

THE WEEK:

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The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was then decided that September being Exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.

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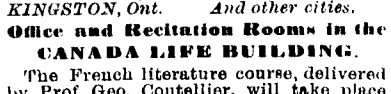
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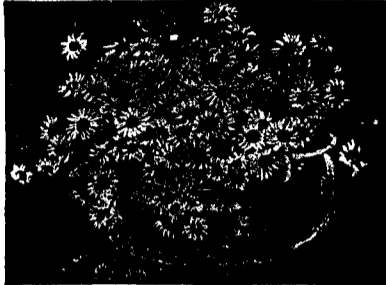
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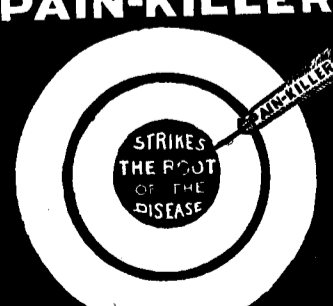
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WE beg leave to invite the attention of our readers to the excellent suggestion made by Mr. Goldwin Smith in his brief letter in another column. The desirability of having some place in which the literary, scientific and artistic workers of the city could meet and make each other's acquaintance, and at the same time find facilities for the indulgence and further cultivation of their respective tastes and aptitudes, is too obvious to require argument. A club arrangement of the simple and inexpensive and yet most attractive kind proposed could not fail to have an excellent effect, not only in the way of mutual help and stimulus in the various researches and pursuits indicated, but in counteracting the tendency towards a kind of intellectual selfishness and reclusion, which is too often fostered by the solitary habits of brain-workers. We hope to see Mr. Goldwin Smith's suggestion bearing fruit at an early day, either in the proposed modification of the plan of the Canadian Institute, or in the furnishing of a small suite of rooms elsewhere for the purpose. Not the least of the advantages to be derived from such an institution would be, if we may be permitted to say so, the incidental benefits that would accrue to younger members from occasional contact with men who have attained eminence in literature, science or art, and whose matured powers and cultivated tastes would make their very presence a source of inspiration and aid to younger workers in the same fields, without the conscious effort of either party.

IT would be but a truism to say that the success of Democratic institutions is impossible apart from a good degree of purity and independence in the electorate. Let a considerable percentage of either the electors or the constituencies become venal and corrupt and there is no longer any safeguard for either the honesty and loyalty of Government and Parliament, or for the liberties of the people. In view of this obvious truth the spectacle which is now set before us in Canada in the large number of actions which have been entered in the courts, protesting against newly-elected members on the grounds of bribery and corruption, is, unless we can believe that most of these protests are based on trivial grounds, an alarming one. That they, or the occurrences which make them possible,

are largely the outcome of the fierceness of party faction is no doubt true and to some extent reassuring. Even if the courts are forced to sustain many of these protests and unseat the candidates, there may yet be room for consolation in the knowledge that in many instances the offences proved will have been comparatively slight and confined to a few individuals. Still the very fact that so many serious accusations of corrupt practices have been made and so many cases tried in the courts must be seriously damaging to our national reputation. Some may be almost ready to enquire whether seeing that this discreditable result is so largely due to the strictness of our legislation, it might not be better to relax in some measure the stringency of the laws which sometimes make it impossible for a candidate with the best intentions to prevent acts by too zealous followers such as will void the election. Any relaxation would, however, be a dangerous experiment, at least until we can be a good deal better assured than we now are that the moral influence of the great majority of leaders and influential men of both parties will be heartily thrown on the side of purity. In the meantime it is not wonderful that there is still a strong disposition to regard the disgraceful results as due largely to defects in the laws, and that the first week of the new session has brought forward a large number of proposed amendments to the Elections Act. It is, indeed, somewhat suggestive and at the same time unfortunate that most of these proposals have thus far emanated from the Opposition side of the House, though the majority of the protests have been entered against members sitting on that side. This is not, we fear, a favourable augury for the passage of these amendments. There can be no doubt, however, that some of the changes proposed are much needed, and it is to be hoped that such may be accepted and adopted by the Government. And yet, so far as we have observed, some reforms which would, it seems to us, be far more effective than any we have seen proposed, have not been suggested. We may have overlooked them, or the newspaper reports may have been imperfect, but we have observed no proposal to limit the amounts that may be contributed or expended for election purposes, or to require that such sums be handled by a responsible committee, whose accounts and vouchers must be submitted to the courts, or to make the giving or accepting of a bribe a criminal offence, to be punished by imprisonment without the option of a fine. Is it not obvious that such measures as these would intercept the stream of corruption much nearer its source than many of those proposed, and be proportionally more effective? They have the advantage too of having been tried and found useful in the Mother Country.

MOST of the amendments to which we have referred, and indeed the provisions of our legislation for the prevention of electoral corruption generally, regard simply the danger of bribery or undue influence in the case of the individual voter. But no observer of the events of the late contest, or in fact of the last two or three general elections, can doubt that another influence much more subtle and potent is being brought to bear with great effect. This is the kind of influence against which those clauses of Mr. Charlton's Bill are directed, which provide that "any candidate promising public works of any kind to electors of any particular district will be deemed to have used undue influence, and his doing so will be considered a corrupt practice under the Act"; that "any Minister of the Crown or agent of the Government who shall during the progress of an election contest make a promise of Government appropriations or aid to any constituency, that promise being calculated to influence the result of an election in that constituency, it shall be deemed a corrupt practice"; and that "where the Government during the progress of an electoral contest, or at any time within two months of the dissolution of the House, send engineers for the purpose of surveying public works for which no appropriation has been made for the purpose of such works, this shall, where such survey influences the result of an election in any riding, be deemed a corrupt practice." These clauses, as expressed, are mainly directed against the Government whose existence is at stake. But, as Mr. Charlton was reminded on introducing his Bill,

there is equal need that the provisions of such a Bill should include other parties, e.g., the Opposition leaders and the Provincial Governments. As Sir John A. Macdonald suggested, a clause is equally necessary to provide that candidates for Parliamentary honours who promise grants or subsidies to assist in the building of railways if their party get into power should be held equally guilty of corrupt practice. It is obvious that the constituency may be bribed as effectively by the promise of the leader of the Opposition as by that of the leader of the Government, assuming that the former's chances of party success are thought to be equally good. The danger is undoubtedly a serious one in Canada at the present time. Let constituencies once be brought down to the low level at which considerations of public or national interest become secondary to those of local gain, and the demoralization of the country in which such a state of things exists is complete. It matters not by whom the inducement is held out, whether by a member of the Cabinet, an Opposition leader, or the Premier or other officer of a Local Administration, it is evident that it is a bribe, and a bribe more injurious than that of a single elector, in proportion as a constituency is a larger and more influential factor in the national life than an individual. There are, no doubt, great difficulties in the way of legislating effectively to meet such cases, but if members on both sides are alive to the danger, and are willing to divest the Bill of all partisan aspects, they surely can find some means of preventing a form of popular corruption so insidious and yet so gross. Every honest member, actual or prospective, of the Government, should wish for such legislation, if for no other reason, to deliver him from the temptation to even think of the party complexion of the constituency in connection with the distribution of the public funds of which he is trustee for the whole people. To believe a Ministry capable of favouring one constituency above another on party grounds is to believe it capable of a base betrayal of the public faith.

ON Monday last, Mr. Tarte, M. P., brought his much-talked-of indictment against Hon. Thomas McGreevy and others, in the House of Commons. Comment, save by way of pointing out the very serious nature of the charges, would be premature and unfair. Our readers are all no doubt familiar with the main points of Mr. Tarte's accusations. The substance of the long list of allegations with which he prefaced his motion for reference of the matter to a special committee is that Mr. McGreevy has been for years using his great political influence to gain premature and illicit knowledge of the contents of tenders sent in to the Department of Public Works; that by means of this knowledge he was able to secure from the Department contracts at exorbitant prices for the firm of Larkin, Connolly and Company; that he received from that firm, or some of its members, large sums of money in payment for the knowledge thus surreptitiously imparted; that the public treasury has thus been defrauded to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars; and that large sums of money were paid by the firm above mentioned to the Minister of Public Works out of the proceeds of the contracts thus dishonestly obtained. Mr. Henry F. Perley, Chief Engineer of the Government Public Works, and other officials of the Department are seriously implicated. It will thus be seen that the acts charged are so grossly fraudulent that, if made good by satisfactory proof, they must not only drive Mr. McGreevy and Sir Hector Langevin from public life but render them liable to prosecution in the criminal courts. Sir Hector Langevin and Hon. Mr. McGreevy arose in their places and explicitly denied the truth of the allegations, and declared themselves ready to have them fully investigated by a Parliamentary Committee. Mr. McGreevy went further and not only pronounced the whole statement made by Mr. Tarte false from beginning to end, but denounced it as the outcome of a foul conspiracy by the members of a clique who wished to injure him because he would not become their instrument and help them to obtain what they wanted. He further declared that these persons had even forged his name to documents to gain their ends and that he was able to prove it. The charges were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, which will no doubt

proceed without delay to probe the matter to the bottom. The progress of the investigation, involving as it does the good name and fate of a member of the Government and another member of the Commons, and, to a certain extent, the honour not only of the Government and Parliament but of the Dominion, will be followed with great interest from day to day. Meanwhile every fair-minded man will bear in mind that the accused should in equity as well as in law be held innocent until they have been proved guilty, while every true-hearted one would especially deplore to see the head of one who has for so many years occupied the high position of a Minister of the Crown covered with dishonour in his declining years.

THE recent arrival at Montreal of a Canadian Pacific express train carrying the passengers of the *Empress of India*, which had left Yokohama but fourteen days before, was an event of more than ordinary interest and significance. This initial voyage of the first fast Canadian steamship on this route seems to have been successful in every respect and is full of promise for the future of this great enterprise. The *Empress of India* ran across the Pacific from Yokohama in a little more than ten days and a-half. She made the whole voyage of 16,300 miles from Liverpool to Vancouver and down to San Francisco in eighty days, having touched at twelve intermediate ports. The event is one of which all Canadians may well be proud, one on which the Canadian Pacific Railway may be specially congratulated, and one which no doubt means great things for the City of Vancouver. The residents of that city did well to take advantage of the presence of Mr. Van Horne on the auspicious occasion of the arrival of the *Empress of India* to present him with a complimentary address, truthfully, we believe, affirming that "the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway stands without a parallel in the annals of railway enterprise," and fittingly recognizing that the success achieved has been very largely due to Mr. Van Horne's high administrative ability, and to the energetic and self-reliant spirit which he infused into the Directorate. Mr. Van Horne in reply, after expressing his very high appreciation of the honour done him, proceeded to indulge in certain prognostications which, though they are, as he admitted, the words of an optimist, yet carry great weight with them from the fact that his predictions have hitherto been, in a large measure, justified by results. "I am proud," said he, "of Vancouver and look upon it as certain to become one of the greatest cities on the Pacific Coast, and second to none, not even San Francisco. It is the belief of the Directors and myself that Vancouver has a sound base in the products of British Columbia. I believe, from personal observation, that the mineral resources of this Province surpass any in the continent of America, if not the world. We have also iron, coal and lumber, which are not to be found in any such quantities on any other section of the Pacific Coast. It only requires faith and enterprise to build up on this coast a great city, second to none and better than San Francisco in material resources." If, as is hoped and expected, the line of swift communication with China thus established is followed by another between Vancouver and Australia, and also, in due time, by a fast Atlantic line, the results cannot fail to be of great value to Canada and especially to British Columbia.

REFERRING to the possibilities and hopes of establishing a great and profitable trade in the near future with the teeming myriads of the Celestial Empire, one is naturally led to reflect upon our treatment of the Chinese who have come to our shores, and the probable effect of such treatment upon their home Government and people. Though it is bad enough to have singled out the immigrants from this great empire for the imposition of a special tax, Canada has happily not gone so far as her Republican neighbour in the direction of harshness and maltreatment. The refusal of the Chinese Government to receive Senator Blair as Minister to Peking is a suggestive incident. It shows that the Chinese Government and officials are not only fully alive to the way in which their people have been treated in the United States, but that they have taken cognizance of the part played by individual public men, like Senator Blair, in arousing popular prejudice and securing special and unjust legislation. An influential New York journal, the *Christian Union*, not only admits that the Chinese Government did exactly right in refusing to receive Senator Blair, but believes that the day is near when there will be a great development of China's trade with the world and the world's trade with China, and predicts that the United States will then be made to feel the

long-delayed vengeance of an offended nation, and to suffer for it through that most sensitive organ, the pocket. Should the United States be deliberately and with set purpose discriminated against with regard to the immense coming trade with the Chinese nation, or should it be resolutely shut out from that trade, the *Christian Union* declares that the nation will have received only its deserts, and will have no just cause for resentment. This is an aspect of the case to which Canadians would do well to take heed. If, as is rumoured, British Columbia representatives propose making a vigorous effort during the current session of Parliament to secure a more stringent Act for the exclusion of the Chinese they will do well to pause and consider the possible effects of such legislation upon their trade relations with China in the near future, and ask whether it may not be the wiser as well as the nobler course to be just and forbearing.

MR. ADAM BROWN, Canadian Commissioner to Jamaica, who reached Halifax the other day on his return, is of opinion that the facts learned or demonstrated in connection with the exhibition may prove valuable to Canada, if those who are interested will but follow up the openings which have been found for trade. First and most important amongst these facts is that Canadian flour will keep in the tropics. Mr. Brown thinks also that a trade might be established in Canadian cheese, butter and bacon, which articles were found superior to any previously used on the Island. He thinks that an opening has been made, too, for a good many lines of Canadian manufactured goods. His reply to the *Empire* reporter, to the all-important question of return cargoes from Jamaica, is, however, much less encouraging than we could wish. "I am of opinion," he said, "that we can take a great deal of their coffee, for instance, and if proper transportation can be secured from Halifax to the West, quick and at reasonable rates, we can profitably consume large quantities of their fruits, in addition to goods already brought to this market from Jamaica." The demand for these articles would not, it may be feared, go very far towards counterbalancing any considerable trade in the exports above named, and without counterbalancing cargoes profitable trade over such distances is, of course, out of the question. We infer from Mr. Brown's remark that there is no present prospect of the success of any negotiations for reciprocal trade relations with Jamaica. It is to be hoped that Canadian producers will take his advice, and test the capacity and value of the Jamaica Market very thoroughly. Mr. Brown's report will no doubt give fuller particulars of the result of his mission. Mr. Brown has shown himself a very able and indefatigable commissioner, and has won golden opinions from those who have had the best opportunities for observing the manner in which his work has been done. The Island newspapers are eloquent in his praise.

WE had intended to refer last week to an article in the *Winnipeg Tribune* of April 24th, controverting the opinions expressed in a paragraph in THE WEEK touching the reasons assigned by the Dominion Minister of Justice for the disallowance of the Manitoba Foreign Corporations Act. The *Tribune* is right, to a certain extent, in assuming that in our comments we were mainly guided by the Minister's interpretation of the force and meaning of the Act. We naturally assumed that, so far as the matter of such interpretation was concerned, we might more safely rely upon Sir John Thompson's conclusions than upon the results of our own study of the Act itself. It did not, indeed, occur to us that any serious difference of opinion could arise as to the meaning of an Act so short and apparently so simple in its language and provisions. In this we were, it appears, mistaken. The meaning and effect of the Act, as unfolded by Sir John Thompson, differ widely from the explanation given by the *Tribune*. For instance, the *Tribune* affirms "that the period of time fixed by the sixth section, within which lands held by companies must be alienated, applies only to lands acquired through foreclosure or sale proceedings, or through release by mortgagees of their equity of redemption," and "has no application to the Hudson Bay Company, to the Canada North-West Land Company, to the Canadian Pacific, Manitoba South-Western or Manitoba North-Western Railways. In these cases no time-limit in holding lands is fixed or attempted to be fixed." Sir John Thompson, on the other hand, says that the provision of the Act referred to "would have the effect of confiscation in respect to all companies which, before the passing of the Act, acquired

lands in Manitoba under competent legislation and by Dominion land patents, and involves a breach of faith by causing a detrimental change in the terms on which the contracts with these companies were made." Now, which of these is the true interpretation of the section? Upon the answer to this question turns one of the strongest objections to the Act. It must be admitted that the *Tribune's* rendering seems to the lay mind more in accord with the wording of the section. Possibly Sir John Thompson does not otherwise understand it, and means only to say that the section, by changing or limiting the terms upon which the companies named may dispose of their lands, or, which amounts to the same thing, the terms upon which other companies, institutions or corporations, purchasing or dealing in these lands may hold and dispose of them, effects a virtual confiscation of a certain part of their value, just as he argues in another place that the same section would limit the freedom of the Government of Canada in the disposal of the lands in the Province which are still the property of Canada, and so lessen the value of those lands to the Dominion. And this reminds us that the *Tribune* is unable to understand the meaning of our remark that "as the Government still retains a large interest in the ungranted lands of the Province, it was impossible that Provincial legislation, adapted to reduce very materially the value of those lands, could have been permitted." "All Dominion lands in the Province, yet ungranted, says the *Tribune*, are free grants. How could these be reduced in value?" It therefore thinks there is no use in replying to our argument because it is obviously based upon some misconception. If this is so the Minister of Justice is likewise the victim of misconception when he says that "all ungranted lands" in Manitoba are "still the property of Canada," and that "any legislation prejudicially affecting the value of the public lands in that Province . . . is legislation directly affecting the property and interests of the people of Canada at large." We confess in turn that we are unable to understand the *Tribune* unless it assumes that the Dominion has no authority or right to dispose of the lands referred to, except as free grants. But we must wait for more light as to the facts before discussing the question further. As the *Tribune* no doubt is aware, the sympathies of THE WEEK have always been with the Province in its struggle for Provincial rights and freedom from injurious monopolies. We freely concede the hardship and injustice the people suffer in being compelled to pay, in addition to their own taxes, those of such a corporation as the North-West Land Company, and we wish them success in every effort to secure Legislative jurisdiction over the lands of their own Province, provided that the means used in securing such jurisdiction involve no injustice to outside corporations or breach of faith on the part of the Dominion Government.

IT is always easy to mistake either increased knowledge of an evil, or an increased sensitiveness to it as evil, for an increase of the thing itself. A cynic might, recounting the instances which have come to light within a few years of licentiousness on the part of public men in England, plausibly infer that the moral type of the British people, or at least of certain important classes of the people, was deteriorating. Such cases as those of Sir Charles Dilke and Parnell, and now of that monster of vicious propensities and purposes, Captain Verney, and of others whose names might easily be added, may seem to many to justify a pessimistic view of the state of the national morals. But when we apply the two principles above suggested in the work of comparison, the matter takes on a very different aspect. Notwithstanding the deep stain left by such individuals upon the record of Parliamentary morals, it can scarcely be doubted by any one who will take the trouble to look back over the history of half a century, that the former days were vastly worse than these. The fact is that offences against social purity which would have been winked at, if the perpetrator did not even win a kind of admiration as a gallant, two or three generations back, are now regarded with righteous horror and aversion, and detection is followed with severe legal penalties. The same thing is no doubt true with regard to other kinds of crime, as could, indeed, be proved by statistics. It is then a cause rather for thankfulness and hope than for discouragement that the class of crimes which do more than almost any other to defile the fountains of social and domestic happiness, are becoming so abhorred that neither wealth, nor rank, nor personal influence and ability can avail to screen the wrong-doer from social

disgust and ostracism, or in certain cases to save him from the prisoner's dock and the convict's doom. The latest case that has been referred to, that of Captain Verney, is certainly one of the vilest conceivable, and one cannot avoid the feeling that the sentence of one year's imprisonment with hard labour is a very inadequate punishment, in view of the peculiar baseness and cruelty of the offences. The trained Christian conscience of the nation is making itself very troublesome to ill-doers in English public life, and with admirable results. There is in recent and current history much ground for a rational and energetic optimism.

WERE it not for the intense moral interest of the subject, it would be almost amusing to read the various deliverances of the great English newspapers touching Sir Joseph Pease's resolution which was carried against the Government in the Commons, calling upon the Government of India to resign the profits of the opium trade, and to prohibit the manufacture of the drug except for medicinal purposes. As it is, these articles furnish an instructive study in the evolution of opinion—were we disposed to be cynical we might say of principles—and in the effects of self-interest in dulling the perceptions of many who see straight enough when no question of loss or sacrifice is involved. Between the lines of most of the leaders on the subject it is not very difficult to read an admission that the traffic is bad, if not wholly indefensible, on high moral grounds, and that the argument for its continuance must rest on grounds of political or economical expediency. Even the *Times* says in so many words, "We most heartily wish that the Government of India had not to rely on the income from the opium traffic." But strange to say the *Spectator* offers a bold and elaborate justification of the business *per se*, apart from all revenue considerations. Opium, this powerful journal has discovered, is "the most perfect of the sedatives" in which the people of Southern China find "the luxury of relief from the pressure of despondency, low spirits, and the ill-health engendered by infamous sanitary conditions." "Taken in strictly limited doses, whether by swallowing or inhalation," it "produces in most Europeans and in all Asiatics an delightful sense of tranquillity and ease, accompanied by no loss of mental power, and attended by a great increase of that faculty of endurance which among the Chinese, who are a terribly overworked people, is held to be essential to life. That so taken, the drug is injurious to its votaries, is probably a pure assumption." The Rajpoots of India and scores of thousands of Chinese workmen, we are told, habitually use the drug through life without revealing any deleterious consequence, etc. "Unfortunately the drug," the *Spectator* concedes, "like alcohol, is capable of being abused, tempts a certain proportion of its votaries to abuse it, and when abused, ruins the constitution and destroys mental energy as badly as absinthe or gin, though with this noteworthy difference, that while alcohol generates crime, opium does not." This is the first instance, so far as we can recollect, in which we have seen what amounts to a defence of the sale and use of the drug on general as distinct from commercial principles. With all due respect to the *Spectator* we cannot refrain from wishing that it had indicated some of the sources of its knowledge, and given a little testimony from those who have had opportunities for studying the question in the East. It is not too much to say that such evidence, and a good deal of it, will be needed to discredit the testimony of merchants, travellers, physicians, missionaries, Government ambassadors and officers and Chinese statesmen, which Mr. David McLaren, J. P., in the strong paper to which we alluded a couple of weeks since, and many other writers have brought together. All these will, we believe, be found to be pretty well agreed on two points: first, that the effects of what the *Spectator* would call the abuse of the drug are not only awful beyond description, but that such abuse is vastly more widespread in proportion to the whole number of opium users than the *Spectator* would lead us to suppose; and second, that so far from the habit not generating crime, not only does it destroy all manly and virtuous sentiments in its victims, but, once the taste is formed, its votaries will stop short of no crime to procure it. The Chinese Government might fairly be supposed to know the facts, and their convictions on the subject must have been pretty strong to impel them to engage in two or three wars with the terrible power of Britain, in the vain effort to keep the drug out of the country. There are still ringing in the ears of thousands of the morally thoughtful among the English people those noble and

memorable words of a Chinese Emperor who, when urged by British ambassadors to legalize the traffic and make it a source of revenue, exclaimed: "Nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people," and again, "To go on to destruction, although an increase of revenue may result, will provoke the judgment of Heaven." It is specially noteworthy, and not specially creditable to British journalistic candour, that neither the *Spectator* nor any other paper opposed to the reform aimed at by Mr. Pease and his supporters makes any attempt to answer the appeal made to the national sentiment of righteousness, in regard to the iniquitous manner in which the traffic was forced upon China. Yet this is really the question, so far as the primary moral responsibility of the British nation is concerned.

OTTAWA LETTER.

SCARCELY had the corridors of the Parliament Buildings begun to echo with the tread of many footsteps, when they were again comparatively deserted, for a short recess only in the House of Commons; but there will be nothing to record in the annals of the Senate until the 26th inst. "*Surtout point de zèle*" has before now been the watchword of diplomats, but in the case of the presiding genii of Parliament Hill, so many of whom are fulfilling their functions for the first time, the verification of a homelier axiom might have been looked for. The inactivity, on this occasion, of the proverbial new broom is, perhaps, only the exception that proves the rule, or possibly, as regards the Opposition, our mistake of "*reculer pour mieux sauter*."

Meanwhile our Capital is beginning to lose the lethargic aspect it has worn for many months past. The spring foliage will soon transform some of the streets into leafy avenues; whilst on the principal thoroughfare there is daily quite a motley crowd driving and walking. Great and reverend signiors, together with younger and more frivolous members of the Lower House, may be seen, presumably discussing the affairs of the nation, or possibly the latest society function. Of these, it would be difficult to chronicle the number of "teas," past, present and to come. There have not as yet been many dinners and dances, but these will follow in due course; the festivities of the Session being inaugurated by a ball at Government House on Tuesday.

The most important society event since the last issue of THE WEEK was, of course, the Drawing-Room, at which it was pleasant to see Her Excellency Lady Stanley, who was prevented by illness from being present last year. It was a most unfortunate evening, in point of weather, and that, combined with the late beginning of the Session, which has deterred many of the families of members from coming to the Capital, no doubt accounted for a comparatively small attendance. The routine of a Vice-Regal Drawing-Room with its *mise en scène* is familiar to many readers of THE WEEK, still there are always some fresh elements of interest and even of amusement in this apparently solemn ceremonial, and the fortunate person who gets his or her obeisance over early in the evening has the advantage of watching and freely commenting on the performances of others. There are the eager people who bow too soon, the timid people who bow too late, and the utterly distraught ones who turn and flee without having bowed at all. These vagaries occur every time in spite of the perfectly audible entreaties of the A. D. C. But when all's said and done it is in truth an ordeal to pass through the serried ranks of those that "have gone before," who, however tame their own performance has been, feel quite at liberty to criticize their successors. It may be only five minutes between the time of our standing in the corridor, where a certain amount of pushing and shoving goes on to the strains of the Queen's Band, till we find ourselves one of a single file moving up the Senate Chamber, at the end of which our eyes are dazzled by patches of gold, blue and scarlet, which resolve themselves into the Governor-General and his suite. Now we have handed our card to the A. D. C. Now we have moved more or less unsteadily to the right, and, judging our distance as best we may, bow and pass on, our name sounding as if it belonged to someone else. The galleries are crowded with spectators, and, take it altogether, there are few prettier sights in the Capital than the Senate Chamber on a Drawing-Room night.

The number of petitions presented to Parliament is surprising, considering that with the exception of those for private Bills which are scrutinized by the Standing Orders Committee to see that due notice has been given, there is seldom anything heard or seen of them after their presentation, which is the briefest possible statement of the purport of "the prayer of John Smith and so many others." Once in a while their object is so pressing, or the Member in charge so zealous and influential as to secure their reference to a Select Committee. But as a rule they are pigeon-holed for all time. Some incongruities occur at times. The other day a distiller found himself charged with a petition for prohibition of the liquor traffic, but he did his duty to his constituents bravely. The great number of petitions for stricter legislation as to Sunday observance has, not for the first time either, necessitated Sunday work by some of the employees, without

which the documents could not be examined, docketed, and indexed in due time.

The appearance of the first divorce petition of the Session was the occasion of a little discussion in the Senate as to the necessity and opportuneness of establishing a uniform law of divorce, and courts to administer it in the Provinces which are without such tribunals. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island have special divorce courts established before Confederation, and the Supreme Court of British Columbia holds that the adoption of English law by that Province gives it jurisdiction in divorce and matrimonial causes. Senator Macdonald, of British Columbia, was the principal exponent of the opinion which makes for divorce legislation, and no doubt there is a good deal to be said on that side. But the principal argument adduced—that of equal relief to rich and poor—can hardly be urged fairly against the present system. A divorce by special Act costs about \$250 for advertising the notice, printing, translating, and fees, which latter may be, and have in some cases been, remitted on account of the poverty of the applicant, leaving only some \$50 to pay. Counsel fees and the cost of bringing witnesses would be the same in Court as in Parliament, so divorce could hardly be made much cheaper. As to the objections to the nature of the tribunal—a special committee in each House, followed by the vote of the House itself—they are more specious than well founded. It is true enough that legislative bodies are singularly ill-fitted to discharge judicial functions, but anyone who has followed a Divorce Bill through Parliament will admit that wherever there has been any doubt as to its justice or expediency, it has received as careful consideration and discussion as would be given by any court, and perhaps the very absence of technicality has conduced to substantial justice. The manner in which the evidence has been analyzed in some hard-contested cases is beyond anything that could be expected of the best special jury. With the adverse religious sentiment of a large element, supported by the moral objections of others, this question must always be a thorny one for any ministry to take up. And in view of there being only half-a-dozen applications for divorce at the most in any session, it is likely to be some time before any practical steps are taken. All the same, the mooted of this question is a sign of the times.

After the passing of the Address, the introduction of Bills and motions for returns were the main business of the Commons. This went off very quietly.

It is supposed that there is something more promising than usual in the stereotyped reply that a two-cents rate of letter postage is "under the consideration of the Government," but Mr. Denison's hope that this reduction can be made to apply to letters to all parts of the Empire is hardly likely to be realized after the rather discouraging reception a recent query on the subject got from Mr. Raikes in the British House of Commons.

An inch is a great deal in many things besides a nose. Hence the importance attached to the announcement, made on seemingly good authority, that it has been decided to increase the space to be allowed for each animal on board cattle-steamers from two feet six inches to two feet eight inches.

As at the commencement of the last Parliament so now there is complaint of undue delay in gazetting election returns, whereby, it is asserted, an undue advantage has been given the party in power to contest the seats of certain of its adversaries. The blame, if any, was then laid upon the Clerk of the Crown in chancery. Now the returning officers are found fault with. But judging from the disclaimers of Mr. McMullen and Mr. Mulock of any reflections upon the fairness of their particular returning officers, and the fact that Sir John Macdonald has suffered equally with others of both political stripes, while Mr. Charlton's instance of complaint was actually that of delay in the return of a Conservative, it is unlikely that there has been any systematic unfairness. As the Premier pointed out, there are many causes of delay, and Mr. Mills' complaint of the inefficacy of a penal action against a man who has nothing, may be met by an amendment of the law. In fact the details of the Franchise and Electoral Acts are likely to be thoroughly overhauled this Session.

The way to the discussion of two burning constitutional questions was opened delicately. Mr. Larivière confined himself entirely to his formal motions for papers respecting the Manitoba Schools Act and the abolition of the official use of the French language in that Province. This course avoided discussion on imperfect information, and the immediate plunging of the House into what is sure to be a heated debate with many ramifications. It commended itself to everybody except Mr. Devlin, as their silence showed. Report has it that the eloquent speech of the member of Ottawa was delivered without consulting his party, who are by no means pleased with either the force of his oratory or the widening of the issues, and that Mr. Laurier wrote him a stiff homily on subordination. Mr. Devlin will perhaps have reason to say, "Timeo Danaos" of his opponents' compliments on his maiden speech. By the death of Mr. Haythorne the small band of Opposition Senators loses one of its ablest members, and the Upper House a gentleman of the old school, liberal in the truest sense of the word. His scholarship and refinement made him sure of an attentive and interested hearing, whether on local questions affecting Prince Edward Island or on wider issues which he treated with the same ease and zeal.

His, too, was very often the word in season fitly spoken, which healed the acrimony that sometimes creeps into debate even in the placid and dignified Red Chamber.

Another well-known name will soon disappear from the Senate Division list, where it often stood all alone on one side. Mr. Alexander, of Woodstock, has not been well enough to take his seat for two consecutive Sessions, and so, under the provisions of the B. N. A. Act, it has become vacant.

Mr. Tarte has not lost much time in bringing before Parliament his charges against Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. McGreevy, and he has done so in the most circumstantial manner, though, grave as they are, they do not contain all the allegations he was expected to make. The galleries were filled on Monday, and there was a suppressed excitement, an undefinable something in the air, which recalled the memorable days before the formulation of the accusations against the Ministry in 1873. Personally, Mr. Tarte, the "enfant terrible" of Quebec politics, is to those, who have not heard his fiery eloquence or read his denunciatory writing, the "mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," and both his demeanour and language were fitting the serious occasions. He commenced with a few words in French, then changed to English, which he speaks fluently, and which, as in the case of so many Frenchmen who speak it well, seems to acquire emphasis from the slight tinge of foreign accent. His charges occupy four columns of very small print, but may be briefly summed up into an accusation that Mr. McGreevy and Sir Hector Langevin used their public influence and the latter's official position as Minister of Public Works to give undue information and advantage to certain contractors, shared with them the proceeds of contracts thus obtained, and contrived that these contracts should be given at exorbitant rates, the money coming from the public purse. It is also charged that they corrupted officials of the Department. Sir Hector confined himself to a dignified denial and an expression of complete willingness to have everything investigated, and he also defended his officers. Mr. McGreevy emphatically declared that the whole charge was false and untrue from beginning to end, was a foul conspiracy, and the letters were forgeries, and declared his readiness for an enquiry.

Mr. Tarte had moved for a small select Committee, but as the matter is one affecting the seats of all the members concerned it was thought better to send it before the larger tribunal of the Privileges and Elections Committee. So ends the formal prologue to one of the most serious political episodes of late years. It involves the political existence of the accused and may have far wider-reaching results. As usual there are all sorts of rumours flying about, some of very grave import, but distortion and exaggeration are the natural effects of the mirage from the heated air of this political furnace—the City of Ottawa—and, whether scandal or slander, the matter is now *sub judice* and premature report or comment would be as unfair as unbecoming.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THIS paper is written upon the assumption that he whose name heads it, and whose works in some measure are reviewed, is a poet. Illogical as the course may be, there will be no definition attempted as to what poetry is. Life is real, and perhaps Spencer's cumbrous definition thereof is the best, but the best requires still further defining if not expanding, and even then we may find the definition only entangling, and our philosophy more misty than before. Yet life is, and we in general have no difficulty in recognizing its presence. Poetry is, and men own its charm. Whittier has written some charming poetry. The word "poet" traced to its source means one who creates. If that be the criterion of what constitutes poetry, the fingers of one hand would suffice to count the poets in the English tongue. Indeed it is doubtful if strictly another name than that of Shakespeare could be given. But when Homer—confessedly a *poëtes*—began his Iliad, he invoked the Muse with "Sing, O goddess." Whittier sings, and sings with sweetness; his singing is poetry. We would listen to his song.

It may be said that his poetry is essentially American, nay New England. True his speech and scenes are of New England cast, but then Shakespeare's Greeks and Romans talk in good Elizabethan English, and Tennyson is ever on English ground. But the poet's inspiration looks further, is, may we say, all embracing; and Whittier sings some all embracing truths.

Whittier is human, human in the best and kindest sense. True to his Quaker instincts he holds to the "inner light"—the consciousness of the metaphysician, the theologian's witness of the spirit—but he holds it for humanity, not for a class.

The word which the reason of Plato discerned,
The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra fire burned;
The soul of the world which the stoic but guessed,
In the light universal, the Quaker confessed.

The egoism of the philosopher, the exclusiveness of the dogmatist, the separateness of the Quaker, are all lost here in the sympathy of the man.

He can enter into the spirit of such movements as those which followed the preaching of Whitfield when

Through ceiled chambers of secret sin
Sudden and strong the light shone in;
A guilty sense of his neighbour's needs
Startled the man of title deeds;
The trembling hand of the worldling shook
The dust of years from the Holy Book,

And the psalms of David forgotten long,
Took the place of the scoffer's song.

Nevertheless

In silent protest of letting alone,
The Quaker kept the way of his own
A non-conductor among the wires.
With coat of asbestos, proof to fires.
And vague of creed and barren of rite,
But holding as in his master's sight
Act, thought, and deed to the inner light,
The round of his simple duties walked,
And strove to live what the others talked.

From the curse of African slavery America is now happily free. Whittier was in the thick of the struggles which culminated in the Civil War. No where is the intense earnestness of the man more seen than in his "Voices of Freedom." His whole soul is on fire; some of his pieces may be but editorials in verse, but they burn with righteous indignation, and they sing songs which have power. In the early Texas struggle hear his voice:—

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow!

We hear the echo of

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?

And there are few more pathetic threnodies than his when Webster threw himself into the arms of the slave interest,
Of all we loved and honoured, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

There is a strong tendency in the thought of to-day towards pessimism. Under all the "larger hope" of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is the sad strain: "We know not anything, we only trust." Whittier has faith, and faith is stronger than doubt; it gives substance to the things we hope for. The "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him" of the smitten patriarch of Uz is a higher plane than the half doubtful "it shall be well with them that fear God" of the writer of Ecclesiastes. Whittier has the "larger faith." As, by "the grave by the lake," where Melvin's stream laughs and ripples, his soul is disquieted "for the innumerable dead," he hears a voice spoken from the sunlit mountain and whispered by the trees:—

Cast on God thy care for these;
Trust Him if thy sight be dim;
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound.

Yet he realizes the dread mystery of a perverse human will. "No force divine can love compel," and though

For ever round the mercy seat
The guiding lights of love shall burn;
But what, if habit bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?

A deep question which each for himself must answer.

The moral of Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adam" is reproduced with some quiet humour in "The Brother of Mercy," who, on his death-bed, denied the strength to perform his daily tasks of mercy and of service, is comforted by the monk who comes to shrive him by the teaching that his work is done and his rest is near when "no toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost shall mar his perfect bliss." Piero feels "too poor for the grand company" and declines to

Sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer.

Loving his fellow men, and willing to do good even to the worst, he does not desire the change that would make him less human to those who are in pain. In such lines as these our poet touches the very heart of humanity and the very spirit of the self-sacrificing Nazarene; and exposes that "other-worldliness" which curses so much of our religious life.

His narrative power may be seen in his "Mary Garvin" and "Maud Müller," from which we are sorely tempted to quote, but forbear. His sweetness may be seen in "My Namesake,"

Heaven make thee better than thy name
Child of my friends.

Whittier sings out of a full heart. We would sum up his characteristics briefly thus: His verses show purity, kindness, reality. Like "Home, sweet home," melody and song, which touches the heart where even Mozart's skill would fail, our poet awakens, enkindles the fires of man's best nature, and touches the soul with tender emotion. His words flow clear as a sparkling stream, eddying sometimes into dreamy shallows, even into reedy bays, always fresh as mountain air; not philosophical but human;

Never a man born who has more of the swing
Of the true liquid bard, and all that sort of thing.

How long his memory may remain green after his last lyric shall have been sung I venture not, but for me he has whiled away some weary moments, and cheered my spirit when days seemed dark. I am inclined to think that the world will not readily let die some of the stanzas found in "The Eternal Goodness" and "Our Master," breathing as they do the very tenderness of the heart of God.

Toronto, April, 1891.

JOHN BURTON.

A CLERGYMAN, who did not get on well with his congregation, was appointed chaplain of a penitentiary, and preached a farewell sermon to his congregation. There was nothing in the sermon at which anybody could take offence, but some of the members did not like the text, which was: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."

THE GOVERNMENT AND INDIAN EDUCATION.

THAT the Indian problem is difficult of solution no one doubts, and it will perhaps aid many Canadians to form a clearer conception of the question to know what the Dominion Government is doing in regard to the education of Indian youth.

In the first place the Government has placed day schools on most of the reserves and tries to give through these a public school education in English. Even were these as fully successful as white public schools they would not do all that is required, for the Indian boy has no means of learning a trade nor the Indian girl a chance of learning housework. There are also good and sufficient reasons why these schools cannot be as successful as white schools. As on most Canadian reserves the Indians are allowed to add to the products of their small farms by going on fishing and hunting excursions, and their children most naturally miss a great deal of schooling. Then the salary of \$300 per annum which the Government allows such teachers is not sufficient to induce good men to go out and endure the hardships, privations and lack of congenial society incidental to our western reserves. It is not sufficient to induce anyone not of a missionary spirit, and such men gravitate naturally into the missionary work of the church to which they happen to belong, and are thus lost to the Government.

So that the work accomplished by reserve day schools has not been up to what one might expect, even considering the short time the pupils are at school. Far be it from the writer to detract from these teachers or belittle their work. Across the record of many might be written "he did what he could," and this is saying a good deal considering his generally bachelor life with its diet of rabbit and fish, and his unfloored, unfurnished domain called a schoolhouse, with its one window (sometimes of oiled paper) and its lack of equipment. Nevertheless the Government has felt that if the Indian is to be raised it must be through a more powerful lever than the reserve day school; water and soap, hand training and morality must go hand in hand with mere mind training before the Indian can become truly a Canadian citizen. How can he become civilized unless he work and how can he work unless he be taught?

The Government has therefore established a number of industrial schools at various suitable points and the children are brought to these, are clothed, fed, taught and given some handicraft. To some this may seem an unnatural system. It takes a child from his home and parents and forces him suddenly into unaccustomed ways. But let us look at some of the overruling advantages of a boarding industrial school. In the first place the children are always present; they get their lessons every day, not once or twice a month; they are taught to love cleanliness and punctuality, things impossible in their own homes. They have a constant example of the unremitting work with which the white man purchases his success. They are given sound constitutions by good food and sufficient clothing, bathing and ventilation. They are given a good practical knowledge of that great civilizer the English tongue, and with this and the bringing together of various tribes in one school, the old tribal enmities are broken up and the child that came into the school a filthy, ignorant little Cree or Ojibway or Sioux, thinking his language, his village, his tribe, the perfection of all creation, is sent out an English-speaking Canadian. Besides this he has the benefit of the example of good living set before him by Christian men and women and his mind is still further braced by the hand training which he receives.

That these schools have been successful in Canada cannot be doubted. In all directions we see evidences of the good work done by them, and they have aided and are aiding in the peaceful settlement of the Indian problem. Government Indian schools in the United States have not been, as a rule, successful educational institutions; at least, looking at it as impartially as possible, they do not come up to the average of our Canadian schools. There is, however, this to be said about it, that the Canadian Government has had three very important advantages over the United States in the management of its schools.

The first advantage is that for the last sixty years a private Indian school has stood as a constant example to the Government of how such schools could be economically and efficiently managed. The industrial school of the New England Corporation at Brantford, which receives no Government aid or private donations but derives its income from long-invested funds, is one of the most successful on the continent, and it would appear that our Government in trying to work on the same line have been as successful as they have.

The second advantage is, that our Government officials do not change with every breath of air as do their United States brethren. Whatever may be said about civil service reform in Canada there is no doubt that the Indian service of the United States would rise up into a position of respectability and honour if the terms of the officers were longer. To-day it is simply looked upon as a fair field for the most audacious and skilful manipulator. Our agents and other officers are not as well paid, but the permanency of the position has given us better men than the best average men of the higher paid U. S. Service. Since this question of officers extends to the schools the Canadian schools have the decided advantage.

The third advantage is that in Canada religion has not

been parted from the training in the schools. Whatever may be said about religion in white schools, where most of the children have religion at home or in church or Sunday school, it does not take a very thorough knowledge of the Indian question to realize that a Godless school for a heathen Indian will only make him a more accomplished heathen than he was before. More than anything else this killing off of religious teaching in United States Government Indian schools seems to have been the cause of their comparative want of success.

This question of religion has been a delicate one for the Government to deal with, but while there has perhaps in some cases been injustice done, yet all will agree that things are better thus than they would be were religion to be cast out. One class of industrial schools then that our Government has are called Government Indian Industrial Schools and they are handed over to some religious denomination, the Government supplying all funds. That is, they are handed over in the sense that the principal is selected from the missionaries of some denomination and as yet these schools are in every case under the management of a principal of the same denomination as when first established. Such schools are those at Battleford (Church of England); High River (Roman Catholic); Qu'Appelle (Roman Catholic).

But by far the greater number of schools are not managed on this plan but are managed on a method which is worked very successfully in the United States, and which in the Dominion causes the schools to work more toward a standard of rigid economy than were they to be purely Government institutions. These are known both in the United States and Canada as Contract Indian Schools. There are first in this class quite a number of schools on reserves where children are received, boarded, clothed and educated; the only trades taught are those which the working missionary and his school-room assistants can teach out of school hours. These are known as Contract Boarding Schools, and while all of them are doing good service they are mostly small and do not aim at industrial education.

Then there is the last class of schools which are as large or larger than the purely Government schools, and in which trades are taught, and these are known as Contract Industrial Schools. Now the difference between a purely Government school and a contract school is this: In the Government school everything is managed and controlled by the Indian Department, and the Department pays all the expenses. In the contract school the Government makes a grant of a certain sum per capita per year, and then thoroughly inspects the work to see that the children are not stinted or neglected in any way. These schools are usually granted about two-thirds of their running expenses (from sixty dollars to one hundred dollars per capita per year), and the denomination managing them must make up the remainder. It seems to be the true way of settling the difficulty of dividing the work among the religious bodies, and it is much more economical for the Government. These are the schools that are pushing forward vigorously in the work of Indian education, and both in Canada and the United States have given better returns for the money expended than any other kind of school. The combination of Government and Missionary Society seems to work well, and the pupils turned out feel that the white man has done what is fair by him, and that he henceforth must earn his own living. Such schools are the Mount Elgin Institute, Muncey, Ont. (Methodist); Round Lake, Man. (Presbyterian); McDougall Orphanage (Methodist); St. Albert (Roman Catholic); Shingwauk and Washakada Homes (Rev. E. F. Wilson, Church of England); Birtle (Presbyterian); the Rupert's Land School, near Winnipeg (Church of England); and others.

These schools take up trades which are suitable to the place in which they are located and which will be most useful to the predominating tribe in the school. Thus, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mr. Wilson is not able to go as heavily into farming as he would in a more favoured (in that respect) region, or as he does at the Washakada Home at Elkhorn, Man., but he pushes on his work in lines of shoemaking, weaving and sash and door making. Mount Elgin and Rupert's Land have large farms, which are energetically worked, while in almost all carpentry and blacksmithing, and in some few printing and shoemaking are carried on; the work always having the double effect of lessening expenses and teaching the children a useful and really necessary trade. While many are thinking over this Indian problem the Government and the Missionary Societies have started in boldly to solve it, and before the end of the present century they will doubtless have done a great deal toward the accomplishment of that end.

IOTA.

PROFESSOR CHARLES A. YOUNG thinks the most wonderful fact in astronomy is that "the great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 of stars, and that every one of them is a sun, theoretically and by analogy giving light and heat to his planets."

THE Chinese are practical people, and do not stand any nonsense about railway accidents. When such a thing occurs they go straight for the directors, and (whatever may be thought about the abstract justice) their method is not likely to be inefficacious. Accidents would rarely occur if the same method was adopted in this country.

MAY.

ON the spreading boughs all the leaves break forth,
To utter the joy of the trees;
The warblers trill ere they wing to the north,
And the orchard hums with its bees.

The broad earth laughs in her fifth month glee,
Like a child awakened by love;
For now the sun from the snow clouds free,
Like a warm living thing broods above.

It is life that flames in the glowing green
Of the wide grain fields and the sod;
And the seen speaks well of the source unseen,
For the life is a pulse-beat of God.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

THE RAMBLER.

THE first Mahomedan marriage ever celebrated in England took place recently at the Moslem Institute, Liverpool, where the followers of the Prophet in that city regularly assemble. The bride was Miss Charlotte Fitch, eldest daughter of Charles Fitch, J.P., of London; and the bridegroom a Mahomedan barrister practising in London, whose father is revenue secretary to the Nizam of Hyderabad. There was a preliminary marriage at St. Giles', Camberwell. The Vice-President of the Moslem congregation officiated, the condition of fitness for such office being a knowledge of Arabic. The Moulvie, as the official is called, was dressed in a long robe of crimson silk, beneath which was a tight fitting tunic of embroidered black velvet, the whole girdled by a broad gold belt, and wearing a turban of white silk, with streamers which fell over his shoulders. There were two bridesmaids. The bride's responses were in English, the bridegroom's in English and Arabic. The lady repeated after the Moulvie the words of the marriage contract: "I stand here in the presence of God and all who are assembled to unite my heart to your heart, and my destiny to your destiny, and to be called by your name. Your sorrow shall be my sorrow, your happiness shall be my happiness." The bridegroom made similar promises, after which the Moulvie delivered an address to the newly wedded pair, quoting as exemplars Adam and Eve, and Mahomet and Khadija, Fatima and Ali as models of conjugal fidelity. After this the bridegroom placed the ring on the bride's finger. The ceremony ended with the inscribing of the names of the contracting parties and their witnesses in the register of the Mosque, one of the witnesses being the Ottoman Consul-General in Liverpool, and another the Minister of Education for the Armenian Provinces, who had journeyed from Constantinople to assist in organizing the Moslem congregation in Liverpool.

The provincial papers in England do not look forward to Stanley's return with unmitigated delight. To return from the Dark Continent is one thing; to return from America another. What will the explorer do with himself in the future? That is the pity of these heroic careers. The instant they cease being heroic—that is, actively heroic—they appear to cease altogether. We understand the phrase "die in harness" more clearly when we contemplate Henry M. Stanley and his struggle for immortality. Lord Randolph Churchill is the latest African hero. His secretary and advance agent, Capt. Giles, left for Mashonaland some weeks ago, taking with him the stores and outfit necessary to the expedition. I confess with contrition that I am not at all clear as to what Lord Randolph proposes to effect in Africa, but to make money must evidently be one desire on his part, for it is reported that the fee which he is to receive from the *Daily Graphic* for his letters from Africa is two thousand guineas. It is understood that he will write twenty letters, and each letter is to be of 4,000 words.

Lady Dufferin, I am told, has been so much pleased by the great success of her Indian book that she is going to publish the journal she kept in Canada. Will Ottawa society rejoice or will it await, in fear and trembling, the good-natured but surely critical observations which, if I know charming Lady Dufferin at all, she is well adapted to make? Certainly she will be careful not to wound people's feelings, but, if Canada is to be treated as India was, the chances are we shall have a very amusing book. At all events, the writer's acquaintance with our country is a fairly intimate one, and she will approach the subject with some conviction, thus forming a contrast to the "impressionist" from across the border, too much given to condensing the Dominion into one week, and then dissecting our constitution and our political and social systems. For a young nation, Canada certainly gets herself very well written up and talked about.

By the way, "From Shadow to Sunlight," the very commonplace title of the Marquis of Lorne's latest story, met my eye in the *Buffalo Sunday Express* last week. Is this not the story that was to threaten the peace of the royal household, and also the story that was largely advertised all through the States last year? It seems well written, but it does not look interesting, and not at all like a literary firebrand. But we must all feel more than

grateful to Lord Lorne for his kind and warm words about Canada and things Canadian in his most recent article, and we cannot fail to admire his talent for hard work in the middle of great temptations to the reverse.

Among recent events of importance have been the Medical Convocation at the School of Applied Science, when Sir Daniel Wilson made one of his delightful speeches, learned but never pedantic and in touch with all that is modern and great. Then we have had the Ladies' Choral Club, conductress, Miss Norah Hillary, who gave us quite a charming evening in Association Hall, the donations being towards the furnishing of the new Hospital for Sick Children. Again must I reiterate that too many large plants and pots of flowers are in requisition at these affairs. They spoil the effect instead of adding to it, and seriously impair the acoustic properties of the platform. What with a carpet, plants and no end of drapery, the piano always suffers, and also the voices—particularly when they are not any too strong. Miss Hillary's work has been excellent, and her reading of the pretty cantata, "Westward Ho!" quite musicianly. I hear that over three hundred dollars have been cleared for the charity, and I am sure the club must feel that this is adequate reward.

Scene in the Merchants' Exchange, Buffalo: "Lake Erie stole the trade from us in 1825," said Engineer Tully in reply to Senator Gray, "and we want to restore it to the St. Lawrence if possible, or at least divide with you."

"But who were you in 1825?" mildly enquired the chair.

Mr. Tully was a little floored, but he claimed they had some trade there when the Erie canal was opened.

"Who was in this region save a few Indian tribes?" continued the chair.

"Well, there wasn't much," replied Mr. Tully, good-naturedly.

"They weren't very largely engaged in commerce then, except in the fur trade, were they?" pursued Senator Hoar.

Mr. Tully: "The trade has increased so much that it requires these facilities, and the trade came up the St. Lawrence before 1825. When the Erie Canal was built that trade toward Montreal and Quebec was swept away. We want to divide with you now."

Other arguments were presented by the Canadian delegation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CLUB.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—By the growth of academic institutions of different kinds, and by the influx of residents into the city, a considerable number of persons of literary, scientific and artistic pursuits and tastes has now been brought together in Toronto. It seems a pity that they should have no place of meeting and intercourse.

The Canadian Institute, on its present footing, by no means serves this purpose. There is little to attract to it except the reading of papers in the evenings during the winter months, which is not likely to draw many people from their firesides unless the paper is one of exceptional interest. There are a great many scientific periodicals on its exchange list, but there are comparatively few literary periodicals, and no new books. Would it not be possible to turn the Institute into something more like a club for literary and scientific men, and artists, offering the attractions which a club usually offers in the way of periodicals and new books? The new books might afterwards be sold by auction to the members if the club could not afford to keep them in its library. Men would come to see the books and periodicals, and would at the same time see something of each other.

I would not propose any refreshments except perhaps a cup of tea or coffee in the afternoon, which is easily provided. The club might, if it wished, have an annual dinner at a restaurant. Perhaps it might also have an annual reunion, for the reading of papers and discussion, to which literary and scientific men and artists might be invited.

There seems to be otherwise little chance of bringing our scientific, literary and artistic circle socially together under the present conditions of society and hospitality in Toronto.

The suggestion is respectfully commended to the managers of the Canadian Institute.

Toronto, April 12.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE OPIUM TRADE IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your remarks respecting the opium trade in India in a recent issue show, I think, more indignation than a calm review of the facts would warrant. As to the vote in the House of Commons, there were not half of the members present, and of those many of them just voted to embarrass the Government. As to the moral view of the case, I will not discuss that. The British revenue is made up, among other items, of £27,170,000 excise, nearly the whole being from liquor. The question is how to prevent opium being shipped from India.

Judging from your remarks one would suppose that the supply of opium in China is derived entirely from India! As well say that drunkenness in England arises from the importation of wine. Some years ago the Marquis of Hartington, in a debate on the Indian Budget, showed conclusively that Indian opium was pretty well confined to the cities on the Eastern coast, and was an expensive article, and that, in fact, the Indian article was only a fraction of the whole consumption. From the time of Fortune, the naturalist, down to the present time, all travellers and explorers in the west of China, particularly in the Provinces bordering on the Tang-Tyn-Kian, speak of the enormous extent of country growing the poppy and the prodigious expansion of the trade. If the Indian Government gave up the manufacture of opium, it would merely fall into the hands of the native Governments, and you could not prevent them growing and shipping as much as they pleased. A good deal more opium would be produced, and the Indian Government would have the satisfaction of losing £5,000,000 of revenue, which would go to the Native States, and the export of opium would be larger than ever. The British Government could not interfere. As to the British ratepayer contributing anything towards making up the deficiency, it is too absurd to consider it. Eating opium or smoking it is a bad thing no doubt. So is whiskey drinking in excess. But as everyone in China consumes opium when they can get it, and nowhere do you find a more hard working people, the practice cannot be so very injurious to the vast majority of the population.

Gravenhurst, May 2, 1891.

F.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AND PRISONS OF RUSSIA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Apropos of "Rambler's" reference to Baedeker's comments on Siberian life in your issue of April 24, may I say that in two long visits to Russia, one of them extending into Siberia as far as the railway goes, about 300 miles, and mixing with many English people settled in the country, as well as officials and Russians, I have constantly heard remarks about the extraordinary gullibility of English publishers and magazine editors, in publishing, as if they were as true as the gospel, any absurd or ignorant statements made by any chance writer, who chooses to call himself a Nihilist. I could mention the names of several who seem to have our leading journals and magazines always open for the discharge of their venom, who have left Russia not for political reasons, but to escape from the consequences of criminal misconduct which would prevent any respectable person from speaking to them if they were English. The excuse made for them I suppose would be: "O but they are Russians." But the Russians (I do not speak of the Western Russians or Poles) are not an especially immoral people, if we compare them with those in other parts of Europe. Owing to paternal administration every body in the neighbourhood knows if a Russian is a good or bad character in his own country; but that is not the case in London, Paris, or Vienna, still less in Italy. So it is usually the worst who leave Russia, and then they try to prove that they follow the rule, not the exception, as an excuse. There is very happy domestic life in Russia; but where Englishmen or Canadians would try to cover the faults of their countrymen before foreigners, Russians always try to expose them.

"A Russe never believeth what another man says, nor doth himself say anything worthy to be believed," wrote old Giles Fletcher in 1591. The geographer Speed, writing a few years later, describes the "Muscovites" as "a very scurrilous people." Oriental exaggeration is the mode in all classes beneath the crown, and the Russian historian has greater difficulty than others of his trade in bringing down numbers of armies, killed or wounded, to reasonable proportions, and in generally sifting out the truth. The Russians dressed like Syrians and Persians before the day of Peter the Great, and the Polish nobles shaved their heads, leaving one little tail like the Mahometans, as late as their kingdom remained. The middle class, for there are many princes and counts who only belong to the middle class in Russia, are Russians of the Russians, who are but semi-Asiatics; while the family who rule them are descended direct in the male line from that Christian King of Denmark, whose daughter Anne was mother to our Charles I. and are also the eldest male representatives of the sister of Charles XII. of Sweden, whose son married the eldest daughter of Peter the Great. They are themselves at once the senior representatives of the old Royal Families of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and through their Swedish ancestry and also through the mother of Catherine II. of the old hereditary kings of Poland. In old biographies of the Princess Charlotte of Great Britain and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, it will be found that the first introduction of the Saxe Coburg family to the great Courts of Europe was through the Empress Catherine II. and her grandson, Alexander I., in consequence of their own relationship to the Electors of Saxony, of which Saxe Coburg was a younger branch. Through their Prussian and German connections, the Russian Royal Family are also four times descended from George the First, while even the Queen is only once, and of course through George I. comes the Royal connection with the Stuarts and early English kings, for since that time our Royal Family have married foreigners. The Nihilistic romances have no other end but to overturn the Romanoff dynasty and proclaim a republic; but with these high connections, holders of

Russian bonds have naturally more confidence in the existing Imperial family than if they were replaced by a semi-Asiatic Parliament. Why does not Kennan prosecute an enquiry into American prisons? According to Dr. Talmage there is a wide field open there for reforms. He might just as well trouble himself as to how Persian or Hindu or Turkish or Italian prisoners are treated, as Russian murderers and incendiaries. Indeed I believe German prisons are not over comfortable. Most English officials in Russia will tell you that prison discipline there does not err on the side of severity, and two Poles incarcerated in a London gaol declared they had never suffered so much in a Russian prison, because they were not allowed to smoke.

HISTORIAN.

PARIS LETTER.

GILBERT MARTIN is the prince of French caricaturists, though in caricature the French are behind England and America; they allege that it is not art; the spice of the skits generally lies in the wit of the letter press. The cartoon by Martin dashes of the Bonapartist situation. It represents Prince Napoleon's two sons, Victor and Louis, dressed as clowns performing in a circus. Victor holds the gauze-papered hoop over a tombstone on which is inscribed: "Hic jacet Napoleonism," through which Louis is in the act of jumping. There is no law prohibiting the interment of an exile's remains in France; only the Government fearing a disturbance can object. It is on one of the Sanguinary islands, in the Bay of Ajaccio, that the remains of the Prince will be definitely inhumed, in a rock cave, just as Chateaubriand is buried on the islet of Bé, facing the town of St. Malo. The executors of the prince intend to purchase the isle. Nelson had a whole gazette to himself; the Prince will have an entire cemetery for his ashes.

The General or Departmental Councils have concluded their sittings. Anxiety existed to discover what would be their attitude on the revision of the Tariff that must be voted this year; the verdict has been ultra protectionist. The ministry that held by a moderate system of protection is now placed in a difficulty. The free-traders in the Chamber are in a minority, and the foreign minister does not conceal the serious political consequences out-and-out-protectionism will have on the relations and commerce of France. Despite all this prudence the high tariff will be voted. If it produces all the misfortunes predicted, then, but not till then, will an opposite tack be tried.

M. de Lanessau, the new Governor-General of Indo-China, is the happiest appointment yet made for Tonquin, Annam, etc. He will be supreme ruler over twenty millions of natives; but what is not less, perhaps more important still, he will direct both the military and naval authorities. Ever since France embarked in colonization, the weak part of her colonial administration has been antagonism between the powers, and jealousy between their members. The sixes and sevens position at Tonquin—the one step forward and two back—is the result of this house divided against itself. M. de Lanessau is thirty-six years of age, a man of energy and resolution like Home Minister Constans. He is well versed in colonial questions and passed his honeymoon travelling in West Africa and French Indo-China. He was professor in the Faculty of Medicine till elected a municipal councillor, and next, a deputy for Paris. He served in the navy as surgeon, and has written valuable books on botany and physiology. He is rich, also, and his nomination is greatness thrust upon him. He is a Frenchman, with English ideas of colonization. Under his sway, no generals will start military expeditions without consulting him, nor admirals expend millions independent of his veto.

One of the most terrible agencies of demoralization at work in Paris is the open stand-up drink-bars, where, by putting a two sous coin in the slot of a barrel, a cock dribbles out a small glass of a stimulant. I took stock a few days ago of one of these establishments, close to the General Post Office. There were eighteen barrels running round the horse-shoe-shaped bar; each barrel had a slot arrangement, and represented a different beverage or liqueur-brandy, absinthe, heady wines, strong cordials and beer. There was a slot for milk that received no patronage, and also two for black coffee and *café au lait*, which were equally ignored. My visit was not during the off hours of the working classes, so I cannot state the extent of their custom at this Bacchic, gaudy-red and white striped temple. Porters, loafers, humble employés, and small shop-keepers were the then clients. During fifteen minutes I counted eighty-three thirsty souls who indulged in a two sous slake-thirst, and I have been told they drop into other palaces as they go along the streets, preferring three drams in as many penny liquor shops to one quaff in a single tap-room. But what was most painful to notice was the presence of women, and their tendency to patronize these dens. It has been one of the brightest sides of Paris life never to witness women in the dram shops. These penny doses of perilous stuff are already telling on the population. The Academy of Medicine has drawn attention to the prevalence of alcoholic insanity and creeping paralysis. The cheap products of the still are bad enough, but, when doctored by the retailer, the latter becomes simply a purveyor for the hospital, the asylum, and the cemetery.

The Princesse Clotilde, since the death of her husband, the Prince Napoleon, has come to the front, despite her retired life. In his will, the prince states, he separated

from his wife for purely political reasons. He married her in January, 1859, before she was sweet sixteen, from similar motives. The mother joined her son Victor's separation from his father, but practically they lived apart since the fall of the Second Empire. The Princesse Clotilde resides in the old family castle of Moncalieri, a few miles outside Turin. No nun could lead a more austere life; only forty-eight years of age, she is already bent and white haired; she does not occupy apartments in the castle, but a room-cell; furniture, two chairs, a table, and an iron camp bed, and only one lady companion shares her voluntary imprisonment.

The health of Paris is not quite good: the population betrays the effects of a winter's boarding, where no vegetables were obtainable, and dried beans, peas, lentils, and potatoes anything but mealy, did not make up for the blood-cleansing salads and other refreshing green stuffs. The dilatory spring commences to contribute products from the vegetable kingdom, but prices are very high. In the country the frost has left nothing green either in fields or garden. Cows were kept alive on hay, which explains why the supply of milk never ran dry.

The school of cookery in the Rue Bonapart is established in the old Central Pawn Office building. The lectures are quasi public, and a reputed cook illustrates his recommendations by operating before his audience. The Sorbonne lectures, on philosophy made attractive, drew crowds of grand ladies there, to find a more ethereal sensation than chasing a pig with a soaped tail round the fountain in the garden of a celebrated princess who had organized that amusement for her upper-ten acquaintances. Judging from appearances, it would not be surprising did high life ladies "catch on" to the cookery college.

It is not unlikely that next autumn the Paris markets will be glutted with wild turkeys. Many French families, who live by renting their grounds as shooting boxes, have stocked their preserves with wild turkeys. The latter are said to clear out the pheasants.

Senator Jules Simon relates that after the *coup d'état* of 1851 he was so poor that he had to earn his crust by giving lessons in Latin to a well-to-do green grocer.

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION.*

SECOND NOTICE.

THE main position of the book is that the political unification of the continent would be to the advantage of Canada, of the United States, and of Great Britain. With the great importance of such unification the distinguished author was deeply impressed long ago, and with this, as with others of his opinions, it would seem to be the case that

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

To this everything else in his book is subsidiary, including the attempts to prove, by appeals to geography, economics and history, as well as to the etiquette maintained at Rideau Hall, that Confederation was a mistake. He believes that the great "primary" forces will in the end triumph over the "secondary" ones, which he admits are at present standing in the way of his great ideal. He pleads, therefore, for the right to discuss the question without subjecting himself to the charge of treason. "There must have been talk of the Union between England and Scotland before it took place, and there has been talk of a union of Portugal with Spain; but so long as all was open and without prejudice to national duty on either side there could be no treason," (p. 238). This argument or plea must be admitted. It is precisely what Irish Home-rulers say to opponents who charge them with treason. "If the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain sanction a change, the treason thenceforth will be in resistance." Whether all the steps, so far as Canada is concerned, that have been taken hitherto, have been "open and without prejudice to national duty" may—in the light that has recently been let in upon them—be questioned. It may even be questioned whether it is "without prejudice to national duty" to agitate for commercial arrangements with a foreign country, with the avowed expectation of having them vetoed by the Crown, with the result of inflaming the Canadian mind and bringing about another Boston tea-party and the disruption of the British Empire of which we form a part. On this point Mr. Blake's position is the more candid, as well as the nobler, from every point of view. In his letter to his late constituency, he says:—

"Whatever you or I may think on that head; whether we like or dislike, believe or disbelieve in Political Union; must we not agree that the subject is one of great moment, towards the practical settlement of which we should take no serious step without reflection, or in ignorance of what we are doing?"

"Assuming that absolute free trade with the States, best described as Commercial Union, may and ought to come, I believe that it can and should come only as an incident, or at any rate as a well understood precursor of Political Union; for which indeed we should be able to make better terms before than after the surrender of our Commercial Independence.

"Then so believing—believing that the decision of the

* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company, and Williamson and Company.

May 15th, 1891.]

Trade question involves that of the Constitutional issue, for which you are unprepared, and with which you do not even conceive yourselves to be dealing—how can I properly recommend you now to decide on Commercial Union?

This is the language of a man who sees straight, and who will not consent to be fogged or delude the people, even for what he might be tempted to call their own advantage. But when a man has set his heart on political union with the States, and sees clearly all the difficulties that are in the way, and at the same time firmly believes that Commercial Union would be advantageous, it is no wonder that he is tempted to persuade the people to take the easy step first. Though the one should involve the other he is not alarmed, because he is convinced that the other would be also advantageous. Of that he is cock-sure, and it is something to be as cock-sure of one thing "as Macaulay was of everything," according to Lord Melbourne. It may be as well to say here that the present writer is one of those who can agree neither with the extreme partisans who hold that Canada cannot live, or at any rate "live well," without free trade with the States, nor with the extreme men on the opposite side who have persuaded themselves that free trade with neighbours would be injurious. Both extremes are contradicted by the facts. At the same time, he acknowledges that he is more in sympathy with the men who hold the second position, absurd though it seems, because, if the first position were true, it must be abundantly manifest that it is not in our power to force the United States to give us what Mr. Blaine characteristically calls "the cash value" of their markets, and also that the more we clamour for that cash value, like sturdy beggars instead of self-respecting traders, the more unlikely are we to get it and the more do we enfeeble and disgrace ourselves. The present book, in its perpetual insistence on the material prosperity that union would bring, appeals far too much to the baser side of human nature. Surely the lessons that history teaches are that wealth is not the one thing indispensable to a people; that commercial prosperity may be bought at too great a price; that if wealth be gained at the cost of the slightest loss of moral power, it proves not a blessing but a curse that can never be shaken off; and that simplicity of life is not inconsistent with the highest culture any more than with the formation of the noblest character. All this no one would admit more readily than Dr. Goldwin Smith, and he would answer that in his opinion there would be no loss of moral power to Canada in consenting to a union with the States. He must admit, however, that that would depend on the paramount motives that determined the country to such a decision, and that appeals to cupidity or to fear are alike unworthy of a great writer and insulting to a great people.

In discussing this question which has been now brought before us so distinctly, it is indispensable to face all that is actually involved, and—as a great authority in morals advised—to "clear our minds of cant." Because a man is true to his own country, government and institutions, his own history and his own flag, in one word because he is loyal, it is surely cant, or affectation of freedom from cant, to assume that he is, therefore, an enemy to the people of the United States. Anything more preposterous could not be put in words, and yet that is what is constantly assumed by certain writers. It is also something like cant to say that "there is no reason why the union of the two sections of the English-speaking people on this Continent should not be as free, as equal, and as honourable as the union of England and Scotland," or to speak of "a union of Canada with the American Commonwealth like that into which Scotland entered with England," (pp. 267, 8). Such a union is not on the carpet and is totally out of the question. There is no analogy between the two cases. Scotland in consenting to the union forfeited nothing historical or sentimental and therefore no moral force, whereas Canada would forfeit everything. In the one case, there was no disruption from an Empire to which Scotland belonged and therefore no change of citizenship. Scotland remained a distinct realm and has ever since been legislated for distinctly. The two crowns had been on one head ever since she had given her King to England. Her St. Andrew's cross was blended with the cross of St. George. She retained her Presbyterian establishment and every succeeding monarch has to swear to preserve the Scottish Church. While she gave up her separate parliament she did not give up the parliamentary system. How different all these things would be in the case of Canada! It is a delusion to fancy that the great Republic could receive us save as a number of separate states, or to fancy that it would accept our monarchical, judicial, or parliamentary system, our name, our flag or our citizenship. Any party in the United States that advocated a change in the Constitution, in order to gain Canada, would be beaten by the opposite party. Not only do the politicians know that right well, but also men who, like the author, understand something of the feelings of the American people. "There is," he says, "the comparative indifference of the Southern States of the Union to an acquisition in the North. There is, moreover, a want of diplomatic power to negotiate a union. . . . If negotiations for a union were set on foot, the party out of power would of course do its best to make them miscarry, and a patriotic press would not fail to lend its aid. Every sort of susceptibility and jealousy on such occasions is wide awake," (p. 280). The democracy of the United States is too thoroughly convinced of its own superiority to the rest of the world and too sure that Canada must, in due season, fall into its mouth like a ripe plum to listen to any Treaty of Union such as that to which Scotland and Eng-

land agreed. Every letter or leading article on this side of the line in favour of union deepens these natural convictions or delusions of the democracy of the States, and it may therefore be said that the Canadian advocates of Continental Union are its most scientific opponents. Three things we would be called upon to sacrifice at the outset. In the first place, our citizenship. Ceasing to be British, we would become citizens of an alien, possibly a hostile, nation. The adjectives are not ours. The first is borrowed from an article by a Bystander, in the *Canadian Monthly*, July, 1872, in which the following sentence occurs: "The identity of language veils the fact that the people of the United States have become, under the influence of different institutions, and from the infusion of foreign elements, at least as alien to the British as any other foreign nation." The second is from the highest political authority in Ontario. Is it wonderful that the very suggestion of a sacrifice unparalleled in history should crimson the faces of people who do not pretend to be fishy-blooded? This implies no disparagement, on our part, of the American people. On the contrary, we heartily subscribe to what is said with regard to community of citizenship, in the section on Imperial Federation. "There is no apparent reason why, among all the states of our race, there should not be community of citizenship, so that a citizen of any one of the nations might take up the rights of a citizen in any one of the others at once upon his change of domicile, and without the process of naturalization. This would be political unity of no inconsiderable kind without diplomatic liabilities, or the strain, which surely no one can think free from peril, of political centralization," (p. 266). The objections to such a proposal would not come from Britain, Canada or Australia. Even as it is, there is nothing offensive in the British oath of allegiance. The throwing away by us of our British citizenship would however be a strange introduction to this proposed bringing in of a wider franchise. In the second place, we would have to sacrifice our country. To be a Canadian now is to be something more than a Nova Scotian or an Ontarian. It is simply not true that "no inhabitant of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick calls himself a Canadian," (p. 213). To-day there came to hand, as if on purpose to supply an emphatic answer to the allegation, the *Dalhousie College Gazette* for April, the journal published by the students of the principal university in Nova Scotia. Here is a sample of the anti-Canadian sentiment which is attributed to the Maritime Provinces. In an article which might be headed, like a well-known essay of Mr. Lowell's, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and specially directed against the insolence of some American editors, the writer remarks: "The American editor thinks no doubt that Canadian veins run ice-water instead of blood. . . . He is mistaken. . . . After all, the poor editor is to be pitied. . . . The Irish vote, the 'boss,' and the labour organization do not permit him to say positively that his soul is his own. We Canadians do not know this, unless we have lived across the lines. . . . For Canadians, for students, who are by nature lovers of ideals, what nobler dream can there be than a country of our own? One Canada, from the mountains to the sea, from the prairies to the great lakes—Quebec, our Wales—a people sprung from the sifted yeomanry of England, Scotland and Ireland, a country where pure laws are sternly administered, where education is evenly diffused throughout all ranks and classes, where religion beats in the national life-blood—is not this possibility grand enough to live and die for? We are an English people. . . . We cannot degenerate. This stern climate breeds only a hardy race; its rigours forever preclude the possibility of less sturdy generations. It is only with great thoughts that we can build a great nation."

So the article runs, and after reading it I ask myself, what am I to think of Dr. Goldwin Smith's confident declaration that "no inhabitant of Nova Scotia calls himself a Canadian?" Yes, "we Canadians," to use the phrase of young Nova Scotia, set out in 1867 to make a country, and to make it on British lines because we were all British to begin with. In our inspiring work of nation-building, mistakes no doubt have been committed. Where is the man, outside of the editorial sanctum, who has never blundered? Where the nation that has never been led astray? But we have always felt that the country would survive in spite of the mistakes into which politicians might drift. In 1867, anti-confederates pointed out that the proposed Dominion consisted of four divisions that could not be united together by railways and each of which was intended by nature to be a mere appendage to a corresponding State or section to the South. There was a measure of truth in this. But the people would not listen. Instinctively they understood that every nation must be ready to pay a price, must be willing to transcend difficulties in order to realize itself, to maintain its independence, to secure for itself a distinctive future. They said, let us rise up and build. So, they added to their unequalled system of internal navigation from the Straits of Belleisle up into the centre of the continent, an unparalleled railway system along lines where engineers and scientific men had declared that railways could not be built. And now, when the difficulties have been overcome, when every part of our confederacy is linked together by bands of the best steel, when magnificent dry docks have been built at Halifax and Vancouver, when our coasts and rivers and lakes have been lighted with hundreds of lighthouses: now, when—after incredible toil and expense and faith on the part of, comparatively speaking, a handful of people

scattered over half a continent—we have succeeded in building our nation's house, it is coolly proposed that we should break it into fragments as if it were a card castle and as if the putting of it together had been merely a bit of child's play on the part of grown babies! How can anyone fancy that such a thing is possible! In the third place, we would have to sacrifice our Constitution. It is true that Canada is described as "A Federal Republic after the American model, though with certain modifications derived partly from the British source," (p. 157). The description would mislead if we did not study the following thirty pages, where the fact that our Constitution is essentially different from the American is indicated, point after point. It is Parliamentary, after the British model which has been imitated by every other free country, whereas "The framers of the American Constitution were full of Montesquieu's false notion about the necessity of entirely separating the executive from the legislative." A sovereign authority above the Provinces gave them certain powers, whereas the framers of the American Constitution were forced to content themselves with such powers for the Central Government as a number of Sovereign States were willing to concede. It would take too long to go over the points of difference, one by one, and to show the superiority of our system in every particular, save in the matter of subsidies to the Provinces. Neither is it necessary, for the point at present insisted on is that every nation must make or rather work out its own Constitution in the course of its history. Its Constitution is not a coat to be thrown aside for a neighbour's, but the very body which the inner life has gathered round it from the past and the present. This outward form can be slowly changed by development to meet the changing environment and the growth of ideas, but it cannot be exchanged for another by revolution without grievous—perhaps irreparable—hurt to the nation's life.

This bare enumeration of what Canada would have to surrender in order to unite with the Republic is sufficient to make us wonder that anyone could fancy such a thing to be within the bounds of possibility. What counterbalancing gains are mentioned? First, commercial development. This is the one strong point that is made. That "the near market must, as a rule, be the best," seems to most men plain as daylight. But that a nation should sell itself for this is inconceivable. The author points out "that Canadian society in general is sound, and that power in regard to the ordinary concerns of life is in the hands, not of politicians, but of the chiefs of commerce and industry, of judges and lawyers, of the clergy, and of the leaders of public opinion." Such a community is not likely to be destitute of self-respect. Those chiefs, too, are not like the politicians, who are declared to be afraid to speak. Nine-tenths of them would be in favour of the freest interchange with their neighbours on honourable terms; but, is there a chief of any of the classes named who has expressed himself as willing to go farther? "Security for peace and immunity from war taxation" is also counted a gain, but for various reasons that need not be pressed. It can hardly be said to be true, while the United States pension fund keeps growing at its present luxuriant rate. Another gain that appeals to Christian sentiment is mentioned. "Those who scan the future without prejudice must see that the political fortunes of the Continent are embarked in the great Republic, and that Canada will best promote her own ultimate interests by contributing without unnecessary delay all that she has in the way of political character and force towards the saving of the main chance and the fulfilment of the common hope. The native American element, in which the tradition of self-government resides, is hard pressed by the foreign element untrained to self-government, and stands in need of the reinforcement which the entrance of Canada into the Union would bring it." There is something in this, and I wish to admit it frankly and to acknowledge the force with which it is put. It gives no pleasure to any sane man to hear of a threatened war of races in the South, or of anarchism in Chicago, or of any other evil force threatening American civilization. But, it is clear that no moral contribution which we could bring to the Republic would ever amount to anything if we commenced by being false to ourselves or to that Empire, which is the great power representing liberty, peace, righteousness and commercial freedom to all lands; still less, if it could be said that we were prompted to union by the hope of securing the "cash value" of the Republic's markets or by a political cowardice and indolence that sought to escape the trouble of settling our own internal difficulties. It is hardly needed to ask what the United States would gain by union, for they profess to need nothing that we could supply. It seems, however, that we could serve the Mother Country by performing the "happy-despatch." "Admitted into the councils of their own Continent, and exercising their fair share of influence there, Canadians would render the Mother Country the best of all services, and the only service in their power, by neutralizing the votes of her enemies. Unprovoked hostility on the part of the American Republic to Great Britain would then become impossible. It is now unlikely, but not impossible, since there is no wickedness which may not possibly be committed by demagogism pandering to Irish hatred," (p. 269). In other words, "demagogism pandering to Irish hatred" would be appeased by being fed. As well try to appease a tiger by giving it blood. Canadians would divide between the two great parties, and there would still be demagogism and the solid vote. It would exult that it had driven the British flag from this Continent. That would

whet it for further triumphs, as we would find when too late. "The moral federation of the whole English-speaking race throughout the world" is the vision that inspires those who plead for closer union with the Mother Country as against separation, but they are profoundly convinced that the steps to it must be taken along the lines of their own historical development. British statesmen have also probably learnt—at least the author of "Canada and the Canadian Question" once hoped that they had learnt—"the vanity of attempting by unreciprocated demonstrations of good will and caresses which are invariably misconstrued to gain the friendship of the one nation on earth whose friendship is not to be gained." This is much stronger language than I would care to use, but I am none the less convinced that the best way to gain the friendship of the United States—and we all wish to gain it—is by preserving our own self-respect and maintaining our own rights. At any rate, disunion is not a good step to take on the way to union, and concession is a better policy in dealing with weakness than in dealing with hate. It is amusing to note, too, how the losses that would result to Britain from the proposed union are discounted. Instead of the ports of Halifax and Victoria, with the actual coal mines of Nova Scotia and Vancouver Island, the possible coal of Newfoundland is suggested as a substitute; the Canadian Pacific Railway is represented as of no Imperial benefit, though by means of it forces could be sent to Yokohama or Shanghai in twenty to twenty-five days, whereas by the Suez Canal—which would be blocked when most needed—they would take forty days; and Canada is made out to be as valuable commercially to Britain under the McKinley Bill as under her present tariff!

Dr. Goldwin Smith once said that "few have fought against geography and prevailed." Man triumphs continually over geography or nature in any form. Every trans-continental railway is such a triumph. The unity of the Swiss, the union of the Highlands and Lowlands, of Celts and Saxons in what I will call—*pace* Dr. Goldwin Smith—the Scottish nation, are other examples. Would it not be more to the purpose to ask, how few have fought against human nature, especially against its best elements, and prevailed? But while his fixed longing is for the political unification of the continent, he suggests in this book an alternative, either because the vision of "the lost cause" of Canadian nationality still flits before his imagination or because the difficulties in the way of the larger scheme are felt to be, in the meantime, insuperable. Here is the alternative: "There is no reason why Ontario should not be a nation if she were minded to be one. Her territory is compact, her population is already as large as that of Denmark, and likely to be a good deal larger, probably as large as that of Switzerland; and it is sufficiently homogeneous if she can only repress French encroachment on her Eastern border. . . . The same thing might have been said with regard to the Maritime Provinces—supposing them to have formed a Legislative Union—Quebec, British Columbia, or the North-West. In the North-West, rating its cultivable area at the lowest, there would be room for no mean nation. But the thread of each Province's destiny has now become so intertwined with the rest that the skein can hardly be disentangled," (p. 256). It is really difficult to know what this means. Ontario might still be a nation and the other Provinces might have been! Language of this kind can hardly be taken seriously. It is implied too that the "Canada First" men had no higher conception, yet the dates given show the contrary. It was the Confederation of 1867 which inspired that movement in 1871. Confederation widened the horizon and fired the hearts of our young men. By giving a frontage on the Atlantic and promising another on the Pacific, as well as securing that illimitable North-West to which they had been long looking with hope, the best blood in Ontario was stirred. Canada was to be something more than a mere inland Province. And in every other Province it inspired similar feelings of patriotism and hope. That movement died, just as a corn of wheat dies, to bring forth much fruit. It represented an idea which is no longer confined to a circle or a few societies, but which is in the air that every Canadian breathes and which has become inwrought into our spiritual nerve and fibre. To tell us that Ontario could be a nation by itself, and so on, is simply bewildering or ludicrous. Quebec Nationalists dream of a French Roman Catholic nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence in some halcyon future, but busy men need not bother their heads over the dream of the Abbé Gingras any more than over Lord Belhaven's. Practical politicians like Mr. Mercier do not really disturb themselves about such delusions. We are going forward to the twentieth and not back to the tenth century. At the same time there is a foundation, though it is only of straw, that a match would suffice to destroy, for the imposing castle in Spain that a few fond ecclesiastics of the mediæval type construct for their own delectation; but there is not, and never was, even a cobweb on which to build the nations of Acadia, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia. The very mention of such an alternative throws an air of unreality about the whole book.

The average Canadian is now prepared to ask, and perhaps with a little amazement, what hinders us from proceeding along our old lines? The answer of the author will probably be the one word "Quebec." Great is geography but greater far the Jesuit. Canada's disease was bad enough before but now there is no hope. How absolute his despair and how superficial his insight may be

judged when he tells us that "Sir Francis Bond Head saw in this case what Lord Durham and Charles Buller did not see," (p. 124). Saul among the prophets is nothing to this! The particular case he refers to was that reunion of Upper and Lower Canada which Lord Durham decided to be the only measure adequate to the necessities of the time. He felt that Canada could have no future, unless its national character was that of the British Empire and of the majority of the population of British America, and that the first step to be taken was reunion. He looked forward to Confederation, but in his day that was impossible and therefore he wisely did what he could. It seems, however, that Sir Francis Bond Head was the real prophet of the time, for he declared in substance with regard to the measure that "The British were sure to be split into factions and their factions were sure to deliver them into the hands of the French." What was the "more sensible" proposal of the prophetic Sir Francis? To annex Montreal to Upper Canada, "though it would have left the British of Quebec city and the Eastern townships out in the cold," and though it would also have permanently irritated and alienated all the rest of Quebec Province and given to the Upper Province a section that would have been a thorn in its side as long as the arrangement lasted. We prefer the folly of Lord Durham and Charles Buller. Of course various kinds of constitutional difficulties followed the reunion, but to claim that the French "became politically dominant" is to misread history. On the great questions, such as the secularization of the clergy reserves, the abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure, Representation by Population, and Confederation, modern ideas and tendencies prevailed. Fusion did not take place, but there may be complete political assimilation without fusion of race or language. Wales was incorporated with England by Edward the First and is English for practical purposes, but is there complete fusion yet? Alsace and Lorraine are French in heart but they speak German. So, Quebec is British politically, though it will speak French for centuries, and on occasions its vote will be as solid as that of Wales, Scotland or Ireland in the British Parliament. Let us have patience and remember that the development of a nation is not to be measured by the short span of human life. Last century, all Canada was French. Now, it includes seven Provinces, six of them English-speaking. In half a century the number of Provinces will probably be doubled and Quebec alone will be French. Already its wisest leaders see that unless their countrymen learn English they must be handicapped for life. Before very long most of the emigration from the northern countries of Europe will be obliged to flow into our North-West, and then into the vacant spaces of the Maritime Provinces neglected now in the eagerness to homestead and preempt prairie land. The whole of that immigration will be English-speaking after the first generation. Is not this future as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun? Will it not be as vain for the Jesuit to fight against it as it was for Canute to bid the tide cease to rise? Yet our author is in despair. We cannot assimilate Quebec and under the joint direction of the Jesuits and Mr. Mercier priestly pretensions and nationalist aspirations will have full swing. Suppose they have, what can they do? We are told that "war is declared against religious liberty, progress and the organic principles of modern civilization. On such a course the ship of the French Church of Quebec is now steering, with the Jesuit at the helm. If she holds on, a collision can hardly fail to ensue," (p. 17). There is a collision when a bull charges a steam engine, but, as George Stephenson said, "it is verra bad for the coo." Every triumph of the Jesuits costs the Church dear. Well may their wisest leaders say, another such victory as the Estates Bill and we are undone. It is a mistake to suppose that Quebec is politically solid, or that there is no movement of thought among its people. Only in our day has education been at all generally extended to them. The results are already marked and would be still more so, were it not that the aggressive proselytism of Protestant denominations tends to alarm national susceptibilities, to repress internal movements and to throw the people back into the arms of the Church. Naturally and rightly French Canadians have a sentimental attachment to France, but politically they are British and their hearts are all for Canada. When they vote solid it will not be to disgrace their native land or to strike a blow at Britain. There can be no insuperable difficulty in cooperating with a race that has produced in our day men like Cartier, Dorion, Joly, Masson, Taschereau, Frechette, the Casgrains and others like minded who are still in the political arena.

We differ radically, then, from Dr. Goldwin Smith in the main positions of this book. Having cast the horoscope of Canada with the fixed preconception that Confederation must be smashed, he is dissatisfied with everything that makes for its permanence. The great and the little are seen alike from this one point of view, and his judgments are accordingly one-sided and harsh. As an illustration of the great, take his description of the vote on the Jesuits' Estates Bill: "Only 13 members out of a total of 215 in the Dominion House dared to uphold the national character of Confederation, British ascendancy, the rights of the Civil Power, and the separation of the Church from the State," (p. 219). The 202 included men like Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake, Professor Weldon, Sir Donald A. Smith, and others, who "dared" and would dare any day, to do what they thought right, under greater temptations than those which some of

the 13 resisted. As an illustration of the little, take his description of the etiquette observed on our great State occasion: "At the opening of the Dominion Parliament by the Governor-General there is a parade of his body-guard, cannon are fired, everybody puts on all the finery to which he is entitled, the knights don their insignia, the Privy Councillors their Windsor uniform, and the ladies appear in low dresses," (p. 148). Well, we suppose Canada is as much entitled as any other nation to make use of a few ceremonies on high occasions. That is nothing but a part of our present social civilization. It is not necessary that the Governor-General should open Parliament with his pants tucked into his boots, or that he should order out a barrel of whiskey for the entertainment of the assembled crowd, any more than that the President of the States should receive his guests at dinner in a cowboy's shirt. The sensible reason given, in a previous part of the book, in defence of the English practice adopted by Canadian Judges of wearing gowns, applies to this case with even greater force: "The American or Canadian citizen does not need to be impressed so much as the British peasant; but everybody needs to be impressed, and the Canadian custom is the better," (p. 41). Language used frequently at other times shows the author's sympathy with Carlyle's reference to the "many traditions and mementos of priceless things which America has cast away," and his conviction that we cannot afford to discard anything that tends to surround with dignity the symbol of Sovereignty or the highest expression of the nation's life.

This review has been written reluctantly. It is no pleasure to criticize a man whom we admire. But in the interest of the country it is necessary to point out that he has erred grievously. He could do such grand work for Canada, if he would only lead us in reforming what should be reformed, one step at a time, instead of insisting that the whole house must be pulled down about our ears. Would it not be wiser to join hands to make the Canada of to-day more united and more worthy of the love of her sons and the respect of her neighbours? This book, though the first part is generally excellent and the whole the work of a man of genius, will do no good. It will hurt Canada abroad, and give encouragement and impulse to evil forces at home. Yet, we would not part with the author without again calling to mind what he has done for us, in former days, and expressing the hope that he may live long enough to laugh at his own forebodings and prophecies, and to write another book that shall make amends for "Canada and the Canadian Question."

G. M. GRANT.

THE VIKINGS OF WESTERN CHRISTENDOM.*

MR. KEARY has already attained a respectable reputation as a serious writer on the prehistoric in Europe. He does not profess to be an original investigator, but no one can deny his claims to extensive reading, accurate scholarship within his own field, and a painstaking presentation of the facts he has collected. Nor are his studies deficient in the philosophical, although this appears more in the form of hint or suggestion than in that of formulated conclusion. He makes little attempt at fine writing; the number of his facts and quotations precluding this; but his is a good historical style, consisting of unambiguous short sentences, occasionally enlivened by parallel historical illustrations, by poetic quotations, by metaphors and other figures of speech. His work is too serious and substantial to please, or at least to attract, the ordinary reader of romance; to the happily increasing class that takes an interest in historical subjects, however, it cannot fail to be a source of genuine satisfaction.

Mr. Keary's main purpose is to set forth the history of the Viking age proper, which his very title page limits to a single century—the century that begins with the reign of Charlemagne and ends with that of Alfred the Great. The difficulty experienced by him in this task is by no means one peculiar to Scandinavian history, but, leaving out of account the Sacred Records, and the monumental annals of Eastern empires, is common to the early traditions of all nations. This Mr. Keary admits, saying: "Every historic people has passed through this early formative period, its age of *Sturm und Drang*; and it may be said that every nationality which is worthy of the name has looked back upon that age with a peculiar affection, and with a sort of reverence. It has, in consequence, overlaid the faint traditions of it with a garment of mythology, out of which it is, in most cases, possible only here and there to separate a shred of historical truth." Accordingly, Mr. Keary is forced to have recourse to that exceedingly useful, if not altogether trustworthy, class of writers, the Chroniclers, who carried far into the Middle Ages the work begun, in the early part of the fourth century, by the father of ecclesiastical history, or, even before his time, by Julius Africanus. With Christianity only did the Scandinavian Chronicles make their appearance; it is from alien sources, therefore, that the story of the Vikings must be written. Fortunately, these alien chronicles are now accessible to every reader of simple, if sometimes barbarous, ecclesiastical Latin, in the "Patrologia of the Abbé Migne," and similar collections. The Anglo-Saxon and other British chronicles are well known to the English

* "The Vikings of Western Christendom, A.D. 789 to A.D. 883," by C. F. Keary, M.A., F.S.A., author of "Outlines of Primitive Belief," "The Dawn of History," etc., etc., pp. vi., 571. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

reader; the histories of Gregory of Tours and Eginhard, which latter Mrs. Humphrey Ward virtually employs as an engine against all history, are open to the French student in similar translations; but the many who have neither the inclination nor the time to expend upon Latin scholarship, and yet would fain know what the annals of Fulda, St. Gall and other monastic schools have to say about the Vikings, will thank Mr. Keary for his translations, and for his numerous, if not always original, references. The want of originality in a reference is no point against a scholar, for, whencesoever he may have obtained the knowledge of the quotation, his adoption of it is evidence that he has verified it and thus made it his own.

The history proper of the Vikings extends from the fourth chapter to the end of the fifteenth. The three earlier chapters form an introduction; the sixteenth chapter is an attempt at a philosophical estimate of the influence of Teutonic pagan thought upon Christianity. The first chapter on "Heathendom" gives an historical sketch of Western Europe prior to the establishment of Christianity. It is intended to introduce the Scandinavian of ancient times through his southern Teutonic brethren, so that one has no right to complain of the comparative absence of the Gaul, even of the Germanized Celt; but, when the Scandinavian is reached, the Lapp and the Finn, and the Estonian on the Baltic coast, to whose presence Mr. Keary barely alludes, raise the question: "What did the Vikings owe to these Ugrians whom they displaced, or in what relation did they stand to these apparently more primitive peoples?" It is a difficult thing to answer this double question, but not an impossible one. Even in that old book, "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," and in many modern works by European writers, Scandinavian and German, French, and even Russian, as well as in some by American authors, the peculiar relations between Scandinavian and Ugrian in matters of commerce and industry, of war and of religion, are set forth. In the second chapter, which deals with the Creed of Heathen Germany, really the same as the Eddaic creed, little attempt is made to exhibit its connection and its origin. Mr. Keary would doubtless be astonished to learn that all the elements of the Eddaic creed are to be found in a Ugrian form, fragments of ancient Turanian tradition, for which the Finnic and Estonian epics vouch. The Norsemen, therefore, did not originate that creed, but adopted it from the more cultivated and more religious, although less warlike and stalwart, aborigines on whom they encroached.

The third chapter on "Christendom" gives a brief yet interesting account of the Irish and Anglo-Saxon and Frankish missionaries, whom Ebrard has brought prominently before students of late years, and with whom the ordinary English reader has become familiar through McLear's desirable little book on "Pioneer Missionaries." These missionaries re-converted the whole of Western Europe, to the Alpine borders of Italy, and held it until Gregory the Great, in many respects one of the noblest occupants of St. Peter's chair, began that struggle for Rome's supremacy which in time brought the presbyter-abbot rule of Culdees to an end. With this chapter Mr. Keary's philosophizing begins, and presents what he allows are apparent contradictions. It is a common thing with German Protestant theologians, and even historians, to refer to the Reformation, with its independence of Rome's authority, as the inauguration of the Germanic stage in the history of the Church; and Mr. Keary sets forth the free spirit and utterance of Charlemagne, himself no mean theologian, and other western thinkers of Teutonic origin. But, on the other hand, the ancient champions of ecclesiastical independence were the Celtic Culdees, and many of the so-called Franks who became their disciples were Gauls under Frankish rule. Those who persecuted and roasted them were Germans, like the Anglo-Saxon Winfred or Boniface. By the German, therefore, was Western Europe brought under the sway of Rome. The apostle of Scandinavia was a Culdee convert, the well-known Ansgar, the Frank.

Space will not permit anything like an analysis of the historical part of the Vikings, and, after all, who can analyze a history, an agglomeration of fact more or less interesting, arranged in logical and chronological order! Mr. Keary's task has been conscientiously performed, so that his facts are worthy of credence, as they are lucidly stated. One would like to have had a chapter or two on what seems most historical in the account the Sagas give of early maritime and land expeditions, to be believed or not as one thinks proper; but we must be grateful for what is provided. Chapter six on "The Vikings in Ireland" is naturally derived from the annals of that country, which the labours of such learned Irishmen as O'Donovan and O'Conor have made available to the student. It is thus apparent that Mr. Keary has sought in all directions materials for his Viking history, and for the setting in which it is placed. When he winds up with a chapter on "The Creed of Christendom" he leaves history and becomes a philosopher; nor, from the "Vikings," can any true idea of Mr. Keary's own creed be gained. Yet, in some respects, this is the most important part of the book.

It has already appeared that Mr. Keary finds history involving him in contradictions when he antagonizes Rome and Scandinavia. He does not necessarily give more credit to the Norsemen or the Teutons generally than they deserve when he selects their heathen creed as representative of that which interfered with, even dominated, the spirit of Christianity. He speaks of Christianity absorbing into itself some of the worst features of

heathenism, a statement rather hard on Christianity but possessing a grain of truth. Sir Henry Maine in his works in law has shown the influence of Roman jurisprudence on theological systems; Dr. Hatch lately traced the effect of Greek philosophy on Christian thought; and here is Mr. Keary, averring with all gravity, and in a calm judicial spirit, that much of so called Christian belief, as much Protestant as Catholic, is in origin heathen. He says "The ascetic monk, or his intellectual offspring, becomes the most rigid Protestant; he burns what he has adored and adores what he has burned; he, above all men, ridicules the superstition of the Catholics; but he imports his own dark and superstitious character into his new creed, and out of his 'Predestination and Election to Life' uprises a fetichism as degrading as any which he had abandoned." Mr. Keary disbelieves in mystery and magic in the Church which he identifies with sacramental efficacy or mechanical grace. He is a Theist, however, and, as a believer in God, must of necessity have faith in One whose very name proclaims that He is shrouded in mystery. Yet he is right in discarding fetich, for all power, all grace, every good gift and every perfect gift, is of God. If Mr. Keary's book helps to tear away the hideous disguise with which men have invested the Father in Heaven; if it aids men to worship and serve the Creator rather than the creature; and to bring them into relation with the only source of blessing; he will add to his name of historian that of a lover of mankind.

A BALLADE OF DEATH.

SHALL it matter to Death which way we take,
If we march in the rear or the front rank bold,
To fight for the life that we must forsake,
If we rot in the gutter, or raise with gold
A sepulchre sculptured over the mould?
Ours are the signs, but the seal is his;
Yet all of us wish in a way untold—
If Death must come, let it come like this.

Old Charon still ferrieth over the lake
The heathen that die as they died of old,
While others more modern an ending make
With visions ecstatic of streets of gold;
Each fondly believes what he hath been told
At the last; and the creed is in someway bliss;
The wish is the same, though it's manifold—
If Death must come, let it come like this.

Then let me at least leave the world awake,
All sense-numbing physic from me withhold,
And sit thou beside me for old love's sake,
Where the warmth of thine eyes shall allay Death's
cold,
And tell me the story so oft retold
Of the battles of life and love's victories
That shall last when the world's little round is roll'd
If Death must come, let it come like this.

And, Love, at the last 'ere the bell is tolled
Let thy lips lie sweetly on mine and kiss
Till the body lies dead in the arms that hold—
If Death must come, let it come like this.

SARREPTA.

INDEPENDENCE.

CONFEDERATION was followed by a movement in the direction of Independence, chiefly among the young men of Ontario, which was called "Canada First." The name was the title of a pamphlet written in 1871 by Mr. W. A. Foster, a barrister of Toronto, which fired a number of young hearts. To independence the movement manifestly tended, if this was not its avowed or definite aim. The authors of Confederation, to induce the people to accept their policy, had set before them glowing pictures of the resources of the country, and made strong appeals to patriotic pride, hope and self-reliance. These produced their natural effect on ardent and sanguine souls. It happened that just at the same time the generation of immigrants from England which had occupied many of the leading places in the professions and commerce was passing off the scene and leaving the field clear for native ambition, while the withdrawal of the troops also brought socially to the front the young natives who had before been somewhat eclipsed in the eyes of ladies by the scarlet. "Canada First" was rather a circle than a party; it eschewed the name of party, and the Country above Party was its cry. Some of the group were merely nativists who desired that all power and all places should be filled by born Canadians, that the policy of Canada should be shaped by her own interest, and that she should be first in all Canadian hearts. With some a "national policy" for the protection of Canadian manufactures was probably a principal object. But that to which the leading spirits more or less consciously, more or less avowedly, looked forward was Independence. That they aimed at raising Canada above the condition of a mere dependency and investing her with the dignity of a nation they loudly proclaimed, and they would have found that this could not be done without putting off dependence. "Canada First" was violently denounced and assailed by the politicians of the

two old parties, who betrayed in their treatment of the generous aspirations to which they had themselves appealed the real source of their policy and the spirit in which they had acted as the authors of Confederation. The Court of Ottawa also exerted its influence, including its influence over the masters of the Press, in the same direction. The movement found a leader, or thought that it had found a leader, in a native Canadian politician who was the child of promise and the morning star at that time. But at the decisive moment party ties prevailed, the leader was lost, and the movement collapsed, not however without leaving strong traces of its existence, which are beginning to show themselves among the younger men at the present day.

In one respect, at all events, the men of "Canada First" were right. They saw or at least felt—even the least bold and the least clear-sighted of them felt—that a community in the New World must live its own life, face its own responsibilities, grow and mould itself in its own way; that Anglo-Saxon nations in North America could no more be tied forever to the apron-strings of the Mother Country than England could have been tied forever to the apron-strings of Friesland, or France to those of the Mother Country of the Franks.

There was nothing on the face of it impracticable in the aim of "Canada First." There is nothing in nature or in political circumstances to forbid the existence on this Continent of a nation independent of the United States. American aggression need not be feared. The violence and unscrupulousness bred of slavery having passed away, the Americans are a moral people. It would not be possible for Clay or any other demagogue now to excite them to an unprovoked attack upon another free nation, or even to a manifest encroachment on its rights. If they had been filibusters they would have shown it when they had an immense army on foot, with a powerful navy, and when they were flushed with victory. The New England States, and the non-slavery element of the nation generally, were opposed to the War of 1812. An independent Canada, however inferior to them in force, might rest in perfect safety by their side. But when "Canada First" was born the North-West had only just been acquired. British Columbia was as yet hardly incorporated, and the absolute want of geographical compactness or even continuity was not so apparent as it is now. Enthusiasm was blind to the difficulty presented to the devotees of Canadian nationality by the separate nationality of Quebec, or if it was not blind, succeeded in cajoling itself by poetic talk about the value of French gifts and graces as ingredients for combination, without asking whether fusion was not the thing which the French most abhorred. There is no reason why Ontario should not be a nation if she were minded to be one. Her territory is compact. Her population is already as large as that of Denmark, and likely to be a good deal larger—probably as large as that of Switzerland; and it is sufficiently homogeneous if she can only repress French encroachment on her eastern border. She would have no access to the sea: no more has Switzerland, Hungary, or Servia. Already a great part of her trade goes through the United States in bond.

The same thing might have been said with regard to the Maritime Provinces—supposing them to have formed a legislative union—Quebec, British Columbia or the North-West. In the North-West, rating its cultivable area at the lowest, there would be room for no mean nation. But the thread of each Province's destiny has now become so intertwined with the rest that the skein can hardly be disentangled. That the North-West, if it is not released from the strangling tariff, may take a course of its own is not unlikely; but it is unlikely that the course will be Independence.—From *Canada and the Canadian Question*. Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.

ART NOTES.

NEITHER Detaille nor Lefebvre, both of whom were candidates, was elected to the vacant seat in the French Academy of Fine Arts, in Meissonier's place, but Jean Paul Laurens.

THE Berlin Art Exhibition was opened last week with much pomp and ceremony. The Emperor and Empress and Empress Frederick were present, together with the members of the diplomatic corps and many municipal, military and naval notabilities.

It must never be forgotten that the *raison d'être* of a photograph is quite other from that of a work of art. Photography registers facts, keeps memory green, stimulates creation, helps the artist to acquire knowledge—to educate himself, in fact; in brief, it is a means to an end. A painting is an end in itself, and, as Mr. Whistler has said of a true work of art, it is finished from the beginning. To entertain the fancy that photography can ever in any way rival art, or make pictorial art superfluous, as so many simple-minded folk do, is as insane, as much "a fond thing vainly imagined," as to regard a verbatim report of a trial as a work of art—let us say a trial for murder—with a descriptive narrative, however well done, of the progress of the trial, the scene in court, the appearance and manner of the *dramatis personæ*, together with a picturesque account of the environment of the human figures. In this connection the word art is used, of course, in its highest and more legitimate sense, which implies something created. Naturalistic descriptions have value as naturalistic paintings have value, as rough notes, as storehouses of accurate facts from which, in the one place

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the poet and romancer, in the other the poetic and creative painter, can draw. But a great poem, romance, or picture bears the highest truth to life and to nature, in that it is first evolved, then created and delivered to the world out of knowledge germinated by sentiment. Thomas Woolner has said: "Art is a happy marriage of science and sensibility, knowledge and passion."—*London Photographic Quarterly*.

I AM always interested in models. One hears strange things about them from artists. Of one, for instance, I heard that he would throw himself into the part like an actor, showing by his face and his eyes the passion that his attitude conveyed. This sometimes threw him into a fit after an hour or so. He was a model with a fine respect for his profession, which he ranked a good deal higher than that of the artists who employed him. I have also heard of a lady model who took the same exalted views of her calling, and used to invite her artists to evenings when she was at home. I saw half-a-dozen models at the Academy, all sitting for the head. One was a sailor—a rugged old fisherman—and the brave fellow piled up that ruggedness in the most conscientious manner imaginable. One of the ladies was possessed of a most beautiful and classified profile. Another, a dark girl, with black eyes and black hair, lay back, her lips parted in a smile, the row of white teeth and red lips reminding me of many a picture of Spanish or Italian life. She kept that smile fixed for an hour, then a rest of five minutes—after three hours a rest of twenty minutes. It is not quite an easy life, that of a model, and, my friends, it is not quite an easy thing, let me inform you, for a young man or a young woman to become an artist.—*Walter Besant*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OTTO DORN's new opera "Afraja" made a hit at its recent first production at the Gotha Court Opera House.

HANS SOMMER's new opera, "Lorelei," was brought out for the first time at the Braunschweig Opera House on the 12th of April and met with considerable success.

MASSENET's opera "Manon" in brilliant *mise en scène* was well received at the Frankfort-on-the-Main Opera House, where it was brought out for the first time.

KOMPEL, the excellent violin virtuoso and concert master of the Weimar Court Orchestra, died there, after long suffering, on the 7th of April. He was born on August 15, 1831, at Brückenau. He was one of the best of Spohr's pupils.

"IVANHOE" is still running at D'Oyley Carte's Opera House in London, with Lucille Hill as "Rebecca." It has been accepted as a work of high class, but does not seem to awaken ardent enthusiasm.

ON Shakespeare's birthday "The Tempest" was produced to the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. In the twenty thousand visitors to the birthplace during the year, thirty-six nationalities were represented, the Americans being largely in the majority.

A NEW symphony composed by Francesco Ghin, a young man of twenty-eight, was recently performed for the first time at Venice, and seems to have met with most extraordinary success. The young composer is a pupil of Niccolò Coccon, first conductor of St. Marc's Cathedral, and the teacher is enthusiastic about his protégé.

THE tenor, Jean de Reszké, has appeared in London in "Lohengrin," with Ravogli as "Ortrud" and his brother and Maurel in other parts. It was a most brilliant affair, and the line of carriages in waiting was without precedent, even in the history of opera in London. Reszké certainly seems to be a drawing card.

THE cause of the shortening of the dramatic season in New York this spring leads the dramatic reviewer of the *Spirit of the Times* into this observation: "A factor not sufficiently considered is the transfer of a large proportion of the public interest from the drama to music. During the past ten years the musical progress of this country has been miraculous, and the decline of the drama during the same period has been marked."

THE fact that Von Bulow calls Saint Saëns "The best German composer of the day," may lead musicians to believe that the influence of nationality in musical competition is not so marked in the composer as is generally supposed, as Saint Saëns is a Frenchman. We would not be surprised to learn that Herr Von Bulow will soon rank among the most eminent composers of the day. Though cosmopolitanism is the rule in art, yet national characteristics are observable in musical compositions, and lend variety of style to works which are all founded on the same general principle, but perhaps the style may be more a result of the composer's own genius than the influence of his nationality.

A NEW Italian opera, by Carlo Gomes, the Brazilian composer of "Il Guarany," "Salvator Rosa," "Maria Tudor," etc., entitled "Il Còndor," was produced for the first time in the Theatre La Scala, Milan, February 21, with the following cast: "Còndor," an outlaw, De Negri; "Zuleida," gypsy, his mother, Miss Borlinetto; "Odalea," Queen of Samarcand, Miss Darcee; "Adin," her page, Miss Sthele; "Almazor," Navarini; "Mufti," Marini. Mr. Mugnone was the director of the orchestra. The piece is said to have been produced with gorgeous costumes by Zamperone and a magnificent *mise en scène*. Gomes was called before the curtain sixteen times on the first night and twelve times on the second one.

PRINCE DIMPLE. Told for the little ones. By Mrs. George A. Paull (Minnie E. Kenney). New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a delightful account, evidently of a *real* baby and by a *real* mother. Prince Dimple's everyday doings are faithfully, and therefore most amusingly, related by the most attentive of mammas, and a number of very carefully executed photographs help to place the baby naturally before us. The book should be welcomed not only by all the "little ones," but by all the lovers of childhood, and even the Psychological Societies, there is such a wealth of babylore in it. It is richly bound in scarlet cloth, and carries a picture of this remarkable baby on the outside of the cover.

UNCLE DUMPIE'S MERRY MONTHS. By Robert St. John Corbet. Illustrated by J. H. Roberts.

BLUEBEARD. By Amy Whinyates. Arranged and Versified for Young Actors. London: Dean and Son, Fleet Street.

The first of these volumes is quite handsome and amusing in its way, with sparkling verses much in the Lewis Carroll vein. The illustrations, however, are not up to the standard of the poetry—a not unusual matter among English nursery publications. But taken as a whole, the book will cause great pleasure to all right-minded children who are not, it is to be hoped, over-critically disposed. The little play of "Bluebeard" contains no novel situations, but is simply and smoothly written, and would seem admirably adapted for home performance. It is one of a long series by the same clever author, and is published at the office of "The Little One's Own Coloured Picture Paper."

LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS AS RELATED BY THOMAS DIDYMUS. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

This is a new and cheap edition of the late James Freeman Clarke's "History of the Life of Christ." The form in which it has been cast adds little value to the work. It purports to be an autobiography of the Apostle Thomas, written in his old age as a help to the followers of Jesus. We have in it an account of the religious influences that affected the Jew in the time of the Saviour. According to the story, Thomas is represented as having been brought up like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel in Jerusalem, then he visited Alexandria and studied the higher Judaism under Philo, making acquaintance also with the different schools of Greek philosophy. Wornied and dissatisfied with all, and unable in any to find truth and peace, he withdraws for a time to the desert monasteries of the Essenes, and finally returns to his Syrian home, shortly after Jesus had begun His ministry. Attaching himself to the new prophet, though still harassed with scepticism and doubt, he gives his account of what he himself had witnessed of the life of Jesus, His teaching and miracles, His death and resurrection.

It is scarcely needful to say the story of Christ's life here given is not such as would have come from one of the Apostles, but simply that which commends itself to the more orthodox school of modern Unitarians. It is amazing how any can rest content in the position occupied by such as the author of this book. He grants the authenticity of the Gospel narratives. He is fully convinced that Jesus possessed superhuman power over nature and life; that He healed lepers and stilled the tempest, and walked on the sea and raised the dead; that He spake as never man spake, and brought heaven down to earth, and was the very image of the invisible God; that after His own death, He rose from the grave, allowed Thomas to thrust the hand into His side, and accepted His long-delayed tribute of adoring worship; that when He ascended to Heaven He left behind Him a faith and followers that have turned the world upside down, and changed the whole course of its life and history; and yet accepting all this our author refuses to fall into the ranks of orthodox believers. We believe that, like some of his friends, Mr. Clarke was nearer to the true faith than he himself knew or would allow. This book of his will do far more good than harm. Those who follow its author as far as it leads will not stop short of Thomas' own confession, and will hail the risen Redeemer as their "Lord and God."

The book is gracefully written, and throws considerable light on the times of Christ, and the influences and institutions then affecting Jewish life and character. As a fiction it is not at all successful. The characters introduced are not made of real flesh and blood, and their language and sentiments are more akin to those of cultured Bostonians in the nineteenth century than to people who lived in the time of Christ.

FRENCH DRAMATISTS OF THE 19TH CENTURY. By Brander Matthews. New Edition, Revised and with an additional Chapter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

The "Theatres of Paris," illustrated, was probably Mr. Matthews' first attempt at giving his countrymen a picture of the modern French drama. That excellent work is now followed by an apparently careful, impartial and

appreciative review of the work given to the world by the French dramatists, beginning with Victor Hugo and ending with Sardou and Emile Zola—though surely the last author can hardly be called a *dramatist* in the proper sense of the word. In fact, as the author remarks, "three times he has himself come forward . . . and the pieces have been damned out of sight." Still, in the sense of a leader of a school, that of Rationalism, or Naturalism, or Realism, whichever we prefer, M. Zola is an important factor in the dramatic circles of Paris, and it is, of course, always possible for men of talent to surprise us any day by turning out successes in some line not previously acknowledged as their own. However, since Mr. Matthews made his predictions—only approximate ones, after all—Ibsen has supplanted Zola, and furnished the world with a new cult and the latest school. The work in question is prefaced by a very useful chronology of the Drama, beginning in 1800 with "L'Abbé de L'Epée," carrying us through the various stages of dramatic art suggested by the names of Picard, Emile Augier, Alfred de Vigny, Ponsard (author of "Charlotte Corday and L'Honneur et l'Argent"), M^{me}. de Girardin (authoress of "La Joie fait Peur"), and so on down to "Cléopâtre" and "Thermidor." Mr. Matthews' style is excellent, his knowledge probably most unusual and his comments peculiarly original—that is to say, we feel at once that the American mind is, as it usually is by-the-by, keenly on the watch for imperfections and analogies, while it eagerly seeks to present the subject in as new a light as possible. Whether the author of the present book is justified, however, in concocting analogies which would appear to exist chiefly for the benefit of American literature generally, must ever be an open question, as, for instance, in the following rather far-fetched observations: "It is, of course, a mere paradox to say that M. Dumas, since his regeneration, appears to me as a typical New-Englander, but he has something of the New-England spirit, and he stands at times in the New-England attitude. He recalls, in a way, both Nathaniel Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes. His theology is in essence Unitarian. I have before made mention of his very New England knack of biblical quotation"—and so on.

What is all this worth? Who cares for a parallel drawn between such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dumas *filis*? And there may have been a few writers in the world—we need not say *English* writers either—who had the "knack" of biblical quotation before the New England school was founded. Again, when Mr. Matthews makes the assertion that the "qualities the American most detests in literature are—sweetness, feudalism, the aristocratic atmosphere, a lady-like touch"—is he not rather hard upon the greatest singers of the country he has such faith in? Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Aldrich, Lowell, are distinguished rather for sweetness than for power, for smoothness rather than for ruggedness. Perhaps in no respect has America been so disappointing to the critical minds of Europe and England as from the fact that she has failed to produce, strictly speaking, many writers of absolute self-sustaining strength and virile power. Joaquin Miller too soon subsided, and in Walt Whitman we have, at best, a mere experimentalist. The quality of "sweetness" is surely one paramount in American literature; when we desire passion, warmth, force and fire, we have to go elsewhere.

But such occasional remarks as these made by Mr. Matthews in the delightful self-satisfaction of an ardent lover of America are but crudities which have, after all, very little to do with the real nature of the book. His estimates appear cordially frank. He sees less in Octave Feuillet and more in Emile Augier than the majority of people upon this side the Atlantic—and not without reason. The work is dedicated to Edmund Clarence Stedson. And is accompanied by a chapter entitled "A Ten Years' Retrospect," which brings it completely down to date. As a hand-book to the modern French drama it is, as yet, unsurpassed. It may be of interest to remark the following adaptations: Robertson's "Home," Mr. Matthews tells us, was simply a new version of Augier's "Aventurière"; Mr. John Oxenford's "Hemlock Draught" was the "Ciguë" by the same author, and a third play from the same source, "Fourchambault," developed into "Crisis." Mr. Augustin Daly's "American" was the "Etrangère" of Dumas *filis*. The "Fast Family" is the "Famille Benoiton" of Sardou. "Diplomacy" is "Dora," and the "Pattes de Mouche" becomes a "Scrap of Paper." And "L'ed Astray" is simply M. Octave Feuillet's "Tentation," as "Heartsease" was "La Dame aux Camélias," and the "Fils Naturel" M. Boucicault's "Man of Honour."

THE *Queries Magazine* for May has its usual complement of short articles, poems, new queries and answers to old ones.

"THE Handbook of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" is a very neat compilation and will prove serviceable to members.

APART from the interest of its serials *Temple Bar* for May has in "Sarsfield: A Jacobite Rapparee," and "Bored and Bored," two excellent contributions. The story of the brave, dashing yet withal tender-hearted Irish cavalry leader is admirably told by Frederick Dixon, and the literary favourites who figure in the latter article give a new attractiveness to the unattractive "Bore."

May 15th, 1891.]

THE *Rural Canadian* for May says that Professor Goldwin Smith's reference to the diet of Canadian farmers in his "Canada and the Canadian Question" is very excellent nonsense. It also has a translation of an able article by Dr. George Scheidemuhl on Professor Koch's Discovery and Tuberculosis in cattle.

Belford's May number opens with an article on "The Thirteen' Superstition among the Fair Sex," by J. R. Abarbanell, archivist of the Thirteen Club, in which is embodied a concise symposium on the subject contributed by Mrs. Henry Stanley and many other fair and sapient authorities on the subject. "Told by The Housekeeper" is a tale of pathetic interest from the pen of Grace Ellery Channing. A number of other articles and the complete novel, "Captain Poison," translated from the Spanish by Rollo Ogden, make up an excellent number.

"PROUD MASSIE," by Frederick Sandys, is the striking frontispiece of the *English Illustrated Magazine* for May. "The Voice of Spring" is the title of a delightful poem by Lewis Morris. This is followed by an illustrated descriptive article on "Ham House," belonging to the Earl of Dysart, written by Lady Sudeley. "The Marseillaise" is a stirring and pathetic story by Henry Herman. "Church Patronage" is dealt with by the Hon. Edward P. Theisiger, C. B., who writes that "under this system has grown up a body of clergy distinguished for their earnestness, for the purity of their lives, for devotion to their duties."

COPYRIGHT LAWS of the United States, including the Act of 1891, occupy space in the *Writer* for May. It was a happy thought of the editor to insert them, as he says in the introduction, "for the information of publishers and authors in general." This number also contains some short, pithy articles, such as "Skeletons of Novels," "Plagiarism," "Honour among Publishers," etc. M. Bouchier Sanford has an appreciative sketch of "A Poet of Canada: S. Frances Harrison ('Seranus')," which ends thus: "A lover of her country, she has chanted to the people of the glory of their own northern skies; the beauty, the romance, and the interest of their own northern land, until even the indifferent have learned to listen with appreciative ears and to see for themselves with clearer vision."

THE *Scottish Review* for April opens with a thoughtful article on "Socialism," by John Grant. Mr. Grant says that "Modern Socialists in their methods indicate that they have perceived the historical significance of their movement, a stage of progress in advance of but naturally evolving from the present, and in the scope of their proposals show that whilst considering social well-being, they have not quite overlooked the necessity of protecting individual freedom." Major C. R. Condor contributes an article of unusual interest to archaeologists on "The Tell Armana Tablets," which he says "constitute a political correspondence between the Pharaohs and the rulers of Syria and Chaldea, of the highest historical value, and belonging to a time of which next to nothing was previously known from monumental sources." He further says that "all this story of an ancient civilization also agrees with the Old Testament account of the times." There are other able articles in this excellent number.

CANADIAN readers of the *New England Magazine* for May will at once turn to Mr. James Hannay's exceedingly interesting narrative on "The Loyalists." St. John, New Brunswick, is the main scene which is presented in this bright and graphic description of a portion of our early history. The events which led to the escape or banishment of the loyalists from the United States are glanced at, and the cruel laws and treatment with which they were persecuted are instanced. Many an old loyalist name is cited, and some of the chief actors on the scene in those days of trial and hardship are described. The article is accompanied by illustrations of places associated with loyalist memories, and of articles which they owned, now in the possession of their descendants in New Brunswick. Would it not be well, by public or private effort, to gather and preserve these precious historic relics? Their value increases yearly, as does the possibility of their loss or destruction. The mementos of the trying days of our good and gallant forefathers should be dear to all true Canadians. An article interesting from the subject treated is "Walt Whitman at date," by H. L. Traubel. It is, however, but indifferently and in part clumsily written.

In this working, worrying age, when the mind and body are often wearied with the strain and struggle of life, one of the most charming and refreshing sources of rest and recreation is the ever-welcome short story. The short story has become one of the important factors in the literary life of the day. That our country has made her mark in this branch of literary activity is evident. The stories of such gifted Canadian writers as E. W. Thomson—whose bright, graphic and often thrilling tales are so true to those phases of Canadian life, scenery and adventure with which they deal—are welcomed and eagerly read by hosts of readers across the ocean and on this Continent. One of the best mediums for purveying the short story to the public is *Romance*, which presents to its readers the tales of the New York Story Club. The May number is very attractive. It begins with a spirited translation of Prosper Mérimée's "How the Redoubt was Taken," and ends with "A Mystery of Old Gray's Inn," by Andrée Hope. There are sixteen stories in all in this number, and they are of sufficient interest and variety to lighten many an otherwise weary moment, and to refresh and cheer their readers.

LIKE some other institutions of our young though progressive country, the Canadian Military Institute is doing good work for Canada. There may be some Canadians who forget or ignore the fact that their country has a history; that there were men, Canadian men, who wrote its thrilling pages with their hearts' best blood; that the early chapters of this history is the stern yet brilliant record of high and noble endeavour, of unselfish and patriotic sacrifice, and of heroic endurance and fortitude. Though we love peace and shun war, let us never forget that in all countries and climes the price that is paid for freedom is the life-blood of many a noble man. Canada has paid this price, may we express the hope, once and for all. The able and interesting papers of Lieut.-Col. R. Z. Rogers on "Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada," and of Captain E. A. Cruickshank on "Battlefields of the Niagara Peninsula," published by the Institute, are well worth publishing and preserving. May we not truthfully say that the soldier is the pioneer as well as the conservator of civilized peace. These valuable papers, compiled largely from the journals and records of other days, impress the Canadian reader of to-day with serious convictions. Surely the heritage of British law, liberty and institutions, which was maintained at such a cost, and handed unimpaired to him by his own forefathers, must indeed be far more precious than some people would lead him to suppose. Though these papers were prepared for a military audience, they are of unusual interest to the general Canadian reader as well.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"THE THREE FATES," a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, opens attractively in the May number of the *Home-Maker*.

"THERE AND BACK," George MacDonald's new story, it is said to be a remarkably strong and striking story of English life.

LORD HOUGHTON is following in his father's footsteps, and is on the point of bringing out a volume of "Stray Verses," Mr. Murray being the publisher.

A NUMBER of publishers have presented Mr. R. U. Johnson with a loving-cup of solid silver, in token of their appreciation of his work for International Copyright.

GEO. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS have now ready the thirteenth edition of "Men and Women of the Time," brought down to date by Mr. George Washington Moon.

THE sale of Herbert D. Ward's American school story, "The New Senior at Andover," is very large and is establishing its claim as *the* story of American school life.

A NEAT and most attractive little book is the edition of the "Poems of Wordsworth," chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold, which Harper and Brothers have ready for publication.

MARGARET SIDNEY'S new story "Rob" is the latest of her delightful juvenile tales and is especially designed to show how a poor but plucky boy makes his way to appreciation and success.

LADY DUFFERIN will follow up her recent volume on her life with Lord Dufferin in London with one on their life in Canada, when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General. It will be entitled "My Canadian Journey, 1872 and 1873."

M. PAUL BLOUET ("Max O'Rell") will leave Europe in October next for a third lecture tour of six months in the United States, to be immediately followed by a twelve months' tour in the Australian colonies. This will be his farewell tour.

"THE PHILADELPHIAN," a novel by Louis J. Jennings, M.P., is the latest edition to "Harper's Franklin Square Library." Mr. Jennings was a resident of New York from 1863 to 1876, and during part of that time was editor of the *New York Times*.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH delivered an address to the Young Liberal Club of Toronto on Monday evening, the 11th inst. The subject of the address was "Aristocracy." Professor Smith's remarks were by no means complimentary to the unsubmerged "upper ten."

HENRY GEORGE is now engaged in writing the great work of his life, which is designed to cover the whole field of political economy and to formulate a system of economics that will harmonize with his theory of land ownership. Whether it will be an epochal book remains to be seen; it will surely be a readable one.

O. C. AURINGER, whose poem "Scythe and Sword" received high praise from the leading critics, has just published a long poem of action and endeavour, "The Heart of the Golden Roan." The poem first appeared in the *Springfield Republican*. Mr. Auringer is a member of the Authors' Club and is a resident clergyman of Northwood, N. Y. D. Lothrop Company are the publishers of these works.

READERS of the *New York Critic* have wondered who the new Boston correspondent is, whose bright letters in the April numbers of that paper have appeared over the initial "W." The writer of those letters, who has become the successor of the lamented Mr. Alexander Young, is now declared to be Mr. Charles Edgar Lewis Wingate, of the *Boston Journal*, author of "An Impossible Possibility" and "Can Such Things Be?"

THE most successful book of the year so far on the Continent is Casati's "Ten Years in Equatoria." No less

than 18,000 copies were sold in Germany within a fortnight of its appearance, and a second edition is now in the press. French and Spanish editions have also been rapidly disposed of, and translations of the book are being prepared in Scandinavian, Hungarian, and Russian. 10,000 volumes of the Italian edition have also been taken up. Altogether, the success of the work is simply phenomenal.

PROFESSOR BERTRAND has made a great discovery. In the public library at Geneva he has come upon a manuscript, eighty pages in length, containing an original draft of Rousseau's "Contrat Social," written about eight years before the great book which we know. It is strange that such a treasure—which gives the key, so it is said, to many of the contradictions apparent in Rousseau's works—should have lain so long unnoticed, and that it should at length have been brought to light by a Frenchman, and not by a native of the city on the Rhone.

THOSE who intend going into the army may be glad to know that Colonel Younghusband, the author of "Frays and Forays," has written a guide for their use, stuffed full of valuable information. Its title is, "The Queen's Commission; how to obtain it, and how to use it." The book is published by Mr. Murray, and describes the different means of getting a commission, the cost of life at Woolwich and Sandhurst, and the merits and demerits of public schools and crammers. It also contains a quantity of excellent advice of various kinds, especially on social and financial matters connected with military life.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who has played many a role—sometimes with success, always with notoriety, whether cheap or the reverse—is now going to astound creation as an author, and is already fully assured of making a good thing of the trade in a pecuniary sense. He intends to write a book giving a minute description of his forthcoming wanderings in Mashonaland. The work will appear first of all in the *Daily Graphic*, in the form of twenty letters, and the noble writer will receive, or has received, for these, the sum of £2,000 sterling. This will make the mouth of many a successful author water with envy.

AT another recent London sale, the following sums were paid: Beverley's "History of Virginia," 1705, £81; first edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Salisbury, 1766, £35 10s.; first edition of Charles Lamb's "Rosamund Gray" and "Old Blind Margaret," £20 10s.; Walton's "Compleat Angler," plates, fine and large copy (five and five-eighths inches by three and a-half inches), in the original binding, 1653, and Cotton's "Compleat Angler," plates, 1676, the rare first edition of each work, £310—the highest price ever bid for these works; *Vanity Fair* in monthly parts, as issued, with the woodcut of the Marquis of Steyne, which was suppressed after the issue of a few copies, £21 5s., and first edition of John Bunyan's "Holy War," with rare portrait of the author (1682), £32.

MR. WALTER BESANT desires to have in London an Authors' Club and an Academy of Letters, and the only wonder is that his wish has not become an accomplished fact long ago. At the same time, the Savile and the Athenæum have both some pretensions to being authors' clubs, although, of course, there are members of both who cannot lay claim to the title of author. The Americans, however, go farther than the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and clamour for the endowment of literature. Budding genius should be cherished, they think—carefully fostered, and not allowed to sink under privation, or be blotted out in tears wrung from the eyes by the tyranny of want. There is, of course, something in all this; but who is going to accurately discern where genius lies hid. Are there any literary diviners of the rod to guide the undiscerning who dwell across the Atlantic? Budding genius does not always blossom, but, on the other hand, dry twigs like Aaron's rod sometimes astonish everybody by flowering unexpectedly.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN THE FIELDS.

IT is doubtful if the pleasure one experiences in a ramble of a few hours in the suburbs of the city at this season is more acute than that which is felt in those which succeed one's return. In the first the eye is gratified by the green-growing fields, the pink and brown buds that swell on birch and maple and the grey and white catkins of the willows, and there is rejuvenation in the air that comes from woods of pine and cedar. The ear is charmed by the notes of a dozen different species of birds, those feathered aristocrats and millionaires, who journey to their estates in the south every autumn and return every spring, just as is the practice of some monied mortals who own orange groves or have a welcome awaiting them at the Hotel of Ponce de Leon. Such a ramble is good for the eyes, ears and lungs; for its pleasant memories, for its pictures which one has only to shut one's eyes to have brought before him with all the vividness of reality. Like all workers nature works in silence. She does not whistle when she spreads her green carpet over the fields, nor shout when she plants a tree. She is persistent, never exultant and never depressed. And quietly as her operations proceed, there is never a moment of any day of our lives when she is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and "working still upon such exquisite

and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure." It is curious how little observant we are of the transition from one season to another. In the Rural Cemetery we see without surprise the last vestiges of last winter's snow and near by the first pale blooms of spring. As the sound of a waterfall grows faint as we journey away from it, winter recedes, while spring approaches like one who enlivens his steps with the notes of a mandolin. We listen to both until the sound of the one is drowned by that of the other. As the spring blooms and are seen near the last lingering snowdrifts in the Rural Cemetery, so in that silent city the few in days with those of many years lie side by side in their last slumber. It may be that when the laws of our being are better understood and observed, all men shall reach their full maturity and death shall come among us only as the reaper goes into the wheat field that is ripe for the sickle.—*St. John Evening Gazette.*

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

WHEN birds salute the loitering dawn
And faint warm sunbeams wake the bee,
From the dim fields of Memory
The veil is year by year withdrawn.
The dear dead Springs revive once more,
And I grow young again;
Sweet is the world again as 'twas of yore;
The thought of parted joys is precious pain.
Woo the pale flowers, blithe bee, sing, rippling voice,
Rejoice, be glad, and I too will rejoice!

When the white pear-bloom lights the wall,
And gilly-flowers embalm the air;
When shining chestnut cases fall
And lilacs cluster fair;
When 'mid the bursting coverts show
The blue-eyed violets and the wind-flowers' snow,
Or starry celandines with shining gold,
The old dead Springs, forgot by all but me,
Their vanished blooms unfold.
Can I forget the buried years?
Not then, not then, shall I forget
Life's fresh dawns dewy-wet.
Sing, thrush, flute, starling, hover, wanton bee,
And let me feel a rapture dimmed by happy tears.

What gives the youngling Spring a tongue to call?
Till with swift step the ghostly Past draws nigh.
Our Midsummers are dumb;
No voice is theirs nor spell which can enthrall;
Their painted garden-glories high and sweet
Blow silently and fleet unheeded by;
No message brings the white rose or the red
From Junes remote and dead.
Nay, even the cloistered lilies virginal
Awake no stirrings of unrest divine.
The autumnal glories fine,
From ripeness to decay
Are mute, and pass away.

The reddening orchards and the yellowing wheat
Steal by with noiseless feet.
The glowing pageant marching voicelessly
On its appointed way till Winter come.
These flower within the Present, or bear fruit;
But all their Past is mute,
And the dead days of winter speak no word
Of years long done, nor touch an answering chord.

But not a snowdrop lights the wintry gloom,
And not a crocus flames from out the grass,
And not a primrose smiles on bank or lea,
And not a cherry hides its sprays in bloom;
But suddenly for me
The grey mists lift, the gathered shadows pass,
The undying Past once more begins to be.
The daisy and the lamb upon the field
Are wonders new-revealed;
Youth's long-strange thoughts return, the world grows
gay,

And with the increasing day
The tide of Time ebbs refluxent, and I seem
To hear again the hurrying, high-voiced stream
Laugh by Life's fountains; for whom long since the deep,
Slow-footed, rolls asleep
Through grey Autumnal marshes to the silent sea.

Then wake, oh world, again,
Dear vanished Springs, revive for young and old,
Shine morning years with scarce-abated gold;
Return, oh sweet half-pain,
That comest of remembrance of years done.
A little while we tarry 'neath the sun;
Let us not all forget
The treasure of long hope redoubled by regret:
The Springtides of the soul, which in that strange new
birth
Shall blossom once again, if never else on Earth.

—*Lewis Morris, in English Illustrated Magazine.*

ODDITIES and singularities of behaviour may attend genius; when they do they are its misfortunes and its blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them; at least he will never effect to distinguish himself by whimsical peculiarities.—*Sir William Temple.*

HOW JEWS ARE TREATED IN RUSSIA.

LET us suppose a part of our own community subjected to the legal restrictions which now obtain in Russia with regard to the Jew. Our laws on the subject would then read somewhat as follows: "All Jews born in the United States shall be regarded as aliens. No Jews shall dwell in any part of the United States except the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, unless they are graduates of some State university, members of a learned profession, skilled artisans holding certificates from a technical school, or members of a chamber of commerce who pay \$500 a year for that privilege. No Jew shall hold any government or municipal office. No Jew shall buy or rent landed property. All Jews shall pay special taxes in connection with religious services. No synagogue may be opened without the permission of the President of the United States, and no public prayers may be held in any other place than a synagogue. When more than ten Jews wish to meet together for consultation or discussion, they must obtain permission from the municipal authorities. Married Jews who become converted to Christianity are *ipso facto* divorced on conversion; but the wife, if she remains a Jewess, may not marry again. All Jews attaining the age of twenty years shall serve five years in the active army and thirteen years in the reserve, but no Jew may become an officer or even an officer's servant. No Jew shall serve in the navy." Such a condition of affairs as is implied in this paraphrase of the Russian laws affecting Jews is so impossible, so inconceivable, in this country and to us, that we can scarcely imagine it to exist anywhere else. And yet there is no exaggeration in such a paraphrase. The Jew to-day in Russia is hedged around by a set of restrictions as whimsical and as offensive as anything devised by the fanatics of the middle ages, carried out with a savage brutality which is possible only in a half-civilized country. Jews are both heretics and aliens in Russian eyes.—*P. G. Hubert, Jr., in the Forum.*

MANNERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE great majority of Polynesians are excellently mannered; but the Marquesan stands apart, annoying and attractive, wild, shy and refined. If you make him a present he affects to forget it, and it must be offered him again at his going; a pretty formality I have found nowhere else. A hint will get rid of anyone or any number, they are so fiercely proud and modest; while many of the more lovable but blunter islanders crowd upon a stranger and can be no more driven off than flies. A slight or an insult the Marquesan seems never to forget. I was one day talking by the wayside with my friend Hoka, when I perceived his eyes suddenly to flash and his stature to swell. A white horseman was coming down the mountain and, as he passed, and while he paused to exchange salutations with myself, Hoka was staring and ruffling like a gamecock. It was a Corsican who had years before called him *cochon sauvage*—*cocon chauvage*, as Hoka mispronounced it. With people as nice and so touchy it was scarcely to be supposed that our company of greenhorns should not blunder into offences. Hoka, on one of his visits, fell suddenly in a brooding silence, and presently after left the ship with cold formality. When he took me back into favour, he adroitly and pointedly explained the nature of my offence; I had asked him to sell coconuts; and in Hoka's view articles of food were things that a gentleman should give, not sell; or, at least, that he should not sell to any friend. On another occasion I gave my boat's crew a luncheon of chocolate and biscuits. I had sinned, I could never learn how, against some point of observance; and, though I was dryly thanked, my offerings were left upon the beach. But our worst mistake was a slight we put on Toma, Hoka's adoptive father, and in his own eyes the rightful chief of Anaho. In the first place, we did not call upon him, as perhaps we should, in his fine new European house, the only one in the hamlet. In the second, when we came ashore upon a visit to his rival, Taipi-kikino, it was Toma whom we saw standing at the head of the beach, a magnificent figure of a man, magnificently tattooed; and it was of Toma that we asked our question: "Where is the chief?" "What chief?" cried Toma, and turned his back on the blasphemers. Nor did he forgive us. Hoka came and went with us daily; but alone, I believe, of all the country side, neither Toma nor his wife set foot on board the *Casco*.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

DISEASE AND WORK.

FOR the three years 1880-2, the mortality of different occupations has been estimated on the census returns. If we take the mortality of all males as represented by 1,000, we find the clergy so long lived, so much below the average, as to be represented by the figure 556. The farmers are close after them; even the mental strain caused by the weather, the seasons, and free trade, cannot shake their healthiness; they stand at 631. At the opposite end of the scale come the brewers, with no less than 1,361, the innkeepers with 1,521, the butchers with 1,170. It is not difficult, in the two former cases, to account for the high mortality. The danger arising from a tempting proximity to stimulants (which spreads even to coopers) is shown by the number who die of alcoholism, or those various affections of the liver under which such deaths are often classed to avoid hurting the feelings of

relations. Where ten ordinary men, from 25 to 65 years of age, die of alcoholism, no fewer than 25 brewers and 55 publicans are killed by it, and the deaths from liver disease among the latter are six times as numerous as the average. It is a melancholy fact that the mortality of grocers has risen since the right of dealing in wines and spirits was extended to them. In the case of butchers, diseases arising out of drink are again prevalent, and a special source of danger is the accumulation of decaying animal matter in close, ill-ventilated slaughter houses. If we take a lower rank in life—the more truly labouring class—we find great differences between various callings in the matter of health. Filemakers stand at the terribly high figure 1,667, cutlers at 1,309, plumbers at 1,202, earthenware makers at 1,742, the two great industries of cotton and wool at 1,088 and 1,032 respectively, chimney sweeps (among whom cancer is extraordinarily prevalent, accounting for 202 deaths per thousand, as against 36 for England and Wales) at 1,519, printers, who suffer greatly from consumption, at 1,071, bookbinders, who work, as a rule, in a detestable atmosphere, at 1,167, tailors at 1,051, and shoemakers at the comparatively favourable figure 921.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE most valuable gift which can be bestowed upon women is something to do, which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—*James A. Garfield.*

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one man of sense. He that will carry nothing about him but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change.—*Pope.*

PHOTOGRAPHS for determining the motions of moving animals and flying birds are now taking on a travelling band of sensitized paper by means of intermittent flashes of light, and the movement of the paper in the focus of the camera is controlled by an electro magnet.

THE annual convention of the National Educational Association of the United States for the present year will be held at Toronto, July 14th to 17th, and as it will on this occasion be of an international character, it promises to be the most successful meeting of the series. Most of the railroads have agreed to give half-rates, plus \$2.00 membership fee to all who attend the meeting, this rate being open to the public generally as well as the teachers. Toronto people are making great preparations to welcome and entertain the visiting teachers, and numerous cheap excursions are being arranged to all important points on the great lakes, the St. Lawrence and the sea-side, after the convention, which will afford to teachers the best opportunity for enjoying their summer holidays they have ever had. The official Bulletin, containing programme for the meeting, railway arrangements, and all other particulars, is ready, and will be sent free to any one desiring it, on their dropping a post-card to Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary Local Committee, Toronto.

OVERWORKED, broken down, prematurely aged men or those suffering from excesses or indiscretions will find a certain cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They supply the material necessary to enrich the blood, build up the nerves and restore the shattered system. Never fail. Sold by all dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for \$2—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

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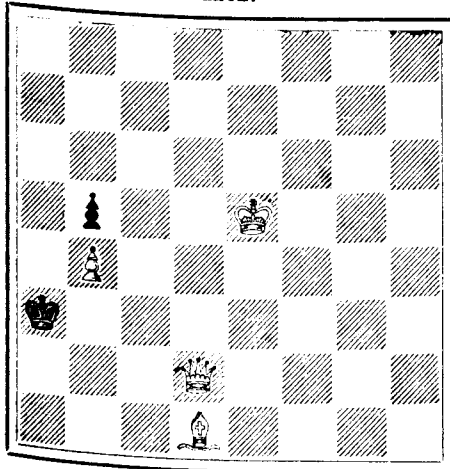
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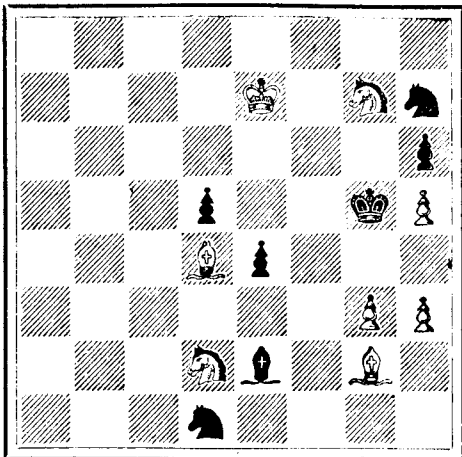
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PROBLEM No. 565.
By F. G. Kellar.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 566.
By J. A. C. Stanfield.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 559.

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-Q7 | 1. K x Kt |
| 2. P Queens + | 2. K x Q |
| 3. B-K6 mate | |
| | if 1. K-K1 |
| 2. P Queens + | 2. K-K2 |
| 3. B-Kt6 mate. | |

With other variations.

No. 560.
R-B2

In this problem there should be a Black R or Black K3.

From the *Manchester Evening News* we take the following remarkable specimen of Mr. Blackburne's blindfold play. The game is one of eight, played simultaneously without sight of the board and men.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------------|----------|
| J. H. BLACKBURNE. | J. BURT. | J. H. BLACKBURNE. | J. BURT. |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 14. Kt-B3 | P-B3 |
| 2. P-KB4 | P x P | 15. K Kt-Q5 + | K-K3 (b) |
| 3. Kt-KB3 | P-K Kt4 | 16. Castles (c) | P x Kt |
| 4. P-KR4 | P-Kt5 | 17. R-K1 + | K-Q3 |
| 5. Kt-K5 | Kt-KB3 | 18. Q-K5 + (d) | K-B3 |
| 6. Kt x Kt P | Kt x P | 19. Q x P + | K-B2 |
| 7. P-Q3 | Kt-Kt6 | 20. Kt-Kt5 + | K-Kt3 |
| 8. B x P | Kt x R | 21. Q-Kt3 | Kt-B3 |
| 9. B-Kt5 | B-K2 | 22. R-K8 (e) | Q-B3 |
| 10. Q-K2 | P-KR3 (a) | 23. Kt-Bdis + | Kt-Kt5 |
| 11. Q-K5 | P x B | 24. Kt-Q5 + | K-B3 |
| 12. Q x R + | B-B1 | 25. Q-B4 + | B-B4 |
| 13. Kt-B6 + | K-K2 | 26. Kt x Kt + | K-Q3 |

At this point Mr. Blackburne announced mate in six moves.

NOTES BY MR. BURT.

- (a) So far the moves, both sides, are in accordance with the theory of this form of the gambit. The move recommended in the Synopsis for Black is P-KR4, and the game is continued thus: 11. Kt-B6 +, K-B1; 12. Q-K5, Kt-QB3; 13. Kt x QP +, K-Kt1, with the better game.
- (b) If P x Kt, Q-K5 mate.
- (c) White purposely gives up the Knight to prevent Black's Queen's Pawn advancing, and so liberating his Queen and Bishop.
- (d) Mr. Blackburne's play from this point is magnificent. Black, although two pieces to the good, is perfectly helpless.
- (e) The commencement of a marvellous combination for blindfold play, which results in his winning the Queen and the game.

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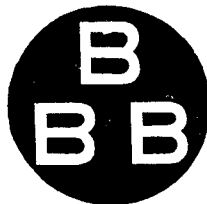
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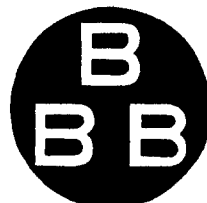
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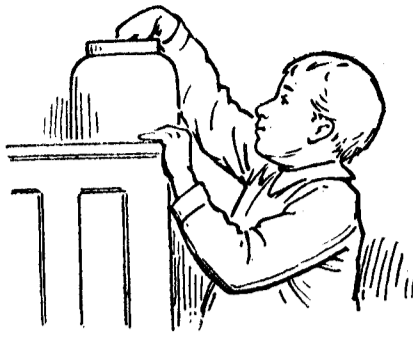
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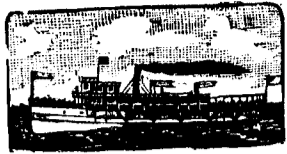
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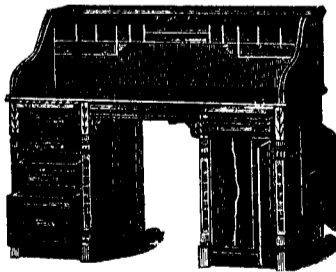
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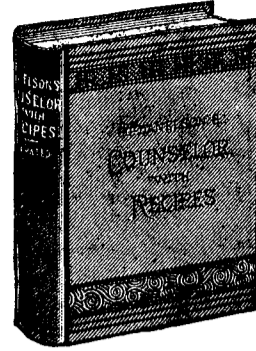
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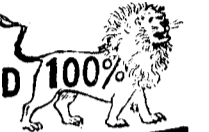
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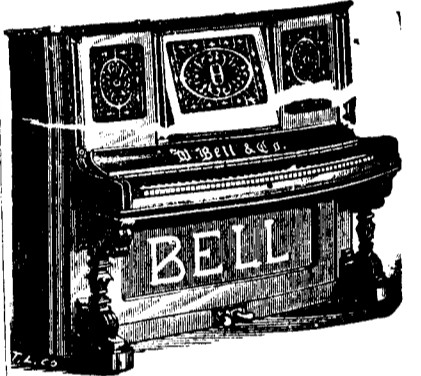
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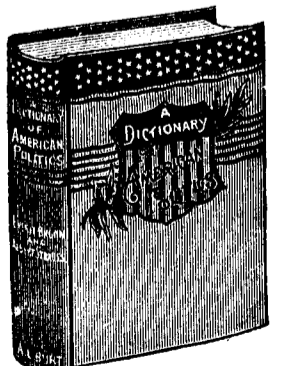
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