THE WEEK:

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Fifth Year.
Vol. V., No. 30.

Toronto, Thursday, June 21st, 1888.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

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

TIMES change, and men and nations change with them. Some of the English papers are calling attention to the marked change which is coming over the feelings of the people in the newer and younger countries of the world in regard to immigration. Time was when immigrants from all quarters were welcomed, and every new comer was regarded as an acquisition, a direct addition to the strength of the country. But now there is everywhere a disposition to look askance at the new arrivals, and to exercise a power of selection and of veto in regard to them. For this change the old countries are themselves in a great measure responsible. Their selfish instincts have led them to strive to retain the useful and send off the useless members of their communities. Precisely the same instinct it is which prompts the people of the Colonies to refuse the useless, and welcome only the useful. This change in the attitude of America and Australia towards Europe and Asia is a sure sign of the times. To what extent it will check the streams of immigration which have been for years pouring forth from the cities and harbours of the old world, remains to be seen. If it were simply the pauperized and physically and morally worthless who were being rejected, the problem would be simplified. But the movement for exclusion is likely to become even stronger as directed against the able-bodied and industrious. They are those whose competition is likely to be felt by the labouring classes, and against whom the influence of those classes, now so powerful, will be more and more directed. The opposition to such immigration is real, and it is becoming serious. Two distinct and important questions are raised by it. First, Have the occupiers of a new country the moral right to forbid entrance to others, and if so, when, and at what stage of occupancy do they acquire that right? Second, Is such a policy of exclusion economically sound and wise? Both questions demand fuller and more dispassionate consideration than they have yet received.

A GOOD deal of surprise has been not unnaturally excited by the remarkably light sentence imposed by Judge Wurtele at the Aylmer Assizes upon Messrs. John Casgrove and James McCall for embezzlement of public funds under the former Quebec Government. There was, it appears, no doubt whatever that the offence was committed, the parties having plead guilty to the indictment. Nor was the character of the transaction, so far as appears, questioned, the judge having taken occasion to remark from the Bench that the crime of stealing from the public funds is just as heinous as that of stealing from private individuals. The statement seems, indeed, so like a truism that it is no compliment to the morals of public officials that the learned judge should have thought it necessary to make it. But the principle thus gravely laid down seemed strangely inconsistent, to say the least, with the merely nominal punishment awarded for so grave an offence. Surely some important mitigating circumstances must have been in the mind of the judge, or he could not have found it consistent with his sense of public duty to let off those convicted of embezzling, appropriating under false pretences, $500 apiece from the public treasury, with a sentence of six hours' imprisonment. If the custom of dealing loosely or dishonestly with public funds is becoming so alarmingly common, as Judge Wurtele's words seem to imply, it is clearly the more necessary that exemplary punishment should be inflicted in every case where such a charge is clearly established. We are reluctant to comment upon a judicial decision thus rendered after full investigation of facts and circumstances, but it does seem that, in the interests of public morality, the palliating considerations which were sufficiently powerful with the court to warrant so light a sentence for so grave an offence should be made known, in order that the judgment of the court may be seen to be consistent with the sound maxim enunciated by it.

THERE has been for some time past a growing dissatisfaction in the minds of the more thoughtful with the subjects and methods of our vaunted Public School education. In this, as in so many other matters having relation to civic and social life, the period of complacency is passing away, and that of close and logical scrutiny beginning. Especially is it coming to be seen and felt on all hands that common school education, as ordinarily understood, has "too much to do with books and too little to do with things." The report which Inspector Hughes has recently submitted to the Toronto School Board, as well as the evidence submitted a few weeks since before the Labour Commission, give some reason to hope that Ontario may not be behind in considering and adopting the improved methods. The important thing to be considered in connection with the Public School system is that the training of the hand and eye, which has hitherto been almost wholly neglected, is a most important factor in all good education. It is, to say the least, doubtful whether it will ever be advisable for the State to undertake anything of the nature of technical training as a preparation for particular trades or industries. But, as Professor Huxley observes, in the April *Popular Science Monthly*, "If there were no such things as industrial pursuits, a system of education which does nothing for the faculties of observation, which trains neither the eye nor the hand, and is compatible with utter grievance of the commonest natural truths, might still be reasonably regarded as strangely imperfect." It is to be hoped that the Toronto School Board will take the lead in introducing the most important reform suggested into the Public Schools of Ontario.

THE overcrowding of the learned professions has for some time past been a serious problem in Germany, in which the facilities for higher education are probably greater than those offered in any other country. But the same question is beginning to force itself upon public attention even in America. At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, in Cincinnati, a plan was proposed and received with great applause for limiting both the number of medical graduates and of medical schools in the United States, by securing concerted action on the part of the different States. Even in Canada the competition for positions as teachers in the public schools, though unfortunately public school teaching can hardly as yet be considered a learned profession, is becoming so keen as to lead to serious discussion of methods for keeping down the supply. To an onlooker it would seem as if the natural and legitimate method of reducing supply in all such cases should be found, not in any system of arbitrary restriction in numbers of students or of schools, but in steadily raising the standard of qualification higher and higher. Another correction of a still more salutary kind would be found if courses and methods of instruction in the higher institutions could be so changed as to give to pursuits such as agriculture and horticulture the same attractiveness and popularity which now

attach to what are called the learned professions. Why not? Who can doubt that education would tell in such pursuits almost as directly and practically as in those which have hitherto had a monopoly of it? Certainly it would be just as beneficial in regard to its higher end, the elevation and strengthening of the mental nature and the opening up of new and higher sources of pleasure and usefulness. It will be a day of retrogression when any people think themselves forced to discourage higher education, because of the overcrowding of the occupations which have hitherto been thought the only ones suitable for the learned. We ought surely to have by this time reached the idea of education for its own sake, and we should be at least within sight of the time when education shall be the fashion in all the industries and occupations of civilized life.

THE British Government has withdrawn the license compensation clauses of the Local Government Bill. This was inevitable under the circumstances. It was manifestly impossible to disregard a public sentiment so overwhelmingly hostile. There seems, moreover, some reason to think that, however sound the principle of compensation—and its soundness even Mr. Gladstone has, on a previous occasion, acknowledged—the clauses as framed would have proved unworkable, or at least seriously inequitable, in practice. Without accepting the accuracy of Mr. Caine's arithmetical calculations, according to which the compensation provided for under the bill would have amounted to the appalling sum of thirty millions of pounds sterling, it became pretty clear that the system of compensation proposed would have wrought entirely in favour of the very class of establishments which have least to recommend them to the general public, *i.e.* the saloons, or gin-palaces. The more exclusively a house was given up to the sale of liquors, and the greater its profits derived from the encouragement of drinking in its most objectionable form, the larger would have been its claim to compensation. If, for instance, as no doubt was sometimes the case, the conversion of a house into a licensed saloon increased its rental value fourfold, it would seem decidedly unfair that the public should be compelled, on withholding the license, to remunerate the proprietor or landlord in proportion to the increased value which the granting of the license had created. Whether this objectionable feature is inseparable from any scheme of compensation remains to be seen. Meanwhile the Gladstonians and Parnellites have derived fresh courage from the failure of the compensation clauses, and will be stimulated to assault with renewed energy other features of the Government policy.

ANOTHER universal language invention has come to the front as a rival of Volapuk, though it does not appear that Volapuk itself has as yet achieved any success sufficient to be very provocative of rivalry. The probability that any artificial system of speech, wrought out in the study of the scholar, can ever come into universal or even general use seems very small indeed. The really interesting and important question in connection with these toy languages is to what extent the want they attempt to supply is a real want. There is a good deal to be said in support of the view that such a want to some extent already exists, and that it will be more and more felt as the world grows older. But all history and science go to show that when a single universal language becomes a real desideratum it will be supplied by a process of development rather than of invention. The law of survival of the fittest will determine its choice and character. There is, indeed, a good deal to be said in support of the view that the process is already going on, and English rapidly making its way to universal use. It certainly has many advantages over any other existing language in the competition. Among these the fact that it is already the vernacular of two of the most powerful nations on the globe is greatly in its favour. The world-wide diffusion of English colonies and commerce is another advantage of great importance. It is, too, pre-eminently the language of commerce, and the demands of commerce will unquestionably dominate in the choice of a universal speech, should such ever come into use. It is said that even now English is rapidly superseding French on the continent of Europe as the choice of those who wish to learn a modern language in addition to their own. Should British, British colonial, and American influence continue to grow as rapidly in the future as in the past half century, English must come, almost as a matter of necessity, to perform in a large measure the office of a universal language.

MR. JUSTICE NORTH recently delivered in England a judgment upon a point of great interest to the artistic world. The question submitted to him was in effect, whether an order for an exact copy in bronze or marble of an artistic design already fully wrought out in clay or wax, can properly be considered as the purchase of an original work of art, or is simply a commission for a work of art to be produced to order. The occasion of the judgment being asked was a clause in the bequest of Sir Francis Chantry, a great sculptor who died in 1841, and left practically the whole of his personal estate for the encouragement of the arts of painting and sculpture, by the purchase of works of fine art of the highest merit, executed in Great Britain. In the carrying out of this bequest the executors were expressly forbidden to give commissions or orders for the execution of works to be afterwards purchased. In regard to paintings this restriction gives rise to no difficulty, inasmuch as the picture is the finished embodiment of the artist's idea. But a sculptor on the other hand first developes his idea in wax or clay, and its subsequent reproduction in bronze or marble, may be regarded as to some extent a mere mechanical process. At the same time such reproduction is the expensive part of the business and is, in consequence, not likely to be made until the artist is sure of a purchaser. Sir Frederic Leighton, on behalf of the executors, attests that if the prohibiting clause above mentioned be construed as forbidding the giving of orders for bronze or marble copies of the artist's finished models, the area of choice of the executors is injuriously affected, and the art of sculpture seriously discouraged. Mr. Justice North, nevertheless, decided that the executors were clearly debarred by the terms of the trust from giving such orders, since the thing actually purchased in such a case, even though it be admitted that the whole of the artist's creative work is put into the model, is not the clay or wax model, but the bronze or marble copy. The decision may appear to the lay mind as a holding to the terms of the bequest in the letter and breaking them in the spirit, but it is probably good in law, and if so will, we suppose, have to be accepted.

THE defeat of Lord Salisbury's Government, a few days since, on a question of Admiralty administration, shows how deeply even its Conservative supporters have been affected by the commotion in regard to the state of the Army and Navy. The steps already taken seem to have quite failed to allay public excitement. In fact, the longer the question is discussed the greater are the public unrest and distrust. These are the result of two factors. In the first place the suspicion seems to be becoming very general that the administrative departments are honeycombed with corruption, and hence that the immense sums every year voted for military and naval purposes have been to a great extent wasted or worse than wasted. Probably nothing short of a rigid and searching investigation will now reassure the public in this regard. But apart from that, and accepting the Government assurance that the navy is stronger and better equipped than ever before, the conviction seems to be growing upon the public mind that this is far from sufficient. If the navy has been growing year by year, is it not true that the commerce, the territories, and the general responsibilities of the Empire have grown in much greater ratio? This is the view very strongly presented by a writer—presumably Sir Charles Dilke—in the last *Fortnightly*. The substance of this writer's powerful argument is that however strong relatively the British navy may be, and however able to overmatch even the combined fleets of any two nations, it is absolutely quite inadequate to the task of defending British commerce all over the globe, and at the same time protecting the British coast and conquering the enemy's fleets wherever they might be encountered. "The navy," as the writer referred to puts it, "having all this world-wide commerce and dominion to guard, cannot be everywhere as strong as a navy which it only somewhat exceeds in its total strength." But does not such an argument prove too much? Seeing that the conditions of the problem are what they are, is there any possibility of putting the navy in a condition to do all that is required of it, without, at the same time, putting upon the nation a burden of taxation greater than even Great Britain could bear? Would not the attempt to follow out the line of policy suggested make the condition of the British people even worse than that of those of the most army-ridden nation of Europe?

WITH the nearer approach of the day for the Republican Convention, the uncertainty in regard to the candidate to be chosen increases rather than diminishes. It is useless to speculate on an issue which will, probably, have been decided by the time these notes are in the hands of the reader. It is, however, somewhat curious to observe how the plot thickens as the *dénouement* draws near. The old favourite names seem to fall off in strength and new ones begin to attract attention. More correctly, perhaps, it may be said that their chances of the old familiar ones are discounted by their very strength. Mr. Depew is announcing the withdrawal of his name, but in a manner so hesitating as indicates no great unwillingness to be forced to the front. Mr. Sherman is expected to lead on the first ballot, but afterwards to be left behind. It will not be at all surpris-

ing should history repeat itself and some comparatively unknown man like Alger or Harrison win the nomination. The public excitement is great, though probably much less intense than it would be were the chances of Republican success better than they are.

The Republic of Mexico, like its great neighbour on the North, is in the throes of a Presidential election. Under the Mexican system the electoral process consists of two parts or stages. On the last Sunday in June the people meet in what are called the primary elections, to vote for electors, who are chosen on the ratio of one for every five hundred inhabitants. The electors thus chosen gather together in district conventions one for every forty thousand inhabitants, and cast their ballots for Congressmen, Judges and President. This secondary and final election takes place on the second Sunday in July. The only element of uncertainty in connection with the forthcoming contest is said to be whether President Diaz will accept another term. The people are willing and anxious to give it to him, but he has so often and emphatically condemned re-election for a second consecutive term, that it will be, to say the least, extremely awkward for him now to allow himself to be re-nominated. General Diaz has hitherto kept silent, but it is predicted that he will in the end "bow to the will of the nation." The tendency to re-election, and so towards permanency in the case of popular chief magistrates, seems to be a constant element of danger to republican institutions. Experience goes to prove that the ante-election opinions and manifestoes of popular candidates cannot be relied on when the case becomes their own. In the light of one successful term of office the question assumes a different aspect.

The French lottery loan for the Panama Canal is likely, it is now said, to prove a failure. It would be a matter for surprise should the event be otherwise. The very fact of resort being had to such a method of raising funds, even under Government sanction, should be sufficient, one would suppose, to condemn the scheme in the eyes of all sober capitalists. When a company appeals to the gambling mania so far as to promise prizes, varying in amount from 100,000 to 500,000 francs, it is pretty clear that their enterprise cannot stand on its own merits. In the case in question a French financial writer predicts that not more than one-half, possibly not more than one-fourth, of the amount required will be subscribed. It is thought that a large part of the sum thus raised will have to be deposited with the Government as security for the successful prize-drawers. The prospects for M. de Lesseps' completion of his great enterprise, with funds derived from the lottery loan, are certainly dark.

The work of Eastern civilization is evidently a slow process. Notwithstanding the length of time during which India has been under British rule, and in spite—one might almost say in derision—of the fact that local self-rule and municipal institutions have been granted to some sections of the country, recent despatches bring details of the most revolting barbarities perpetrated by natives of the self-ruling districts under the frenzy of superstitious dread, induced by the ravages of cholera and smallpox. Buffaloes and other animals were hacked to pieces, and the bleeding fragments torn and scattered by the frantic revellers with their teeth; multitudes dabbled and danced about in the pools of blood; a crowd of women, with dishevelled hair, wild in mien and besmeared with blood danced and shrieked under the influence of some intoxicating drug; more horrible still, a husband gouged out the eyes of his own wife in the presence of an infuriated and approving crowd, because he had been told by a demon that they would be replaced by gold eyes, and the whole village believed it. It is little wonder that correspondents of Conservative proclivities dish up such horrors and present them as conclusive proofs of the folly of Lord Ripon's administration in imposing so hastily a system of self-government upon a people so ill-prepared. The argument may not be conclusive in the absence of fuller knowledge of the comparative results of the self-governing and the despotic systems, but the facts are strikingly suggestive of the great work yet to be done before the civilization of even the oldest and most progressive districts of the great Indian Empire can be considered accomplished. There is, of course, in the midst of these barbarians a considerable sprinkling of educated and highly intelligent natives. If the local government system can be shown to have enlisted these on the side of reform and progress, much may even yet be said in its favour.

An announcement, which seems to have awakened a singularly small amount of interest in comparison with its intrinsic importance, is that concerning the powers and prerogatives granted by the British Government to the East African Company. We had supposed that the days in which civil and military rule over immense tracts of country and millions of people could be entrusted to private companies were at an end. If the meagre cable reports can be relied on, this is far from being the case. A royal charter based on the lines of that of the old East India Company is said to have been granted to an association of English capitalists, incorporated under the title above mentioned. The boundaries of the vast domain handed over to this company extends, it is said, from Zanzibar northward as far as Abyssinia, with a seaboard of over seventeen hundred miles in length, while westward it reaches to beyond the Victoria Nyanza and the other great lakes about the sources of the Nile, thus including the finest lands and richest markets of Central Africa. As if to leave the way open for indefinite extension in the future, the charter, it is said, states that the extent of the territory westward of the great Central African lakes, "has not as yet been exactly delimited." Most wonderful of all, this new empire thus handed over to a private company is said to be "peopled by some seventy millions of industrious and relatively prosperous inhabitants." The East African Company is not only authorized to take possession of this vast area, but to exercise justice, to collect revenue, to deal with refractory subjects "by force of arms"; in short, to wield all the powers of a semi-independent government. In the absence of fuller information in regard to the necessity for this movement, and the ends in view, extended criticism would be out of place. It is perhaps scarcely possible in these days that the despotic sway and unjust extortions for which such companies made themselves badly famous in earlier days should be repeated. But if reasons, either of State or of philanthropy, rendered annexation, on a scale almost continental, desirable or necessary, most persons will be inclined to regret that the British Government did not at once, in its own name, assume the responsibilities rather than hand over the people and all their interests, presumably without consent asked or given, to the tender mercies of a trading company.

It is currently reported that an American millionaire furnished the funds for the recent Boulanger boom in Paris. A Scotch millionaire is, if we mistake not, the leading spirit in the East African Company, upon which the British Government has recently conferred such extraordinary powers over a large domain in Eastern and Central Africa. These and similar incidents give a certain zest to speculation with regard to the past which the men who are in these days acquiring almost fabulous wealth, or their descendants, may hereafter play in the world's history. The stage in which money-getting for its own sake is the dominant passion, must sooner or later pass away. Either to the men themselves, who have accumulated vast fortunes, or their descendants, must come a time when the impulse to prove the power of their riches will be irresistable. Should the ambition to carry out vast and far-reaching designs lay hold upon them, a few of them might almost turn the world upside down by plotting to promote revolutions and establish dynasties at home or abroad. One shudders to realize what a clever and unscrupulous man, with tens or twenties of millions at his disposal, might bring to pass by the skilful use of the resistless money power. Whether there is any legitimate means by which a limit may be put to the possible acquisitions of individuals or corporations in a free country, without violating sound principles, or creating greater dangers than those to be guarded against, is a question which may yet force itself upon public attention. It is probable, however, that in the great American Republic, at least, in the absence of any laws of entail, the forces which make for diffusion may safely be trusted to counteract those which just now promote accumulation, very likely it may prove the exception rather than the rule when the stream of wealth flows unbroken beyond the second or third generation.

The long expected stroke has fallen and Emperor Frederick of Germany is no more. The deceased Emperor's forgetfulness of himself and his sufferings, in his efforts to do his duty as the ruler of a great nation, while on the throne was truly heroic. The few weeks of his reign were full of noble promise, and must have endeared him greatly to the hearts of the people. The national grief at his death will be much intensified by the misgivings caused by the advent of his son and successor. The young Emperor has, it is true, protested with earnestness and apparent sincerity that he is not the man he has been popularly supposed to be, and he would shrink with horror from such a career of bloodshed as has been painted, as the object of his ambition. In the absence of indications to the contrary Europe as well as Germany is bound to accept his assurances, assurances which he may be expected to take an early opportunity to repeat in more formal and solemn form from his present exalted position. Nor is it at all

unlikely that the heavy responsibilities of the sovereignty may do much to tone down the martial ardour which has seemed hitherto his ruling characteristic. At the same time it seems impossible to doubt that the young Emperor's ideals are military rather than constitutional or moral, and that his tastes and habits of thought are such as will lead him to view things in their relation to the soldier rather than the citizen. Certainly men of all nations whose eyes are now turned upon him will be surprised as well as relieved if he proves himself able and willing to follow up the peaceful and liberal policy which his lamented father was so prompt and hearty in imitating.

THE ETHICS OF "COMPENSATION."

If the question of compensating hotel-keepers who were deprived of their licenses could be stripped of its accidents, and considered merely on its merits, there would be very little difference of opinion as to the manner in which it should be decided. Here, we should say, we have a large class of traders, who have been called into existence by the real or imaginary needs of the people, whose business has been sanctioned and regulated by the law, and who have actually contributed very largely to the revenue of the state. It is proposed, with little or no warning, to abolish this class, or else to deprive them of a very considerable, if not the principal source of income. On the face of it, this seems very sharp practice. In a general way, we should say the thing was flagrantly unjust; and our first and most natural question is an inquiry, into the reasons, if any, which are alleged in justification of such a mode of proceeding.

We can hardly be unprepared for the answer, for there is only one reason which could justify such action. We are told that the trade which is thus abolished, or proposed to be abolished, is unnecessary, immoral and unlawful. We say we must be quite prepared for some such answer as this; for, unless such a thesis can at least be laid down, no such proposal could even be made. Let us then examine the answer.

In the first place, there are a great many persons who will negative every portion of this three-fold assertion. Probably a large majority of the educated inhabitants of every country in the civilized world will maintain that the liquor trade, properly regulated, is not unnecessary, is not necessarily immoral, and is certainly not unlawful, unless in countries where prohibitory laws are passed. And even those who may hold it to be inexpedient that this trade should be licensed and sanctioned, if they understand the meaning of language, will refuse to brand it as unlawful.

No one doubts for one moment that there is a great deal of immorality connected with the buying and the selling, and the consumption of stimulants. Drinking in excess is the cause of many vices and of many crimes. It is not, indeed, so often a cause as most persons imagine; for it is very often an effect. But its connexion with other forms of evil is undeniable. It is not, however, so clear that this is a reason for suppressing the traffic in stimulants; and still less is it clear that it is a reason for refusing to indemnify those who would otherwise be ruined by having their licenses withdrawn.

Into the morality of the liquor traffic we do not propose to enter. This is a question which may properly be considered when the question of prohibition is before us; but that is not the question which we are here discussing. We are, for the moment, assuming prohibition, and asking whether, when we have destroyed the traffic in liquor, those who were engaged in that traffic have a right to compensation.

In the first place, then, it is clear enough that persons deprived of their means of maintenance by legislation have a *prima facie* case for compensation. They had been breaking no law. What they did, they did under the protection of the law, paying comparatively large sums into the treasury of the State for the privileges accorded to them. On what ground can it be maintained that, when such persons are deprived of the means of earning a livelihood, they have no claim to compensation? Let us examine the answer already given a little more closely.

The trade is unnecessary, we are told. Many persons doubt this. No doubt, there is a sense in which almost anything may be called unnecessary. Even wheat is not of absolute necessity. People could live on oats or Indian corn or rye. Still it would be very distressing to many persons to lose their wheaten bread. So substitutes may be found which will produce the same results medically, as alcohol; and yet it may be very painful for many persons to use those substitutes. Let us grant, however, that the traffic in alcoholic liquors is unnecessary; and that therefore it may be suppressed at once, summarily and finally, for that reason. Shall we then decide that, on similar grounds, it is lawful to shut up all the jewellers' shops, say in the province? Jewellery is quite unnecessary; nay, it is often most offensive. To most men of a certain time of life it is positively a nuisance to have to look at women covered with rings and diamonds, and sapphires, and pearls, in pure ostentation, and in the endeavour to out-shine their neighbours. It offends their taste, which is something; but it is even more offensive to their moral instincts. Well, then, shall we strip off these fine feathers, leaving the birds which were covered by them not so fine? And shall we shut up all the places where they are sold, and give no compensation to the sellers? If the argument from the unnecessary is worth anything, it will apply here.

But the trade is immoral. Then let moral penalties be visited upon the offenders. The State is not a school of morality; it is an institution for the protection of individual and social liberty; and the State has absolutely nothing to do with a man's conduct, unless it causes inconvenience or loss to his neighbour. Of course, there are kinds of immorality of which the State takes cognizance; and when it does so, they become crimes, misdemeanors, felonies, and so forth. But we cannot apply terms like these to business transactions which have been protected and regulated and so sanctioned by the law.

It is even more absurd to speak of the liquor traffic as unlawful. How can a thing be unlawful which is sanctioned by the law? You may make it unlawful, if you like, by altering the law, but you cannot by altering the law give a retrospectively unlawful character to Acts which were before sanctioned by the law. Diamonds are at the present moment imported into the Dominion free of duty. At any moment a law may be passed to tax them as is done in the States. When that law takes effect, it would be an illegal act to bring diamonds into the country without paying duty upon them; but it would be absurd to say that those who were now in possession of diamonds which they had imported, without paying duty, before the law was changed, were in unlawful possession of those jewels.

All this is so simple, such mere childish logic, that we might well beg pardon for making use of it. But unfortunately it is ignored and contradicted. As we said before, this question is argued on its accidents not on its essential merits. It is the old logical *fallacia accidentis*, an old friend, an old foe, who comes in many disguises, and who should be detected and shown up whenever met with. As far as we are able to see, it is a clear injustice to destroy a means of livelihood sanctioned by the laws of all civilized communities, without compensating the suppressed traders.

It may, perhaps, be thought that such an argument would apply to the shutting up of any one bar-room, public-house, or other place where stimulants may have been sold. But this is a *non sequitur*. There may indeed be cases in which compensation should be made to individuals. But a moment's reflection will show that this is an entirely different matter from the case of general or rather universal suppression. In the one case, the liquor seller can convey his business elsewhere, and carry it on in a new place. He may be put to some inconvenience and expense by the change; but this cannot be helped. *De minimis non curat lex.* Or, if he does not care to carry on that line of business any longer, he will have little difficulty in disposing of his stock and plant. But the case would be widely different when no other place was open to the liquor seller, and his stock was not only left in his hands, but it was rendered illegal for him to sell it. How any reasonable and honest man can defend such proposals it passes our comprehension to understand.

We have been arguing on the supposition that Prohibition could be carried out. Of course, we know that it is not carried out anywhere. But supposing that the country should come to the conclusion that the selling and buying of stimulants is an evil for which there are no counterbalancing advantages, and should therefore determine to put an end to the traffic, then we do not hesitate to say that an adequate compensation to those who are deprived not merely of the kind of work which they have been doing, but of the "good will" of their business, and their stock in trade, would be, in no respect, too large a price to pay for that which, in the circumstance, would be held to be a vast boom to society. If it is such a blessing, it is worth paying for; this is one aspect of the subject. If it is not paid for, we are benefiting the community at the expense of the ruin of a number of our fellow-citizens.

Professor Clark, of Trinity College, has this year been appointed to deliver the annual address or "oration" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, on "Commencement day" at Hobart College, Gevena, N.Y.

It is not an easy thing to restore into its moral elements the creations of a poet who blends many strains of truth. His method is not the consecutive process of logical reflection and explication, but the simultaneous embodiment of what, however arrived at, he presents as intuitive, needing only to be seen, to be acknowledged. In the analysis, the distinctive poetic quality is too apt to be dissipated, and the poet is forgotten in the philosopher.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

I would not wish you always joyful—no ;
For joy like sunshine asks no sacrifices.
When every fair and flowery path entices,
What need of love's protecting clasp ? But oh,
When the black skies begin to overflow,
A tender face bent roof-like all suffices ;
From sheltering arms we smile upon the crisis
Of the great storm, when all its loosed winds blow.

No other gifts have I for you than love,
And need of love. Though were you always glad
My love, my need would fail to come anear you ;
Ah, dearest, there is lasting joy above,
But on this earth I would you might be sad
Sometimes—a little while—and let me cheer you.

A. Ethelwyn Wetherald.

LONDON LETTER.

It was a great furniture warehouse in an ugly street in the ugliest part of town, a grey unpicturesque building full from basement to attic with the material for an endless variety of three volume novels. As I looked out of its grimy windows on to the army of omnibuses, hansoms, tramcars, continually passing below in an endless stream, I wondered if their occupants who, through the driving rain occasionally bestowed a glance on the house as they whirled past, had any notion of the fact that within a few feet of them, just the other side of these commonplace brick walls, were piled the wrecks of many vessels, from the little yawl laden with the barest necessities, manned by the smallest crew, to the stately passenger ship built to weather the severest gales, the longest voyage. I had but to turn my eyes from the living heroes and heroines of Someone's story, continually passing through the noisy muddy streets, to find at my back the scenery belonging to the lives of similar men and women—kitchen pots and pans, a dining-room suite of rosewood furniture, the nursery rocking-horse, and Shakespeare's bust from the library bookshelf. I had but to cease speculating on what *might* have happened to hear what *has* happened from the owner of this vast repository who told me in a half-cynical half-feeling manner just the middles, or the ends, or only half a line sometimes, of the tragedies and romances with which these prosaic chairs and tables are associated in his mind. It is easy to spell out something for oneself : the heads of the chapters are to be learnt that way ; but though one is pretty sure to be correct if, on seeing an old Dutch oak cabinet, a twisted legged flapped Charles the Second table, and some dusty used canvasses tied roughly together, you say "painter," yet a guide is required to the studio when found to make these poor bits of property interesting after all.

"Ah, the papers did for that man," I was told as I stood before turpentine-stained draperies shrouding a lay figure and a sitter's throne. "They praised him too much at first, and he got careless, wasn't made an associate of the academy as he hoped, and took to drink. I know where he bought this ivory and ebony chair : he gave a deal more for it than its worth. He married quite a lady, poor thing, and when the children came a relation of mine found for them in the country that hoarded carved cradle, which is a couple of centuries old, if its a day. Nothing else would do. Now she's in the workhouse close by ; he deserted her long ago and the babies are dead, and the cradle is here. Their home was broken up in '70, and the things warehoused with me. He is so heedless he may have forgotten I have them, for I have not been paid a penny for the care of them for years." The name mentioned brought to my recollection that a famous artist once gave the wandering owner of this property a commission which was so badly executed the patron retired from his bargain. I suppose it is a fact that one never entirely forgets anything, for I see again the kindly puzzled dissatisfied face of the academician, and the conceited take-it-or-leave-it expression of the painter who answered that it really didn't matter : Smith had promised to buy the picture if —— didn't care for it after all. From that day to this the odd little scene had never occurred to me : then a spring accidentally touched, up rolled a curtain, and the characteristic figures of the two men, the look of the untidy room, certain patent leather shoes down at heel, a child crying through the folding doors, the unframed piece (swords, laces, brocades) on the red brown easel ; all were again before me. And this is the *Hend*, as Miss Igncers would say,—these dry brushes and palette, this cracked venetian goblet, and soiled silken skirt sprigged with roses.

Then the marble head of a handsome lady, flower-crowned, glancing from above that marqueterie cabinet over there in the corner where the lyre-shaped Sèvres clock has stood idly for many a month since last it told the time of day to its late owner, catches my eye, and I ask how it happens that the mouth is disfigured in much the same manner as was Rose Dartle's. And in return I hear that this is the bust of the second wife of a well-known London personage, which second wife, like the cruel stepmother of the fairy tale, turned her stepchildren out of their home. In process of time the husband died, and the lady died, and the dreary home in Great Gaunt Street, with all it contained, became the property of the only surviving child, a daughter of the first marriage. "I was sent for," said my guide, "and we went through the rooms together—she told me she hadn't been in them for over twenty years—to see what was to be warehoused with me, and what sold with the house. This bust (it's the work of a first-rate sculptor), was on a table in the hall. The poor lady is very passionate, and directly she saw it she took up a hammer that happened to be lying handy, and cut it across the lips as you see. She slashed her stepmother's portrait with a knife, and broke her miniature on the marble hearth. These little vagaries seemed to do her good ; calmed her down a bit ; though for my part, I cannot imagine what consolation she found in such an absurd destruction of portable property." Buhl and Marqueterie, Sèvres and Chelsea, Sheraton's finest designs for sofa and armchair, —I think the players and the play were unworthy of the scenery, which should have been used as a setting to a sparkling comedy, not dragged in an incongruous accessory to such a degrading drama as this.

These roads and terraces of unroofed houses, Pompeii-like on either hand, are haunted by all sorts of unquiet spirits of whom as the light fades and the rain patters and swirles against the windows, I hear a plenty. Long shadows creep across the floors and gather round to listen to the often-repeated sorrowful stories of extravagance, poverty, vice, illness, or death, with their melancholy everyday incidents, all so very much alike. They trail, do these shadows in noiseless fashion, softening all details, over the Mother's walnut cheffonier (in the drawers lie many little shoes, blue, brown, white : "the fellow lost in Kensington Gardens," says one inscription tied on a solitary tiny boot in a buttonless condition : to another pair, nearly new, there is attached a date to which is added, "five months, ten days ;" one is reminded of *The Hoggarty Diamond*) over the Old Maid's empty aquarium and closed knitting-basket, the Student's interleaved precious books, dusty reading-lamp, the Sea Captain's delicate, green and white Dragon china, colour of waves and foam, and his great shells marked with brilliant hues. Here are the keys : the least touch, ever so unskilful on the well-worn notes, and you set them jarring.

Have you the patience to hear of a ghost ? Farthest from the light and just where the shadows are thickest, I was struck by a copy of the well-known Murillo in the Pitti gallery—a loose-haired Spanish-eyed Virgin and Child lying near to some faded brocade chairs and blue *pot pourri* bowls ; and on staying to look at it I found over against the piece a torn portrait of some Italian saint—St. Carlo Borromeo, let me say, though that was not the name—whose face attracted me by its sweetness. These things belonged to the younger branch of a Roman Catholic family, the R's, from the West, one of whose members told me the following tale :

About twenty years ago Mr. and Mrs. R., expecting their only son home from the grand tour, wait in order to meet the boat to Folkestone, where they arrived in their impatience some hours before the steamer was due. Mr. R., leaving his wife at the hotel, strolled about the old part of the town, when, just as he was descending one of the steep streets leading to the quay, he saw, to his immense surprise, his boy standing at the corner of the road, talking in a very animated manner to a companion, who looked like a priest, and whom Mr. R. did not recognize. The son nodded to the father ; he, blaming himself for having forgotten, as he supposed the time, stumbled in his haste down the cobbled pathway to the two men, but alas, as you have wisely guessed, on his reaching them they disappeared like figures cast by a magic lantern. You are right in supposing that a telegram was received by the R's. from Paris, preparing them for the sudden illness of their son, and that on reaching the town they found he had died at or about the same time as he had been seen in the seaside street ; but that is not all, every effort made to discover who this companion could possibly be, was hopeless. The young man had done most of his travelling alone, had died alone ; and the friends whom he had met could not help the father in any way, who gradually ceased to talk of this curious occurance, and ceased his fruitless search after this priest whom he so often described. Years passed ; then the wife died, and then Mr. R. took to wandering alone about the continent, (you may have met him in your travels), where indeed, he spent nearly all his remaining years ; it was in an out-of-the-way villa at Siena, that at last the mystery was cleared. He knew something of Art—we all do, you know, much to Mr. Whistler's sorrow, who begs us to remember Art is no concern of ours ; we the multitude, are not, and never can be her intimates,—he would linger among the canvases untiringly, and so was oftener to be found in the yellow saloon of the villa where hung the Guidos, Tintorettos, Cimabues, than in the gardens with their ilex groves and splashing fountains. One day he discovered in a panelled recess leading from the drawing-rooms pieces he had never noticed before—ancestors of his host principally, as it turned out, of little value—and amongst others hung the same St. Carlo which I saw to-day, and which Mr. R. recognized to his amazement as the portrait of the olive-faced never-forgotton priest who has talked with his son in the English town. Its an early likeness of the saint and unique they say, representing him as a youth about four and twenty years old (the very age one would select, I take it, at which to travel through eternity, always and forever twenty-four), and unlike of course those much later ones with which one is tolerably familiar. Now this St. Carlo Borromeo (do you not know his statue by the Italian Lelle ?) was young Mr. R's. patron saint, so must have thought it incumbent on himself to welcome his god-child personally to Paradise, as did those Shades in Miss Phelp's pathetic, ludicrous, wholly womanish vision *Beyond the Gates*. Anyway that is the solution which Mr. R. always insisted was the right one, that is the story which Mr. R. always told his friends on showing this picture given to him generously by the owner, who cried "A miracle !" I can only say (you remember Mark Twain and the saddle ?) the legend must be true for I have seen the portrait which drifted here with the rest of Mr. R's. furniture when he died in London last year.

I have come to the end of my paper, and have told you nothing of what is happening in town—but after all what can I say ? The posters of this evening are placarded, "A girl burnt to death in the Haymarket ; a man shot in Piccadilly ; terrible fires ; dreadful murders ; fashionable intelli

gence"—all of which you have read by now, described far better than I can tell it you, and most of which is hard to repeat. We have been blessed with exquisite weather when, driving from may and lilac scented streets and squares, we dine at Richmond, at Greenwich, at leading little villages, like Rickmansworth, and returning by the light of moon and stars, become so unsophisticated by the few short hours of country sojourn as to babble of green fields, of embroidered hedgerows, of spring flowers, giving up for the nonce that curious Shibboleth which distinguishes the Londoner; and we have had horrible weather, with a keen autumn wind blowing, when bravely we take to our social duties with vigour, and crowded rooms are only comfortably warm, and the Reception is a pleasure and the Ball a delight. This brief, delightful summer makes vagabonds of us: then newspapers are tossed aside, books are left on the shelf, and one has a fellow-feeling for the Lazzaroni basking in Italian sunshine. It has been brilliantly fine, and the parks are crowded, and there is as much society everywhere as ever the most social person can desire; so ignoring murders, sudden deaths, and the state of Europe, I can think of no more improving news foreign than that the Coaches meet to-morrow, and that Ascot is at hand.

Walter Powell.

THE HEAD OF THE STATE.

Archbishop O'Brien, of Nova Scotia, is reported to have confessed in a speech lately delivered in the United States, that while he was an advocate of Imperial Confederation, he felt himself humiliated by the fact that the Governor-General of Canada was not a citizen of the country over whose affairs he presides. The men who are now pressing for Imperial Confederation are not the wisest of mankind, but it was nevertheless singular that the Archbishop should have fixed upon for destruction the best part of our present form of government. Chiefs of state have been, and are now, of infinite variety—popes and bishops with direct authority from heaven, emperors, mikados, sultans, kings, podestas, doges, hospodars, dukes, marquises, counts, emirs, stadtholders, presidents and landammans—but it may safely be said that none of them have been found so harmless, and therefore beneficial, as the Governors-General of Canada. Popes and bishops must, of course, not be criticised; but for the others, how much evil and how little good can be said of them! Hereditary emperors and kings give a certain amount of stability to the government whether despots or constitutional rulers; but, if despots, how many wrongs do they inflict on their people—how fond of war, how lavish in expenditure! Even when checked by parliaments, how much money is spent on their maintenance, and how the public mind is corrupted by a monarch like George IV.! Queens and empresses are better, but they are exceptions, and nearly as expensive as the males. As for presidents, the latest French Republic has not given any of their's his full term of office; and the Americans have had many times cause to rue an unfortunate selection. The short term favours the latter, and also the control of the Senate in momentous matters, but no one can allege that the revolution which takes place every four years in the States on many very important matters is not often injurious to the public interests. The French people are now trying to solve the problem which has troubled the world since the beginning of time. They think their president has too much influence, and do not see how they can reduce it without imperilling the stability of the State. Archbishop O'Brien speaks of the Governor-General as if he actually governed the country. Some of our American neighbours, ignorant of the political affairs of other countries, make the same mistake, which is not singular, since the idea still lingers in Great Britain. The *Saturday Review* lately said: "After all, the practical influence of the Governor-General over Canadian politics is not absolute." After all what? How can any educated man conceive the idea that five millions of people on the democratic soil of America would submit to have their laws made for them by any individual, however able or eminent? To see John Bull elevate his shoulders, draw in his breath, puff out his chest, and talk with condescension of "our colonies," is a spectacle for gods and men. As a general rule he knows nothing about them. His ideas are bounded by his own island. He knows that the colonies were established and peopled by his own countrymen, but except in very rare instances he does not regard the colonists as even cousins thrice removed. He finds it difficult to distinguish between the United States and Canada. The idea of obtaining tribute from the colonies did not die with George III. It lingered till the introduction of free trade, and when John Bull had fully realized that he could not make any more money out of the colonies than out of foreign countries, he intimated his wish that the connection with the former should be summarily cut. But when France, Germany and other continental countries began to hunt for territory all over the earth, he changed his mind, and came to the conclusion that the dependencies should not only be retained, but actually admitted to a grand confederation of States, and permitted to pay a portion of the cost of the Imperial army and navy! As the French truly aver, John Bull is lacking in imagination. He loves facts and dislikes theories. His adventurous children went out from him, and, as a rule, maugre his consent, sometimes against his protest, conquered great territories. He recognized these events as facts worthy of notice, took possession of the land and clung to it with the extraordinary bull-headed tenacity and courage, which has made his country the most important in the world. But he does not govern the colonies. They were created by their inhabitants, and with the exception of a few of the smaller islands are self-controlled. A few thousand people on the western coast of Australia were recently given self-government, with a territory larger than the Mother Country. That was a step forward. The usual course has been to wait till the population became large.

The rebellion of 1837 gave self-government to Canada, and it was speedily extended to the other colonies. The storms which followed the attempts of Lord Metcalfe and Sir Edmund Head to use undue influence in the government of Canada set the question finally at rest, and all our recent governors have been truly constitutional rulers, faithfully following the dictates of the people. They have been men of fair judgment, excellent character, familiar with public affairs, anxious to secure the confidence of the people. The post is an important one, leading up to the Governor-Generalship of India, when the incumbent is found competent. It may to the outside world appear not very arduous, but the Governor-General who does his duty makes considerable sacrifices. It shows self-abnegation for a man of mark to abandon for five years the pleasures of London and English country life to come among total strangers, many of whom must be welcomed and entertained with cordiality, to study with care the politics of the Dominion, to travel through it from end to end, and appreciate thoroughly its varied interests. The English love of public service is very great when such labours are undertaken by men of rank and wealth.

Suppose it be decided in accordance with Archbishop O'Brien's wish that a Canadian should be appointed Governor-General, who would make the choice? The people at the polls or the Government of the day? In either case it would be made a party matter, and instead of a judicious referee and adviser, free from prejudice, we might have either a thorough partizan of the ministry, often straining the prerogative to aid them, or an opponent ready to take advantage of their errors, perhaps encouraging them to wrong to give his party the advantage. It may be said that the Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces are appointed by the Dominion Government, and that the system has worked fairly well. One Lieutenant-Governor has been dismissed, however, for favouritism towards his party, and the respective offices cannot be put in the same category. The Government of Canada is a stable one, and no one anticipates serious trouble; but suppose virulent party strife, leading to tumult or insurrection, how useful in controlling turbulent spirits would be a Governor-General allied to neither party, and having at his back the whole power of the Empire. He might prevent civil war by his mere presence in the country.

An Imperial Governor-General has neither relations to provide for, nor axes to grind on his own account, a strong argument in his favour. He is not a very expensive official as things go. If he did not get a good salary he would not be so good a man. Some petty official would be sent out full of his own ideas, like Sir Edmund Head, or his relative Sir Francis. His Lordship does the gracious and graceful very much better; knows more of the world, is more tolerant of differences of opinion, and accustomed to deal with all sorts and conditions of men. A great deal of money is spent upon Rideau Hall, and it is difficult to discover where it goes. It is better, however, not to be too curious sometimes, and even the opposition do not care to make a fuss about it. The system works well. It provides the stability found wanting in republics. It offends no man who understands how it works. The American who pictures to himself a British Governor ordering a Canadian to instant execution, without benefit of clergy, would be astonished to hear the compliments which that official bestows upon us. It may be well, however, to warn our new Governor-General that Canadians are modest people, and like verbal taffy as they like the other kind, not too thick and in good taste. If he should cross the border he need not follow this lead. Brother Jonathan has an enormous appetite for sweets. He wanted to make poor Lord Elgin President, so well did that accomplished orator apply the brush at Boston and elsewhere.

Saville.

MONTREAL LETTER.

If on the arrival of His Excellency Lord Stanley in our city, a paucity of bunting on and about the Bonaventure Station was very remarkable, if vivas seemed few, and the reception painfully official, you must not believe for an instant we are impervious to the warmth inspiring gubernatorial presence, but simply that through some unfortunate mismanagement the Governor reached Montreal nearly two hours before the majority of the citizens expected him. Matters having turned out after this fashion was greatly to be regretted, inasmuch as no conventional welcome, however impressive, no speech however well prepared, can one compare with the crowd's echoing shouts. Doubtless, however, listening to Mayor Abbott's neat address, taking the inevitable drive on our mountain, their Excellencies forgot in business and nature the only thing capable of making a four years' sojourn with us other than delightful. You see though we may be fully alive to the advantages for all practical purposes of possessing a leg, that the development of such a member should betoken something besides physical culture, and that for its highest development neither Canadian diet nor Canadian pastimes are as yet nearly ready "we have'nt the slightest idea."

Monsieur le Baron Etienne Hulot, has just brought out a book in Paris under the title *De l'Atlantique au Pacifique*. From extracts furnished by one of the French papers here we find that Monsieur le Baron is remarkably lucid and interesting, though for all the prominence he seems to give the English Canadians at times we might be interlopers. Under Sir Adolphe Caron, it appears, military affairs have greatly improved, for he has completely changed their whole aspect. Numerous French Canadians serve to-day as officers in the militia. "The army gains from this authority and strength, the country, autonomy. Ere long the development of its forces will enable the Dominion to compel the respect of its rights. . . . Growing under England's tutalage, the adopted child is

approaching the age of emancipation, and the Mother-Country accords him the initiative that he claims. The work of affranchisement is being accomplished for the highest good of Canada, for the greatest glory of England."

Profitable as it may be to look at ourselves through imported spectacles, don't you think our country would gain by accounts from travelled Canadians? At present amongst us an Englishman is adding a new terror to life by interviewing all the "likely" citizens he can waylay. From notes thus gleaned I am under the impression we need fear no "modern warning," yet it would be just as well, nay infinitely more satisfactory, were some native *littérateur* ready with a native version.

Thanks to the elderly gentleman whose success at piloting his friends "the shortest way round" you may perhaps have had occasion to groan over, we had a capital opportunity the other day of studying that most interesting portion of our city, the wharves. It was proposed some time ago to utilize the hideous dyke that has been built all along the river's bank by converting it into a promenade, and into a promenade they have converted it. Whether the rough board footway at present doing duty for what we had hoped would attract well-shod humanity despite the inevitable "wharf rat," shall eventually boast those finishing touches which it deserves, I cannot tell, but we may safely predict the sole monopoly of this charmingly picturesque walk by the presidents of the dust-bins and engine-houses, unless improvements be made.

Here we are perched high above the river with its gauzy mists, the ships that stand like haughty prisoners of war, and we may gloat over lovely bits of colour in the great fruit market close by till our artistic hearts are full.

I was speaking with somebody the other day who naïvely wondered what it would be like to get a prize, yet she is one of the best educated women in the city. Her school was a very primitive institution, where students either studied or were punished, and the examinations took place every three months. These weeks of June must certainly be deducted at least from the professors' prescribed sojourn in purgatorio. Everywhere we go it is either the anxious face of the baby savant or the low wailing of distracted teachers that meets us. Finally the climax was capped when, with reams of uncorrected examination papers in his hand, an honoured friend looked despairingly at me and exclaimed he wished to Heaven he never had been educated!

So they are going to build the Royal Victoria Hospital on the mountain after all. That the reservoir will not suffer in any way from its proximity has been satisfactorily decided, but that its situation is bad from every point of view no one seems to have had the courage to maintain.

Louis Lloyd.

A BALLAD FOR BRAVE WOMEN.

A story worth telling our annals afford,
'Tis the wonderful journey of Laura Secord!
Her poor crippled spouse hobbled home with the news,
That Bœrstler was nigh! "Not a minute to lose,
Not an instant," said Laura, "for stoppage or pause—
I must hurry and warn our brave troops at Decaw's."
"What! you!" said her husband, "to famish and tire!"
"Yes, me!" said brave Laura, her bosom on fire.
"And how will you pass the gruff sentry?" said he,
"Who is posted so near us?"

"Just wait till you see;
The foe is approaching, and means to surprise
Our troops, as you tell me. Oh, husband, there flies
No dove with a message so needful as this—
I'll take it, I'll bear it. Good-bye, with a kiss."
Then a biscuit she ate, tucked her skirts well about,
And a bucket she slung on each arm, and went out.

'Twas the bright blush of dawn when the stars melt away,
Dissolved like a dream by the breath of the day—
When Heaven seems opening on man and his pain,
Ere the rude day strengthens and shuts them again.
But Laura had eyes for her duty alone—
She marked not the glow and the gloom that were thrown
By the nurslings of morn, by the cloud-lands at rest,
By the spells of the East, and the weirds of the West.
Behind was the foe, full of craft and of guile;
Before her a long day of travel and toil.
"No time this for gazing," said Laura, as near
To the sentry she drew.

"Halt! You cannot pass here."
"I cannot pass here! Why, sirrah, you drowse,
Are you blind? Don't you see I am off to my cows?"
"Well, well, you can go." So she wended her way
To the pasture's lone side, where the farthest cow lay,
Got her up, caught a teat, and, with pail at her knees,
Made her budge, inch by inch, till she drew by degrees
To the edge of the forest. "I've hoaxed, on my word,
Both you and the sentry," said Laura Secord.

With a lingering look at her home, then away
She sped through the wild wood—a wilderness gray—
Nature's privacy, haunt of a virgin sublime,
And the mother who bore her, as ancient as Time;
Where the linden had space for its fans and its flowers,
The balsam its tents, and the cedar its bowers;
Where the lord of the forest, the oak, had its realm,
The ash its domain, and its kingdom the elm;
Where the pine bowed its antlers in tempests, and gave
To the ocean of leaves the wild dash of the wave;
And the mystical hemlock—the forest's high priest—
Hung its weird, raking, top-gallant branch to the east.

And denser and deeper the solitude grew,
The underwood thickened, and drenched her with dew.
She tripped over moss-covered logs, fell, arose,
Sped, and stumbled again by the hour, till her clothes
Were rent by the branches and thorns, and her feet
Grew tender and way-worn and blistered with heat.
And on, ever on, through the forest she passed,
Her soul in her task, but each pulse beating fast,
For shadowy forms seemed to flit from the glades,
And beckon her into their limitless shades;
And mystical sounds—in the forest alone,
Ah, who has not heard them?—the voices, the moan
Or the sigh of mute nature which sinks on the ear,
And fills us with sadness, or thrills us with fear?
And who, lone and lost in the wilderness deep,
Has not felt the strange fancies, the tremors which creep
And assemble within till the heart 'gins to fail,
The courage to flinch, and the cheeks to grow pale,
Midst the shadows which mantle the spirit that broods
In the sombre, the deep haunted heart of the woods?

She stopped—it was noonday. The wilds she espied
Seemed solitudes measureless. "Help me!" she cried;
Her piteous lips parched with thirst, and her eyes
Strained with gazing. The sun in his infinite skies
Looked down on no creature more hapless than she,
For woman is woman where'er she may be.
For a moment she faltered, then came to her side
The heroine's spirit—the Angel of Pride.
One moment she faltered. Beware! What is this?
The coil of the serpent! the rattlesnake's hiss!
One moment, then onward. What sounds far and near?
The howl of the wolf, yet she turned not in fear,
Nor bent from her course till her eye caught a gleam,
From the woods, of a meadow through which flowed a stream,
Pure and sweet with the savour of leaf and of flower,
By the night-dew distilled and the soft forest shower;
Pure and cold as its spring in the rock crystalline,
Whence it gurgled and gushed 'twixt the roots of the pine.

And blest above bliss is the pleasure of thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; for pleasure is nursed
In the cradle of pain, and twin marvels are they
Whose interdependence is born with our clay.
Yes, blessed is water, and blessed is thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; but this is the worst
Of this life, that we reck not the blessings God sends,
Till denied them. But Laura, who felt she had friends
In Heaven, as well as on earth, knew to thank
The Giver of all things, and gratefully drank.

Once more on the pathway, through swamp and through mire,
Through covert and thicket, through bramble and brier,
She toiled to the highway, then over the hill,
And down the deep valley, and past the new mill,
And through the next woods, till, at sunset, she came
To the first British picket, and murmured her name;
Thence, guarded by Indians, footsore and pale,
She was led to Fitzgibbon, and told him her tale.

For a moment her reason forsook her; she raved,
She laughed, and she cried—"They are saved, they are saved!
Then her senses returned, and, with thanks loud and deep
Sounding sweetly around her, she sank into sleep.
And Bœrstler came up, but his movements were known,
His force was surrounded, his scheme was o'erthrown
By a woman's devotion—on stone be it engraved.
The foeman was beaten, and Burlington saved.

Ah! faithful to death were our women of yore.
Have they fled with the past, to be heard of no more?
No, no! Though this laurelled one sleeps in the grave,
We have maidens as true, we have matrons as brave;
And should Canada ever be forced to the test—
To spend for our country the blood of her best—
When her sons lift the linstock and brandish the sword,
Her daughters will think of brave Laura Secord.

Prince Albert, N.-W. T. C. Mair.

The foundation of courtesy is laid in the home. If early lessons are not taught there it is well-nigh impossible to compensate for the lack by subsequent culture. If the child is taught to be unselfish, sympathetic, considerate of the feelings of others in the home, he will carry this habit with him wherever he goes. He may be ignorant of those conventional laws of etiquette which vary in different localities, but he will everywhere be recognized as a man of good breeding. Thus it is that courtesy becomes a family and even a national trait. The Frenchman and the Japanese are courteous, because they are trained to consider the feelings of others. The English, as a nation, are not courteous. Their courtesy is a matter of court etiquette, and adjusts itself according to classes. There is more conscience on the English side of the Channel, more courtesy on the French side.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, is one of the oldest cities in Canada. Its foundations were laid in 1673. On the 12th of July of that year, Frontenac, with a flotilla of one hundred and twenty canoes and two flat boats, grotesquely painted to overawe the Iroquois, manned by four hundred Frenchmen and Indians from the mission, rounded Cedar Island and the promontory on which Fort Henry now stands, and swept into the mouth of the Cataraqui. They landed on the bank where the Iroquois were already assembled to meet them, and next day began the erection of Fort Frontenac.

Twelve years afterwards De Barre's expedition against the Iroquois Confederacy encamped on the low ground, under the pallisades of the fort, and his soldiers sickened and died of malaria fever.

In 1690, or five years after the collapse of De Barre's expedition, the fort was destroyed by order of Denonville. Valreune, the commandant, "set fire to everything that would burn, sunk three vessels belonging to it, threw the cannon into the lake, mined the walls and bastions, left matches burning in the powder magazine, and, when he and his men were five leagues on their way to Montreal, heard a dull and distant explosion which told them that the mines had sprung."

It was not allowed, however, to remain in ruins. Seven years afterwards the indomitable spirit of Frontenac restored the fort which he had erected in spite of his enemies, and which he rebuilt in the face of their strenuous opposition.

After the conquest of Canada, Kingston became a military post of great importance. It was the British naval station during the eventful war of 1812. A dockyard was established on a low promontory, which stretches out in a south-westerly direction between the Cataraqui and the St. Lawrence, and the British fleet for Lake Ontario rode at anchor in Navy Bay.

The traveller, ascending the St. Lawrence by the same route which Frontenac followed, winding in and out amid the mazes of the Thousand Islands, finds himself, as he approaches Kingston, in a stretch of comparatively open water, where the lake debouches into the river. The steamer for a few miles has the low coast line of Wolfe Island on the left, and the well wooded Canadian shore on the right, with comfortable farm houses, and fields of cultivated land stretching down to the water's edge. It rounds Cedar Island with its picturesque martello tower, at the entrance to the harbour, and a *coup d' œil* of surpassing beauty is presented to the view. On the right, Fort Henry with its bastions and escarpment, frowns grimly down from its rocky height. Next to it and separated from it by Navy Bay, stretches out a low promontory with Fort Frederick, an earth battery with a martello tower, at its apex, and, standing well to the rear, the buildings of the Royal Military College. Still further down the harbour the eye catches an old wooden bridge across the Cataraqui, and, at the city end of it, the red and tire roofs of the *Fête de Pont* Barracks, occupying the site of Old Fort Frontenac. Then comes a vision of masts, wharves, warehouses, the domes of the City Hall and Court House, church spires, and, in the far west, the larger dome of the Penitentiary, and the grey walls of Rockwood Asylum.

The Royal Military College occupies the site of the dockyard, where Sir James Yeo built his fleet for Lake Ontario. After the dockyard was dismantled, a three-story building, which went by the *sobriquet* of the Stone Frigate, the headquarters of the sailors and mariners, remained, and the Government in 1875 conceived the wise idea of utilizing it for a Military College.

The college was not however opened till June of the following year, with a class of eighteen cadets, and a staff consisting of a commandant, a captain of cadets, and three professors.

Year by year the number of cadets increased, so that it became necessary not only to increase the staff but to provide a more suitable building. A large building of grey limestone was accordingly erected in 1875, and the original college from that date became only a dormitory.

The new college is a large structure of fair architectural proportions, thoroughly adapted to its work. It contains staff-offices, reading and mess rooms, library, class-rooms, laboratory, kitchen and hospital, and stands facing a spacious parade, tennis lawn and cricket field, the pierced bastions of Fort Frederick, and beyond the blue waters of the lake. An old blacksmith forge, a remnant of the dockyard, has been converted into a well equipped gymnasium, and some other buildings have become artillery and model sheds.

In establishing the military college, the Government had in its mind not only Woolwich and Sandhurst, the great military schools of the Mother Country, but also the American West Point. Little military employment could be offered to graduates, as our standing army is of the very smallest dimensions, being all comprised in three batteries of artillery, and two or three companies of infantry. It was determined therefore to give the cadets an education that would fit them for civil as well as military life. The syllabus of instruction laid down for a four years' course, embraces military drill, artillery, infantry and engineering; signalling; gymnastics; fencing, swimming and riding; tactics and strategy; military law and administration; fortification and civil engineering; military; reconnaissance; drawing, both geometrical and freehand; mathematics and mechanics; French; English; civil surveying; practical astronomy; civil engineering; physics and electricity; chemistry; geology, and mineralogy.

The military staff is composed of a commandant and ten professors and instructors, three of whom are graduates of the college, and the rest officers of the imperial army, who are borrowed for a period of five, seven, or ten years, and who, after service at the college, rejoin their proper commands.

The presence of imperial officers gives the institution a good tone and high standing, while a judicious mixture of native Canadians popularizes it, and adapts it to home sentiment and home use.

The civil staff is composed of five Canadians from different parts of the Dominion, who are all capable men in the departments over which they preside.

The Government was very fortunate in the choice of the first commandant. Col. Hewett, of the Royal Engineers, was in many respects eminently adapted for the post. He was a good scholar, an accomplished soldier, knew the country by previous service, and united to much tact a spirit of indomitable energy. He skillfully guided the college through those shoals and quicksands which, in a country of frequent political changes and ever varying opinion, threaten the efficiency and sometimes the existence of new public institutions.

Starting with three professors and eighteen cadets, he saw the college grow to its present size, when there are over eighty on the roll, and every year a number of recruits is rejected because there is no room for them.

The graduates who, year by year, have joined the imperial army, have brought their Alma Mater into the favourable notice, not only of the home authorities, but also of other colonial Governments, and now Australia, encouraged by Canadian example, proposes to establish a similar institution.

In the summer of 1886, Col. Hewett, having completed his term of service, returned to a more important and more remunerative command at Plymouth.

He was succeeded by Col. Oliver, R.A. (now Major-Gen. Oliver), Professor of Surveying and Astronomy, who had been in the college from the beginning, and was in every way fitted to carry on the work. During his short administration the discipline has shown a marked improvement, and the present condition and prospects of the institution are excellent.

But the commandant has by no means the sole charge. Sir Frederick Middleton, commander of the Canadian forces, takes, officially and personally, a deep interest in the institution, and often inspires the policy of the local rulers. His experience as commandant at Sandhurst, serves him here in good stead, and gives wisdom to his measures. Above him again Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, keeps a watchful eye on this feature of his department. He is a dashing militia officer, and an able minister, and with General Middleton, deserves all praise for the speedy suppression of the late rebellion in the North-West.

The examinations for entrance to the College are held in June, at the headquarters of each military district, and the twenty-five successful candidates report themselves in Kingston the beginning of September. The first week is spent in being uniformed and drilled into some kind of form. With the second week the old cadets return, and the garrison settles down to regular work. The following time-table reveals, at a glance, the daily routine:

Reveillé, 6 a.m.	1st Study, 9.45–11.45.	2nd Defaulters' Parade, 4.30.
1st Defaulters' Parade, 6.15–7.	Orderly Room, 11.35.	Class Parade, 5.55.
Breakfast, 7.15.	Luncheon, 11.45.	3rd Study, 6–8.
Prayers, 7.20.	Class Parade, 11.55.	Supper Parade, 8.10.
Breakfast, 7.30.	2nd Study, 12–2.	Supper, 8.15.
1st Drill Parade, 8.30–9.30.	Dinner, 2.15.	Tattoo, 10.
Class Parade, 9.40.	2nd Drill Parade, 3.15–4.	Lights Out, 10.30.

From this it may be easily seen that life at a Military College means work under a strict system of surveillance. From Reveillé to Tattoo, with the exception of the two hours from 4 to 6, which he may call his own, the Cadet is under the eye of authority. He is in the ranks or in the lecture room. There is none of that loitering and fooling which so often takes place at civil colleges—none of that individual liberty which is sometimes so dangerous.

And yet life is very pleasant to all but the poor recruits. They are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to their noble seniors, and must be of a meek and humble spirit. This discipline, however, is most wholesome, and they have the constant solace of knowing that a few months will end their probation, and that their turn to lord it over their juniors will come next. Besides, the tyranny of the seniors is very harmless. It consists of the ordeal of initiation, whose mysteries are known only to the esoteric, and of which I am not privileged to write beyond divulging the fact that the rites consist of a few pranks well known in every college. When this is over, the youthful aspirant for military glory is admitted to the "full privilege of a recruit," which means that he must play foot-ball, whether he wants to or not, and twist his body, nightly, into all sorts of contortions, in the gymnasium. The honour of the company to which he belongs must be maintained, and the physique of the new-comers must be assiduously developed. The recruit must also be respectful to his superiors, tear up paper for the "hare and hounds," decorate for the annual balls, and be ready on all occasions to fetch and carry. When the first year is over he moves up a stage in the social scale, and by the time he reaches his fourth year has become a swell of the first magnitude.

The physical training of the College is excellent. The deity who presides over this department is a sergeant-major of the Scots Guards, who, though a very amiable individual, is a thorough athlete, and looks as if he might be a match for a small army of ordinary men. He is a skilful swordsman. Like Percie Shafton, he is master of all the mystery of the *stoccata*, *imbrocata*, *punto reverso*, and *incartata*. Cadets who pass four years under his tuition come out with broad chests and erect figures, and are ready, physically, for anything that may turn up.

The term, as I said before, opens in September, and the first event of any public interest is the annual sports, the beginning of October. The campus in front of the college, under the guns of Fort Frederick, is gay with drags and other equipages from the city, while crowds of pedestrians

surge hither and thither to the point where the greatest interest is for the time centred. Pretty girls, with their matronly chaperons, sun themselves in the last warmth of the waning year, while the haze of Indian summer hangs over the lake, and the maples and sumachs on Cedar Island are turned to gold and red. In the foreground of this dreamy picture all is excitement. Races, jumping and steeplechases follow each other in rapid succession. Crowds throng the horse pond to see the steeplechasers splash, one after the other, into the muddy water; and when that is over they rush off to the obstacle race. Here, in some mysterious way, a dozen cadets work themselves through a wire entanglement, wriggle through suspended flour barrels, climb an almost impassable barricade, and overcome various other obstacles before they reach the goal. Many of them give up the struggle after the first spurt—generally recruits who are exercising their full privilege, and would not of their own motion have attempted anything so rash—while only three or four make a good finish.

The *pièce de resistance* is the "tug of war." A team of the right wing, some twelve or fifteen in number, pulls against a team of the left. The officers commanding the respective wings see that the men are well placed, the spectators crowd up to "the thin red line," the cadets shout and cheer the contestants with all the vigour of undergraduates on the banks of the Isis when the college eights are being rowed, and the teams tug and blow for dear life. It is soon over—best out of three trials wins.

Then the commandant's wife, unless some greater swell should happen to be present, distributes the prizes, and all adjourn to the College for tea and an impromptu dance.

At Christmas a ball is given by the staff and the cadets, when the corridors are hung with bunting and the walls are decorated with various devices wrought of swords and bayonets, snow-shoes and toboggans. The seductive music floats on the perfumed air through the many halls and withdrawing rooms, and the *mise en scéne* is like fairyland. In the dancing room the floor is crowded, while outside, in quiet nooks and corners, flirtations grow apace, for love and war, as in the days of chivalry, go hand in hand.

The cadets are, as a rule, favourites in the city, at least with the mamas and their pretty daughters. The college rules the social world, and balls and parties are timed for Wednesday evening, the College half-holiday. After two o'clock on that day, and also on Saturday, there are no drills or lectures, and any one may go out on pass till eleven, or with extra leave till one. These are cadet days. The streets present a good sprinkling of red-coats and non-commissioned officers, with crimson sashes and sword-belts, short canes, and caps dexterously balanced on three hairs, sport along the pavement. The evenings are passed at parties or at the opera.

There is a larger College ball after Easter, with more guests, grander decorations, and a sumptuous supper. When that is over, the hard work of the term sets in, preparing for the June examination.

Every year commissions in the Imperial army are offered to the four highest graduates. These rank in the following order: engineers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The first two are eagerly sought for, the third generally goes a begging, for Canadians seldom have money necessary to keep up a position in that expensive branch of the service; and the fourth, though rarely declined, is not always accepted. The first two are, however, great prizes, and all the energies of the cleverest cadets are put forth to obtain them.

As June approaches, with its genial warmth, and the trees in the College grounds and neighbouring islands put on their wealth of foliage, and the waters of the lake and river spread out like a mirror, or are crisped by a gentle breeze, red-coats are seen cramming everywhere. By mossy banks, in silent glades, where the river trends through devious channels to the distant sea, the scarlet mingles with the green, and recumbent figures, with huge note books and frowsy heads, impart life but not animation to the scene.

Then comes the examination, towards the middle of June, and at last it is all over; the lists are posted, the prizes are known.

The closing day arrives, presided over by the Governor-General, the Minister of Militia, or, in their absence, some lesser light from the Capital.

Through the long summer day the cadets have been giving evidence of their proficiency in the field. The engineers have dug wells, constructed trenches, laid out camps, or have blown up imaginary fleets and fortresses; the artillery have gone into action, and have come out from the smoke of battle with powder-begrimed faces and everlasting fame; the infantry have marched and counter-marched, deployed into line and broken into column, skirmished, even up to the frowning battlements of Fort Frederick, and retired to finally astonish the spectators by their skill in the bayonet exercise, with flashing of steel and lithe movement of body.

And now comes, as Talleyrand said, "the beginning of the end." The cadets are marched into the large gymnasium, and formed on either side of the platform in lines extending halfway down the hall, which is filled with all the *élite* of an old military and soldier-loving city. The platform is occupied by the commandant and staff, with perhaps a few distinguished guests, and is bright with blue and scarlet uniforms, nodding plumes, and gold lace. The prizes, including a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal, are distributed, amid round on round of applause; the good boy is rewarded in gentle irony, or, in a sublime conception of duty, with a sword "of terrible aspect," and the first graduate is loaded with books. Then the commandant reads an address, long or short, dry or brilliant, according to his humour and inspiration. The cadets are marched out and dismissed, and the official day is over. But only the official day. The cadets then form, under their own orders, a hollow square, with the graduating class in the middle. "Old Lang Syne" is sung with much gusto to the usual accompaniment of la ping and shaking hands. Then a rush is made for the popular favourites, who are lifted and carried, with much cheering, into the dormitory, whence they soon emerge for leave takings and last words with the warm, and sometimes tender, friends they have made among the citizens during their four years' course.

The graduating class have a valedictory dinner in the evening, and next day the cars and steamboats bear the cadets to their homes scattered over the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

For two months the College is deserted. The bare flagstaff is silhouetted against the sky, and the summer sun beats down upon the parade.

England has been lately so free from foreign wars of any importance that there has been little chance for graduates of the College to gain distinction. One, Lieutenant Hewett, served in the Soudan Campaign, and wears a medal won on the banks of Father Nile. Another, Lieutenant Stairs of the Royal Engineers, is, while I write, with Stanley on the Congo, leading the advanced guard, building entrenched camps, and, to judge from the telegrams, doing most excellent service.

It is too early yet to estimate the value of such an institution to our country. That we shall never know until some great crisis calls into play the energies of her rapidly multiplying graduates. In support of the opinion, however, that the Military College is necessary to the Dominion, I cannot do better than quote Lord Lansdowne, who, on his last visit to take leave of the officers and cadets, delivered this calm and unbiassed judgment:—

"There is no Canadian institution of which Canada should be prouder or which will do better service to the country and to the empire. It forms an interesting and distinctive feature in the military system of the Dominion. That system, as I understand it, is based upon the recognition of the fact that Canada cannot afford in her own interests, or in those of the empire, to disregard those precautions which every civilized community takes in order to ensure its own safety from internal commotion or external attack. Upon the other hand it is a system entirely opposed to the establishment of a numerous standing army or to the withdrawal of a large body of citizens from the peaceful pursuits which are essential to the progress and development of the country.

"That being so, it is clear that in a case of a national emergency the Dominion would have to trust largely to the spontaneous efforts of its own people, to the expansion of its existing organization, and the rapid development of the resources already at our command. But, gentlemen, it is needless for me to point out to you that there is one thing which it is impossible to produce in the spur of the moment, and that is a body of trained officers competent to take charge of new levies or to supervise operations necessary for the defence of the national territory, and therefore it appears to me that we cannot over-rate the value of an institution which year by year is turning out men who have received within its walls a soldier's education in the best sense of the word, and who, whatever their primary destination, will, I do not doubt, be found available whenever their services are required by the country."

K. L. Jones.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION AND ITS COST.

An opponent of Imperial Federation assures me that he has merely to point out that the scheme would involve a few dollars extra taxation per family, to turn the average voter decisively against it. This seems tantamount to saying that, from long dependence, parasitism is so ingrained in the character of most Canadians that Canada will hang on to her leading strings until they break. In this case, she will also shrink from her two alternative destines as long as she can, for it would likewise cost money to start national establishments of her own, or to subscribe to those of the United States. She will choose only one compulsion from outside, and then she will choose whichever of the three courses that are open to her may appear the cheapest.

Of course Imperial Federation will cost something. It is essentially a project to buy certain things which we now lack for a fair price. Taxation without representation is no more one-sided an arrangement than representation without taxation. We cannot get joint proprietary rights and joint control over the imperial establishments without paying for these privileges. If any silly Canadians favour the scheme because they fancy it will bring them part ownership in the army and navy and consular service by gift or grace, and without any contribution on their part, they had better "step down and out" of the movement. To secure a co-ordinate status instead of a subordinate one, a full instead of a partial citizenship, we must assume equal burdens and reciprocal obligations with the other federating partners.

A starving, a miserly, or an unreflecting man might prefer that his country should accept gratuitous protection for ever, and shirk for ever the responsibility devolving on adult nations, as on adult individuals, of providing for their own security and defence, rather than contribute a single dollar. But to any high-minded Canadian who is not starving, two or three dollars a year should be a small price to pay to enhance his own self-respect and the reputation of his country, and to secure for himself, a part ownership in every imperial service and in every imperial official.

"But this is only a sentiment." Not so, it is a principle. Is it a sentiment only that would make any well-to-do person shrink from adopting the excellent policy, in a mercenary point of view, of accepting a lodging in a home for orphans or decayed gentlemen, and spending on his pleasures, the money so economised? Is it only a sentiment that would prevent your suing *in forma pauperis*, (even if you could do so), while you had sufficient means to fee a counsel? No, you are acting on principle: you recognize that to accept services or favours without reciprocating them

is to write yourself down as a dependent, or as an inferior, or as a sponge. And this your self-respect forbids.

The contribution to the federal services, in whatever way it might be raised, whether by an income or a poll-tax, or by a percentage of the customs' duties, would be proportionally less for Canada than for the other members of the Federation. For Canada's maintenance of her militia would in fairness exempt her wholly, or almost wholly, from any contribution to the imperial *military* service. And the Canadian Pacific Railway, a work which has so severely taxed her resources, and which is so valuable a factor in welding together and strengthening the Empire, should be credited to her as an asset which should either exempt her from any contribution for some years, or reduce her contribution in perpetuity. Should Canada pronounce for Federation, there is good reason to suppose that her claims for a proper rebate would be weighed in a liberal spirit.

From time to time, works which would be of imperial as well as of local use and importance, would require to be constructed or repaired—such, for instance, as dry docks and certain canals, railroads, etc. Under Imperial Federation these would probably be subsidized by the Empire instead of by the Dominion; and thus the slight burden of our contribution would be practically made lighter.

The Province of Quebec should, and probably would, be especially exempted from war contributions of any kind in case of a rupture between its mother-country, France, and the British Empire.

Inasmuch as in the opinion of most thinkers, our present state of tutelage cannot last much longer, Canada *would have to pay much more* towards national defensive and diplomatic services *under either of her only alternative destinies.* If she joins the United States, that compact power, having no military need of the C. P. R., will make her no allowance for it. If she prefers Independence, she will have to support military, naval, consular, and diplomatic services of her own; and it is to be observed that she would have not only to contribute to the running expenses of a navy—as under Imperial Federation—but also to stand the enormons first cost of its construction.

As an additional return for our comparatively trifling contribution, we would gain a very important advantage which we do not now possess; we would substitute for the protection of England, the still more powerful protection of the Federated Empire, and we could rely upon the latter much more surely than we can now rely upon the former. We could demand the help of the Federation as a right, instead of asking it as a favour, in aid of our just contentions; and our brethren would ungrudgingly grant in *our* time of need, a support which we had pledged ourselves to reciprocate in *theirs*. Knowing this full well the most blatant demagogues of the United States would no longer dare to make footballs of our rights and interests. But at present, if Canadian interests are neglected or sacrificed by Downing Street, to use the memorable words of Hon. Edward Blake, in his Aurora speech, "that is a state of things of which you may have no right to complain as long as you choose to say 'We prefer to avoid the cares, the expenses and charges;' but while you say this, you may not yet assume the lofty air, or speak in the high-pitched tones which belong to a people wholly free."

Halifax, N.S. F. Blake Crofton.

AN ARTIST ABROAD.

From Paradise to Hades suggests no greater antithesis than to say from Paris to a fishing village on the east coast of Fife. I left Paris on Easter Sunday, which in that city of holidays, is everybodys fêté-day. The Boulevards were thronged with people, whose marvellous toilettes baffle description. The progress of carriages was even impeded, except in the Place de la Concorde, where the roll of the wheels, and the sound of the horses' hoofs mingled with the music of splashing fountains, silent through the long winter till this day, when the nymphs and cupids seemed to partake of the human festival.

I rested a day in London to see Turner's pictures in the National Academy. We have all, I am sure, felt the glory of a sunset sink into our souls. It is such a memory I retain of those wonderful canvasses. Techinque is the last thing to be thought of in looking at them. One does not ask why or how he did this, but accepts the glorious radiancy, or swirling storm madness, as Nature is accepted. Turner, in Art, seems to me to have been what Coleridge was in Literature. The former lived high above the human level, among flashing brilliancy, and shimmering nebulous light, while the latter soared in a rarefied atmosphere of theosophic haziness, out of which, as Carlyle tells us, beautiful islets would arise: "Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible."

During the winter I saw the collected work of an artist who must be well-known to all who visit the Luxembourg galleries, Gustave Guillomet. His studies, pastelles, most incomplete drawings, and his masterly paintings were exhibited at the Academy des Beaux Arts, for the purpose of raising a fund to erect a monument to the deceased François Bonvin. The satire, which might otherwise be conveyed in thus honouring Bonvin, who was allowed to lack the life sustaining necessities, is removed when one considers the eccentricities of that artist. Secluded, as some of the flowers he loved, as impervious to friendship as some of the brass pots he painted, this lonely soul alienated from himself his friends and would-be patrons. The recognition of his worth, however, gave to Paris a most delightful glimpse at the life of Guillomet. Visiting the gallery where some two hundred canvasses hung, one could well believe he worked fifteen hours a day for some thirty years. His earlier pictures show a touch of conventionality and thought of subject, a fault often perceptible in young painters, who realize later that truth and simplicity combined is the acme of art. His later works are reproductions of Nature, transporting one to the very field of his labour among the Algerian Arabs by their faithful delineation of the commingled squalor and gorgeous splendour of Arab life. While this exhibition was still open, I saw the same themes painted by the clever Parisian, Dinet, who had three or four small canvasses in the charming little gallery of Georges Petits, just off the Boulevard des Italiens. Still a young man, he attains with ease and facility what Guillomet only achieved towards the end of his life. He is a star of the first magnitude in the brilliant constellation of modern French artists.

But let this long digression be considered a mere parenthesis. Recalling the picture galleries of the enchanting city, I quite forgot my journey, of which, from London to Edinburgh, I really remembered very little. The rate of speed at which one is transported from place to place in these days of lightening expresses, leaves little other sensation than of being booked from one station to the other for a small consideration, like *Grande Vitesse.* About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed the Firth of Forth, and a few hours later slipped out on the platform at St. Monan's. Just the ordinary, ugly railway station; how little did it betoken the individuality of the village! The sun was setting over Largo Law, making of it a second Sinai; further back the two Lomonds loomed like heavy thunder clouds, while here and there wreaths of smoke marked nestling villages. Advancing a little from the station, I arrived at a sharp declivity, down which a multitude of red-tiled houses seemed to be tumbling. At the foot of the road, or rather Wynd, I saw the harbour filled with boats, whose great sails were drying as they slowly swayed with the rocking of the boats, and away on the opposite shore of the Forth the Lothians lay bathed in golden light, while still further up the Forth the outlines of Arthur's Seat faded and were lost in the gathering night. Near at hand, in all the repose and majesty of its many hundred years stood the Auld Kirk, the pride and delight of artist, architecture and antiquarian. While I looked the last ray of sunlight died out of the heavens; so with a new day will I speak of the venerable old pile. C. A. M.

THE WAGES OF LITERATURE.

Does Literature pay? is a question that is sometimes asked by young aspirants to fame in the world of letters. It is seldom asked by older people because they know the invariable answer that proceeds from the lips of experience. They know what Scott said about it, in "the height of his fame." They know what Milton received for his great poem, and now in our own century, only a few weeks ago, one of the greatest of English writers died leaving some few thousand of dollars after a long and laborious life in the world of letters.

So far as dollars and cents go, Literature does not pay. That is the rule, and the exceptions are indeed few and far between. It is just the same in England as it is in Canada in this respect, Canadians have been in the habit of deploring not only the dearth of Canadian literature, but the fact that literature in Canada pays so badly. It is the same in every country. The only difference is, that in other countries a few men have not only made a great name but also a great fortune by their literary efforts, but no Canadian in Canada has yet done so. Yet dollars and cents are not everything, and a man's success in life is not reckoned by sensible people by his bank account. The literary man has pleasures that richer and less literary people have not. He has books that are worth thousands to the man who can enjoy them. He has friends outside of books who are a constant source of pleasure and profit; writing itself, his very profession is fascinating to him. One hears of successful lawyers who are weary of law, of doctors who dislike the study of medicine, even of clergymen who have begun to think that they have chosen the wrong calling, but what man of letters would change his profession? He loves it, he clings to it, even when he asks it for bread and it gives him a stone he utters no reproach. Sometimes, as in the case of Chattertan, suicide is the outcome of his rejected though modest request, but far more often the votary bows to his fate and flies to his pen, finding in it his truest consolation.

Besides, fame, which sometimes comes without a purse, is enough to cover a multitude of sorrows and discomforts. Matthew Arnold died poor, but the world listened to him with attention, nay, with respect. Gold could have been no more powerful a lever than his slight pen. It gave him influence, which gold does not always give, whatever the world may say. America turned to introspection under the inspiration of his words. England pruned herself of excrecences under his directions and warnings. He was a power. He knew his power and loved it. All men are not Matthew Arnold, it is said. True, but every man of letters has some such power, some such enjoyment, some such friends. Every man of letters has a richer knowledge of books, a deeper interest in humanity, a fuller consolation in trouble, a more profound appreciation of the beautiful than the wealthiest millionaire.

Nevertheless Canadians are and will be frightened from the sphere of literature because there is no money in it, by that phrase meaning that a fortune is not in store for the man of letters in our Dominion, the true literary man will not be deterred by that from writing what he has to say. Wealth at best is a means to an end, and a richer end is attained directly by literature and its votaries. B.

Of Longfellow be it said that, though other American poets have been more praised and admired, no one is more loved by all, rich and poor, for the man lives in the poet, and a kindly, gentle feeling for all suffering humanity is diffused throughout his works.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. Canadian copyright edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

There is any amount of humour in this book, but not a suggestion of humour in its cover, which is as bald as the head of Bill Nye and not any more attractive. Perhaps it was intended as a joke to bring out a volume of fun to appear like a cheaply bound volume of parliamentary reports; but, if so, the joke is too obscure to be generally appreciated. In every respect the book is worthy of a better outside appearance. There is a good deal of Mark Twain's peculiar humour in the Introduction, in which he says that, but for his modest deference to the opinions of his associate editors, the book would have been made up entirely of extracts from his own books. In a fac-simile autograph "Apology" he says: "Those selections in this book which are from my own works were made by my two assistant compilers, not by me. This is why there are not more." We take the apology for all it is worth and acquit the "two assistant compilers" of having done less or more than their duty. The "Library" contains selections from American humourists from Washington Irving to Bill Nye, including extracts from many writers not commonly accounted humourists, but in whose works there is to be found humour of a finer quality than the professional humourist usually produces. Somewhat over fifty authors of reputation are represented, and there are also some extracts from the clever, anonymous newspaper contributor. Of course, the reader will assuredly find in the book many things he has already in his library, but only in the library of an omnivorous collector could all the good things in this book be found. In every third or fourth page there is an illustration just as amusing as the literary matter. An index of authors, titles and and illustrations makes reference exceedingly convenient; the brief biographical sketches of the authors whose works have been levied on give additional value to a book which, if not exactly a thing of beauty, will undoubtedly be a perpetual joy to any one who enjoys humour in literature and can read a good thing again and again.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS. By the author of "Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor and Company.

A really sunny book, full *ab ovo usque ad mala* of bright dialogue, crisp sayings, and lively incidents. Moreover, there is in it a grateful lack of that psychological drivelling that does so much duty as literary padding in these days. To the intelligent reader psychology and romance stand in much the same relation as do sand and sugar to the average boarder: he prefers them separate.

CRADLED IN THE STORM. By T. A. Smart. Toronto: William Bryce.

An overgrown dime novel this book is fairly lurid, embracing among its incidents suicide, innuendo, implied impurity, and a mysterious murder: it does not contain a single trace of honest sentiment. Such trash must sell, else it would not be published; but the fact that it does sell is a reflection on the intelligence and the taste of the reading public.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

For God and Gold, by Julian Corbett, reviewed in our columns some months ago, is the latest number of Macmillan's "Summer Reading Library."

ON hearing that slavery was abolished in Brazil by Act of Parliament, the poet Whittier sent the following dispatch by cable to the Emperor, Dom Pedro, at Milan: "With thanks to God, who has blessed your generous efforts, I congratulate you on the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil.—JOHN G. WHITTIER."

IN another column appears *A Ballad for Brave Women*, by the author of *Tecumseh*, the theme of it being the heroic action of Laura Secord which Mrs. Curzon made the subject of her recently published drama bearing the heroine's name; and we may add that Mrs. Curzon has recently received the thanks of the Queen for a copy of the volume of poems to which Laura Secord gives the title.

OF his own poems, Dr. Holmes says, in the June *Book Buyer*: "In my opinion, 'The Chambered Nautilus' is my most finished piece of work, and I think it is my favourite. But there are also 'The Voiceless,' 'My Aviary,' written at my window there, 'The Battle of Bunker Hill,' and 'Dorothy Q.,' written to the portrait of my great-grandmother, which you see on the wall there. All these I have a liking for; and when I speak of the poems I like best, there are two others that ought to be included—'The Silent Melody' and 'The Last Leaf.' I think these are among my best. What is the history of 'The Chambered Nautilus?' It has none,—it wrote itself. So, too, did 'The One Hoss Shay.' That was one of those random conceptions that gallop through the brain, and that you catch by the bridle. I caught it and reined it. All my poems are written while I am in a sort of spasmodic mental condition that almost takes me out of my own self, and I write only when under such influence. It is for this reason, I think, that I can never remember a poem a short time after it is written, any more than the subject of double consciousness can recall the idea of his other state.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 263.
BY W. GRIMSHAW.
From *Illustrated London News*.

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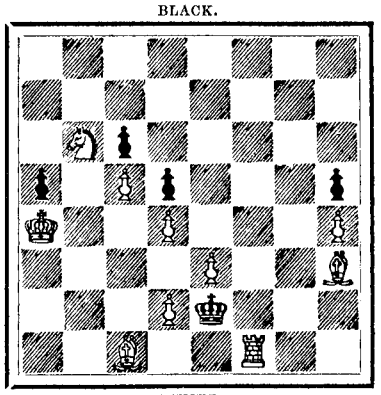

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 264.
BY B. M. NEIL, PHILADELPHIA.
From *Illustrated London News*.

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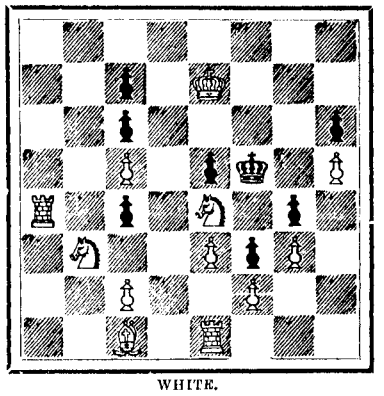

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 257.

White.	Black.
1. Kt—Q 4 +	K x P
2. Q—Q B 7 +	K x Kt
3. Q—Q B 3 mate	

No. 258.

White.	Black.
1. Q—Q R 1	K moves.
2. Q—K R 8, or Kt—B 8 +	moves
3. Kt—B 8, or Q—K R 8 mate.	

GAME PLAYED IN 1857 BETWEEN MESSRS. PAULSEN AND MORPHY

FROM *Illustrated London News*.

TWO KNIGHTS' GAME.

PAULSEN. White.	MORPHY. Black.	PAULSEN. White.	MORPHY. Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	15. Q x P	B—Q 2
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3	16. R—R 2	Q R—K 1
3. Kt—Q B 3	Kt—K B 3	17. Q—R 6 (*b*)	Q x B (*c*)
4. B—Kt 5	B—B 4	18. P x Q	R—Kt 3 +
5. Castles.	Castles.	19. K—R 1	Q B—R 6
6. Kt x P	R—K 1 (*a*)	20. R—Q 1	B—Kt 7 +
7. Kt x Kt	Q P x Kt	21. K—Kt 1	B x B P +
8. B—B 4	P—Q Kt 4	22. K—B 1	B—Kt 7 +
9. B—K 2	Kt x K P	23. K—Kt 1	B—R 6 +
10. Kt x Kt	R x Kt	24. K—R 1	B x B P
11. B—B 3	R—K 3	25. Q—B 1	B x Q
12. P—Q B 3	Q—Q 6	26. R x B	R—K 7
13. P—Q Kt 4	B—Kt 3	27. R—R 1	R—R 3
14. P—Q R 4	P x P	28. P—Q 4	B—K 6

and White resigns.

NOTES.

(*a*) If he had played Kt x Kt, White would regain his piece by P—Q 4.
(*b*) White saw the manœuvre of taking the R, etc., but quite overlooked the other, and equally fatal one.
(*c*) This is very well conceived.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is to take the chair at a dinner of English Public School old boys to be held on Thursday, the 28th inst., at the Rossin House. It is to be hoped that the patriotism and *esprit de corps*, which always distinguish English Public School boys, will cause many from outside Toronto as well as those in the city to unite in making the dinner a success. As it is a little hard to decide exactly what is a Public School, the committee have taken the list published in Whittaker's Almanac for 1888 as their guide. Tickets may be had on application to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Fraser Lefroy, 68 Church Street.

Is there not an Eastern apologue which tells how the Angel of Pestilence was questioned as to the ten thousand victims he had slain? And did he not answer, "Nay, Lord, I took but a thousand; the rest were slain by my friend Panic?" How many, too, have sunk into the deep waters of the Black River, and been floated on to the ocean of eternity, for very paralysis of hope when the evil hour was upon them and they had just wetted their feet on the brink! They could, and they would, have stepped back to the solid shore, but they had no courage for the attempt, no energy to strike out to the land. The waters closed over their bowed heads.