wearing the colours of the owner. Two of these start at once, in opposite directions, on a circular or oblong course marked out on a flat expanse of snow or ice. It is a picturesque sight, and recalls the pictures of ancient chariot races, on old vases and carved monuments.

The character of a nation can scarcely fail to be affected by the size of the country it inhabits, and a certain indifference to time and distance is produced by this circumstance. There is also a peculiar apathy as regards small annoyances and casualties, which is essentially orient. Whatever accident befalls the Russian of the lower orders, his habitual remark is, "Nitchino!" (It is nothing.)

The one preponderating impression produced by a short visit to Russia is an almost bewildering sense of its vastness, with an equally bewildered sense of astonishment at the centralisation of all government in the hands of the Emperor. This impression is perhaps increased by the nature of St. Petersburg. Long, broad streets, lit by electric light, huge buildings, public and private, large and almost deserted places or squares, all tend to produce the idea that the Russian nation is emerging from the long ages of Cimmerian darkness into which the repeated invasions of Asiatic hordes had plunged it, and that it is full of the energy and aspirations belonging to a people conscious of a great future in the history of mankind.

### LETTER FROM ROME.

I LEFT you gazing at the strangest, the grandest ruin in Christendom. Not vainly attempting to realise or examine, we only stood before it open-eyed and awe-struck, murmuring to ourselves—"The Coliseum!" It was scarcely a time for thought, but rather for feeling. Nothing perhaps tends more to make sight-seeing a weariness than the misconceived idea of a duty which prompts us constantly to ferret out dates and facts when we should simply be drinking in the loveliness, and interrupts the most delicious of Byronic melodies by some dry-as-dust paragraph from a guide-book. Rightly to gain all the enjoyment certain scenes can offer, we should visit them at least half a dozen times, and there are not so many such spots on earth as to make the experiment impossible. We have experienced our first sensations of wonder, of infinite pleasure, at finding, as it were, before us in the flesh that melancholy phantom so long haunting favourite poem and romance. We now return to study.

Undeniably laudable as the modern spirit of investigation is, have you never a feeling of protest, never a longing desire they would not tell you all—the remains of a childish love for the marvellous? Nevertheless they will go on splitting up flowers. One must be resigned if something good is to come of it—only if they leave us nothing but wilting leaves—ah! that is another thing. Thus have they gone to work to dissect the Coliseum with the laudable aim, seemingly, of leaving no stone unturned. Once a building has fallen into ruin, what can we do better than let it stand "in ruinous perfection?" A clamp here, a prop there, are well, but is it not a cruelty to interrupt the kind work of Nature, who, striving to hide the ravages of time, spreads with gentle fingers her richest stuffs—her vine lace, her moss velvet—over mouldering arch and rugged pavement? There is an exquisite painting in the Vatican representing the tomb of the Virgin. Her friends are gazing into it, astounded at finding not a corpse, but a bed of loveliest flowers. So, till recent years, could we discover in this larger tomb of thousands verdure the most luxuriant. Like a child who in play crowns some sad, broken-nosed garden god with roses, Nature had decked out this mighty skeleton. But in 1872 excavations were made that have entirely annihilated the beauty of the Coliseum. These bring to light a labyrinth of subterranean passages which lay beneath the arena. Here were the dens of the wild beasts, and the pipes that served to bring in water for the miniature naval combats. The arena itself is believed to have been merely a movable wooden flooring, with trap doors much like our modern stage. No edifice in the world has undergone such vicissitudes, with none have the ages sported more cruelly. It has had the misfortune to outlive its time. They who have visited the Arena of Verona will be able to form an excellent idea of the interior of the Coliseum. For although the exterior is here and there almost perfect, the internal arrangements, owing to mediæval vandalism and modern investigation, are decidedly chaotic. Indeed I fear the time may come when our guides will have to say, like the player in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "This is Wall."

If Rome has lost her temporal power, she is still the spiritual, nay, I would rather say, the moral mistress of the world. Better than a thousand homilies, these walks among her ruins. Cold exhortations to patience and suffering seem senseless and impuissant as we look back upon them now. It was no difficult matter to resist, nay, even to doubt, the smooth talk of sleek and comfortable conventionality. But this great, sombre figure, those eyeless sockets, those fleshless arms, this ruin, makes what before was fable to us, grave truth. Justice appears for once before us, not a marble effigy with sword and balance perched up somewhere near the sky, but walking among the people, writing in letters of light upon their hearts the names of those not only content to say, but to prove, that they were men.

The Coliseum was begun in A.D. 72, and finished in 80. It consists of four stories—the first, Doric; the second, Ionic; and the two last, Corinthian. The elliptical circumference of the building is nearly a third of a mile, and it could seat 87,000 spectators. These places were divided into four classes: the first for the Emperor, the senators, and the vestal virgins; the second, for the knights and tribunes; the third, for the common people; and the fourth for the soldiery. Almost frivolous these distinc-

tions, when every heart in that vast concourse beat with a common emotion—an emotion not altogether flattering to humanity.

With regard to the performances which took place in the Coliseum there seems to have been a little of everything, from the fanciful battles of dwarfs and cranes to naval combats, and from the butchery of a thousand beasts to the still more diverting slaughter of Christians. As years went on, gladiatorial combats—which excited the enthusiasm of ancient Romans more than any other kind of amusement—were abandoned "as inconsistent with Christianity" but wild beast fights continued. The nobles of the middle ages converted the Coliseum into a fortress, and the Popes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries employed it as a quarry! Sixtus V. proposed establishing a cloth factory here, and Clement XI. went so far as to use the building for the manufacture of saltpetre. In 1780 the Coliseum was consecrated to the Passion of Christ, and was thus saved from further demolition. Until 1872 small chapels stood around the arena, but these were removed by order of the present Government, and the hideous excavations, to which I have already alluded, made under the superintendence of Signor Rosa.

And now we move,

Within a bowshot where the Caesars dwell,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.

But ere we enter the Palatine, that "West End" of ancient Rome, we must glance at the Arch of Constantine and that of Titus, which, with the Arch of Septimus Severus, are by far the most beautiful in the city. The former stands quite close to the Coliseum, a little to the north-west. Its beautiful sculptures, illustrative of the life of Trajan, have given some the idea that it was built in honour of this emperor; but others, and rightly, believe, that these ornamentations were taken from the arch which once adorned the Forum of Trajan. Next to the erection of temples, such beautiful structures were perhaps the most flattering manifestations of appreciation. This arch has three passages. Around the summit are the statues of barbarian prisoners, while beautiful bas-reliefs are profusely sculptured over it. One of its eight Corinthian columns of *giallo-antico* was appropriated by Clement VIII. for a chapel in the Lateran. Merely to have read about ancient life and scenes, and that reading to have been rather of the red-and-black kind—histories of the most dazzling deeds, or darkest crimes, a compendium of wisest sayings, with a mixture of sarcasm, astonishment, delight—we contemplate a picture in soft, unstriking tints—a picture that brings before us a counterpart of our own existence among these mighty ancients.

Just as the Corso is the rendezvous for the pomaded *faneurs* of to-day, so was the Via Sacra graced by Roman youth in centuries past. It was bordered with shops, of which, of course, not a vestige remains. Its worn flagstones no longer resound with the tread of victorious armies, but are desecrated by the feet of bizarre sight-seers, and instead of a Horace mus- ing here, a Cicero walking by with thoughtful mien, we find a harsh-voiced orange-woman, or Campagna peasant of bovine aspect. "Such contrasts one sees only in Rome."  
L. L.

### THE DULNESS OF MUSEUMS.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* the Rev. J. G. Wood, who is a well-known naturalist, and the author of several interesting books upon animal life and peculiarities, gives much interesting and useful information with regard to the general arrangement and improvement of the ordinarily dry-as-dust storehouses of natural history, which may be beneficial to some of our Canadian institutions of a similar class.

Oh, the dulness of museums! I speak on behalf of the general public. Full of interest to the expert, there is no concealing the truth that to the average individual a museum, of whatever nature, is most intolerably dull. I have long thought that in their management we have too much ignored the wants of the people. If they only visited museums for the purpose of study there would be no difficulty in the matter; but scarcely one in a thousand enters the door as a student. The remainder do so simply for amusement, and interfere terribly with those who go there for motives of research. We cannot ignore the general public, and welcome the student only; and to assimilate both and all it is evident, to my mind, that we ought to have three, if not more, absolutely different classes of museums addressed to different mental conditions. The first ought to be devoted entirely to purely scientific purposes, and to be secured from interruptions by outsiders. Then there should be a second class, intended for those who are trying to learn the rudiments of science, and who may in due time be promoted into the select band of regular students. Lastly, and quite as important as the two others, there should be a museum meant for the general public, and teaching them in spite of themselves.

Of the first kind there are magnificent examples in the collection of the College of Surgeons, and in the private departments of the British Museum, and the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where all scientific work is done in strictest privacy.

Of the second order of museum there will soon be a nearly perfect example in the new departments of natural history at South Kensington.

But where is the museum for the general public? It is difficult for any one who is master of a subject to realise the sublimity of ignorance which characterises the class on behalf of which I am writing. During the existence of the late lamented Colinderies I paid several visits to the exhibition simply for the purpose of noting the comments of the observers. Any one would have thought that the most uneducated eye could dis-

tinguish between stripes and spots, and that no one could mistake a leopard for a tiger. Yet this mistake was not only repeatedly made, but was actually the rule. Even in the popular Indian hunting scene, where the tigers and leopards were shown close together, nearly every one spoke of the leopards as young tigers or sometimes as small tigers. In several other parts of the exhibition stuffed leopards were shown, and in almost every instance were called tigers by the spectators. The same Indian group showed two wild boars, making off at their best speed. I did think that every one would know swine by sight, if only by their tails; but I actually heard them called beavers, not once but several times.

All those who visited the exhibition must have been struck with the groups illustrative of ostrich-breeding at the Cape. One group represented the parent birds, their eggs and young. Not far from them was the admirable series of models of the Diamond Mines. These, as a lady explained to her offspring, were the holes in which the ostriches laid their eggs. She had actually taken no note of the model huts, washing machinery, steam engines, tackle, travelling carriages for the soil, and the swarming human beings which thronged the quarries, and really thought that the models were the actual nests of the ostrich. That any one who was evidently well educated should have betrayed such absolute want of observation and hopeless ignorance seems almost impossible; but I heard another remark which equalled, if not surpassed, it in absurdity. A lady, evidently a schoolmistress, was passing through one of the galleries with her flock, dispensing information as she went. One of them caught sight of a stuffed adjutant in a case, and asked what odd bird that was. "That, my dears," said the instructress of youth, "is a dodo," and swept on benignly; as if dodos were as plentiful as barn-door fowls, and as if there were the least resemblance between the extant stork and the extinct dodo.

It is easy enough to say such persons have no business in museums, and that their opinion is of no consequence; that is only waiving the difficulty; such persons should really be caught and taught. In most cases their ignorance is, then, not their own fault, but is due to the imperfection of their education.

Were I requested to take a number of children to the zoological galleries at South Kensington, I certainly should not try to interest their un instructed minds by showing them a series of comparative anatomies. I should show them one or two of the monkey tribes, and point out the distinctions between the principal groups, giving at the same time a brief account of their geographical distribution. They should not be allowed to range about as they liked, but be taken afterwards to the bats, and their attention carefully drawn to the modifications of structure which enable a mammal to fly as swiftly as a bird.

Then I would show them the leading types of the cat tribe, followed by those of the dogs, and so on throughout the mammalia. Next I would take them in like fashion through the typical birds. The same plan could be pursued with the other branches of zoology, and so the young people would gain, without much trouble, a clear and systematic knowledge of the subject, which they could scarcely compass in any other way.

To return to our museums, what kind of museum ought it to be? A very old Utopian dream of mine is a natural history museum for the public, which would attract them, and give them an interest in animal life. Attempts have been made in this direction, but they have all been on too small a scale, have few or no leading ideas, and are too often marred by errors so glaring that they convey false teaching, and do actual harm to the science of which they are meant to be the exponents.

As familiar examples of this false teaching, I may mention the groups in the Wurtemberg Gallery in the Crystal Palace. On an average the taxidermy is good, and the groups are spirited in their action, but they are spoiled by the most outrageous blunders. There is one, for instance, representing a horseman carrying off some young tiger cubs, and pursued by the infuriated parents. He has shot one of them, and is turning round in his saddle to shoot the other. So far so good; but the man is a Moor, whereas the tiger is exclusively Asiatic, and is no more to be seen in Africa than in England. Nothing would have been easier than to have placed an Indian on horseback, or if the Moor were retained, to have substituted for the tigers, lions; in either event the group would have been just as spirited, and the teaching would have been true instead of false.

Another group represents a fight between a bison and a jaguar; the former animal is depicted crushing his antagonist against a tree. Now the jaguar is an inhabitant of South Africa, and is essentially arboreal in its habits, whereas the bison inhabits North America, and is essentially a creature of the plains where not a tree is to be seen. Here again a false impression is created when it would have been just as easy to create a right one by substituting wolves for jaguars. Even in Ward's fine hunting group, the taxidermist has embodied a scene which never could occur in real life. I believe there is no instance known of a tiger attacking an elephant, unless the latter were trained to tiger hunting, and ridden by sportsmen. But this elephant is unriden, and is not even guided by a mahout (or driver). It would not have cost much additional trouble to have put a howdah, or even a pad carrying a couple of armed sportsmen, on the elephant's back, and a mahout on the animal's neck. As a rule, stuffed snakes, too, are absurdly wrong, the taxidermists, being ignorant of the peculiar manner in which the skeleton is constructed, twisting and coiling them in any direction as if they were mere ropes without any vertebrae inside them. Again, the snakes are almost invariably furnished with birds' eyes, having circular pupils instead of narrow slits like those of a cat's eye at midday.

There are mistakes even of costume which are quite unwarrantable, and the crowning absurdity of these is attained in a group of North American Indian warriors in council, where the speaker is wearing on his breast the head dress of a Bechuana woman. The figures in all these are admirable, but the clothes and weapons are distributed at random, and women

are portrayed as carrying weapons instead of burdens, as is the invariable custom among all uncivilised people.

Museums occupy so vast a range, I can only treat of those which illustrate the science of zoology, and these should be pre-eminently attractive; for this purpose four requisites are necessary—plenty of space, plenty of time, money, and an intimate knowledge of the subjects. I suggest then, on behalf of the general public, that their museum should consist not of isolated animals but of groups; some large, some small, but all representing actual episodes in the life history of the animals exhibited. Neither scenery, trees, nor herbage should be conventional or evolved out of the inner consciousness of the maker. They should be truthfully copied from the many photographs or trustworthy sketches which are at our command, and, as far as possible, each group should be the reproduction of some scene which has been actually witnessed and described by travellers, such as Gordon Cumming, Anderson, Baldwin, and others.

#### A FEW GENTLEMEN COMMONERS.

THERE was Gladstone on the Treasury Bench, with his head half concealed in a colossal collar, which looked like a white wooden paling surrounding the knotted trunk of a venerated tree. There was Hartington beside him, tall and slouchy, with an air of aristocratic conceit, his silk hat tipped over his eyes as if to shut from his lordly vision the turbulent scene which so scandalously outraged the traditions of "the finest assembly of gentlemen in Europe," and consequently of the world. There was John Bright, alongside, getting rather portly, dressed rather sleekly, saying nothing, but looking volumes of cantankerous phrases in elegant rhetorical bindings. There was Vernon Harcourt, Sir William of that ilk, big, and stout, and pompous, as if he were the British Constitution in a two-and-fifty pound parcel of flesh and bones. There was "Buckshot Forster," the Coercion Secretary of Erin's Isle, with a cast-iron face and an unhappy frown. There was Fawcett, with a pair of green spectacles over his sightless eyes, and though a blind Postmaster-General, singularly enough one of the best Postmaster-Generals in an age of such useful worthies.

Randolph Churchill, once the clown of the House, then a potent leader, but looking like a pet pug dog with a red ribbon around his throat. Little Lord Randolph struts about the lobbies with his hands in his pockets, his crimson necktie displaying itself like a danger signal to all old foggy Whigs who chance to get in his way. You would never take this energetic man of insignificant appearance for a British aristocrat, unless, indeed, you had enjoyed some previous acquaintance with the personal appearance of British aristocrats. When he addresses the House his tongue clatters with the sharp rapidity of a telegraphic ticker, and there are times when his words convey to the opponents whom he wishes to confuse, about as much significance as the ticker's clatter conveys to the untutored ear. There are also moments, not infrequent, when Lord Randolph dances about and oratorically worries Mr. Gladstone on the opposite bench, very much as the diminutive canine he so closely resembles worries a sedate mastiff through the apertures of a picket fence.

The "Grand Old Man" is imperturbable under such attacks. He sits there apparently heedless of all that is going on around him. His clothes look as if they had been thrown at him by a second hand tailor. He throws his right foot across his left knee, draws his head into his monstrous and oft-caricatured collar, which has peaked ends like rustic gate-posts, closes his eyes, and apparently starts on a brief trip to the Land of Nod. But he has a return ticket, and telephonic communication *en route*, as you perceive when his would-be tormentor has finished amid Conservative cheers. Then the "Grand Old Man" draws his head up from its white enclosure, looks around him as who should say "What is all this noise about, my children?" gets upon his feet in a majestic fashion, stretches his right arm aloft with a muscular grace derived from much tree-felling at Hawarden, and dramatically beseeches the "gentlemen" assembled, in the name of their common Britishism, to abstain from partisan prejudice and vote in union for the weal of the empire. He holds the assembled "gentlemen" in the palm of his hand, and they listen with awe and admiration as he convinces them against their wills that the moon is made of green cheese. But he has no sooner finished than the assembled "gentlemen" proceed to fight over the cheese with an avidity which shows that their partisan appetites were only temporarily sated by the pabulum of eloquence so adroitly administered. And yet, despite his seeming trip Nodwards, Gladstone has followed his opponent's argument line by line; he takes excerpts from it and hurls them back with such force that the previous speaker has to dodge consummately during these exercises, lest he should be torn by the flying fragments. Thus you see that the "Grand Old Man" is never so wide awake as when he is apparently fast asleep.

Joseph Chamberlain is the exquisite of the House. With a figure of elegant slenderness, enveloped in a habit of immaculate black, in which the regulation Prince Albert coat plays a leading part, or, perchance, arrayed in the most faultless attributes of evening dress, with an orchid in his lappel buttonhole, with a single glass in his eye, there are times when he comes just short of being a parliamentary dude. He is getting well on toward middle-age, presumably, but he has a bright, young face, cleanly shaven, save for a mere hint of side-whisker just before his ears, and his eyes are sharp enough to pierce the walls of the Parliament buildings, if the walls were not so enormously thick, and to tunnel the bed of the Thames, if the Thames itself were not a stream of unpiercable mud. Chamberlain is too sleek to look like a politician, but he is a red-hot politician for all that. He is consistent in one thing—his self-advancement. To secure this, he takes the attitude of a weather vane, and he rears him-

self aloft on an easy pivot eager to catch the slightest breeze of popularity. For this reason he is a radical with a big R. He has no particular love for the masses, and if the truth were atold, the masses have no particular love for him. He is a screw manufacturer, and it is said he is a screw at bargains, and that he has screwed some men out of prosperity altogether.

Parnell sits like a Sphinx in the midst of a lot of excitable Celts. When the fire of debate rages and seethes among his little band he does not wince at the heat of the wordy flames. He is cool and quiet as an iceberg. He can say the most cutting things with the most gentlemanly accent; he rarely raises his voice above the conversational tone, and he seldom lifts his hand even to stroke his beard. He is a model of self-possession, and he is the more remarkable in this wise, surrounded as he is by sympathetic followers who do not, as a rule, share his powers of self-control.—*From the Boston Home Journal.*

### THE HISTORY OF THE IRISH UNION.\*

AMONG all the enormous forces which Mr. Gladstone personally brings to the aid of any cause which he espouses, which is the chiefest and most important? For our own part, we have no doubt as to the answer. It is not that stupendous power of labour which we once heard described by one who knew him well as "a capacity for doing sixteen hours' work in each twenty-four, and doing in each of those hours more than any other man could do in three." It is not that unrivalled command of a most powerful party which absolutely at his bidding changes the passionate beliefs of yesterday, so that to-day it rejects them with a passion as fierce. It is not that unrivalled experience of Parliament which he can wield with so dexterous a hand, that it may count to-night for service the very opposite of that in which it told yesterday. It is not even that marvellous felicity of diction which seems always, in each sentence, to prepare an audience for the next; and then in that next only not to provide the very words that seemed inevitable, because those that actually break upon the ear so much more exquisitely fulfil anticipation, that they seem like the thought already awakened, given its apotheosis in language. No; nor is it that widespread and intense belief in his personal character which has survived all shocks. No; nor the tradition of his financial achievements and his financial genius. No; not all these, nor many other sources of power that might be named, count for so much as this,—that to an extent that men hardly realise, Mr. Gladstone determines, alike for his opponents and for his friends, what shall be the assumed facts on which discussion is carried on. The notion of his enormous power of research and the conviction of his integrity of purpose deter men from following him into his authorities, and for him alone that soundest of all sound rules, "Always verify quotations," is not applied. This temptation so placed in the way of any man enthusiastically espousing a cause on which he has set his heart, to see facts as they suit the purpose of his cause, it would be almost beyond human capacity to resist. For a consummate artist, absorbed as every such artist must be in his art, the tendency to catch at just what will persuade an audience, merely because that perfects the artistic finish of the work, must be something that those of us who have never felt that magic sympathy with a great crowd swaying beneath our breath, cannot even imagine. George Eliot has, perhaps, better than any one else made conceivable what that feeling is. Let us realise what the temptation is, but let us clearly realise also that it is one of the terrible dangers of majestic oratory. The present writer's attention was first drawn to the matter in the reference, in the great speech on the Irish Compensation Bill of last autumn, to the Report of the Devon Commission. Actual verification by that not very accessible document showed conclusively that the fact on which the whole speech turned was inverted by applying what had been said by that Commission, and conclusively established in evidence before it, of the sub-tenants of the tenant-farmers, to the tenants direct, of whom all that evidence went to show that it was *not* generally true. Since that time we have been most anxious that some one should undertake the task of carefully searching the actual records of the history of the Irish Union to ascertain whether all this tremendous denunciation that we have been listening to of all that England in the past has done, is bitter truth, which we must bear to hear with bowed heads, in grieving silence, saying with Mr. Albert Dicey, "Very well! let us grant all that, but then—"; or whether, instead, the story be true which has reached us from Ireland that there still exist numerous specimens of the manifestly genuine petitions which were addressed to the Crown by Protestants and Catholics alike, showing that the feeling of the people was all in favour of Union with England at the time, and that the only money that was paid was to prevent private and selfish interests from barring the way of a great popular movement.

With the greatest possible delight, therefore, we recognise that this task has been fairly undertaken by very competent hands, and that the result is, on the whole, in the highest degree satisfactory. . . . The service which he [Dr. Ingram] has rendered to the country at the present time is very great; and we cannot too strongly urge all those who care to be brought into contact with original authorities, and to have decisive evidence laid before them, to convince themselves how completely baseless most of the charges against Pitt and Castlereagh are.

The case which Dr. Ingram establishes is this:

1. That the effective cause of the passing of the Act of Union was that the wish of the Irish people, Catholic more strongly than Protestant, but both in agreement, had before the passing of the Act come to be strongly in favour of it.

2. That the evidence that this was the genuine and spontaneous feeling

of the great majority of the people is various and complete; that of the Catholic Bishops, we have all the four Archbishops, thirteen out of nineteen Bishops, and the agent of the secular Bishops, "all declaring by words and deeds that the Union was necessary to save Ireland." Of the inferior clergy, we have everywhere evidence of their being, except in Dublin, eager to head the seventy-four petitions and declarations made in all parts of Ireland in favour of Union. And this is evidenced further by the fury with which Grattan assailed the Catholic clergy as "a band of prostituted men engaged in the service of Government." The writer shows that evidence, as complete as to the general sentiments of the Catholic laity, still exists, and further, that the Catholic electors were in overwhelming majority in almost all constituencies that were not merely pocket-seats.

3. That the condition of representation was such at the time that, alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the value of a borough, as an investment, was a thoroughly understood thing; so much so, that it was regularly the subject of settlement, will, public sale, etc., and that the interest on the capital so invested was understood to be the purchase of a seat at each election from the proprietor, by those who wished thus to enter the House. Grattan, both in 1784 and in 1800, purchased his seat from a borough proprietor.

4. That in 1785, when Pitt desired to introduce Parliamentary reform in England, he had declared that it "could only be brought about by two means, by an act of power, or by an adequate consideration which might induce bodies or individuals to part with rights which they considered as a species of valuable inheritance or of personal property," and that he thought the latter the only just mode of dealing with the question.

5. That, in accordance with this principle, precisely as subsequently the slave holders were compensated for a vested interest which now seems at least as immoral as that of the borough-owners, a vote was publicly passed in the House of Commons granting £1,260,000 as compensation for the disturbance of vested interests; but that it is absurd to speak of this as a bribe, because it was distributed with absolute impartiality by a public and independent Court, to those who resisted and opposed the measure to the last, as freely as to those who had voted for the Union.

6. That those who resisted and opposed the Union, and the motives which determined their conduct, are very clearly indicated by the circular which was sent round on January 20, 1800, for supplying the form of petition which was to be signed against the Union. Besides Lord Charlemont, the son of the great Volunteer, the other two signatories are Lord Downshire and W. B. Ponsonby. Now, the Ponsonbys exercised paramount influence, direct or indirect, over the return of twenty-two Members to the Irish Parliament, and Lord Downshire over as many. The essence of their struggle was that of a dominant oligarchy unwilling to abandon a position of power, though it seemed about to crumble under their feet.

7. In the course of the very struggle itself, the orators who spoke for these oligarchs confessed, as they expressed it, that "the people had abandoned them."

8. That, loud as has been the talk about the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, there never was an agent less likely than Lord Cornwallis to be selected by a Minister wishing to carry out an underhand intrigue; that no breath of scandal has ever sullied his personal character; and that yet, throughout, whilst utterly disgusted with the low intrigues which he became aware of as practised by the oligarchic opponents of Union, he never expresses anything in his most private letters but absolute confidence and satisfaction with all that was done on the Government side.

9. That the bribery by the Opposition was undoubted and unblushing; as Lord Cornwallis puts it: "The enemy, to my certain knowledge, offer £5,000 ready money for a vote; if we had the means, and were disposed to make such vile use of them, we dare not trust the credit of Government in the hands of such rascals." That this is proved to the hilt by their own admissions.

10. That the Opposition, with that recklessness of language which was characteristic of the time, flung about accusations of bribery against the Government which they were challenged again and again to substantiate, and were utterly unable to prove.

11. That the only letters out of all the correspondence between the Irish Government and Pitt which have given colour to the accusation of bribery manifestly refer to no such matter, but to the compensation paid to certain merchants who had no power of commanding votes; and that that compensation was paid in consequence of their suffering by the intended change of tariff.

12. That the whole arrangements were only such as a prudent Ministry would necessarily adopt at a time when private interests were liable to suffer severely; and that the object was not to sacrifice the public interest by private corruption, but to gain an end recognised by the whole nation as vital, by cutting the ground from under the feet of those who, on purely selfish grounds, were opposing it.—*From the Spectator.*

THE Directors' Report of the affairs of the Dominion Bank, presented at the Annual Meeting on May 25th, shows the Bank to be doing a safe and profitable business. By an addition of \$50,000 this year to the Reserve Fund, the amount of this fund has been increased to \$1,070,000, with a paid-up capital of \$1,500,000—a position of great strength, which has enabled the Bank to pay two dividends of five per cent. each the past year. The business, the report tells us, is well maintained in every branch; and that it is conducted with skill and prudence may be seen as well from the large amount of net earnings as from the small amount of unsecured overdue debts. The position of the Bank is an unusually strong one: the circulation is moderate in proportion to the capital, the deposits are good; and there is a clear excess of Assets over Liabilities to the Public of \$2,070,842.

\* A History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland. By T. Dunbar Ingram, LL.D. London: Macmillan and Company. 1887.



## The Week,

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THE Ministerial crisis in France has ended for the moment by the formation of a Moderate Republican Ministry, representing a small minority in the Chambers. This is truly a Ministry of despair; every other possible combination has been tried, and this is all the result reached. Its first act must be the dissolution of the Chambers, and the new elections will assuredly sweep it away at once, for Moderate Republicanism is not on the growing hand in France. The country is seething with Socialism and advanced Radicalism, ready to boil over on the smallest aggravation; it is not far removed from the condition it was in on the eve of 1789. No doubt there is plenty of conservatism among the rural population; but these are unorganised and powerless beside the advanced Republicanism of the large cities. There is a dearth, or rather total lack, of great or strong men in France; the government of the Republic has used up or ruined every reputation concerned in it during the past sixteen years; and so the Premiership had to go a begging till accepted by a man who, eleven years ago, was charged before the Paris tribunals with outrage against public decency and morality. Imagine the state of England if no statesman of a higher rank than Mr. Labouchere could be induced to undertake the formation of a Government! So it is in France, however. The probability of the little success this attempt at "reaction against Radicalism, Militarism, and Socialism" will have may be estimated when it is considered that in the election in Paris, on May 8, thirty-five advanced Radicals, three Socialists, and six Reactionaries, were returned as against two Moderates. As to Militarism, Gen. Boulanger embodies in the French mind the idea of the might of France, with all that suggests, to some of recovery of prestige, recovery of Provinces, to others of repression of disorder, and establishment of efficient government; and without him, or at any rate without an equally representative military man, no Ministry will outlive an appeal to the people. As far as can be discerned, Gen. Boulanger is to-day the one strong man in public life in France; and therefore his accession to supreme power, soon or late, may be regarded as a certainty. It would be hailed with equal favour, though from opposite motives, by Chauvinist and Moderate alike. France, in her peril, internal as well as external, needs, above all things, a strong Government, and the experience of the last few years has shown conclusively that no strong Government is possible while affairs are the plaything of a number of rival Parliamentary factions. The present state of things must end: Gen. Boulanger is universally regarded as one of the chief forces possessed by France, and it will be very surprising if, as an outcome of the elections, he is not placed actually, or virtually, in supreme command.

WE think events of great importance are impending in Eastern Europe. The meaning of Prince Bismarck's recent polemic with the Russian press—his divulgement of the Partition Treaty between Russia and Austria—grows plainer every day. He knows France cannot afford to go to war unless with Russia by her side; and so to divert Russia from this alliance he tells her to go to Constantinople if she pleases. That is his plain meaning when he tells Russia that it was Prince Gortchakoff's fault, not his, that the Treaty of Berlin deprived Russia of the fruits of her victory. The interest of Germany in the fate of the Balkans is, in fact, as nothing compared with her interest in keeping Russia apart from France. If she can do this, though she may sacrifice the Austrian alliance, she may preserve both her western frontier from invasion by France, and her eastern from invasion by Russia. Indeed, Prince Bismarck would be mad to throw Russia into the arms of France for the sake of the Austrian alliance, by opposing Russian designs in the Balkans. Austria has sold herself to Russia behind his back already once; let her take care of herself now. As to England—the Russian march to Constantinople would certainly divert the attention of Russia from Afghanistan; if the Russians were seated on the Bosphorus, the English might rest without apprehension in India for another century, or forever. The Suez Canal never will be a secure route to India; and other English interests in that quarter will be amply safeguarded by her possession of Egypt, which must revert to her under the new Anglo-Turkish agreement, on the disappearance of Turkey. But how Italy, France, and Austria would relish the projection

of the Russian Power into the Mediterranean is another matter. With her arm able to reach around the shores of that sea, and her body out of the reach of assault, Russia would wield a terrible power, and all Southern Europe must combine anew to resist the danger.

MR. GLADSTONE has now persuaded himself that boycotting is sometimes justifiable. "Boycotting and exclusive dealing," he told the select meeting of Nonconformists at Dr. Parker's house, "may be very bad things, but they are the only weapons of self-defence belonging to a poor and disheartened people." He thought there ought to be inflexible resistance to a bill which proposed to take from the Irish people, "under the name of crime, methods of action which, though not to be desired in a healthy state of society, may, when society is in an unhealthy state, be the only perfect remedies at the command of the people." According to this teaching, if poor and disheartened people, of whom there are hundreds of thousands in London, should apply the "only perfect remedy" at their command, by plundering shops of provisions, clothing, and any luxuries they may think desirable, it would be wrong to oppose such methods of action because such a society is in an unhealthy state! Where will Mr. Gladstone stop?

AT the adjournment of the House of Commons for the Whitsuntide holidays, two clauses, containing some sixty lines, of the Crimes Bill had been passed in committee. This is all the result to show for a debate that has taken up about two-thirds of the session; and there are eighteen clauses yet to pass. It would be a pity, nevertheless, to cut the debate short yet awhile; every day this obstruction continues, Mr. Gladstone and his obstructionist following sink deeper and deeper in disgrace with the country. Let this go on as long as they please—the longer the better—until it is necessary to wind up the business of the session, when cloture might be applied sharply and rigorously with the approval of the whole country. The English wing of the Jacobin party must suffer immensely from such a record; even Mr. Gladstone will find it hard to explain away the part he has taken in this attempt to coerce Parliament into taking a course condemned by the country at the polls.

THE Secretary of the American League displays some humour when he contrasts the "manly, dignified conduct of the Toronto Irishmen while protecting the person of Wm. O'Brien, and maintaining the right of free speech," with "that of the howling mob, which by its own peculiar methods gave the American public a fair illustration of the strange idea of civil and religious liberty." In choosing his phrases he evidently had in mind the conduct of the English Members and the Parnellites in Parliament; and by ingeniously reversing the attributes of each, and applying the new terms to Toronto, he has managed to pay a pleasing compliment in borrowed phrase to his friends here. In the House of Commons on Monday, May 23, Mr. Healy described his opponents as a "damned lot of assassins." Dr. Tanner, being accused of calling Sir Trevor Lawrence a "damned coward," explained blandly that he had really said the "whole pack of Tory members were damned cowards." Subsequently Dr. Tanner got himself into difficulty with the Chairman by an expression which seems too strong for print. Perhaps the Secretary of the American League will tell us what ideas of civil and religious liberty the conduct of the howling mob of Parnellites in Parliament gives the American public?

THERE is sound sense in what the *Manchester Courier* says about the effect of the new iron duties. The bulk of raw materials used in Canada is so small compared with the bulk of British exports, that what would be a burden to the one would be almost unfelt by the other. The increase in the duty, too, enhances the cost of so many articles of Canadian manufacture of which iron is a raw material, and the product is so unimportant as compared with the product of British manufactures, that, like waters in a lock, it will not be impossible for the larger mass to flow over any protective barrier that may be raised at present.

THE unfailing report, based as usual on "undoubted authority," that the Government is anticipating trouble in the North-west, and is taking steps to prepare for it, has already begun to ferment in the columns of the Opposition press. We cannot form any very correct idea of the advance of spring in that distant locality by the season here, but the appearance of the foregoing rumour is a proof of vernal weather at its source which is simply unchallengable. We rejoice to know then that the wild roses are in blossom on the prairie, that the early potatoes are on time, that the fall wheat is up and coming. And we are equally grieved to infer that under the balmy influence of the spring the noble red man feels his pro-



pensity to horse-stealing growing upon him, and that predatory excursions, to the great inconvenience of the settlers and the Mounted Police, have been the result. Any inference more serious than this should be made with great caution. The present report doubtless received colour from the fact, not widely known, that a party of horse-stealing Indians fired ineffectually upon sentries about a month ago, also from the statement, as yet unverified, of the arrest of two Blackfeet runners. Even this simply shows the dissatisfied and uneasy condition of a people who are incapable of understanding that the clemency with which they were treated was anything but an indication of fear on the part of the Government. Philanthropy is a virtue without meaning to the average Indian. Consequently gratitude is a virtue without existence in him. And it is not surprising to find him regarding the exercise of forbearance toward him chiefly in the light of further opportunity. It is useless and foolish for us to flatter ourselves that there has not been ever since the rebellion, and will not be for years to come, necessity for strict vigilance and a constant show of authority in the North-west, if petty robberies are to be prevented, petty disturbances quelled, and settlers kept in that peaceful state of mind conducive to the rapid filling up of a great country. But while this is being done, and done each year more efficiently, the fear of any general uprising is most unfounded.

THE negro was once a postulate in the history and development of the United States; then he became a theorem, bloodily demonstrated; now he is a problem whose solution taxes the nation's ingenuity. It is gratifying to see that it is beginning to tax his own. "It has been suggested by some of the newspapers edited and published by coloured men in this country," says the *Boston Advertiser*, "that a convention of representative Negroes be held in Washington next July, for a free interchange of views upon the condition, prospects, and duty of their people." The puzzled friends of the black man could hardly desire a more trustworthy indication that he will finally develop in harmony with the national life and character. Hitherto the forces that have been uplifting him have been directed from the outside. They have been directed for the most part wisely and well, and by private, municipal, state, and national agencies, have brought him to that all-desirable point, where self-help presents itself to him as a profitable auxiliary to the philanthropic efforts of another race. But the most effectual leverage of this sort always operates from within, and the Ethiopian must work out his own intellectual, moral, and economic salvation if he is to be saved. Once he becomes thoroughly and intelligently interested in himself, he ceases to be the cloud upon the future of the country that he has been. He cannot help seeing that his best lines of growth are those which make toward the stature of an American citizen, that his interests are indissolubly bound up with those of the State, and that in all things, to enjoy her prosperity fully, he must be in harmony with her. All these things must be apprehended; they cannot be communicated. We think the *Advertiser* a little over sanguine, however, in expecting from such a convention, "a full and accurate presentation of the condition of the negro from Maryland to Texas," a "distinct and cognate setting forth of present and prospective needs," and other things. The aims of such a convention would doubtless be much more ambitious than its achievements would be practical. Its oratory would be inflated, its purposes indefinite, its aims amusing. An organisation to unify negro interests, and solidify negro influence from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, was entered upon a year ago in New York, and thus far the white-washer hath not prospered greatly by it, nor hath any cyclone arisen on American politics as the direct result. As an indication, such a movement is valuable and suggestive, but that will be its only important aspect for some time to come.

THE fact that it has finally been found possible to present Zola's play of "Renée" before houses composed to a somewhat greater degree than commonly of typical Parisian society is perhaps as strikingly illustrative of the present moral stage of that interesting people as anything that could be imagined or desired. Written several years ago, and known to have been flatly refused by at least three managers at that time, although made personable by a favourable verdict from the great Bernhardt herself, the production of the play last month marks a distinct advance along the ethical lines laid down for itself by the intellectual and artistic centre of France. The Parisians are fond of regarding moral altitudes, but they like to do it from a point on the level that ensures a beautiful and sublimated view. To note the gradual convergence of these lines to such a point is an interesting mathematical exercise when we note, as we may in this case, that the view is often lost after all. Having sacrificed the last shred of that stupid rectitude that sometimes opposes itself to the supremest achievements of art, and betaken itself to see "Renée," the Parisian public find no divine spark in the

humanity of the play that might serve by contrast as an excuse for the murkiness to be expected in it. There is no character poor and weak enough in the right way to merit sympathy, none with that virile quality in wickedness that claims interest. As usual, Zola has treated an exceptional case. He has treated it with the vivid realism with which his name is identified. His eye for the unpleasant is not dimmed, and none of his natural force is abated. But this is all the Parisians have gained in encouraging the liberal morality of the manager of the Vaudeville to the extent of paying fifty dollars apiece for certain balcony stalls at the *première* of "Renée." Their own rag-pickers have often been more lucky.

LAST year's exhibition of English paintings in Berlin, and the recent performance there of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, seem to be more than superficial indications of a very general awakening of Herr Teuton to the advisability of becoming *en rapport* with English art and literature. German critics are finding an immense field, in both of which the yield in popular interest is most satisfactory. One of them, Herr Herman Wichman rubs his eyes in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and makes discoveries about the music of the Elizabethan period which are interesting to us, chiefly because they are novel to him and his spectacled countrymen. He finds nothing in the work of the Italian, French, or German composers writing during the reign of the "Great Queen" to be compared either in melody or harmony with the work of the progressive English. He thinks, too, that in the motet and anthem for choir singing, and the domestic glee and madrigal, we have musical forms peculiarly our own. And he declares, moreover, that these conclusions are but preliminary to elaborate and weighty consideration of the subject in the musical gazettes of Berlin. All of which is naturally inspiring English musical circles with a greater respect for German authority than has ever existed before.

THE *Manchester Guardian* notes that an important article upon "Competition in Wheat-Growing" appears in the *Quarterly Review*. The chief purpose of the writer—a competent authority—is to show that the price of wheat has now fallen to a point so low that British farmers who are at present cultivating that cereal have no reason to fear competition from any quarter except India. Of the whole amount of wheat and wheat flour imported into the United Kingdom last year—equalling altogether nearly 121,600,000 bushels of wheat—about 72,000,000 bushels came from the United States, 20,000,000 bushels from India, 72,000,000 bushels from Russia, and about an equal quantity from Austria and Germany together. Canada sent 7,488,000 bushels; Chili, 3,144,000 bushels, and other countries 2,960,000 bushels. "What is the condition of the wheat-growers in these various fields of production, who are obliged to accept existing low prices? And are they likely to extend, or even to continue their present rate of production? We (the *Guardian*) have repeatedly drawn attention to the absence of expansion in the area under wheat in the United States for some years past as good evidence of the unprofitableness of its cultivation there, and the article adduces abundant statistical and other facts confirming this view. Especially significant are the facts that the wheat area of the States, notwithstanding their vast area of virgin land, has not increased since 1880, and that the wheat-growers are steadily becoming poorer. In no other great wheat-growing country is the condition of the producer any better, and in most it is worse. What, then, is the conclusion? Simply that 'in all parts of the world, with the doubtful exception of India, wheat-growers have been partially or wholly ruined by the long period of low prices, and British growers have only suffered with the rest.' The writer hits the nail on the head when he says: 'The low gold value of silver has had the effect of a handsome bounty on the export of wheat from India.' Perhaps a better way of stating the conclusion would be to say that, while in gold-standard countries wheat-producers are being ruined by the depression of prices, those in silver-standard countries are not suffering at all, and that the gradual extension of railways in India is bringing into the general markets of the world supplies hitherto out of reach."

A CORRESPONDENT of *Public Opinion*, referring to the letter of another correspondent, who, writing about oathing, referred to the mouth being kept closed while swimming against the wind so as to avoid the danger of water dropping suddenly into the windpipe and so causing suffocation, says that danger would be more effectually guarded against by in all cases keeping the mouth closed. This should be done whether bathing, running a race, or running after an omnibus, as the breath then comes and goes automatically, and without what is called losing your wind. In bathing, instead of counting your strokes, each respiration with closed lips should be counted, one hundred respirations occupying five minutes. This way

of noting time almost acts as an infallible specific against losing presence of mind—when, for instance, the shore is suddenly discovered to be further off than expected. Noting respirations has a very immediate and important effect on nervousness.

MR. GLADSTONE'S growing excitability has been often remarked since his fiasco of last summer. Says a London correspondent: A curious incident, in connexion with the Duke of Argyll's speech, attracted the amazed attention of the Peers on Friday night. It was mentioned in the correspondence of Saturday that Mr. Gladstone stood near the Throne, and the Duke, turning round in that direction, delivered his attack straight at Mr. Gladstone. The ex-Premier gradually became greatly excited. The fear of an outbreak became so serious that Mrs. Gladstone was sent for, and the good lady might have been seen flying along the corridors to the rescue. She stood just outside the House, to the right of the Throne, and, beckoning to Mr. Gladstone, he, like a dutiful husband, at once departed, giving, however, a defiant parting look at the still aggressive Duke.

#### IN THE QUEEN'S PARK, MAY 24, 1887.

COME! What are ye waitin' there for?  
 Don't ye 'ear what the people say?  
 Don't ye want to join the procession?  
 Don't ye know it's the Queen's Birthday?  
 If I was the one as faltered,  
 And grumbled and looked kind o' black,  
 It might be forgiven me, surely,  
 With ninety years at my back.  
 But there! I'm as willin' as ever,  
 Although I can't 'ear 'em play,  
 To join with the band in singin'  
 "God Save Her" on 'er Birthday!

She's sixty-eight and I'm ninety;  
 We're both gettin' on, I know.  
 She's the Dook o' Kent's little daughter,  
 I mind 'er openin' show,  
 'Twas in the black old Abbey,  
 How the London crowd did pour  
 'Long the Strand from dock and city  
 And cheered 'er at the door.  
 And I was there, and your father,  
 And we both elbowed our way  
 To the side o' the Royal carriage  
 On the Coronation Day!

She give us a smile, I remember,  
 And we come away satisfied.  
 I see 'er next at 'er weddin',  
 With Prince Albert at 'er side.  
 I did not sulk and grumble  
 As some o' you young ones do,  
 I'd been used to crowds afore—why, boy!  
 I was at Waterloo;  
 And in crowds, mind, do as I do,  
 Just push and fight your way,  
 Or ye'll find—'ere, boy! your arm, lad!  
 Pretty work on a Queen's Birthday!

'They had almost ridden me down like,  
 'Tis a pity old folks can't 'ear,  
 But my sight is as good as ever,  
 And there goes a Grenadier!  
 A splendid fellow he is, too—  
 A chip off the fine old block.  
 And 'ere is the Governor-General,  
 Sharp to his 'leven o'clock!  
 Ay, ay, but it takes me back, lad,  
 And England seems far away,  
 And I wish I could cheer as I'd like to  
 For 'er sixty-eighth Birthday.

But you—why, I'm 'alf ashamed o' ye!  
 Ye don't give as lusty a cheer  
 As me with my bent old shoulders,  
 As me with my ninety year!  
 Ye've got hold o' new ideas;  
 "Beant English"—well, that may be;  
 Ye "wasn't born in England,"—  
 But your father was—and me,  
 And ye live in the Queen's Dominions,  
 And ye owe her every way,  
 And it's nothin' more than your dooty  
 To cheer on the Queen's Birthday.

For what if your mother was Irish,  
 And what if ye don't just like

The ways o' some around ye,  
 And feel sort o' set on strike;  
 Take me—I come out in—'40  
 To this 'ere Canadian land,  
 And there's many things as I know  
 I don't yet 'alf understand,—  
 Why the quality's twice as 'aughty,  
 Why the Parks must be sold away,  
 And why ye must drink in water  
 'Er 'ealth on the Queen's Birthday.

But though I'm a loyal Briton  
 I love the new land too,  
 What's this O'Brien? Who's he  
 To meddle with me and you?  
 'Tis a fair young land in truth, lad,  
 Look around, and ye'll see how fair,  
 With the glory o' spring-time grasses  
 With the chestnut smell in the air.  
 Why, a prettier spot than this, lad,  
 And people in finer array  
 Could 'ardly be found in Old England,  
 A-keepin' the Queen's Birthday!

And we look to all you youngsters  
 To keep your land fair and young,  
 To take no man for a leader  
 As hasn't an honest tongue.  
 There! Watch the eddykongs gallop,  
 And 'ark to a British cheer!  
 Get me a better place, lad—  
 I wish your O'Brien was 'ere!  
 And I wish that the Queen 'erself was  
 Able to see the display,  
 And the loyal crowds as is keepin'  
 'Er sixty-eighth Birthday!

SERANUS.

#### THE UNSPEAKABLE TIP.

WHEN a practice obtains among our worthy friends of the Republic that is inconvenient to the greater number of them, an intermittent but unmistakable howl through the newspapers and magazines usually voices their discontent, and informs us of it. We have learned to look for this vocal demonstration, and to classify it. It differs generically from the British grumble, being the product of an intelligence that is in the habit of following objection by action, and not of finding in a printed diatribe the solace which is its end to the complainant in the *Morning Chronicle*. It is loud and long and logical, and it looks to immediate redress. If there be a tinge of immorality in the practice, the howl gains in impressiveness. If, in addition to being inconvenient and immoral, the abuse be English, it gains in every way. It is inconvenient to tip, it is immoral to tip, it is also English to tip; and the gall and the wormwood of the evil the American public is just now exercising its lungs over seems to lie in the fact of its importation.

From a new world standpoint the practice is certainly objectionable. It conflicts with the theory of universal equality, for the tip is the legal tender of superiority. It is wholly outside the ethical philosophy of a people who feel degraded in accepting money which they have not earned, and by its observance a great many people find themselves made uncomfortable who have a not unreasonable objection to being made uncomfortable. From an old world standpoint it is a nuisance, but a nuisance so sanctioned by time, and upheld by tradition, and authorised by circumstances, as to be tolerated, with a protest that has become meaningless. To the average Englishman, the sixpence he puts into the collection-plate is not dropped more as a matter of course than it would be into the hand of a policeman who hailed a cab for him. And indeed, in a land where patronage is ratified by immemorial usage, and condescension is created by statute, the habit is a natural, if a reprehensible, growth. It hardly defines the servant's position to a greater degree than the service does; the mental attitude of the tippee was taken long before his first tip, and it is quite as long since he adjusted himself morally to the blow to his self-respect. Circumstances, doubtless, once made it a generous action of great people to small people, proper and justifiable enough according to their lights; that custom has made it a tax levied indiscriminately by one-half the nation on the other half is not the greatest of class evils. At all events it must be something of an aggravation to the British public to be berated for originating an evil it bears patiently enough, by a people whose lavish and foolish extravagance has wofully increased it. The introduction of half-a-dollar where twelve and a-half cents was once considered munificent, is enough to make the round-waistcoated originator

of the latter gratuity groan in spirit for the term of his natural life. For the liberal innovator sails joyously home after a season, and is comparatively free from the consequences of his misdoing, which fall heavily on the native Briton, compelled to tarry under the tyranny of the tip.

It is instructive to observe the British and American conception of this so greatly execrated institution. The Briton pulls out his shilling in half growling acknowledgment of a dimly conceived idea of duty to himself, to society at large, to the particular palm outstretched for it. As a rule, he expects no special return for his outlay; he pays, however, for the privilege of swearing roundly at any shortcoming in the service rendered. The American, on the contrary, tips as a business investment. He wants more than he pays for, and in his anxiety to secure it on these terms it may be noted that he usually pays for more than he gets. It is purely with the idea of ultimate gain, however, that the investment is made. Nothing else enters into the calculation, except in some cases the idea that it is good form to make it. It would never occur to the average American to bully his fellow citizen in the white apron because he had bestowed a gratuity upon him. Democratic principle is too strong to collapse wholly, even by the undermining influence of the tip. No properly regulated American could feel at liberty to abuse a man because he had given him money. It would be a clear loss of self-respect to him, if the fellow-being in the apron resented it, and of respect for the human kind if he did not. He couldn't think of it. And so, if his tip is ineffectual, the free-born American retires discomfited to write another article upon the abominable customs of foreigners.

There is little justification, social, sentimental, or sumptuary, for the principle of the tip. There is none for the tip that precedes service. Neither is discretion to be found in it. Such bestowal may inspire an active gratitude, but the chances are against it. It is better to trust to one's own sense of rectitude than to a porter's or a waiter's, and keep cash on hand. The reward of the deserving is ever before their eyes when it is not in their pockets, and prospective possession is an excellent motive power. This is not by way of advice but of caution. If you must tip, do it sagaciously, and not as the Americans.

There is a secret sinful joy in administering a tip when it is at all fairly earned, that must go far toward perpetuating the habit. To be waited upon for instance by a shiny Ethiopian, with a deference that is as oil to one's irritated sensibilities, with a nimble dexterity that gratifies, a broad smile that reassures, and a dignified suavity that amuses, is extremely provocative of the appreciative dime or quarter. For this we find excuse. We arise refreshed and made happy by an influence not down in the bill, the influence of this simple black personality with its genial guile. We have a moral right to pay for it if we want to. But when the service has been poorly or ungraciously performed, there is no condemnation too strong for him who, rather than incur the contempt of the autocrat of the napkin, weakly renders tribute unto Cæsar in the face of the law and the prophets.

It is quite surprising to discover how deeply rooted and universal is the tipping principle in the heart of man. It appears to be a protoplasmic form of original sin, of which modern conditions have brought about the perfect evolution. The social tip is as constantly perpetrated as the political, and more offensively, because it affects us more intimately. The waiter behind the chair is often no more in the actual receipt of a tip than the gentleman in it. One gets specie, the other spaghetti, Chianti, and your good company. The tender, moreover, is unexpressed. We are always being saddened by the intelligence of literary tips, the nature of which is vaguely hinted at, leaving a margin for guessing unutterable things. The devotees of music, the drama, the fine arts,—none can escape, as a class, the odium of having unduly tampered with the tip. The trail of the serpent is over them all. The last man, standing on London Bridge, silent amid a silent world, looking back over the agencies that so undermined the social structure as to make his vote of no consequence, will doubtless reckon this not among the least of them. S. J. D.

#### TWO NEW NOVELS.\*

IN "Saracinesca" Mr. Marion Crawford has given the novel-reading public more than any previous book of his would lead it to anticipate. This author has been for some years now constantly under the critical inspection of a large and, for the most part, an admiring class. The publication of the very first of his novels, "Mr. Isaacs," was the signal for quite a tumult of applause, which has been renewed at intervals with growing enthusiasm ever since, and has lately found more than the drawing-room echo which accompanied it somewhat exclusively at first. And Mr. Crawford's work

affords ample justification for this. His name went up like a rocket, and there was no little prophesying that it would come down like one. There was a hint of affectation in his earlier work, a note of insincerity, an elaboration of cynicism, which, while it doubtless helped the drawing-room echo, gave no small probability to this prophecy. But by what appears to be severe self-criticism and serious application of the pruning knife to these undesirable growths, Mr. Crawford has wisely put his undoubted strength to better purpose. "The Tale of a Lonely Parish" gave us the first evidence of this, clear and unobscured by the foreign atmosphere which might have made its detection more difficult. And now, in the bold, firm hand visible everywhere in "Saracinesca," we see it most convincingly, despite the Roman mists.

"Saracinesca" is, in more respects than that of displaying great advance toward force and simplicity, Mr. Crawford's most important work. Its scope, taken in social and political Rome about the middle of the present century, is wider and more interesting than anything we have had before, and affords greater opportunity for the exercise of that subtle perception of shades of character, as they are to be observed in society, for which this author is so notable. In literary technique Mr. Crawford has also visibly improved; and he has dropped the bad habit, reduced in him perhaps to its minimum of offensiveness, of taking us upon reflective excursions at the end of the chapters. The theme of "Saracinesca" is simple and common enough. The heroine, a nobly conceived and strongly drawn duchessa, married through the duty that operates sometimes by the force of circumstances, without love, is loved by an Italian aristocrat of equally noble mould, and returns his love, in the fancied security of her hitherto unsusceptible nature, before she is aware of it. In this situation there is an opportunity for much strained morality, morbid sentiment, and unlawful love-making, coloured to excite one's sympathy at the expense of one's judgment, which is almost invariably made the most of. Mr. Crawford, however, has discarded it—a refreshing departure. He treats the scene of mutual confession dramatically; but he keeps faith with the strong, beautiful characters he has created, and permits them to fall not one inch from the moral plane on which he placed them in the beginning. With much straightforward common sense he gives their conduct the only proper and justifiable course; and we are grateful to him for not prolonging the suffering it entails by any unnecessary delay in despatching the inconvenient old Duca. After his death we are relieved to find no absurd scruples, looking to self-punishment for having fallen in love prematurely, taking possession of the pair. After pursuing so many highly-wrought American organisations into this complex situation, it is gratifying to come upon these simple Italian natures, finding nothing but a gracious dispensation of Providence in this timely removal, and accepting its benefits with chastened spirits and humble hearts accordingly.

There is a noticeable evenness in the work Mr. Crawford has put into "Saracinesca." The people to whom he has entrusted his little drama are wonderfully complete studies in humanity, and there is a care in the detail of the story which makes it a microscopic presentation of the social life of Rome at a time quite within the question or the corroboration of many who knew it then. We are delighted to welcome the element of humour Mr. Crawford introduces in the person of the old Prince Saracinesca, a character in which we detect sympathy and insight on the part of the author for which we had not dreamed of giving him credit. The Prince is a capital blending of strong human qualities, a manly, tender, hot-tempered, whimsical old fellow, who deserves to live long and prosper at the hands of publisher and public. The story opens with a delightful sketch of the foreign element of Rome twenty years ago, drawn somewhat at the expense of the touring party of to-day, and closes with chapters in which the fortunes of Saracinesca and his wife become entangled with those of the Papal Government. Here we are left in a thrill of expectancy which another volume, we are pretty definitely promised, will gratify. But for this, the novel would lack balance, unity, and symmetry. Even regarded as a part, we might reasonably expect a somewhat stronger climax in a volume of avowed romance. But "Saracinesca" must be believed, in spite of the disadvantage of judging it piecemeal, a forcible and beautiful piece of work.

It is with a keen sensation of pleasure occurring too seldom in his experience that the reviewer takes up anything by the author of "Airs from Arcady." The delicate and distinctive flavour of Mr. Bunner's work has won for it consideration as a literary *entrée*, very like that accorded Mr. Aldrich's. The quality corresponding to the humour of the latter author is not so perceptible in Mr. Bunner's prose, and this is odd, because his poetry is subtly instinct with it. But there is the same gentle pathos, the same mastery of situation and dainty handling of detail, the same fine qual-

\* New York: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

ity of thought, and an equally fresh individuality. In "The Story of a New York House," which the Scribners put through their magazine before giving it to the public in book form, Mr. Bunner has gone away back into the century for his material. His work has therefore been that of reconstruction, and very faithfully he seems to have performed it. It would take an octogenarian at least to criticise the laying of the bricks and the planning of the streets, but to those who know old New York chiefly by young history and tradition not yet gray, Mr. Bunner's building is very real. He has vivified old tones, and voiced old compliments, and conjured up a social atmosphere of which the vital qualities were long since exhausted, with equal skill. "The Story of a New York House" is simply what its title would lead one to expect. The old house begins with magnificence and ends with decay, as is the way of architecture in these latter days, and with its varying fortunes are bound up the destinies of a family whom we are surprised, upon closing the book, to have found so interesting. There is not the suspicion of a plot. We owe the pleasure of the book solely to the author's charming personality.

S. J. D.

### ARTIST AND ACTOR.

THE French Salon, which opens its doors simultaneously with the Royal Academy, seems to exhibit this year, as usual, a number of pictures of little intrinsic value, if we except those of well known artists. There is apparently no spirit of progress abroad in art circles, and if there be a tendency in any direction it is retrogressive. The morbid taste for repulsive and sensational incidents is increasing, to judge by the various unpleasant and most realistic paintings on the walls, among which may be mentioned two scenes from hospital wards: in one a woman is lying under chloroform, while a learned medico discourses on some peculiar treatment with regard to her case. A young artist of Swiss parentage has also a remarkable picture of Pasteur vaccinating a child against hydrophobia, which makes one regret the evil direction of his evident talent. Cormon's "Vainqueurs de Salamine," designated by his friends and admirers as the probable *prix d'honneur*, disappoints every one, being conventional in treatment and sterile in feeling. The effect produced by Duez's exquisite work, entitled "Evening," is widely different; landscapes are seldom painted on so large a scale, but the subject is simple and its success marvellous. "The Death of Cæsar," by Rochegrosse, the promising artist who exhibited in the last Salon a wonderful picture of Nebuchadnezzar, is curious by reason of the way in which he has managed to paint a crowd of white-robed senators against a background of white marble. In a smaller picture, "Salome Dancing Before Herod," he shows himself as wonderful a colourist as Fortuny. Benjamin Constant contributes a "Theodora" of great beauty, robed in a marvellous combination of purple and gold; the head and arms of the Byzantine empress are covered with jewels. François Flameng's trio of pictures executed for the decoration of the staircase of the new Sorbonne are very unlike his usual works, and are painted in low tones, after the manner of frescoes.

The best picture by an American in the Salon is said to be "Tulip Culture," by George Hitchcock, probably similar in conception to his painting of a "Dutch Garden" in last year's exhibition of the Society of American Artists. When Mr. Hitchcock first went to Holland several years ago, he sent home nothing but small landscapes and marine studies in water colour, and his very great progress in a short time may be ascribed to his close application to his profession and to the benefits of foreign influences and associations.

A SECOND notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House, treats the members and associates pretty severely in its criticism, and says that, though Sir Frederick Leighton, and Messrs. Alma Tadema, Poynter, Luke Fildes, Waterhouse, and Pettie are all fine draughtsmen, some of the foreign, and notably the French, school excel them, at any rate in outlining the human figure. Mr. Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., contributes "Hesperia," a regal-looking woman holding in her hand the golden fruit; it is a fine example of careful yet masterly drawing. In "Arrival of King Carnival, Venice," the sole painting shown by Miss Clara Montalba, that lady has produced what many, if not most, will consider her finest work. The treatment of the design is singularly picturesque, and the atmospheric effect given in the artist's most talented manner. The Montalba family are a mine of strength, as all four sisters are contributors. Miss Hilda Montalba sends a clever pastel drawing, "On Campden Hill;" Miss Helen Montalba a portrait of her sister Clara, an excellent likeness finished in the manner of a Dutch master, and Miss Henrietta Montalba, the sculptress, a finely modelled bust, "A Study," in terra cotta. "A Desert Grave, Nile Expedition, 1885," by Lady Butler, ill represents the talent of the artist. There is nothing interesting in it, as most of the figures are the men of the Camel Corps mounted, with their backs turned to the spectator. The finest example of a battle picture in the galleries is "Bad News From the Front," by Mr. John Carlton, an engraving of which appeared in the *Graphic* last summer. Of human life there is none in the scene, but a number of cavalry horses, some sorely wounded, all much exhausted, are making their way through a shallow stream, and advancing straight towards the observer. The story of a disastrous fight in which not one brave fellow returns to tell the tale is given here with wonderful directness and effect.

MR. L. R. O'BRIEN has painted for the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, the largest picture in water colours he has yet attempted; it is entitled "A Portage on the Péribonka," a rough brawling river which empties itself into the St. Lawrence below Quebec; a most effective

study of the scenery in that remote district, the force and body of the water being given with realistic skill; while the rocks in the foreground are handled as the artist well knows how to handle them, the figures in the scene are excellent, and the spirit of an essentially Canadian Landscape is carried out to the letter, both in the sky and surrounding trees. Mr. O'Brien has in this year's Academy at Burlington House, "In the Canadian Rocky Mountains: Footprints of an Avalanche," which has attracted much attention and admiration, and "Mount Hermit," exhibited in the Dudley Gallery, London.

"MAN AND WIFE" was withdrawn from the Haymarket Theatre on the 14th May, having met with but scant success.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER will return shortly to America, where she may be more favorably received as an actress than she has been by the British public.

MDME. SARAH BERNHARDT will give one performance in Toronto on the 11th June; she intends to pay London a short visit during the season, and appear at the Lyceum Theatre on the 18th July; her repertoire, however, will include nothing new, and comprises "Phèdre," "Frou-Frou," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "La Dame aux Camélias," "Hernani," "Fédora."

AFTER July, "Held by the Enemy" will probably be moved to some other theatre; its popularity is now established, and it bids fair to run for a considerable time.

FOR a number of weeks during the past winter New York audiences were permitted to see a revival of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." The piece was well put on the stage, and admirably acted. Neither manager nor performer left anything to be desired. This play will be produced by Mr. Daly's company in the large cities of the States—probably also in Canada—and will no doubt be received as rapturously elsewhere as in New York. The newspaper critics and private individuals vied with each other in their expressions of approval, and if the audience concerned themselves at all about the sentiment of the piece, they gave no sign of it. The fact that the play was one of Shakespeare's lifted it above criticism, so far as the subject itself was concerned, though it is one of the poorest examples of the Bard of Avon's genius.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE" was produced recently at the Boston Museum, as a dramatic version of their "strange adventures." Those who know the technical difficulties of transforming a novel or a romance into a play, even when all the conditions seem propitious, may well have anticipated the failure of any attempt to recast Mr. Stevenson's weird story, the effect of which depends so much on analyses, introspections, and psychological details, which evade personification and outward demonstration. There are a few tempting possibilities in Dr. Jekyll, but these were only available as suggestions, and beyond them there was neither the variety of ready-made incidents nor of characters, for which the playwright looks when he turns his attention to a work of fiction. Much credit is due therefore to Mr. T. B. Sullivan for his dramatisation of the story. He has not made a drama for which any lasting popularity can be predicted, but his deft theatrical workmanship has produced a play of deep interest to all who are familiar with the original, a knowledge of which must be pre-supposed in the audience, though he has pieced it with inventions of his own, enlarging some of the minor characters and introducing others, entirely new, in order to give lucidity and coherence to the main idea of Stevenson's work.

There are four acts and ten characters, Mr. Richard Mansfield appearing in the double part of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He, however, interprets not the Jekyll of Stevenson, not "a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty," such as the story portrays; but a lachrymal, long-visaged, strutting young gentleman, apparently not more than twenty-five, clean-shaven, raven-haired, sombre as Hamlet, a cross between Eugene Aram and Edgar Allan Poe, a college tutor, an elocutionist, a tragedian out of employment—anything but the substantial, prosperous Dr. Jekyll of our acquaintance. There is a special object in this deviation from the original, in the complete transformation effected in the personality of Mr. Mansfield when Mr. Hyde enters; which is, by the way, accomplished without wigs, beards, or any conspicuous change of costume, but is as marvellous and clever as anything that has been on the stage for a long time; the slender, well-proportioned, poetic Jekyll has shrunk into the incarnation of all malevolence with a hideousness of mien which strikes the beholder with an icy chill—a demon gloating over his own wickedness, and capable of illimitable evil. The minor characters are but explanatory, and all the interest of the play centres, of course, in Mr. Mansfield. His impersonation is a remarkable one, much stronger in the part of Hyde than in that of Jekyll, but intelligent and broad throughout.

E. S.

### RECENT MISCELLANY.

PREBENDARY ROW is already favourably known as a writer on apologetics, by his Bampton Lectures, and he has given us an altogether satisfactory, although brief, compendium of Christian Evidences in the handy volume before us. [A Manual of Christian Evidences: By Prebendary Row. New York: Whitaker; London: Hodder.] It is published for half-a-crown in London, and for seventy-five cents in New York. No student of divinity should be unprovided with a copy.

When Butler and Paley produced their immortal works, the opponents of Christianity were chiefly Deists, and in many cases held that the contents of the New Testament were the result of imposture. Since their



days the whole attitude of unbelief has changed. It is now generally admitted (it was so, e.g., by J. S. Mill) that Butler's argument against Deism is irresistible and crushing, and so unbelief has retired, first upon Pantheism, and then upon Atheism or Agnosticism. The consequence has been that apologists have been, in like manner, compelled to change their position and their artillery, even if their arguments are, in substance, the same.

No reasonable opponents of Christianity now venture to denounce the apostles as imposters, so that the whole business of unbelievers is to account for the origin of the Gospel on natural grounds, and the business of the apologist is to show that only by the assumption of supernatural causes can its origin and nature be explained.

We think that Mr. Row has done wisely in starting from the moral argument, and more especially from that which is derived from the unique character and personality of Jesus, a phenomenon which he holds to be unaccountable on merely natural grounds. He has not, however, neglected the argument from miracles, which he considers in the second part of his volume. We think he has done greater justice to this part of the subject in this work than in his Bampton Lectures, in which he seemed to go too far in minimizing the importance of the miraculous. The whole book shows a complete knowledge of the position of the enemy, and is written with great ability.

WE are likely to have an abundance of literature from the land of the Tsars for an indefinite time to come. The interest which began when Tourgenieff was made intelligible to the novel-readers of this continent, and continues in Tolstoi, Golgol, and Dostoiyevsky, constantly fostered by the impassioned admiration of Mr. Howells in his "Editor's Study," will find gratification until market is glutted, popular curiosity satisfied, and the combination of unnecessary consonants in an author's name, a thing abhorrent. The latest addition to our Anglo-Russian shelves is, "The Rusty Linch-pin," after the Russian of MM. Kokhanovsky, by M. M. S. and J. L. E., brought out in Boston by D. Lothrop and Company. "The Rusty Linch-pin" is a simple tale, a very simple tale indeed, which gives us some glimpses into the domestic life of the people, avoiding the interest which attaches both to serfdom and to its aristocratic antipodes. The story is told in that "fresh and natural" way, which is doubtless charming in the original, but presents itself in such an irresistibly juvenile light in a translation. Its scene is laid in a little settlement in one of the remote Steppe Provinces, and its thread runs sedately from one estate to another. The title—by the way the Russians are not much on titles apparently—is taken from the climax of the story, the breaking down of a "britzky," owing to a defeat in the titular article, which event precipitates a marriage among other things.

THE many readers of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's delightful negro sketches, that have appeared at intervals in various American magazines, will be glad to hear that they can now be obtained in book-form, bound together under the title of "In Ole Virginia," by the Scribners. From the publication of the earliest of these, "Marse Chan," Mr. Page's genius in depiction has been recognised, and his readers have congratulated themselves that he has taken the inimitable negro field for its exercise. The author, a young Richmond lawyer, will be remembered as one of those referred to most appreciatively in a recent article in *Harper's* upon the literary movement in the South. His work is done with consummate grace and no small degree of the best art that goes into short stories. Those unfamiliar with it have a fresh and delightful pleasure in store for them. The Scribners have put the stories between covers designed by the Tiffany Art Company, yellow-leaved Virginia creeper twining over them. Appropriate but a little too gorgous.

A VERY useful and admirable little book of the "Clarendon Press Series," comes to us from its native Oxford through Williamson and Company, of this city: "An Introduction to Greek Sculpture," by L. E. Upcott, M.A. A pliable English bound hand-book is a pleasure to handle even before one looks into it, and the virtues of the exterior, in this case, are reflected within. The "Introduction" is made smoothly, compactly, suggestively. It is not as elaborate as Perry's, nor as expensive, yet it contains all that the average reader needs to become intelligently familiar with the casts in the museums and their schools. Mr. Upcott has done the work in a surprisingly interesting way, when the amount of condensation required is taken into consideration.

THE "University Year-Book" has so long been before the public, that its merits must be understood in a way that leaves us little to say of the copy that has reached THE WEEK, save in acknowledgment of the courtesy which sent it. The need for such a publication only becomes properly apparent upon its appearance; but that the need is great few who have seen it will deny. The comprehensiveness of the little volume, the care with which it has been edited, with its important addition of a graduates' list at the end, should make it indispensable to everybody in the least interested in University events.

WE have received also the following publications:

- SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. June. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. May. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. May. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.
- GRAMMER SCHOOL. June. Boston: 30 Franklin Street.
- FORAM. June. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.
- SANITARIAN. May. New York: 113 Fulton Street.
- CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. June. Toronto: William Briggs.
- MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. June. New York: 743 Broadway.

## DOMINION BANK.

*Proceedings of the Sixteenth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders, held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, May 25th, 1887.*

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the Institution, on Wednesday, May 25th, 1887.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, Joseph Cawthra, W. T. Keily, G. Boyd, Walter S. Lee, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Anson Jones, Wilmot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadlay, Aaron Ross, E. B. Osler, J. Mason, etc.

It was moved by Mr. W. T. Keily, seconded by Mr. Walter S. Lee, That Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Mr. W. D. Matthews moved, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler, and

*Resolved*—That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as Secretary.

Messrs. W. S. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed Scrutineers.

The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1886.....	\$3,416 28
Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1887, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts..	202,426 48
	\$205,842 76
Dividend 5 per cent., paid 1st November, 1886.....	\$75,000 00
Dividend 5 per cent., payable 2nd May, 1887.....	75,000 00
Amount voted to Pension and Guarantee Fund.....	5,000 00
	\$155,000 00
Carried to Reserve Fund.....	\$50,842 76
	50,000 00
	\$842 76

The Directors have pleasure in informing the shareholders that the business of the Bank has been well maintained in every department.

Owing to the growth of the city it has been deemed advisable to secure premises at the corner of Dundas and Queen streets. A temporary office adjoining same has been open since last October.

Toronto, May, 1887.

JAMES AUSTIN, *President.*

The Scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. James Austin, Wm. Ince, E. Leadlay, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, James Scott, and Hon. Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. James Austin was elected President, and the Hon. Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing term.

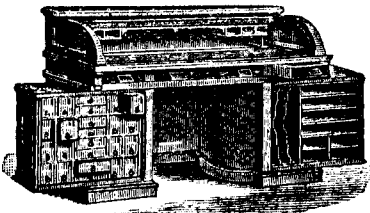
### GENERAL STATEMENT.

<i>Liabilities.</i>	
Capital Stock paid up.....	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund.....	\$1,070,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	842 76
Dividend No. 32, payable May 2.....	75,000 00
Reserved for Interest and Exchange.....	64,426 04
Rebate on Bills Discounted.....	23,573 61
	\$1,233,842 41
	\$2,733,842 41
Notes in Circulation.....	\$1,063,689 00
Deposits not bearing Interest.....	1,029,476 17
Deposits bearing Interest.....	4,869,121 28
Balance due to other Banks in Great Britain.....	272,935 88
Balance due to other Banks in Canada.....	4,401 15
	\$7,230,623 48
	\$9,973,465 89
<i>Assets.</i>	
Specie.....	\$156,364 84
Dominion Government Demand Notes.....	352,921 00
Notes and Cheques of other Banks.....	255,262 75
Balances due from other Banks.....	730,217 18
Dominion Government Securities.....	153,935 00
Provincial Government Securities.....	563,162 27
Municipal and other Debentures.....	775,708 77
	\$2,987,571 81
Bills Discounted and Current (including advances on call).....	\$6,693,135 05
Overdue debts secured.....	96,794 13
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for).....	53,081 09
Real Estate.....	4,043 33
Bank Premises.....	136,054 99
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads.....	2,785 49
	\$6,985,894 08
	\$9,973,465 89

R. H. BETHUNE, *Cashier.*

*Dominion Bank, Toronto, 30th April, 1887.*

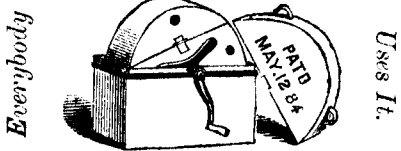
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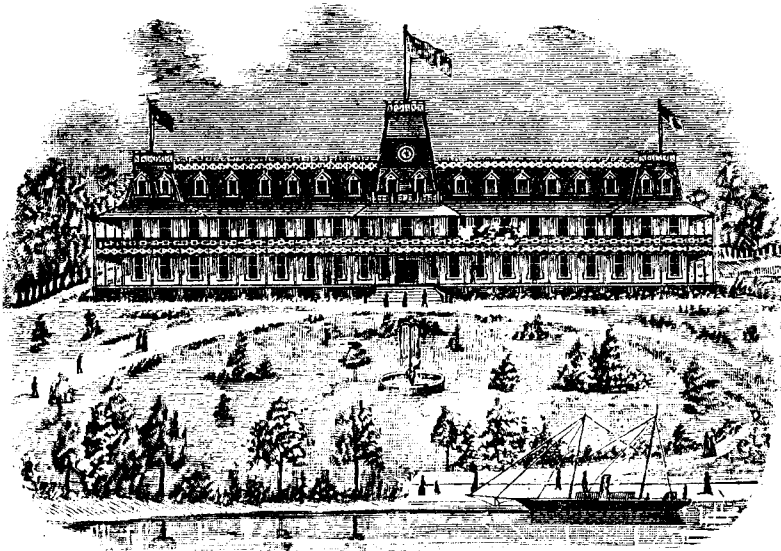
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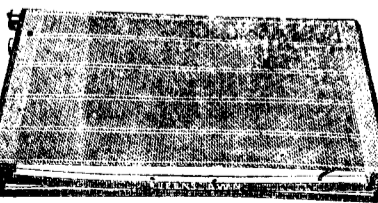
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