

# THE WEEK:

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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 other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE recent revolt at the Toronto gaol, though but a small incident in itself, is one of many indications that the prison system of the Dominion is seriously defective and illogical. Can it be wondered at that human beings, so long as they retain the attribute of rationality, should recoil from such an objectless and degrading task as that of wheeling sand from one portion of the prison yard to another, only to wheel it back again. If the aim of the prison authorities were to intensify the hatred of work which is the curse of most of the convicts sent up, they could hardly adopt a better means of effecting their purpose. It is now generally conceded by those who have given attention to the question that, viewed solely in the interests of the State, apart altogether from religious or humanitarian considerations, the chief end, or at least one of the chief ends of prison discipline should be the improvement of the character of the convict. One of the most effective means of reaching that end is undoubtedly the formation of the habit of industry under conditions as nearly as possible akin to those which relieve the daily toil of honest citizens of its irksomeness, and make it not only tolerable but enjoyable. To those who know anything of human nature it is evident that the elements of skill, utility and hope are indispensable factors of this result. The proposed meeting of the gaolers of Ontario for mutual conference, at an early day, is of good omen. Such statements as that the 4,000 prisoners in the Toronto gaol during the past year have scarcely earned a cent of the more than \$21,000 their maintenance and oversight have cost; that there is absolutely no classification by which the youth, in for a first offence, can be separated from the company of the most hardened criminals; and that the number of recommitments is constantly increasing, are so many distinct reproaches to our intelligence and humanity. It is surely time the people's representatives should take up the problem courageously, and call in all the resources of science and philanthropy to aid them in effecting radical reforms in prison management.

SOME of the recommendations embodied in Inspector Moylan's review of our penitentiary system, which appears in the Report of the Minister of Justice recently issued, show that Mr. Moylan is fully alive to the defects of the present methods, and the need of important reforms. In favouring the indeterminate sentence system, Mr. Moylan is in line with the most advanced thinking of the day. Such a system puts the powerful motive of hope to its proper and effective use. As we have on a former occasion and in another connection pointed out, the length of the term of imprisonment has now, in most cases, to be arbitrarily fixed in advance by the judgment of an individual. It is surely no more objectionable theoretically that it should be fixed by the judgment of one whose opportunities for studying the character of the individual convict extend through months or years of close observation. Still better, perhaps, to prevent danger of favouritism, or other abuses, the determination of the period of release might be entrusted to a commission or court of judges sitting periodically to take the evidence of wardens, guards, chaplains, etc. One great gain would be that no incorrigible or morally insane person could be sent forth into society, as must frequently happen under the present methods, with a practical certainty that he will immediately renew his career of crime. Mr. Moylan, we observe, fully commits himself to the opinion that in order to the accomplishment of the chief purposes for which penal institutions exist, prison labour is indispensable, and that such labour, in order to effect the results aimed at, must be systematic and productive. Possibly Mr. Moylan's assertion that the idea that productive prison labour under proper management injures free labour "is sheer delusion" may be too strong a statement, but it must not be forgotten that the convicts in question have not, in the judgment of the courts, forfeited the right to live, and that the right to live implies the right, even for a convict, to earn the means of livelihood by "honest labour."

THE debate on Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution, claiming for Canada the right to negotiate her own commercial treaties, came to an unexpected and abrupt termination. Whether this was due mainly to design on the part of the Government, or to the faulty tactics of the Opposition leaders, is not quite clear at the date of this writing. Probably both causes concurred, as, in accordance with the ordinary customs of debate the Government speakers had the floor at the time the vote was taken, and the failure of an opponent of the motion to arise is said to have been preceded by a hasty consultation amongst members of the Government, while, on the other hand, had the Opposition been readier in device and action they could not thus have been taken by surprise. In any case the fact is rather to be regretted, inasmuch as the question is certainly an important and debateable one, such as it is one of the chief functions of Parliament as a deliberative body to discuss. It may, of course, be said, and is, in fact, often said, that lengthy debates on such topics are a waste of time, since the minds of all are made up beforehand, and it very rarely occurs that the opinion or vote of a single representative is changed by any arguments adduced in the speeches. It is none the less true, however, that full discussion on the floor of the House of Commons of the larger issues of the time, especially those which relate to the present state and future prospects of the Confederation, is, or should be, one of the most effective means of political education for the people at large. Comparatively few of the electors of the Dominion have either the time or the means for studying such questions for themselves, and they have a right to look to those whose special duty it is to know the facts, for ample information and discussion. It would be unfortunate should a long lease of power and full confidence in their majority vote betray the Government into even the appearance of impatience with argument, and a disposition—of which there have during late sessions been some indications—to appeal too readily to the party vote.

IT is a pity that the effect of all the speeches on Sir Richard's motion should have been marred by a certain partisan bitterness, which seemed out of place in the serious discussion of such a question. It is unfortunately the fact that the obvious anxiety on the part of most speech-makers

on both sides in the Commons to make party capital out of the matter in hand, no matter what its nature may be, weakens the effect of many an otherwise excellent address. With regard to the subject-matter of the debate it is somewhat surprising, on analysis, to find how nearly the combatants were, after all, to agreeing on the main point. While the supporters of the motion argued in favour of an immediate, formal demand for the right of Canada to conduct its own trade negotiations and conclude its own commercial treaties with foreign countries, the Minister of Finance sought to discount their arguments by showing, in effect, that the Dominion is and has been for years past rapidly gaining the essence of the very powers asked for, with full consent of the Imperial Government. The obvious rejoinder is that this but proves that the British Government recognizes the substantial justice and reasonableness of the position taken in Sir Richard's resolution, though she can hardly be expected to thrust upon us concessions that she might readily make if requested. That is not the statesman's habit. It is not easy to find any support in fact or history for Mr. Foster's contention that the carrying out of the policy proposed in the resolutions would lead to the separation of Canada from the Empire. The bond of union, which has not only not broken but has actually grown stronger since responsible government and absolute fiscal independence were granted, would hardly snap asunder under the slight strain involved in having our own Government, which now taxes both British and foreign goods at will, conclude its own trade arrangements with those nations with which it is to our interest to do business. To ask, "How would Canada be able to enforce treaties without Great Britain at her back with her standing army and the greatest navy in the world?" may serve to help out an argument, but as a matter of fact the idea of Great Britain putting her army and navy to any such use, under existing circumstances, is, as Mr. Foster must admit, inconceivable, if not absurd. Commercial treaties are not enforced by cannon at this stage of the nineteenth century. Their only basis is mutual commercial advantage. When that fails, in the opinion of either party, to result, the treaty necessarily fails.

THE Ministers of Customs and Finance are surely to be pitied. The deluge of depositions, memorials and petitions asking for changes in the tariff must be overwhelming. How they will ever manage to make their way to the light through the labyrinth of arguments and counter-arguments, representations and counter-representations, in which they are just now involved, is a mystery to the uninitiated. To increase their perplexities, in addition to all the complications which are the product of conflicting Canadian views and interests, they are continually confronted from across the border with the spectre of retaliation in return for any tariff legislation supposed to be unfriendly to our neighbours. Nor can it be doubted that this spectre may at any moment materialize in a very disagreeable and vexatious form. In one quarter at least the light appears to be breaking so clearly that the Government can hardly hesitate. All indications seem to point to the wisdom of removing the extra export duty which was, a short time since, imposed by order in Council upon saw-logs. The impolicy of this impost, both on grounds of political economy and in view of its exasperating effect in the United States, is too obvious to be ignored. Fruit-loving Canadians, as well as fruit-selling Americans, will also be pretty much of one mind in regard to the unwisdom of challenging retaliation by removing from the free-list, at the demand of Canadian fruit-growers, the articles so hastily placed upon that list last session. There is no real humiliation, but simply a wise consideration of circumstances, and a proper regard to the obligations of neighbourly relations, in considering the effect of tariff changes upon neighbourly relations, as well as upon local interests.

EVIDENTLY a formidable array of interests will combine to defeat Mr. Clarke Wallace's Combines Bill. It is now urged, not without force, that not only the manufacturer, but the merchant and the banker likewise have strong reasons for throwing their influence against such legislation. The one, it is alleged, furnishes the material, the other the money, to the manufacturer with small capital, who is striving to establish a new "indus-

try," or to bolster up and extend an old one—to both his failure would bring more or less of loss and calamity. This statement is a striking commentary on the view taken by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in the February number of the *North American Review*. The burden of Mr. Carnegie's contention is that the danger which is thought to threaten the public in the formation of Trusts and Combines is a mere "bugaboo." All these attempts at monopoly are, he maintains, foredoomed to failure by the inexorable laws of trade, or rather of human nature, which decree that the more successful any one of these attempts may seem, the more speedily will come the inevitable end towards which it is being hurried by the impetus of its own momentum. But the supporter of Mr. Wallace's bill will not find it hard to show that the plea of the merchant and banker and that of Mr. Carnegie really point in the same direction, and favour rather than condemn the proposed legislation. If, on the one hand, the influence of combination really tends, in proportion to its success, to stimulate competition to a point beyond the engorging capacity of the combine, and if, on the other, it induces merchants and bankers to give new enterprises, too feeble to stand by themselves, a support which would not be given them on their merits, and which hastens on the certain break-up, then it would evidently be better for all parties concerned that the practice which leads to such disastrous results should be forbidden. It cannot be really good for the strong firms in the combine to be assured of a transient prosperity, which contains in itself the germs of ultimate failure. It cannot be good for merchants and bankers to be deluded by the fancied security of a monopoly which is steadily working its own ruin. And it is too much to ask of the consuming public that it should submit to be fleeced for a few years because of a logical certainty that the high prices cannot be permanent, and a reaction must come.

THE statistics of immigration for 1888, as set forth in the report of the Minister of Agriculture, show that while the number of actual immigrants but slightly, if at all, exceeded that of the preceding year, there was an encouraging improvement in their character. The agents at the various local centres agree in representing the majority of the incomers as of an excellent class. This improvement is what was to be expected as a result of the discontinuance of assisted immigration of a promiscuous kind. There is reason to hope, too, that the improvement noted may be continued and increased if the new policy is persevered in. There can be little doubt that the wholesale shipment of paupers or semi-pauper passengers from the Old World ports would act as a deterrent, rather than otherwise, upon the better classes of those contemplating emigration. There is some danger, however, lest the swing of the pendulum should carry us to the opposite extreme. Many take too little care to discriminate. We notice, for instance, that not only the Trades and Labour Council, but a portion of the press seem disposed to include all child-immigration in a sweeping condemnation, although it is evident that if such establishments as the Barnardo Homes actually carry on their work on the principles stated, bringing out only picked children, and keeping those brought out under industrial training, or locating them in respectable families, until able to take care of themselves, they are doing a good work for the country as well as for the children. It would be well for us if we had many more such institutions as the Barnardo Training Farm in Manitoba is represented to be. Such philanthropic enterprises may or may not stand the test of close investigation, to which they should be subjected, but they should not be condemned without such investigation.

IT is much to be regretted that the Ontario Government should have rejected Mr. Meredith's motion for the appointment of a committee to inquire "as to the best means of disposing of the sewage of cities, towns, villages," etc., without substituting some better proposition. The question is one bearing a close relation to the physical welfare of the whole people. Mr. Mowat's doubt as to the possibility of good resulting from the labours of such a committee surely cannot mean that he regards the matter as one with which the Government and Legislature have nothing to do. Still less can it be conceived that he considers the present system, or rather want of system, incapable of improvement, or that his attitude is one of despair in the presence of the admitted and grave evils resulting and threatened from neglect of the most ordinary teachings of sanitary science, in the disposal of the refuse matter of our towns and villages. It is no doubt true that little

could be expected from an ordinary parliamentary committee under the time limitation imposed by the few weeks of the session. But no such objection could hold against the issue of a commission to such scientific experts as the Government might have selected for the purpose. Nor is the fact that all the information resulting from the science and experience of older communities is already available of much greater weight as an argument. The same might be said in reference to almost any conceivable public inquiry for practical purposes. The question for Ontario is concrete and practical. It is one of adaptation of means to ends; one in which regard must be had to local circumstances and conditions. The thing to be settled is not even what is absolutely the best method, but what is the best possible for Canadian cities and towns under existing circumstances. The Government of Ontario has surely a duty to discharge in the premises. It is matter of provincial and national concern that the people of the municipalities shall not be left, in their ignorance or negligence, to go on imbibing disease germs from polluted wells, poisoning the waters of streams, rivers and bays which it should be their especial care to keep pure, and generally, in easy-going disregard of the simplest laws of health, suffering the germs of disease to be sown and nurtured on every hand.

THE agitation in regard to the Jesuits' Estates Bill still goes on, and is probably widening, but, so far as we have seen, no definite aim or line of action has yet been decided on. It has been suggested that public meetings should be called to discuss the question, and it seems somewhat strange that this very natural and proper course has not hitherto been taken. The reason probably is that no person of influence cares to take the responsibility of calling such a meeting until he can see his way clear to put before it some practical proposition. In the absence of such proposal public denunciation of the Jesuits and the Quebec Government would be but beating the air. The more thoughtful of those who foresee danger to our liberties from the increased aggressive power of the obnoxious Order cannot but feel that in demanding the disallowance by the Dominion Government of a local bill which is on its face but a mere bestowal of provincial funds for educational purposes, and by way of settling an alleged claim, they would be taking a very doubtful position, and exposing themselves to serious danger of defeat in the court of last resort. It is needless to say that such a defeat would make matters vastly worse than they now are. Two suggestions, which have at least a practical aspect, have, however, been made by some of the many who have dealt with the subject. The first is that when the Province of Quebec next appeals, as it is believed she may be expected to do very soon, for aid from the Dominion exchequer, a determined, organized and uncompromising resistance be made to her demands. This would be but reasonable and just, and we do not see why all the other Provinces should not unite in compelling Government and Parliament to regard the protest. The other suggestion is equally logical, and goes nearer the root of the matter. Whether its premises are sound or not, we are not prepared to say. It is that the Act by which the Quebec Government and Legislature undertook two years ago to incorporate the Jesuit Order is null and void inasmuch as no Act of a Province could either do away with the effect of the terms of capitulation, or give to a society a legal standing of which it has been deprived by an unrepealed statute of the British Parliament, effective throughout the Empire. The point is at least worthy of being taken into consideration by some competent legal authority.

A RESOLUTION passed unanimously by the Montreal Board of Trade at a recent meeting draws a sad picture of the state of the harbour of that city, in respect to accommodations for shipping and facilities for trade. Though the gods often, as in the case of Montreal, are very generous in the bestowal of natural advantages, yet it remains true in a wide sense of cities, as of individuals, that they "help those who help themselves." The striking allegory set before the meeting of the Board in Mr. Van Horne's "Tale of Two Cities," (Chicago and St. Louis) conveys a lesson that, will, it may be hoped, be laid to heart by the business men of that city. If Montreal, with a harbour which offers to vessels such accommodations as wooden jetties "covered by water during summer floods, and under water during the whole winter," which is "entirely destitute of permanent sheds or warehouses to protect goods, and cranes to assist in the loading or discharge of ships," with no adequate provision for the accommodation of railway traffic, with harbour dues of such

magnitude as to cause it to be shunned as a most expensive harbour, etc., has made such wonderful progress, what might not be expected during the next quarter-century, were all these disabilities removed, and every modern facility for commerce afforded at reasonable rates? The question is one of more than local significance, as all Western Canada will be more or less interested in seeing the metropolitan city making the enormous strides which are predicted for it by the more enthusiastic of its business men, provided the sagacity and enterprise of its citizens prove equal to the occasion. The members of the Board, representing no doubt the business and enterprise of the city, seem at last to be thoroughly awake to the necessity for vigorous action. It may, therefore, be hoped that a new departure of great promise is about to be made.

IT is satisfactory to learn from the tenor of the correspondence submitted by President Cleveland to the Senate, that the United States have virtually receded from the claim implied, if not definitely asserted, in the seizure of Canadian vessels on the high seas, to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring's Sea. The invitation to the Governments of the maritime nations to take part in a correspondence, having in view the protection of fur-bearing seals in those Northern waters, is a tacit admission that no claim to exclusive authority can be maintained, and is a step in the right direction. There seems no reason to doubt that a satisfactory conclusion may be eventually reached, though a year has already elapsed since Secretary Bayard submitted his proposed regulations to prevent, between April 15th and November 1st, the killing of seals north of the 50th degree of latitude, and between 160° and 170° longitude. It may be assumed that compensation will ultimately be made to the proprietors of the seized vessels, though the movements of diplomacy are tantalizingly slow and its ways tantalizingly circuitous.

THE object of the Canadian Pacific Railway in its latest efforts to obstruct the railway policy of Manitoba is, it is claimed, not to maintain the monopoly it has been paid to surrender, but to establish the constitutional principle that railroads of a certain class can be chartered only by the Dominion Government. It is, perhaps, as well that the point should have been definitely raised, and that a clear and final decision should, if possible, be reached, however invidious may appear the action of the Railway which has not only secured its own charter and enormous privileges from Ottawa, but has actually agreed to give up its monopoly advantages in return for an important consideration, in raising it against its provincial rival. The *Winnipeg Sun* predicts that Mr. VanHorne's appeal to the courts in the matter will prove to have been a mistake, both because the question between the Dominion and the Provinces is one in which his company could not afford to take a side, as it has done, against the Province; and because the decision promises to establish the very doctrine of Provincial jurisdiction against which the Company is contending. Whether the latter prophecy will be fulfilled remains to be seen.

INTREPID assertions, perhaps, become brave men. If so, the proposition recently laid down by Lord Wolseley, on a Birmingham platform, to the effect that a system of conscription provides "the very highest order of mental and physical education that has ever been devised by man," is quite in keeping with the gallant General's record. None the less it was to be expected that the civilian mind should recoil from so astounding a doctrine. Granting the superiority of the education on the physical side—though even that is fairly open to question—it must require a keenness of vision beyond the ordinary to discover wherein is to be found the supreme excellence of the military training on its mental side. It is scarcely matter of common observation that discharged soldiers of the rank and file stand head and shoulders above the average citizen in intellectual acumen. It may be that the tendency in modern modes of military training is moving in the direction of developing individual capacity, but, unless we greatly mistake, it has always been, and still is, to a considerable extent, the military theory, that the more completely the soldier can sink his individuality and act as a mechanical part of a great machine the better will he subserve the purpose for which he is in the army. If it be indeed true that the highest ideal of the soldier is that exemplified in the famous Balaclava charge, where the heroes of the Light Brigade immortalized themselves by their loyalty, even to death, to the principle that it was

Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,

all men may admire the courage and discipline displayed, but few will be able to find in the kind of training which leads to such results a means of the highest development of the rational powers.

ACCORDING to Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the two chief subjects of legislation during the Session of the Imperial Parliament which commenced yesterday will be the extension of Local Government to Scotland, and the increase of the Navy. There will probably be but feeble opposition to the large appropriation which will, it is understood, be asked for the latter purpose, but, none the less, expenditure in the building and equipment of war ships must be, in these days, a peculiarly discouraging investment. If only there could be brought about, as Mr. Goschen suggests, "a disarmament of inventors," Parliament might proceed with some confidence to vote large sums of money for strengthening the navy according to the latest and most improved methods. But that being out of the question there is, we suppose, nothing to be done but to go on building and fitting out vessels at enormous cost, with full consciousness of the fact that they may be any day rendered comparatively worthless by some new application of inventive science. It might perhaps be quite as useful and more logical to wish that the inventors may make still better speed, and soon render the race of competition so expensive and hopeless that the nations will be constrained to find some more sensible and Christian means of settling their disputes than that whose chief dependence is now upon the chance of hitting upon the most efficient and terrible apparatus for destruction.

POLITICAL events are following each other in rapid succession at the French capital, and no one can foresee what new complications a day may bring forth. The defeat and resignation of M. Floquet's ministry took place sooner than might have been expected, after the vote of confidence, and their success in passing the Bill for returning to the *scrutin d'arrondissement* system of election of deputies. It must be admitted, however, that M. Floquet's weak and vacillating policy, and especially his illogical half-measures in regard to the reform of the Constitution, which is Boulanger's strong card, challenged the fate which has overtaken his Cabinet. If the Constitution needs revision,—and that the people seem to have decreed,—it is evident that the revision, to be satisfactory, must be carried out by a body of representatives specially elected for the purpose by the nation. For a tottering administration, having the confidence of but a section of a chamber elected without any reference to so serious a duty, to undertake a revision of their own motion would be suspicious, and pretty sure to be regarded as a farce. At the present moment M. Meline's attempt to form a Ministry seems to have collapsed. Whether any one upon whom President Carnot can call will be able to succeed better in patching up even a temporary Cabinet remains to be seen. The events of the next few days can hardly fail to have an important influence upon the destiny of the French Republic. As it seems certain that Boulanger is to have his chance, perhaps it may be as well if it is given him at once. Possibly to force responsibility upon him would be the readiest way of causing him to find his level.

THE advances made by Japan during the last quarter of a century in the direction of freedom and constitutional government is probably without a parallel in the history of eastern nations. Commencing with the resumption by the Mikado in 1868 of the supreme authority, of which he had previously held only the shadow, and the military chief the substance, the course of the nation has been one of steady and rapid political progression. In 1871 the feudal system was abolished and the Government became simply an absolute monarchy, the Mikado being aided by councils whose functions were mainly administrative. In 1875 a further step was taken in the creation of a Senate for legislative deliberations, and this was followed in 1881 by the constitution of a body corresponding to a Council of State, which exercised to some extent both legislative and administrative powers. Now, in fulfilment of a promise made six or seven years ago, the Mikado has issued a decree announcing a constitution. The particulars yet to hand are but meagre. It is stated, however, that a House of Peers and a House of Representatives are to be established. The members of the former are to be partly hereditary, partly elective, and partly nominated by the Mikado; those of the latter, three hundred in number, are to be elected by constituencies composed of male citizens, not less than twenty-five

years old and taxed to the extent of not less than \$25. These assemblies are to have legislative functions. They have also, though with some limitations not clearly indicated, the control of the purse, which assures the reality of their powers. With a view to the consummation now reached, several years have been spent in the study of the principal European systems, but, so far as appears, the British Parliament has supplied the main features of the model.

#### PRINCIPAL GRANT ON MATRICULATION.

PRINCIPAL GRANT is a man whom most persons will allow to be possessed of a large measure of "sweetness and light." His gentleness and geniality are proverbial and widely known. But Dr. Grant's sweetness "walks in the light," and so walking it discerns objects and incidents which do not strengthen its outward manifestations, however little they may affect its internal quality. "Speaking the truth in love" is a process which frequently seems characterised by the former quality a good deal more than by the latter; and we shall not wonder if such reflections arise in many minds on the perusal of the Principal's remarks on University matters at the recent meeting of the Queen's University Council at Kingston.

It may, perhaps, be remembered by the readers of THE WEEK that not very long ago we drew attention to a speech of Professor Watson's, we believe, in connection with the opening of the University year, in which he set forth, with moderation and emphasis, the defects and needs of University education in this country. Among other things mentioned he drew special attention to the subjects for matriculation, and spoke of the advisableness of a conference being held by the representatives of the various Universities with the view of devising some better kind of examination for men entering the Universities.

Principal Grant has discussed this subject at considerable length, and the importance of his utterance is unquestionable. On some points it may be necessary to suspend judgment; but on others there is no room for difference of opinion. In the first place, the Matriculation examination must almost entirely determine the standard of University education, because it declares the starting point of the teaching. A man who cannot pass that examination is declared to be disqualified for receiving the kind of instruction which is given in the institution by which the examination is held. One who does pass understands that he takes up his studies at the point indicated by the examination to which he has been subjected.

Only those perhaps who have experience in University teaching will fully understand what this means; but it must be clear to any one who will take the trouble to think on the subject that it makes all the difference in the world whether those introductory examinations are properly conducted or not. A young man who enters a University without the requisite preparation is simply going to waste his time and probably, to some extent, the time of others as well. He is making believe to get a University education which he is not getting. He is helping to lower the tone of teaching in the University, as well as the tone of his fellow students, and their estimate of the work which they have to do. Even if, by means of coaching and cramming, he manages at last to get a degree, he has got no real education, that is to say, no fitness for the business of life.

One example may be made of this kind of thing, and one which is intelligible to any one will suffice. It is asserted by Professors of Classics in our Universities that young men enter their classes without even a knowledge of Latin Grammar. It is quite possible to read English books and understand them without much knowledge of grammar. It is impossible in the same way to read Latin books. It is a well known maxim—You must understand an English sentence before you can parse it; but you must parse a Latin sentence before you can understand it. As a consequence these poor fellows have no resource but in translations—"cribs," as they are called; and we can understand the heartless work of picking out the Latin word and fitting it to the English one which corresponds with it in the translation. And this is called education! Of course it is not education in any sense of the word. It is indeed difficult to imagine any process much less helpful to the development of the intelligence, much more destructive of true mental and moral culture.

"The worst of all shams," says Principal Grant, "must be a sham or pretentious University; and if there is pretentiousness at the beginning it is likely to be found all through the course." Precisely so; and the illustration

just given falls exactly under the principle thus stated. But the importance of Matriculation is seen not merely in its effect on the Universities, but equally in its determining the kind of education given in the High Schools. Of course there are many educated in these schools who never proceed to the University. But one principal work which they are bound to have in view is the preparation for the University Matriculation; and gradually they will get to know what is then and there expected of them. If careful, accurate work is expected they will provide it. If a quantity of crude, careless, inaccurate work will suffice, that article will be furnished. We have already expressed our fear that until our demands in the way of quantity are reduced, we cannot reasonably expect much improvement in quality.

Principal Grant plainly tells us that our Matriculation standard is lower than it is in England, America, or Australia. He finds it reasonable that it should be lower than in Germany, perhaps than it is in England and America; but he sees no reason why it should be below Australia. We are not quite sure that we can quite go here with the learned Principal. Whether Australia is richer than Canada, or has more enthusiasm for education, we do not know. But it is certain that the Professors in Australian Universities are much more highly paid than they are in this country; and this difference tells in many ways: it is both cause and effect.

But the Principal is not contented with pointing out the evil. He is further bent upon discovering the cause and clearing himself and his own University. One of the causes of the present undesirable state of things is the diversity of the Matriculation examinations. "In consequence," the Principal remarks, "High School masters were worried and their time was wasted. Out of four candidates for Matriculation, one might be preparing for Toronto, one for Queen's, one for Trinity, and one for Victoria. The teacher then had four classes on his hands where he ought to have had one. The only advantage of this chaos was that each of the boys could go home and say that he was at the head of the class." Principal Grant declares his inability to understand any benefit that could result from such a system, although he seems to imply that it gave one University an opportunity of underselling the others.

It was the complaint of "friends of the Provincial University" that it was impossible for them to raise their standard because of "the low standard in the other Universities." Principal Grant's answer to this complaint seems very complete. He induced the Senate of Queen's to accept the Toronto matriculation. But every kind of difficulty seems to have been thrown in his way. We will mention some of these difficulties, although we shall abstain from commenting upon them until we can hear what the friends of the University of Toronto have to say in reply. In the meantime we may remark that some of these facts are very wonderful; for, whatever the reply may be, we are quite sure that Principal Grant has not misrepresented the facts.

In the first place he states that the percentage required at Queen's is higher than that demanded by the University of Toronto. In the second place (we are not giving the points in the same order as the Principal does) the Senate of Queen's addressed a communication to the University of Toronto proposing to have a common Matriculation Examination, and did not even receive an answer to their proposal. He also states that actual difficulties have been thrown in the way of the other Universities obtaining the programme of the University of Toronto. And further, that, when the three other Universities arranged to have a common Matriculation, instead of being aided by the Education department, they were practically discouraged and hindered.

We have put these facts in their barest form; but it would be well for those who are interested in the subject—everyone ought to feel an interest in it—to read the whole of Principal Grant's able and outspoken address. We confess to having ourselves read it with something of despondency and heart-sinking. It is hardly credible that a great school of learning like the University of Toronto, supported by public funds, and therefore independent in a sense which cannot be predicated of the other Universities which have been established and are maintained by those who represent their principles—it is hardly credible that this great University, instead of leading the way in raising the character of our higher education, should be discouraging the efforts of the other Universities in that direction. We do not say that this is so; but we say that this is the natural meaning of the statements of Dr. Grant; and we must wait to hear the reply of the friends of the University of Toronto, before we can decide whether they are susceptible of another explanation.

## BOULANGER AND BOULANGISM.

FEW leaders of movements—for Boulanger must be regarded as a leader, and Boulangism as a movement, even though no one probably can tell whether he leads or towards what is the movement—few leaders of movements have so consistently adhered to the policy of “masterly inactivity” as has the victorious candidate for the Department of the Seine. The General has had, not a paucity, but a plethora of policies from which to choose. And the temptations for making a choice must have been all the greater since, in the present restless state of French affairs, a following would have been obtainable whatever the choice. Monarchy in the abstract, Orleanism, Buonapartism, the Republic, “*la revanche*” in the shape of a bold dash for the re-capture of Elsass-Lothringen (the very Germanicized change of the name of the lost provinces stinks in the nostrils of all Chauvinists), the Panama Canal, Egypt, Tonquin, Tunis, a Russian Alliance,—any one of these, or of a dozen others, Boulangism might have taken for its fulcrum, and about it moved enormous masses of the people. With one or two of them certainly it has coquetted. One of the placards displayed by the Panama Canal share-and-bond-holders ran, “Electors of the Seine! General Boulanger voted for us; let us all vote for him!” A recent telegram also states that the General has advocated greater French activity in Egypt. But on the whole Boulanger has preferred the vague and thoroughly non-committal one of “Revision of the Constitution,”—or as he, with a perfect audacity of indefiniteness, said to a representative of the *London Standard*, “A policy of appeasement, honour, and progress.”

In this General Boulanger has shown his astuteness. He had no fear of his adherents, he did fear his opponents; his object, therefore, was, not so much to provide a battle-cry for the former, as to show no front to the latter. He has not attacked openly, he has lain in ambush. The only way to meet this strategy was for his enemies to invent his battle-cry for him and to assail him for its unfitness. This they have done by averring that he aims at the Dictatorship of France,—“Caesarism!” they cry. Even here General Boulanger’s tactics are superior to theirs. He neither affirms nor denies this, with the result that it frightens no one, nor does it fill any with enthusiasm—it simply falls unnoticed.

It presents a curious spectacle does the present state of France. One man without a policy, and, as the *London Times* points out, “without a bayonet or a sabre behind him,” is the acknowledged mouthpiece of a score of electoral districts. And to what opinions is he to give utterance for them? None—at least they are content to accept absolute silence. Were there now existing in France some unparalleled commercial depression seeking legislative relief, were there any political tyranny, if a foreign foe blatantly menaced the nation, if the lower classes were ground down, if in fact any great principle of national progress were jeopardized by those against whom the partisans of Boulangism array themselves, no explanation would be needed of the marvellous electoral victories that his party has won. But France seems singularly free from any specific disease of this kind. No Ireland is a thorn in her flesh, no enormous war equipment drains her purse, no army Bill rouses her youth’s ire, no Socialism eats into her vitals—and of such things one or other of all her European compeers complain. Not even is the character of the existing Government of the country called in question. Boulanger himself is definite in his expressed determination to uphold the Republic—this is the one point upon which he is definite.

But the latest phase the contest has taken on is the strangest of all. M. Floquet has accepted his antagonist’s battle-cry, has brought in a measure for the revision of the constitution, has actually demanded urgency for it, and has been defeated, the General himself scouting the idea of a revision of the constitution by the present chamber—he demands a Constituent Assembly. These things are utterly inexplicable, as most things connected with French politics are—witness the incomprehensible rush of events that took place just a century ago. One thing only is plain, the present Government has been placed in the dock (the charge against it has not been specified, however, be it remembered; it naturally, therefore, declines to plead), and General Boulanger insists upon an “honest, respected and respectable government”; “this,” he says, “is my cause, which is that of the nation.”

Thus, then, for the present, Boulanger and Boulangism stand. All France, all Europe, is “awaiting developments,”—and so, doubtless, is the General.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

## LONDON LETTER.

I SUPPOSE there is not a more interesting spot in all London than the dingy chapel at Whitehall, scene of the last act in the life of a most unhappy Prince; but whenever I have chanced to stray out of the clatter of Parliament Street into the lonely square room I have never found any sight-seer before me. Rubens’ painted figures fly and stride across the ceiling and nobody heeds their queer antics. James I., staring about him from the bracket over the doorway, finds, I am sure, the days uncommonly long and dreary, and both the king on the roof and the king over the entrance seem to wake from an apathetic dream whenever anyone comes to disturb the solitude of the famous Inigo Jones banqueting house. The cold white light falls on the old-fashioned pews, on the scarlet altar

cloth, on the upturned face of the verger who conscientiously points out the various excellencies of these yards of canvas upon which, long ago, the great Flemish master expended his skill. No stained glass shines from those glaring panes; to the East no glow of flowers, no sparkle of wax-light; not a touch anywhere of the splendour with which the name of the Whitehall palace is associated. What a different place indeed is this grim Protestant church to the scented little Catholic chapel, described by John Inglesant, which it superseded. Our voices echo right to the bleak desert of gallery which runs round the upper range of windows. Look up at His Majesty surrounded by Peace and Plenty, Religion and Justice as drawn by Rubens’ swift sure hand, and you see the tawdry brilliant allegory which as in a dream King Charles must have noted as for the last time he passed through this room with its soldier groups, its handful of dismayed Cavaliers. Listen to the murmur of Juxon’s prayers, the King’s brave, steady accents, his loyal servants’ farewell. Outside the crowd surges in the yard round the tall scaffold guarded by armed men. The snow alights and melts on the sawdust, on the block, on the cloaks of the stern Roundheads pacing up and down this frosty morning. Then there is a stir and murmur, and lo in a second of time King Charles becomes but a memory, a name. . . . Here are the bare walls; reconstruct for yourself that horrid tragedy which for every good Jacobite made of the 30th of January a day of mourning.

The verger, full of pleasant information, lounges against the Royal pew, and soon dismissing Whitehall Chapel from his mind as a subject too depressing to discuss when the wind is in the south east, and the rain pelting against the glass, tells us of the years he has spent in service with what he emphatically calls the Best Families. He has seen much of High Life, he says, and he brightens into rapid speech as he sketches Hardwick Hall for me, where his sister has been house-keeper these thirty years, and tells me of a wonderful velvet cloak, once worn by Queen Mary’s enemy, Bess of Hardwick, and now under the care of his sister who has to see that no moth attacks this precious relic of the past—her most important charge, seemingly, except for a few weeks in each year when my Lord arrives with a shooting party. Our conversation is rather of the Mrs. Nickleby order, for one moment he is speaking of the absurd smallness of the Sunday congregation here, and in the next we go off at a tangent on the restlessness of the streets, and how there are only two comparatively quiet hours in the twenty-four (from one to three at night) and even these in the Season are as noisy as any of the others. I listen to detailed accounts of weddings which took place in the Ducal household in which he had the honour to serve for many years, and I can testify to the affectionate respect with which he spoke of his employers and their joys and sorrows. It’s twenty years since the Bishop of London gave him this appointment, but so conservative is he that even yet he is not reconciled to the two comfortable living rooms close to the porch, poor exchange, he thinks, for the country house quarters where his days have previously been spent. He grumbles a little at his present life, at its solitariness, at the fogs which frighten him, at the rain which dirties his windows, at the sunshine which scorches his plants. But his interest in the Present revives before I leave as he points with pride at two fat cats fast asleep in the comfortable kitchen with its groined roof, and his interest in the Past is strong enough to enable him to show me where, in what is now his scullery, some one in the time of Charles II., has cut names and dates, and to take me to the roof of the chapel for a view of the very vane consulted by the cowardly James previous to his flight in 1688. The spectacle of the great British capital at our feet, drenched though it is with rain, is an inspiring one, and he tells of many alterations he remembers, and of how, in ’37, he used to take the water at what was still known, even then, as Whitehall Stairs. Gossiping, we tramp down the bare oaken stairs of the Banqueting House, staying to wind a cuckoo clock we meet on one of the landings, waiting a moment in the gallery to examine the fine organ built by Father Schmidt and to get a nearer and better view of Rubens’ work, and then, by way of the grand staircase, we arrived at the small door facing into the side street and so out into Life again. “Not a many come here,” says the verger as a parting speech. “It’s very dull sometimes, and my predecessor he was found in the Thames one day just below Lambeth.”

We don’t boast of many good statues in London, and the best of them all, to my mind, is hidden away at the back of the chapel where few know where to find it. It is by Grinling Gibbons, and is of James II., King of England, Scotland and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, who stands in the garb of a Roman soldier trying to look valiant. My companion, who is learned, sketches the history of this monarch. “To be quite honest, the weak brother is the worst of mankind,” he says, quoting from Stevenson; and we leave the bronze king to digest this epitaph at his leisure.

As we walk briskly past Charles at Charing Cross, George III. in Cockspur Street, Duke of York on the site of Carlton House, up Waterloo Place into Regent Street, we settle two things to our satisfaction. One, an excellent notion, my companion means to treat of at length in the public prints when he has time. It is this: We suggest that as Whitehall Chapel has never been consecrated, and is almost entirely deserted except at the Maundy Thursday service once a year, it should be fitted as the showhouse for the national portraits, a matter easily arranged with the help of a few screens. Bethnal Green Museum is dying to get rid of these troublesome guests. If the pic-

tures were hung here they would attract visitors to a most interesting place, which the canvases would help materially to brighten. The usher told us that in the reign of Charles I. it was contemplated that certain panels should be filled with Vandyck, whom he spoke of as if he took the painter to be a species of Lincrusta Walton, or stamped leather. I think Inigo Jones would, therefore, approve of the picture element being introduced into this colourless fragment of the magnificent palace he meant to build. The other vexed question we solved (Out of which window did Charles walk to be executed?) is one of three that Disraeli always used to warn young people against asking unless they wished to be considered bores. And we answered it thus: Seeing that Sir Thomas Herbert was at the execution, his word should be taken as regards the breach in the wall, signs of which breach Jesse, the antiquarian, saw and speaks of when the chapel was being repaired in the early part of this century. At the time Pennant wrote, he says this passage still existed. If a window in the lower range had been used the Cromwellians would have stood in danger of a probable rescue of their victim; if the upper, the crowd would not have been able to see the face of the King, and there might have arisen doubts as to the certainty of the death of “the Man, Charles Stuart.” Ought we not to take as final the description by a truthful reliable person like the King’s Groom of the Chambers of a thing that he would hardly be likely to have “invented.”

As a proper finish to our afternoon I turned in to the Stuart Exhibition in the new gallery, where there is food for reflection indeed. Many of the hoarded relics, carelessly numbered and badly arranged, strike one as little better than “truck,” as *Huckleberry Finn* would say, and three-quarters of the pictures are vile, not to put too fine a point upon it, but the miniatures, autograph letters, missals, prints, jewels, arms and armour (by the way I hear sixteen pairs of pistols and about twelve claymores were sent by different people, all purporting to be those used by Prince Charles at Culloden) are worth studying. The numerous pieces of hair, after the first lock or two, did not appeal to me, and though I found no sort of satisfaction in square inches of tartan or tape, in velvet or ribbon, I yet discovered much in the galleries I should be very sorry not to have seen. There is all manner of bravery with which the Stuart cause was decorated, bravery which makes it so attractive to the young. But the remembrance of the worthlessness of the principal characters will intrude itself as we look at the gay banners, white cockades and roses, significant picturesque badges of a party who tried so often and failed. “They never loved man or woman, but they forsook them.” How was it possible to help those, unstable as water, who bore such a character as that? I think among the manuscripts those Council Notes from the Bodleian Library (notes preserved by some Boswell of the time after one of the Oxford Councils) should have been included. Do you remember those at which the book lying in the glass case under the library window is open? Charles II., taking a slip of paper, writes the following question in his broken-backed boyish scribble: “I would willingly make a visit to my sister at Tunbridge, for a night or two at farthest; when do you think I can best spare the tyme?” passing it to Clarendon, who answers: “I know no reason why you may not for a tyme (2 nights) goe the next week about Wednesday or Thursday, and return tyme enough for the adiournement which you ought to do the week following. I suppose you will go with a light trayne?” Charles then writes: “I intend to take nothing but my nighte bag,” to which Clarendon answers: “Good; you will not goe without 40 or 50 horses?” And Charles finishes with “I count that part of my nighte bag.” And I think among the books a certain copy of Eikon Basilike, about which I have just heard, should find a place. It once belonged to Charles I., who undoubtedly was the author of the volume, whatever the Bishop of Exeter may choose to say. “The binding is black with a gilt double line and beading round the margin,” writes E. K. P.; “in the centre is a gilt crown, with C. R. underneath it; the print large, the margins of the leaves black with age. It contains a portrait of the Prince of Wales, *natus* May 24, An. 1630, *catulis* sue 19 (curled hair and the George), and the frontispiece is an engraving of King Charles on his knees, a crown of thorns in his right hand, his gold crown on the ground at his feet. The title-page is in Greek letters; then “Eikon Basilike” in Roman letters. “The Portraiture of His Sacred Majestie in his solitudes and sufferings.” At the foot is a coat of arms with C. R. above it; royal Arms of England on the shield. Reprinted 1648. As we went through the outer hall, passing King Charles’ armchair and stool in which he sat in Westminster Hall during his three days’ trial, glancing at the needlework wrought at Tutbury by Mary of Scots, we heard odd speculations as to the relationship of all these royal folk one to the other. “As puzzling as Tussaud’s,” said one of the visitors with a sigh. “I don’t know now who Mary of Modena married, and who on earth was Henry, Prince of Wales?”

WALTER POWELL.

It is well known that Sir John Lubbock has shown how long insects may live when kept out of harm’s way. The greatest age yet attained by any insect, so far as is known, is that reached by a queen of an ant (*Formica fusca*), which lived in his care until August 8, 1888, when she must have been nearly fifteen years old. Another queen of the same species died at the advanced age of over thirteen years. He has now a queen of another kind of ant (*Lasius niger*), which is more than nine years old, “and still lays fertile eggs, which produce female ants.”

## THE LADY OF PONCE DE LEON.

THE mists of the years are about him ;  
No echo rolls out from the past  
To tell did she sorrowing doubt him,  
Or, woman-like, love to the last.  
But long has been whispered the story  
Of eyes that were darkened with pain—  
Forgotten their light in the glory  
Of God, and of Spain.

Did she chide the white arms that had failed her ?  
The beauty that ceased to enthrall ?  
The love that so little availed her  
His faltering love to recall ?  
We know not. She loved him and lost him ;  
He sleeps on that far Cuban isle,  
And she where the hills o'er Granada  
Look seaward the while.

Long years found her watching and waiting  
The lover who never came back,  
In envy of even the sea-gull  
That followed so far in his track.  
Long years, till, her youth and her beauty  
Gone by as a sigh on the breeze,  
Her soul slipped its fetters to traverse  
The infinite seas.

And when in his hunger and heartache  
He yearned for the love that had been,  
Who knows but a breath of her passion  
Had pierced through the distance between ?  
But 'tis past, all the loss and the longing,  
And this is his picture they paint—  
A patriot, pirate, fanatic,  
Half devil, half saint.

Calm he sleeps while that mystical fountain  
Whose waters gave youth to the old,  
Still sings on its way from the mountain  
Its life-giving secret untold.  
Calm he sleeps, of the world little recking  
Whatever its story may be,  
Afar from his love by the pulsing  
Great heart of the sea.

EMILY MCMANUS.

## LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

CONTINUED EFFORTS TO STUDY THE NATIVE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE, AND WHERE WE LANDED.

ON the third day after our arrival in Tokyo, we went for the third time in search of a genuine Japanese hotel. Since our last attempt, however, we had learned some discouraging and disconcerting facts. Apart from the Europeanized houses already tried, there were no others in the city which could receive foreigners not in Japanese employ. You see, if foreigners won't consent to Treaty Revision, if they won't consent to be judged by Japanese laws in Japanese courts, the Japanese Government is going to keep them locked up in their quiet quarter till they reconsider the matter. And this quiet quarter of Tokyo is called Tsukiji. After wandering about the labyrinth of modest habitations where live the Japanese, Tsukiji presents quite an imposing appearance. The houses which are for the most part large, substantial, European and ugly, all or nearly all stand alone surrounded by very presentable gardens. Here you will find the foreign merchants, and most of the missionaries and mission schools. It was our particular aim to avoid Tsukiji. But how learn a Japanese house since we weren't in Japanese employ? We wondered what pass-ports were for. We decided to go to Her British Majesty's Legation to see.

A pass-port, we were told at the Legation, permitted the holder thereof to travel in the interior for reasons of health and scientific research, but it did not permit a residence in any city outside the foreign quarter, unless, as I have mentioned above, the foreigner could say that he was employed by a Japanese. "But," added our informant, "such employment is very easily obtained. Only get some Japanese to say he has employed you, it is purely nominal, and you have nothing more to do." Our scruples condemned us, but our desire for an intimate knowledge of the native life was greater than our scruples. "Of course," continued the gentleman, "some slight inconvenience might arise should the Japanese object to dismiss you when you wished it." We refused to entertain such a thought. We had just arrived; we were ignorant; we were enthusiastic. We had yet to learn that a Japanese door of paper could shut one out quite as effectually as a portcullis; that a crowd of polite, smiling, bowing little ladies was quite as impossible a barrier as a row of gendarmes.

We left the Legation in high spirits. I need hardly say that the condition of our feelings was not directly traceable to our visit, but rather to the fact that we seemed to have henceforth only to do with Japanese. We would inspect the remaining hotels marked upon our list.

We inspected those hotels as much as two guideless foreigners can, totally ignorant of "the native speakings," that is to say, from the entrance. There was no mistake this time, the houses were intensely Japanese. The first seemed so very grave and silent that we should have felt

quite unwarranted in disturbing its peaceful existence had it not been for the lamp affixed over the door. Our intention was of short duration, however. We drew back the wooden slide which serves as a gate in the high wooden fence one finds before most Japanese private houses and hotels, and stepped upon a little bit of cold ground half covered with the usual consignment of *gheta*. Beyond the patters and a desert of matted floor we saw nothing. Presently a Japanese young man appeared.

"Hotel?" we enquired. "See, we want stop hotel!" It seemed so simple a question, so natural a request, that the youth's prolonged and complicated answer I thought totally uncalled for.

"Hotel, have got?" Garth repeated. Our ridiculous little phrase-book hadn't the Japanese equivalent of "hotel?"

Another dissertation from the native. The lady of the house and her daughters came upon the scene. A knot of anxious spectators collected outside.

"*Neru*—to sleep; *tabe mono*—food—no have got? *Arimasen!*" continued Garth quite unabashed.

"*Arimasen!*" echoed the native with a vast sigh of relief.

There is no word the Japanese seem to pronounce more readily, at least when foreigners are concerned. They have got rid of him, that stupid, laughing, persistent fellow who never knows what he wants, with their all-comprehensive negative "*Ari masen.*"

"The case is clear," I said to Garth, "foreigners are not in demand." And we directed our steps towards the fourth hotel.

The fourth hotel stood on a noisy street of the purest Japanese style. It was far more modest than the other, but proved none the less provokingly indifferent to our demands. A woman with bare feet and a bit of blue cotton about her head met us at the entrance. We were accompanied by our two coolies.

"We wish stop here," said Garth, smiling pleasantly. The woman smiled, too, but that was all. I looked up to wish and to stop. The phrase-book gave the infinitive of the one and the imperative of the other.

"*Hoshii mate,*" I ventured.

The woman laughed, and appealed to the coolies. We had not had the forethought to take the coolies into our confidence. They replied, and the woman made an unpromising step forwards.

"See," said Garth, oblivious of the action, and beginning to unbutton her boots, "see, I go. . . . Wait a minute. Look up *room*, quick, Louis, and to look at."

I was proud to remember *heya*, and then I found *miru*. "*Miru heya,*" said Garth. The woman seemed only to be confirmed in her former opinion.

"If they won't let us learn their native houses we can't force them," I remarked. "But the fact is I feel now as if a Japanese hotel would be a poor reward for all our trouble."

Garth regarded me sternly—"Give me the book." I retired to my *jinrikisha*. I waited a quarter of an hour amidst a sympathetic multitude, and then Garth came out nodding, "*Jiki hi Kaette Kimasu,*" over her shoulder.

"What's that?"

"That's I will come back soon."

"Well?"

"Well, they understood me perfectly."

"Are they going to let us in?"

"Of course they won't let us in until they are sure we are in the employ of some Japanese, and have a right to live out of the foreign quarter. I'm going now to get Mr. S. to write down what the legation people suggested; that we don't want these people to make one iota of difference between us and their ordinary patrons; but that we wish to eat and sleep exactly like the natives. "I've said all this already," added Garth, "only a letter would have the effect of finally settling the matter."

When we returned an hour later with a missive three feet long, I thought mine hostess' manner changed. She and two female friends bent their heads for some time over the formidable sheet while we stood confidently by. They consulted together; then the first, then the second, then the third, then all three exclaimed with one voice—"Arimasen!"

And so we found our way to Tsukiji after all; monetary considerations made a prolonged stay at the Hotel an impossibility. Tsukiji, however, and our temporary home there proved a far more interesting and valuable experience than we could have imagined. Of some of the results of this experience I may speak later, as they bear upon a subject which demands a letter to itself; but of the house in which we lived, or rather of the Japanese portion of it and its inmates, I want to tell you a little here.

There are two women, and it seemed to me only two, whom the ordinary traveller in Japan has any facility to study. The *geisha* and the servant. The students of the former are legion; the latter totters her small life through unhonoured and unsung, and yet she is the most fascinating of creatures in her way. Tomé bore the same relation to our Bridget as an *hibachi* bears to an American stove, or the Coolie's rice-bowl to Western kitchen crockery. She was at once interesting, artistic, and delightful to have about one. Service with her meant a ceremony to be performed, not a degrading task to be got through. Tomé's manners and Tomé's voice any European dame might have envied; Tomé's meekness, under reprimands that our Bible-class-attending servants would have resented in unmistakable language, filled me with admiring pity.

Tomé had served me for about two weeks before I took

any particular notice of her. She said "yes," sometimes, and laughed, and "good night," and laughed, but these I thought were mere echoes, and meant nothing with her. I did not know that in that small brown breast there burned a desire to learn English almost equal to mine to learn Japanese, a desire which would become quite insatiable every time the little maid brought my lamp, or lit my fire, or came into my room under the twenty and one pretexts only a Japanese servant can invent.

I was awakened one morning by a gentle tap. I opened my eyes to find a sweet, round, rather flat, pretty face bending over me. It had small eyes, but such an exquisite mouth, such a dear little nose, such peachy skin. It was Tomé. She rattled off something in Japanese, and then added:

"*Tsukai America?*"

I saw that she held a letter; I put out my hand for it. "*Tsukai America?*" again asked the smiling Tomé.

"No understand. Give letter, *doizo*-please."

Tomé reluctantly consented.

"*Tegami*, letter, America?"

"I hardly see that my correspondence concerns you, my dear Tomé," I said laughing. "No, it is not from America, it is from the city."

"City, *desuka?*" rejoined Tomé, doubtfully.

"Of course, if you know best." . . . I opened my letter and found it required an immediate reply by the messenger, who was waiting. I got up, wrote the reply and handed it to Tomé. Tomé hesitated.

"*Yukimasho Nippon*, America?" she said coaxingly.

I had mislaid my phrase-book. I made a rush at Mr. Chamberlain's Japanese Grammar. Alas! in the vocabulary thereof I could not find *to go*; perhaps he thought it was useless to give it.

"See, Tomé," I said pointing emphatically towards the door, "go, then come back."

"Go," answered Tomé imitating the action admirably "*Nippon Yukimasho desuka?*"

I sighed. Tomé laughed. The sweetly provoking creature! Nobody but a brute could have got angry with her. I was glad, however, it was a Japanese who wanted the immediate reply. He would know what to expect in his own country.

Tomé now pointed to some paper and a pen, and said quite a long Japanese phrase; then she scurried out of the room. I locked my door after her with relief. Five minutes afterwards Tomé was demanding admittance.

"Arimasen!" I shrieked.

"Arimasen!" echoed the incredulous and laughing Tomé, and went on rapping.

"*Yoroshii*—all right!" I cried.

"*Yoroshii!*" said the doubting maiden.

I went to the door and opened it two inches. I found Tomé with my letter still in one hand, and — all her writing paraphernalia in the other!

A week passed and Tomé didn't even say "yes." I was beginning to grow alarmed. I hoped I had not offended her. One evening when she came with my lamp, "Lamp, America," I said—"America," I had discovered, was in the Japanese mind an adjective equivalent to *English*.

"Ramp *desuka*—do you say?" asked Tomé, fired instantly.

"No, lamp."

"R. . . R. . . Ramp," she repeated with pretty effort.

"Light then."

"Right," said Tomé; but she did not wait to be corrected. She flew off and returned once again with the formidable writing materials that had so frightened me before—two brushes and a wooden tray. Down upon her knees she dropped, and as I told her one word after another, the clever thing wrote them by expressing the sounds she heard in wonderful characters which stood for similar sounds in Japanese.

When Tomé could not make me understand what she wanted by speaking, she resorted to pantomime, and it never failed. Once this quaint student wished to learn the Japanese equivalent of *before*.

"Before, America?"

"So."

"Before, Nippon?"

Ah! that I did not know. Tomé put her head on one side with a pretty, bird-like gesture and thought. The result of her cogitations was seen after a few minutes. She took hold of the ink-bottle and my prayer-book. Placing the prayer-book in front of the ink-bottle she exclaimed triumphantly, touching the latter.

"Before, *desuka?*"

The more now I saw of Tomé the more she interested and fascinated me. Whenever she could she would slip into my room after tea, kneel at my feet, and write down the English words I told her in those eccentric Japanese characters. If I showed this antipodal maiden a photograph she always examined it upside down before pronouncing an opinion. If I wished to give her some Japanese jimcrack, bought at a fair, her feigned incomprehension of my intention was as exquisitely delicate as the most refined drawing-room dame could have imagined. When at length she was quite sure I meant her to take my present, her manner of accepting it overpowered me. She raised the trifle to her forehead, bowed very low, and murmured a long, hushed "*ariento!*" And yet Tomé was only a little maid-servant who pattered about the house all day, came when you clapped your hands, trembled if you had the brutality to scold, and whose only amusement from one week's end to the other was a transient flirtation with the *jinrikisha* man.

Louis Lloyd.

## IVAN.

I ONLY knew one Nihilist in my life, and this was the way it came about. I was leaning over the parsonage gate and enjoying the long twilight of a Canadian summer evening, watching the stars more than the few people on the long maple-bordered street, when a little man, with very square shoulders, a big head and no neck, stumbled up and asked me in French if the pastor was at home. He had evidently been drinking, and was roughly dressed. He could not be called respectable, but I began talking with him. The proprieties never had a very strong hold on me, and some scamps drunk are much more interesting than any number of the eminently respectable quite sober. Besides, it was strange to hear French three hundred miles away from the nearest French settlement. My first thought was that I had to do with some French-Canadian. Was he from Bas-Canada? No. From old France, then? No, and impressive shakings of the head. Where then? Russia. Then you are a Nihilist? Assuredly.

I pretended to be much frightened, and asked if he carried dynamite about with him. Ivan was much amused at this, and tried to convey the impression that he always carried at least one bomb with him, much as ordinary people do a watch. His interest in the pastor had vanished when he was not at home, and went on to other matters. He tried to make me understand that he was an honest fellow. "Je travaille pour ma nourriture," he repeated over and over again, with a strange intonation and a pleasant smile. Then he told me more about himself: he had only been in the village a month; had been working for the tavern-keeper ever since, and now, because he had taken a couple of glasses of beer, he had been turned off without his wages. It was hard luck, and I sympathised with him. I tried to find out more about Russia, but even drunk, Ivan was too cunning to talk foolishly, and by-and-by, after telling him where to go, he bade me good-night very politely, and wandered uncertainly up the street.

A few nights afterwards, as I was strolling home, I ran across Ivan again. He was sober this time, and remembered me; the night was fine, and we went for a walk together. He was quite happy at having got employment as man-of-all-work at Kuckenperger's, and was ready to talk. We discovered mutually that we were not bad fellows, and he soon became confidential. After this I saw him often, and that moonlight walk was only the first of many. He was not a Russian, but a Pole, the son of a country pastor near Warsaw; he had served in the army as a courier and bearer of despatches; had been at Constantinople when the treaty of San Stefano was made; then for some time he had been attached to the Government offices in St. Petersburg; and finally, after spending two years in Paris as agent for his uncle, he had come to Canada.

He really was a Nihilist, a stray fragment of wreck drifted into this quiet, remote creek, telling of the world-storm outside. He had been secretary to a branch in the capital, and had narrowly escaped arrest and Siberia. He would talk willingly about *La Compagnie*, as he loved to call it, but when once or twice I tried to get some particulars out of him he put me off with a sharp look, a laugh or an evasive answer. He gloried in his connection with Nihilism, and spoke with the utmost confidence of the ultimate triumph of the revolution. One Sunday we were walking together; he was talking about a friend of his in Russia, and I happened to ask where he was now. Ivan stopped short, faced round, caught his throat between his finger and thumb with a peculiar twist, and said, dryly: "His l'ont pendu." Then he sketched a vivid picture of the execution; how he was there in the crowd, and many brothers of "The Company"; how calmly his friend addressed, them all, exhorting them to be true to the cause, and how bravely he died. His wife was hanged at the same time.

Nothing could equal Ivan's contempt for the Russians, their stupidity, their drunkenness and the veniality of their officials. He transacted all his superior's business, because he was usually too drunk to do it himself, and always came down to the office very late. In this way Ivan got a hold on him that afterwards stood him in good stead. When the capital got too hot to hold him he made up his mind to escape; the only difficulty was to obtain a passport. His chief had a number in his keeping, but the risk of helping a suspect was very great. Still, for a heavy bribe, he let Ivan have one, on condition of returning it in a letter as soon as he crossed the frontier. The Russian ladies came in for a share of Ivan's contempt, and he seemed to have good grounds for it from certain personal experiences. Though all his wanderings, intrigues and misfortunes he was constant to one thing—his country, Poland; he believed in her, loved her, hoped for her future. It was but a question of time till she threw off the foreign yoke and took her place once more among the nations of Europe. His countrywomen were the most beautiful, and his country the best to live in, in the world. On one of our beautiful autumn days, bright and blue, with just the presentiment of frost in the air, I asked him if they ever had such weather in Poland. "It is the same sky," said Ivan, "all over the world."

Sometimes he talked of his handsome old father, with his grey hair and florid face, and his sisters. He had quarrelled with his family, and never expected to see them again. He was very clever and talked well; had read a great deal, and was master of several languages. He knew books and men, and had a large fund of literary gossip and anecdote. Puschkin and Mickiewicz were his favourite authors, I think—he had most to say about them, at any

rate; and I have heard him regret the books left behind in that far-away Polish parsonage. He was a merry companion, full of good spirits and good nature in spite of the buffetings of fate. I could easily believe his stories of boyish tricks on his teachers and his statement, "J'étais toujours un grand farceur." For the rest, he was a careless, practical philosopher, with a superb contempt for appearances, living from hand to mouth, and caring not for the things of the morrow. He had been brought up a Lutheran, but was very liberal in his religious opinions; beliefs he had none, except in Poland and *La Compagnie*. "I have read that Frenchman, Voltaire," he said once, "and Puschkin, and all religions are much the same to me. I go to the Salvation Army meeting and the Roman Catholic church: there is one God." And once he showed me reverently the picture of a young girl in her confirmation dress and veil.

After that summer I lost sight of him, and I cannot say what became of him. He was going back to Poland and *La Compagnie* and his conspiracies as soon as he could. You poor Ivan! perhaps you are in Siberia, or throwing bombs, or languishing in durance as I write. People will not appreciate you as I did, and some time or other you certainly will be hanged. Any way, you were thoroughly *bon enfant* and *bon camarade*, as you would say yourself, and I am heartily sorry that I shall never set eyes on your flat, honest face again.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

## THE FIELD ELM.

BENEATH this tree what pleasures have I known,  
The while its leaves toy'd with the summer breeze,  
Sweet odours bearing from the orchard trees  
That show their tops above yon wall of stone!  
Here through the long hours have I mused alone  
In day-forgetting dreamful reveries,  
Or, by some poet's potent imag'ries  
Transported to a time and place unknown,  
Have with the Moor in fiery passion moved  
And felt the frenzy of his tortur'd brain;  
Have heard sweet Juliet call to her beloved;  
Have speculated with the mystic Dane,  
Or in the magic "Grecian Urn" approved  
The glamour of Keat's shadow-pictur'd train.

J. H. BROWN.

## THE COLONIES AND THE PREROGATIVE.

THAT the Constitution under which the British Empire is now subsisting is already federal is a fact that is rendered less obvious by some variations from the customary federal type. There is no other known federation which does not reserve a considerable number of legislative powers to a central Federal Government. Our Imperial Federation reserves none. The legislative independence of the separate states or nations composing the Empire is complete. (This is the principle; the few inconsistent exceptions—copyright, for instance—cannot long remain in their present position.) The rule is becoming yearly more solidly settled that in all matters of local legislation the Crown acts solely by the advice of its local ministers, and with the consent of its local Parliament. All internal legislative authority being so completely vested in the representative Assemblies of the constituent nations the contrast appears all the more marked when we turn to the manner of exercising executive authorities which in other federations are committed to a common central representative body. These are the great powers of State which writers of the last century confidently ascribe to the Royal prerogative. The constitution of final courts of appeal, the conduct of foreign relations, treaties and diplomacy, and the command in war were all originally part of the royal prerogative, and in the United States have become the prerogative of the President and his Cabinet. A federal council would seem to be the natural heir of the prerogative. But under the British system, so far, these prerogatives, although yielded by the Sovereign, have not yet passed into the hands of representatives of the whole people. Matters of peace and war, international treaties, the appointment of ambassadors and the constitution of the final court of appeal are, in appearance at least, controlled exclusively by the Council chosen by Her Majesty's subjects in Great Britain and Ireland.

The immediate question, it appears to me, is how to give a definite diplomatic expression to that actual unity which exists throughout the empire, founded on the modern constitutional relations I have sketched—such an expression that would almost of itself imply the removal of those somewhat galling inconsistencies that remain.

That such inconsistencies exist in the Imperial organization, nothing more clearly illustrates than the correspondence between the British Minister at Washington and the United States Secretary of State, in 1870, in connection with the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington. Sir Edward Thornton on the 26th of August advised Secretary Fish that "as the matters which are to be considered by the Commissioners deeply concern the people of Canada, it was necessary to consult the Government of the Dominion upon a point of so much importance as the appointment of a third Commissioner." Mr. Fish protested against this course. "The reference," he replied, "in your note to the people and the Dominion of Canada seems to imply a practical transfer to that Province of the right of nomination which the Treaty gives to Her Majesty." The British Government, he protested, had no right to delegate its powers under the Treaty to "an interested party." A consultation by Her Majesty with

her Canadian Privy Council Mr. Fish compared rather superciliously to a consultation by the President of "some local interest—that of the fishermen at Gloucester, for instance." In a like spirit the acts of the Canadian Parliament relating to the same subject present themselves to foreign writers as entirely *ultra vires*. "Lacking the power to contract a treaty," argues one writer of considerable intelligence and scholarship, and free from any bias of locality (Mr. Elliott, Minneapolis University: *The United States and the Northern Fisheries*, page 129), "the claim of right to construe one contracted between the Sovereign and a foreign nation is preposterous. As well might Massachusetts claim the right to open independent negotiations with the Court of St. James as Canada with the United States. Both lack the essential element—sovereignty."

When we consider with how large and important a proportion of the globe Canada is connected by virtue of her connection with the Empire, requiring no diplomatic relations, we can understand why the Dominion has hitherto found so little cause of complaint in its exclusion from direct official correspondence with foreign nations. It is only now, since the completion of the Canada Pacific Railway has given Canada a port upon the Pacific, that the full extent and importance of this internal freedom begins to display itself. The complete Imperial *Zollverein*, of which Imperial Federationists dream, is an extremely distant, unnecessary, and perhaps undesirable, consummation. There is an *inertia* in the vast trade interests of Great Britain too great to be overcome. But much may be accomplished short of a universal *Zollverein*. There is, for instance, no inconsistency of commercial principles to prevent Canada and Australia entering into a convention favouring the exchange of their respective products and manufactures. In a convention for that purpose between the Governments of those colonies, Great Britain might claim a voice, but she would have no constitutional right to impose a veto upon the arrangement. In this possibility Canadian enterprise may yet find ample consolation for the difficulties which her duties, as a part of the Empire, throw in the way of closer connections with the United States: even perhaps with the South American States. In many respects the United States and Canada are competitors. For the trade of South America they would be rivals. The undivided trade of Australia would be more than equivalent to that of South America.

Foreign relations, under our form of Federal Government, may long be a branch of government of the utmost complexity. While nations form a Union a part cannot act, except in concert with the whole, because the action of a part may affect the whole.

In each of a long series of questions and relations the mother country, with her wide spread commerce, must naturally be interested and claim a voice more or less potent. Not only from her preponderance in population and wealth, but from her geographical relations Great Britain is the common centre of a greater complexity of international connections than is likely to be the case with any other of the Imperial nations for a long time to come.

A constitutional system to be suitable for dealing with these internal, as well as with foreign relations, requires to be possessed of an elastic adaptability corresponding to their varied aspects and their liability to take many unexpected turns. But for this our fortunate Constitution is expressly and admirably adapted. It will be time enough for the Colonies to declare that they must make their treaties severally, as independent powers, when they no longer find it possible to make them jointly.

Taking a hint from legal practice, Great Britain might hold what is called a watching brief while a conference was being carried on in relation to a commercial treaty between two or more of the Colonies among themselves. But the colonies would expect to be made conversant in like manner with any future commercial negotiations between Great Britain and any European or Asiatic country, lest by some ill considered clause the unrepresented colony might unintentionally be put at a disadvantage.

But for treaty-making, as for other purposes, the centralized federation which is suitable to the United States is unsuitable to the British Empire.

Some Imperial Federationists ask, If Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific can form a confederation; if the States to the south of the Dominion can maintain a closely-knit Federal Union, why are we to despair of similarly consolidating our Imperial Union? For the reason that even the United States, enormous and widely extended as they are, are not only contiguous to each other, but may be described as lying within a ring fence. The commercial interests of one State at the South might appear to differ from those of an extreme Northern State. But these extreme members are united by others: the variations run gradually through the mass and never visibly confront each other across a border line. Diversity is not, therefore, found inconsistent with uniformity of policy. While their internal relations are comparatively united, their foreign relations are absolutely united. Geographically compact, they present one face to the outside world. It is quite otherwise with the nations of our Empire.

They compose a chain of States extending through two hemispheres and sundered from each other by Oceans. While the relations which most intimately affect Canada are at the present time those with the Continent of America—perhaps in an early future with Japan—the local relations of Australia are most intimate with foreign neighbours in the South Pacific. Australian commerce and self-protection may dictate the acquisition of the numerous Pacific islands

lying like a belt of Martello towers around the coasts of that continent. At Batavia, Australia is brought into contact with the Kingdom of Holland.

Recently Germany and France have been suffered to establish themselves, in spite of Australian protest, by the supineness of the most woful Government that has afflicted England since the American Revolution: by the last act, perhaps, of the ancient system of centralized mismanagement, before its expiry. Such separations and diversities, although they by no means defy continued union, must qualify its terms. To reconcile the diversity of these local commercial interests, and administer their internal foreign relations, by one central council, constituted on any fixed principle of relative representation, would soon be found to be imposing a duty beyond the wit of man.

No institutions would contain within themselves the promise of long endurance which left out of account the low average of human nature. Justly proud as we may be of the character of our race and of the grand accomplishments of its history, we must reconcile ourselves to the expectation that liberality and breadth of view are likely for a long time to be rare qualities, even among public men.

Between so many small and ambitious states we must look for many exhibitions of petty jealousy and local selfishness. We must not be surprised to find narrow, mean and short-sighted views prevailing with the majority in each of our confederated nations. Optimism is at all times far from the mood of statesmanship. Enthusiasm sometimes enacts constitutions, but how seldom does it remain to work them!

It is only necessary that it should be more distinctly manifested that the Colonial Ministry are not taken into council by the British Ministry as mere *amici curiæ*, but are the proper constitutional advisers of the Imperial Sovereign in respect to Colonial interests.

In making treaties and diplomatic questions affecting Canada or Australia, the Crown acts by and with the advice of the people; Canadian and Australian Privy Councils are taken into consultation. If Canada, for instance, in its peculiar situation, in the immediate neighbourhood of a great foreign power, has arrived at a stage which seems to call for a novel development, the development can readily be made from the fundamental principle of our Government. The question comes home to Canadians chiefly in dealings with the United States. In Europe and Asia Canadian interests are but a fraction of the mass of British interests in connection with those countries. A Canadian Ambassador at the Court of Spain or Italy would be an expensive and an almost useless ornament. But with the United States the conditions are reversed. Canada has probably more interest in having direct communication and an influence at the seat of that Government than Great Britain herself has. She has therefore strong grounds for claiming that her statesmen should have a distinct position, recognized not only in practice by the Home Ministry but in form, so that it shall be brought to the official notice of the foreign Government.

Canada is the point of contact of the two systems of nations which compose the English-speaking people; upon it the two masses revolve. No machine can run without jar if it runs upon loose bearings. The present position of Canada in regard to diplomatic relations between the Empire and the United States makes it a very loose bearing indeed. With the United States Canadian relations are incessant. Often it is of the first importance, not only that our right should be well presented before that Government, but that no legitimate means known to statesmen of maintaining a cordial good understanding from day to day should be left untried. Yet the British Minister at Washington is not a representative of Canada. His knowledge of that country may be nearly as slight as that of a Southern Senator. There have been British Ministers to Washington who during their whole term of office have not once set foot in Canada. A Canadian official has not been seen at Washington except at rare intervals, when he comes in the humble attitude of a petitioner or in the invidious character of a contestant.

Consistently with constitutional principle, Canada, being one of the units composing the Empire, and the unit or atom in direct contact with the United States, the British Minister at Washington should be the express representative of Canada, as well as of Great Britain. The selection should be made by the Home Cabinet in concurrence with the Government of Canada. Ottawa should be the mouthpiece of Imperial instructions and the channel through which ambassadorial reports should pass.

When the time comes that the British Minister at Washington shall present credentials countersigned by the Canadian Secretary of State, Canada will be recognized as having acquired a new footing. She will then no longer appear to the neighbouring nation as a silent dependency of Great Britain, but an integral part and sharer in the Government of the British Empire, so far as it relates to her special interests. The mere assertion by that step of a unity of interest and policy between the two countries would go a long way to gain a respect at Washington for the interests of the British Empire, which British and Colonial diplomacy, wavering and undecided, as it is now, is not able to command.

The appointment might still, by preference, be an English nobleman of diplomatic training, who would be more influential at the Republican capital than an untitled Canadian. But he would receive his instructions from Ottawa and be expected to thoroughly inform himself on the spot regarding the interests most immediately in his hands.

But by an inevitable reflex action the change would communicate to another Imperial office a definite and consistent part in the Imperial scheme, which it now obviously lacks. Constitutionally the Viceroy cannot be regarded as wielding any greater authority than Her Majesty: whose sign manual he is deputed to attach to the orders of her Colonial Council. He comes to us in the form of a diplomatic representative at our Council Board, rather than as a Governor. This dual footing is destined, I think, in the future to be frankly developed in a new direction. In ordinary course the Governor will preside over the Canadian Privy Council as the personal representative of the Queen. But when occasion arises, he will be authorized to join his voice, in its consultations, as the Imperial Foreign Minister for the continent of America.

It is not desirable that an office once so important and still so conspicuous as that of Governor-General of Canada should become atrophied for want of a function. We are in danger of seeing the appointment pass from the hands of a succession of Imperial statesmen of the highest order to men of secondary rank. Great Britain can hardly be expected to spare her Dufferins and her Lansdownes to be the mere correspondents of the Colonial Office. But the greatest abilities would not be thrown away, if the office were once raised to importance and responsibility in the manner proposed. Its occupant would necessarily rank as the holder of a virtual position in the Imperial Cabinet, rather than as a subordinate of the Colonial Minister. He would form, in relation to foreign affairs, the link between Her Majesty's Council for Great Britain and Her Majesty's Council for Canada. His post would be one of real influence, instead of one of nominal and empty dignity.

It might be necessary to take some precautions against the intrusion of party feeling into such an appointment. Even that is not beyond the bounds of possibility. It might be made customary for Her Majesty's Cabinet to make the selection in consultation with the leader of the Opposition. Such conferences on the floor of the House have more than once taken place on critical occasions, and there could not be a better opportunity or a stronger cause for extending the happy precedent of neutrality. The precedent, if successful, might ultimately be carried further. Nothing would be more desirable, if it were possible, than that, in every representative government, the whole subject of foreign affairs should be abstracted from the more and more reckless internal wars of faction.

The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 shines out with exceptional brilliancy from the confused and cloudy history of British diplomacy on this continent. We have not far to look for the explanation of the success of that honourable, wise and universally satisfactory convention. It may be traced, I believe, to the fact that, in that one instance, the able statesman to whom the interest and power of Great Britain were plenarily entrusted had also become duly informed upon the subject matter in his contemporaneous capacity of Governor-General of British North America. The head of Her Majesty's Canadian Council, and the representative of Her Majesty's Council in London, went to Washington, fully equipped for the representation of the interests of that part of the Imperial Dominion. No spectacle of divided Councils was then presented to a foreign nation. The will of the united Empire found expression in a constitutional manner, speaking by a single voice.

The procedure was constitutional, simple and intelligible. Contrast our representation at the later Washington treaties. In appearance at least, nothing could be clumsier or more wanting in consistency. The chief representatives of the British Council had scarcely set foot in Canada. Beside them sat the resident British Minister at Washington, scarcely better informed, with a member of the Canadian Cabinet as a nondescript addition. On the later occasion the Imperial envoy submitted himself to public cross-examination by an American reporter on the eve of his delicate negotiation, and manifested by his answers that he had no clear idea as to what was meant by the position of the representatives of the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain, as reported, seems to have wavered between the view that he represented preëminently the Empire and the view that he was representing the local interests of Great Britain as distinct from those of another portion of the Imperial Dominion. No wonder that he also expressed a doubt whether Canada and its fisheries would always remain under the flag of the Empire. He had no clear conception that the Empire as a constitutional union of states had any existence.

There is no reason for being fussily concerned over at once giving a perfectly systematic form to these developments. In the future such changes as may be required must come, almost of themselves, suitably to each case, as soon as we have determinedly set our minds on the perpetuation of the magnificent Union of which we form a part.

O. A. HOWLAND.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have not much to say in reply to "Sound Currency's" letter in THE WEEK of Feb. 15th. There is an evident disposition on the part of the writer to represent me as the advocate of an extension of Government currency. I decline to take the position thus thrust upon me. My aim in dealing with the question is a less ambi-

tious one, namely to call public attention to the necessity, when the bank charters are renewed, of providing remedies for two admitted defects in our present bank note issue. These defects are, first, the annoyance and loss inflicted upon Canadians by the refusal of the banks to take each other's notes at par, and second, the loss inflicted upon small note-holders when a bank goes into liquidation, or even suspends. My advice to the bankers to provide remedies for these two evils was accompanied by a warning that failure to do so would give rise to an agitation for the extension of the Government currency. That warning I repeat, and if "Sound Currency" or Mr. Goldwin Smith has any plan to offer I, for one, will be glad to hear what it is. Their time and your space would be put to a better use than in uttering warnings against imaginary dangers or trying to force a discussion of the whole currency question. I expressed in my last letter my belief that "Sound Currency" is a practical banker, and he does not disclaim the imputation. What is his way of securing bank note holders against the above risks of loss?

I might have left the matter at this point but for "Sound Currency's" curious way of answering my very plain question: What is the difference in principle between a bank currency based on a reserve of thirty-three and a third per cent. of specie, and a national currency based on a still smaller amount? It is no answer to this question to say that "it is the function of a bank to issue notes with reference to its ability to redeem them, and it is not the function of a Government to do so." My rejoinder is (1) that it is no necessary part of the functions of a bank to issue notes at all, (2) that we would have just as much banking done as we have now if the note-issuing powers were withdrawn from the banks, (3) that it is the function of a Government to issue notes with reference to its ability to redeem them if it issues them at all, and (4) that the relation between circulation and reserve may be fixed by statute and not left to the discretion of a reckless Finance Minister. So far as redemption is concerned there is no difference in principle between bank bills and Government notes so long as the reserve in each case is so small as to make immediate redemption of all outstanding currency impossible. No bank keeps the amount of its outstanding notes down to the limit of "its ability to redeem them," and there is no law to compel any bank to do so.

"Sound Currency" raises a new and interesting point when he states that "financial writers are at this moment discussing the probability of a run upon the United States Treasury for the redemption of all notes payable in gold, on account of the issue of silver notes having nearly upset the financial equilibrium." Every one who has watched the progress of financial events for the past few years in the United States has foreseen this trouble, the cause of which is not the issue of Government notes, but the issue of silver certificates, each representing a silver dollar that is intrinsically worth less than ninety cents. In compliance with the well-known principle called Gresham's law these silver certificates are driving out the other forms of paper currency, just as the dollars they represent would under the operation of the same principle, drive out more intrinsically valuable silver and gold coins if no certificates were issued. The cause of the trouble is not an insufficient guarantee of redemption of the true national currency, but the coining of \$24,000,000 a year of these cheap silver dollars. Were Congress to repeal the Bland coinage law all symptoms of a "run" on the Treasury would soon disappear. The "run" would have taken place long ago but for the power of a great and rapidly increasing population to absorb new currency to an enormous amount before the point of complete saturation is reached. While speaking of these same silver certificates let me remind "Sound Currency" that though one of them represents less than ninety cents, it passes from hand to hand in Toronto for a hundred cents, and that silver certificates would be safer than Canadian bank notes for a Toronto man to take with him if he was going to make a tour of the Maritime Provinces.

I need not take up space in dealing with the causes which have brought about the depreciation of Government currency in other times and other lands. I am not an advocate of such a currency; and even if I were my critic does not say that Government currency properly limited would not be proof against "runs." He merely expresses a fear that the currency would not be "properly limited." If it is of any interest to him to know it I may tell him that I share that fear.

The assertion that the flexibility of our currency would be "almost entirely gone" if the Dominion Government were to issue five dollar notes may be true, but I cannot accept it without some proof. There are various ways, which I need not even mention here, in which sudden and temporary demands for more currency may be met without either the banks or the Government increasing the amount of their outstanding notes. I am not concerned to show which is the better way because the elasticity of our present system of currency is, to my thinking, one of its best features. My earnest hope is that some way may be found of preserving that feature and at the same time freeing the holders of bank-notes absolutely from risk of loss.

On the last point in "Sound Currency's" letter I have to say only that if the "question of profit" on their currency issue is seldom discussed by bankers it is often discussed by demagogues and by the advocates of national currency both redeemable and irredeemable. I hear these discussions constantly, and they now and then come up in Parliament. Probably they will do so again when a pro-

posal is made to renew the bank charters. To rely in that event on the fear of derangement caused by a curtailment of the banks' loaning power would probably be to lean on a broken reed. The bank managers will be safer to depend on satisfying the reasonable public with such a measure of protection as the Finance Minister hinted at in his Board of Trade dinner speech. W. M. HOUSTON.  
Toronto, Feb. 18th, 1889.

CANADIAN ART: A REMINISCENCE OF  
THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION.

MR. HAMILTON MACCARTHY'S statue of the Hero of Batoche, now on exhibition in the sculptor's studio in this city, recalls at once a heroic and tragic incident in the brief but stirring annals of the second Riel rebellion. Col. A. T. H. Williams, M.P., of Port Hope, it will be remembered, was the intrepid commander of the Midland Battalion of the Canadian militia, serving in the North-West Military Expedition against the insurgent half-breeds on the South Saskatchewan, in the spring and summer of 1885. Before Batoche, on that memorable Tuesday, the 12th of June, Col. Williams and his sturdy Midlanders, who held the extreme left of the attacking line, now became restive after three days' exposure in front of the death-dealing rifle-pits of the sullen French half-breeds. Galled by the fire of the enemy, which could not effectively be returned, the men of Williams' command—it is a matter of history—took the bit in their mouth and made a gallant forward movement, which was eagerly caught up by the rest of the enleaguering force composed of the Toronto Grenadiers, the Winnipeg riflemen and the scout contingents, under Captain French and Major Boulton. The movement, daringly led by Col. Williams, was followed, it is hardly necessary now to recite, by the precipitate charge upon the rifle-pits, the impetuous rush into Batoche, and the speedy capture, at the point of the bayonet, of the half-breed stronghold.

After the fall of Batoche came the pursuit of Big Bear in nature's savage fastnesses beyond the North Saskatchewan. A month's fatiguing toil was spent in the fruitless mission which put to the severest test the hardest endurance of men, for the most part unaccustomed to the wearying tactics of Indian warfare. Failing in all efforts to entrap the wily Indian chief, the bulk of the troops in search of the fugitive returned to Fort Pitt, far spent with the toil and the heat of the trying march. With them returned Col. Williams, the knightly Bayard of the expedition, suffering from nervous prostration, which brought on inflammation of the brain, aggravated by an attack of typhoid fever. In a week's short space, despite the unwearied attentions of the brigade surgeons on board the steamer conveying the sick and wounded to Battleford, death brought its saddening relief and all too soon ended the career of the Midlanders' gallant commander. We can recall, as if it were yesterday, the coming of that sad bulletin from the far west announcing the event, which sent a thrill of pain through the community and hushed to momentary and awed silence the alien clamour of the streets. Not less deeply imbedded in the memory is the recollection of the impressive funeral cortege which, a little later, wound its slow way through the streets of Port Hope, bearing to a soldier's honoured grave all that was mortal of the patriot Williams.

This to his memory, for we, as all who knew him, loved him; but more enduring than our poor words comes the commemorative art of the accomplished sculptor. Than Arthur Williams, our young nation's hero, hardly could Mr. MacCarthy find a more worthy subject for his genius. The memory of the man is one that Canada, no less than his native town, may well honour; for he was a type at once of a good and useful citizen, and a high-minded Christian gentleman. Unassuming in manners, he made no blatant parade of his loyalty; but when the call of duty came, with eager enthusiasm and an ardent, chivalrous spirit, he went forth to act a modest, faithful part in upholding the peace and imperious authority of law in a temporarily disaffected section of his country. Patriotism with him was acting, not seeming; and, like the true soldier, he was as modest and unaggressive as he was noble-spirited and brave. That there was occasion for his services on the field, in suppressing a revolt of lawlessness, provoked by administrative wrong, was the alloy in the cup of pride and thankfulness the country held to its lips when war folded its reddened wings and peace once more brooded over the land.

Mr. MacCarthy has used his modelling tools cleverly. The statue of Col. Williams is a noble one, and, looking at it, one is impressed instantly with the spirit of heroic action which the sculptor has happily caught and commemorated in the model now about to be cast in bronze and erected at Port Hope. The model is more than life size so as to be effective when mounted on its high pedestal, and represents the soldierly figure of the gallant commander of the Midlanders leading his men on to the charge of the rifle-pits at Batoche. The hero, who is in uniform, is splendidly posed: the figure is erect and graceful, the head well elevated, the face tense and full of animation, while the right arm, which is fully extended over the head, holds a sword aloft. In the left hand, which is closely pressed to the thigh, is an undress military cap in the taut grip of fingers whose clutch bespeaks high-strung, nervous action. The composition as a whole is, in our judgment, most successful and effective. The likeness, also, is good. The statue cannot, we think, be seen without stirring patriotic emotions and arousing enthusiasm. In this respect the

country owes much to Mr. MacCarthy for devoting his talents to a composition so charged, as is this memorial of Col. Williams, with the reminders of patriotism. To the youth of Canada it is a perpetual incentive to heroism and loyal devotion to duty. Before the model leaves the sculptor's studio it should be seen by every school boy in Toronto. Art in Canada is indeed to be congratulated on this new composition turned out of Mr. MacCarthy's studio. The sculptor, perhaps, will permit us to say that he could not be better employed than in making his art subservient to the cultivation of a patriotic spirit among our people.  
G. MERCER ADAM.

THE SECOND DEATH.

ACROSS the dark of earth soul cries to soul  
From the sad sepulchre each body makes,  
While in the senses' charnel, like a ghoul,  
Gnaws anguish, ere the breath of life forsakes  
Its prison-dust and with high impulse takes  
The voyage long delay'd to scenes more bright,  
Where all unknown are sorrowings and aches,  
Where fadeless splendour shines with holy light  
Over love's realm serene, and there is never night.

In vain—in vain—we call the spirit back  
To re-inhabit this dark house of clay;  
The glazed eyes know us not; the pulses lack  
The power to beat as they did yesterday;  
The pallid lips in stern, still silence lay,  
Where each sweet word was wreath'd by sweeter smile,  
As though a blight should wither all away  
The lovely blossoms of some southern isle,  
Whose rare, spice-scented winds the traveller beguile.

But when the spirit that hath gone before  
Across the wilderness of space outeries,  
From that gold-sanded, flower-marg'd shore  
To which old Charon regularly plies  
His adamant oars,—what glad surprise  
Through the expectant senses swift doth roll!  
What glorious scenes of nearing Paradise  
Flood hopes upon the heart and fire the soul  
With joy of leaving life for that long looked for goal!

A student, vers'd in every art occult  
And subtle laws of alchemy, whose skill  
Had long resolv'd all problems difficult  
That lead in service to the human will  
The elements of nature good and ill,  
Loved Beritola, fairest of the fair;  
Yet from that love a pain his heart did fill;  
And each day grew more fixed with grief and care  
Until his soul was sunk in depths of black despair.

A strange disease for which no cure was found  
Fell on the maiden, leading her to death,  
As on a harmless deer the creeping hound  
Will pounce unseen and fasten till the breath  
Leaves the poor victim; thus the legend saith  
Hung Beritola's sickness, day by day,  
Until it chanced upon the twentieth  
All life forsook its tenement of clay  
And fled in awful silence on its unknown way.

Francisco, whom her father had denied  
All access to his lover, bore ill-fame;  
The people shunn'd him in their fear and pride  
And deemed it sin to breathe his evil name.  
His deeds were steep'd in such detested shame;  
He spake with devils, practis'd magic arts,  
Wrought charms that made the sheep and cattle lame,  
Burnt waxen images, broke lovers' hearts,  
And brought wide-spread destruction to those peaceful parts.

Thus was this silent student sore assail'd,  
Who did no harm but drank of wisdom's store;  
Yet, spite of truth, foul calumny prevailed  
And christened him the Devil's son and more;  
All calm and self-possessed, he proudly bore  
The slanderous shafts that pierc'd his noble breast,  
Until the night she died and then came o'er  
His brain a thought so mad, be it confessed  
That poison'd with its rankling horror all the rest.

Three days and nights he nurs'd his inward grief,  
Unconscious how the weary time had flown;  
In one mad thought he found his sole relief,  
That he would find, when the damp earth was thrown  
O'er her corpse, the love that was his own.  
Three long-hour'd days he waited—on the next  
He watch'd them bury her, place the white stone  
Whereon, new-graven, stood her favourite text,  
And leave the churchyard where he stood perplexed.

That night he stole in secret to the grave;  
Then, guided by the light of heaven, uprais'd  
The heavy head-stone with the strength love gave,  
And, as a dreamer, with his mind all dazed  
By that one thought, which all his reason crazed,  
Dug down, down, down till, all the earth removed,  
He on the very coffin stood and gazed  
Wherein she slept whom he so dearly loved,  
Unto this utmost madness as it sadly proved.

What weight of dear, dead flesh could stay his will?  
With ropes he lifts the box that doth enclose  
Her form and then, lest any morrow's ill  
May foil his purpose, back the earth he throws  
And all the turf around doth recompose.  
The stone re-stands, the garlands hang once more,  
That none the sacrilege could e'en suppose;  
And when all look'd as it had seem'd before  
His cherished burden in his arms he swiftly bore.

An unused vault within the churchyard stood,  
Where plague-struck men and those whom suicide  
Brought to an early grave—death's choicest food!  
Were laid until the law was satisfied,  
And they were granted burial or denied;  
'Twas empty then and thither with all haste  
Francisco hurried with his grave-snatched bride,  
All in the wooden prison yet encased  
That with most careful love upon the floor he placed.

Through the long, narrow lattice, iron-barred,  
The moonbeams fell in lines of silver light:  
The heavens loom'd blue beyond, all thickly starred;  
The awful splendour of the summer night  
With death's strange quietude did there unite;  
Francisco felt it not; his thoughts were far  
From all the scene around him, and his sight  
Brought him no messages from moon or star;  
He stood alone with Death and nought the spell could mar.

The coffin-lid he raised and, heart aflame,  
Lifted his loved one from the ebon shell,  
Kiss'd her pale lips and call'd her by her name,  
When, hark! the awful sound of midnight bell  
Breaks on his ear and, terrible to tell,  
The quiv'ring corpse returns his warm embrace;  
He hears once more the voice he loved so well;  
Her eyelids move; he feels upon his face  
A touch as if her lips sought their accustomed place.

Alas! Francisco! happier had'st thou been  
If that all-fatal love thou had'st not felt;  
If that all-fatal hour thou had'st not seen  
When first at Beritola's feet thou knelt  
A welcome suitor; for 'twas that love dealt  
Thy lover's death-blow, when her father swore  
By the dear sword that graced his knightly belt  
Francisco ne'er should look upon her more,  
And knew not love could open Death's unyielding door.

In one impassion'd kiss their lips did meet,  
And when they parted Beritola sigh'd;  
One moment more her heart with anguish beat,  
"Francisco, follow!"—that was all she cried,  
As with a fleeting smile she sank and died;  
E'en as he listened to her last command  
Francisco stagger'd, death-struck, by her side  
And followed, pointed by her spirit hand  
Into the shining light of love's eternal land.

'Tis said, there is a state so like to death  
It may not be distinguished; and a man,  
Out of whose body comes not sign of breath,  
May lie all sensible, and no one can  
By any human knowledge, wit or plan  
Detect the life yet there—aye! it is said  
That in the charnel subterranean  
Some re-awake and, though we deem them dead,  
Think, feel and strive in vain to leave their narrow bed.  
\* \*

MR. COCKIN'S VOLUME OF VERSE.\*

IN an age when poetry is largely given over to morbid introspection, or is full of the airy nothings of the fancy, tricked out with the verbal felicities of the rhyming dictionary, Mr. Cockin's volume of unpretentious verse comes as a welcome relief. From cover to cover this native writer's work is eminently sane and human. It is human on both sides; on the tragic side as well as on the comic. Every thought, image and emotion is steeped in this feeling; and there is throughout the work a fine response to the heroic in human endeavour and to the unflinching in human suffering, which adds much to its claim upon the reader's sympathies and interest. While the emotional side of the poet's mind is largely called into exercise, its stronger fibres are not left unrepresented, but manifest themselves in many a robust idyll and heroic lay. In the author's saddest and most reminiscent note there is not a trace of morbidity, while in his most joyous and humorous utterances there is always good sense, good feeling and freedom from the taint of vulgarity. The collection, in these as well as in other respects, is one that all may take up confidently and thoroughly enjoy.

The author has made no attempt at formal classification in the contents of his volume. Roughly they may be grouped under the three following heads: Military and historical poems; reminiscent poems; and humorous poems. Each group has its distinctive characteristic. In the military and historical pieces there is a fine dramatic quality, with a strong, firm and swift movement. There is also present a chivalrous tone and manliness of note, which commend the work in this group to all lovers of martial poetry and epic verse. The best example under

\* "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys, and other Poems." By Hereward K. Cockin. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 1889.

this classification is perhaps the opening poem, "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys." There is something quite stirring in the gallop of the lines, like the trumpet-note that calls the trooper to the charge. The incident it narrates is full of pathos, though the pathos merges in other emotions excited by the Nemesis fate which overtakes the principal figures in the poem, and in the closing recital of a valorous deed. Akin to "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys" are the poems entitled "The Veteran's Tale," "Tutor non Ultor," and "The Death of Burnaby." These pieces are strong, terse and patriotic. There is a glow and a fervour about them that quickens the pulse of the reader, and adapts them admirably to platform or barrack room declamation. They are surcharged with the military spirit, and, like the poems "Killed in the Straight" and "The County Steeplechase," that deal with incidents of the turf, they are thoroughly English and national. "The Death of Burnaby" recalls the work of Sir Francis Doyle, who succeeded Matthew Arnold in the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, the author of "The Return of the Guards" and "The Private of the Buffs." Mr. Cockin's patriotic verses on the tragedy at Metemneh remind one especially of Sir Francis's tribute to the heroes of Rorke's Drift, who saved the colours from dishonour at Isandhlana, but "would not save themselves." In "The County Steeplechase" does Mr. Cockin also remind one of the poet to whom we have referred, whose muse, besides being martial, was attracted to the turf, as those who know his "St. Leger" do not require to be told. Equally spirited and full of the historic memory are "St. Hilda's Bells," "The Deathbed of Louis XI.," "How the Children Saved Naumburg," and the sad but melodious lines that recount "Lundfren's Vigil."

The poems that come under the category of the reminiscent are "The Old Coaching Inn," "These Degenerate Modern Days," "Wharfedale," "Parson Oldboy's Reverie," "At the Vicarage Gate," "The Old Church Must Go," and "The Sighing of the Firs." Into these the author has infused the spirit of tender recollection and hallowing memory. The vein tapped, though plaintive, is free from maudlin sentimentality and from the pessimism and world-fatigue which enter so largely into modern verse of this kind. Through them all flows a current of fresh and healthy feeling, with frequent touches of humour. "Parson Oldboy's Reverie" is a delightful reminiscence of early school days, which Thackeray or Mackworth Praed might have written.

In the humorous poems the author's exuberant fancy and faculty for droll and extravagant portraiture amusingly reveal themselves. Here his verse becomes increasingly pliant and limpid, and though his humour is free and spontaneous, it never ceases to be cleanly. In some pieces we have the jocund and fun-loving spirit of Hood; in others the pungent wit and ridiculing of cant which characterized Thackeray. The best examples in this group are "Scampkowski," "Jack Tartar," "His Name was Bill," "The Picnic Boy," "The Missionary Ship," "The Man in the Park," "Pomp de Scallawag," "The Dentist's Chair," and "Isaiah Brown." In "Scampkowski" and "His Name was Bill" we have capitally satirized the guileless trustfulness of church and charitable organizations that become the prey of tramps and scheming adventurers, whose unblushing effrontery gains access to the affections and purses of their kind, to the detriment of the more deserving. The author has done good service to society in ridiculing so effectively this mock humanitarianism, and in exposing these frauds upon a compassionate public. In these lighter aspects of his art, the poet-satirist will be thoroughly enjoyed. If we had nothing else from Mr. Cockin's facile pen than the poems in this group, many of which approach the excellent work of Bret Harte, his literary foothold would be secure. In the domestic poems also the author's talent and literary facility show to much advantage, and mark his verse, in the main, as the outflow of a bright, manly and wholesome life. From an artistic point of view there are, of course, flaws to be found in his work; but for the most part it is admirably and conscientiously done, the humour being free and spontaneous, and the versification smooth and flowing. This volume we estimate highly, and Canadian literature has in it a rich and distinct addition to its treasures. The book, which the publisher has tastefully produced, is, we notice, dedicated, in apt and evidently sincere terms, to Professor Goldwin Smith.

G. M. A.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF RED-DEER SHOOTING.

NO British sport has a more healthy effect on the system than deer-shooting. It is incomparable as a means of rousing and revivifying the energies. First, there is the stalk, which is sometimes attended with difficulty and always with excitement; then there is the critical moment, when a stag is selected from the herd and fired at. Not only must the sportsmen take care they are not seen, they must also exercise the greatest caution they are not scented by the deer. Deer do not ordinarily trouble themselves much about mankind, unless they are molested with fire-arms or dogs, of which they are much afraid. But if they happen to get the scent of man without seeing him, which often takes place (as the keenness of their scent rivals the sharpness of their vision), they become greatly agitated, and run off a distance of many miles in great alarm. The scent of man, when wafted to them on the breeze in the mountain, strikes more terror in deer than even a shot. If they do not see the sportsman, a shot does not greatly frighten deer. True, they gallop off at first in great terror. But, curiosity being very strong in deer, they soon stand to reconnoitre as to the cause of their fright,

waiting for a minute or two in one spot, and looking back in the direction from which the shot came. If they have seen nothing to increase their fear, they start off again at a slow trot for some yards, when they stand as before, scanning the coverts behind them. After this display is repeated for a few times, supposing they have seen nothing to renew their alarm, the deer conclude there is no danger and proceed to graze as if nothing had occurred to vex them. A second shot is thus sometimes got at the same herd of deer. I witnessed several instances of this, but one illustration will suffice. A young stalker, getting near a herd of deer in a small rivulet, amid a minor range of hills in proximity to a Scottish mountain of great elevation, fired at the sleekest of the stags. His gun was a single-barrelled one, of unflinching excellence. The stag ran off with the herd as fast as his feet would carry him, and soon passed all his companions in the race, but in leaping the rivulet, which was only about a yard wide, he tumbled backwards, and lay on his back, with his feet extended in the air, forming a bridge across the stream. He was as dead as a stone, the bullet having gone through the centre of his heart. No movement was as yet made on the part of the stalker. He was crouched behind a moss-tuft, the exact colour of his shooting garb. The whole of the deer saw the stag fall, as he was in front of them, being first in the gallop. They, therefore, soon stood still to investigate the cause of their comrade's misfortune. They looked steadily in his direction for fully five minutes, a much longer time than deer usually wait on their first halt after being disturbed. This may be accounted for from the circumstances that each of the deer had seen the stag fall, that he was their leader, and that, while having a good view of the ground behind them, they could see nothing suspicious as to the reason of their disquietude. There was another stag in the herd, a younger animal than the one which was shot, and this animal actually came back about twenty yards to ascertain the cause of his companion's delay. He then gave a sharp whistle through his nose, and ran up the hill along with the hinds. On arriving at the top of the ridge he stood again to look back towards the ravine, and, waiting for some time, began to graze. The herd, in the course of about twenty minutes, went over the top of the hill, feeding by the way, and disappeared. It was well that the stalker did not immediately follow them, for, with an instinct which is characteristic of deer, the stag came back in a few minutes to peer over the hill. Not seeing anything to augment his suspicion he went away slowly, and after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or so he appeared in sight on the top of a second ridge of hills. The hinds had ere this time apparently forgotten the existence of their big-antlered leader, but the young stag often gazed wistfully back for him, and though not alarmed for his own safety, he was far from being happy. The deer in due time all disappeared a second time, and the stalker ran forward so as to be out of their sight supposing they returned to conduct more investigations, and forthwith reloaded. When the sportsman had reached the summit of the hill over which the deer had disappeared, the hinds were feeding about half a mile away, and there was no sign of the stag. Going onward, the stalker, to his astonishment, saw the stag within easy range. The animal noticed him and sprang down the hill after the hinds. Bang! the bullet had found a deadly mark; in a few minutes the stag fell. He was not dead, as his head was erect, and he kept swaying his body to and fro. He was severely wounded, but owing to the distance he was away, coupled with the speed at which he was running when fired at, the bullet had hit him in the ribs instead of the shoulder. The sportsman reloaded and ran to the wounded stag. To his surprise the animal did not try to rise. He placed the gun by his side, and catching the stag by the horns, tried to kill him with his *spian dhru*, or hunting knife. The stag, defending himself with spirit, threw up his hind feet with an awful blow, and levelled the sportsman to the ground. He had struck his human adversary on the nose. It was a dangerous stroke, which the recipient is not likely ever to forget. The sportsman quickly regained his feet, and seizing his gun, shot the stag through the neck.

When deer are wounded they often make straight for the nearest sheet of water. They do this of their own accord, even though not pursued by a dog. I recollect a stalk in which a stag was hit too far behind to be deadly, and though at first following the herd up the hill he soon slanted off in the direction of a small lake some distance beneath him, which he duly reached. He dipped his nose in the water, and then, walking into it until he floated, swam to the other side. Before landing, a dog which accompanied the shooting party was unchained and sent round to meet him. The two animals eyed each other furtively. The stag did not appreciate the welcome which was accorded to him; anger was depicted in all his looks. The barking of the dog incensed him. He occasionally threw back his horns on a level with his shoulders, and then brought them forward with the speed of lightning as he met the hostile bounds of the dog. He presented a splendid picture. The dog ventured to approach him, swimming out, but when near enough the stag struck him with his horns, causing his canine enemy to go down out of sight under the water. This exploit seemed to greatly please the stag, as every time the dog went near him he repeated it with evident satisfaction, and he had the best of the contest. A well directed shot, however, put an end to it, as neither dog nor man could safely go within reach of his horns.

Fury does not lessen the attractions of the stag. Nor are his bellowing and capering in the rutting season unattended with danger. He then makes a terrible noise

in the mountains, which reverberate to his harsh utterances, and he shows a terrible aspect as he tears up the heather with his horns when in sight (or within hearing) of an adversary. There is a strange impressiveness in the responses of stags to each other in the Scottish glens or mountains. I am not likely to forget the first time I was witness to a display of this kind. Vegetation, including "deer-hair"—a grass so called from its similitude to the hair of deer—had assumed a brownish tint. I was accompanied by a friend, and both had fire-arms. When we were fairly under the shades of a mountain of several thousand feet high, a stag on our left set up a tremendous roar, and in due time it was replied to by a stag to the right of us. As yet we could see neither of the stags, but we would have been very deaf had we not heard the thundering roars to the right or the wild bellows to the left of us. On the left-hand side was a goodly-sized lake, the upper end of which nearly joined the foot of the mountain. A herd of deer could pass between the head of the lake and the mountain. We lay down in deep heather at the head of the lake, and plied the telescope. Soon we saw a stag on the opposite side of the lake, to the left of us, tearing up the earth with his horns; and besides, he had been rolling himself in the turfy substance composing the banks, for he was black as a sweep. Whenever the other stag answered his roar, he raised himself up to his full height and looked towards him in a very angry mood, which was rendered ludicrously comic by his grimy appearance. Had the stags met each other there would have been a formidable battle fought. The stag to the right of us was coming nearer, judging from his roars, but we could not see him. In the end he ceased bellowing, and we wondered where he had gone to. All at once, without any warning, he set up a wild roar within a few yards of the heather in which we lay concealed, and on looking up we beheld him walking down the pass to us. He exhibited a beautiful head. He did not yet see us; had he done so, he would probably have been more afraid than we were.

Deer generally feed late in the evening or at night, and, if undisturbed, lie during most of the day. As a rule each herd is provided with a watcher, whose duty it is to give the alarm in cases of danger. This post is frequently occupied with great fidelity by an old hind, though the duty is sometimes relegated to a stag. The instinct of deer leads them to determine with surprising accuracy when there is no cause of fear. Deer, if their suspicions are not aroused, take no notice of persons passing and repassing them. Strangers to their habits thus experience a difficulty in seeing deer. Visitors to a deer forest should, therefore, be provided with a guide. Inexperienced persons are prone to frighten the deer without being able to see them, spoiling the sport on stalkers, and doing good to no one. Tourists on Alpine pleasures bent, apart from the letter of Acts of Parliament, will invariably find it to their advantage to take the owners or lessees of shooting into their confidence, for in order that the magnificence of Scottish mountain scenery may be fully appreciated the red-deer must be seen. The stag adds glory to the grandeur of the mountains.—*National Review*.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### GOLDSMITH AS A PLAGIARIST.

In this age of plagiarism-hunting it does not seem to be generally known that Oliver Goldsmith—strange compound of good and evil, who "wrote like an angel but talked like poor poll," was a plagiarist of the strongest brand. We will hope it was only in starving, penny-a-lining days that the bard sank so low, winning and wearing laurels not his own without a qualm. Perhaps what has chiefly endeared him to us is his touching little song (did he make it in those wild French wandering days between 1756 and 1759?):—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can sooth her melancholy—  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover  
And wring his bosom—is to die.

But it was Ségur, an obscure French poet in the early eighteenth century, who really owns these laurels and wrote these lines, and who has probably been turning in his grave ever since Goldsmith robbed him. A copy of Ségur printed in Paris in 1719 contains the following:—

Lorsqu'une femme, apres trop de tendresse,  
D'un homme sent la trahison,  
Comment, pour cette si douce foiblesse,  
Peut-elle trouver une guérison?

Le seul remède qu'elle peut ressentir,  
La seule revanche pour son tort,  
Pour faire trop tard l'ennant repentir,  
Helas! trop tard—est la mort."

Ah! brigand de Goldsmith! It is a neat bit of translation; but why didst thou not acknowledge thy victim?—*St. James's Gazette*.

#### THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

A VERY important discussion upon the physical effects of the drinking of alcoholic liquors has recently taken place in the Pathological Society of London. It was continued during several meetings, and among those participating in it were some of the most distinguished men of the medical profession. The moral side of the question was not touched upon at all, the inquiry being as to the pathology of alcoholism, and the excessive use of alcohol in its

concentrated forms was treated of almost wholly. In opening the debate Dr. Payne gave an historical review of the subject, from which it appeared that up to the sixteenth century there are very few notices in medical literature of the influence of inebriety in causing disease. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they are also rare, Harvey's lectures making no direct reference to alcoholism, though he described certain cases of liver disease evidently produced by that cause. But in the period from 1700 to 1850 they began to be frequent, the earlier part of that period having been marked by the introduction of distilled liquors as a beverage. In 1724 the College of Physicians made a public representation as to the evils of spirit-drinking, and earnest efforts were undertaken by the profession to check the rapidly growing practice. From 1850 to the present time, the era of the rise of pathological histology, or the department of medicine which concerns itself with the effects of disease on the animal tissues, the subject has assumed leading importance. As the result of such pathological investigations, Dr. Payne and all the speakers treated alcohol as a veritable poison; but he explained that he used the term poison not with unqualified condemnation. He described it as favouring the accumulation of fat, acting as a functional stimulus, or, in large doses, as a functional poison on the nervous system, especially on the brain, and working as a tissue poison, as destroying the vitality of some tissue elements and setting up inflammation in others. The changes worked by it on the brain Dr. Payne described as generally like those of old age. Excessive drinking seems to diminish the fertility of both sexes, especially of the male. The preponderance of testimony is that it is not a frequent cause of Bright's disease. The organs of respiration suffer, obstinate catarrhs of larynx and bronchi being common; drinking habits make such skin diseases as psoriasis and eczema inveterate and sometimes quite incurable. So far as statistics obtained by the British Medical Association show, alcohol has no influence in inducing apoplexy, diabetes, and pneumonia, though in the last disease preliminary drinking habits impair resistance to its ravages. Different diseases are induced by different forms of the stimulant, gout being rare in a whiskey-drinking country and common in a beer-drinking. In summing up the debate Dr. Payne said that it had been shown that the action of alcohol had more resemblance to the action of mineral poisons than we have been accustomed to think. —*New York Sun.*

#### THE LITERARY INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.

We are very far from claiming the Bible as the only agency in creating the beauty and strength of English and German literature, but it is simply a matter of fact that no other causes have been so powerful or so far-reaching. Without it there could have been no Milton, no Carlyle, Emerson or Ruskin, and probably, if the secret influence could be discovered which created ancestral habits of thoughtfulness, no Shakespeare or Goethe or any of the great writers of peasant origin. We should have had others undoubtedly, but of far inferior quality of mind and heart. When we examine the Bible with the sternest critical eyes we are compelled to admit that it is great enough to be the cause of all which we have ascribed to its influence. Without speaking of its moral or religious qualities it is evident that its literary merits are supreme. Let any one go through it from Genesis to Revelation, and while he will find passages that are now unspeakably uninteresting, yet on every page will be found some pearl of great price, which, even if it were not regarded as a sacred word, the human race would never allow itself to forget. Whatever may be thought of the scientific accuracy of the first chapters of Genesis, few would be willing to have that graphic and poetic account of the creation fade out of the mind. The Bible contains every kind of literature and can furnish specimens of each which can hold their own with the best that the race has produced. Its historical portions, besides being the oldest attempts to trace the history of mankind, and describing the Divine method of dealing with one of the most gifted races of the world, are related with a simplicity and directness which no later historian has surpassed. Its biographies, chapters of human life, when the race was young and men were vigorous in their virtues and great in their crimes, have a charm which can never lose its power. No novelist has ever written a sweeter story than the Book of Ruth. No dramatist has ever treated the universal problem of man's destiny and God's ways with him with such seeing eye and understanding heart, "all in such free, flowing outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation." It is not its devotional element alone which has given the Book of Psalms its unequalled place in the liturgies of Christendom, but this is partly due to the fact that it contains poetry of the noblest and most inspiring quality. Even in a prose translation—a test which no other great body of poems like Homer could survive—it appeals to the mind no less than to the emotions, and maintains its position, not wearying by repetition nor weakening through lapse of years. Probably no portion of the Bible has suffered so much in translation as the Book of Proverbs; but nevertheless St. James's version contains sentences of exquisite literary finish, while the wisdom of the generations which have followed has never crystallized itself in more concise or convincing form. Nor is it the spiritual utterances of the prophetic books which give them their only charm. Gems of poetry, having the Divine qualities which touch the imagination and render their places in the literature of the world permanent, are to be found in Isaiah and Jeremiah. The literary qualities of the Bible have been

largely forgotten in the far greater grandeur of its religious and moral qualities, but the sacred Book could never have retained the respect of scholars or, indeed, wholly of the ignorant, if it had been a crude, incondite, and confused jumble, like the Koran. It is certainly a matter of the most profound congratulation that a book that was to be read daily in so many homes, and weekly in all the churches, and which was to be the first popular literature of so many nations, should be cast in such excellent literary form. What its influence has been in the quickening of imagination and thoughtfulness, and as an inspiration of literature, can of course never be measured, but it is only second to the moral and religious influence it has exerted. A large part of this result among English-speaking people is due to the translators of our popular and long-used version. Whatever this lacks in accuracy, it is certainly a "well of English undefiled," and its place can never be taken by anything which is not its equal.—*Providence Journal.*

#### READ YOUR SCOTT!

NEVER was there a more healthful and health-ministering literature than that which Scott gave to the world. To go back to it from Flaubert and Daudet and Tolstoi is like listening to the song of the lark after the shrieking passion of the midnight pianoforte—nay, it is like coming out of the glare and heat and reeking vapour of a palace ball into a grove in the first light and music and breezes of the morning. It is not for nothing that so many thousands have felt toward Scott a deep personal gratitude, which few, if any, other writers of English fiction have ever awakened. My own case is doubtless typical of thousands. In his novels I first come under the spell of genius in fiction, and in my reading of them the first happened to be what is usually called the least inspired—"The Monastery." But no matter, I gave it three readings, end over end, and followed it with other novels from the same source as rapidly as my dear family Puritan authorities would permit, or as often as they could be evaded. I cannot but think that anything which shall recall to the readers of "Madame Bovary," and the "Nabab," and "Anna Karénina," the existence of "Ivanhoe," and "St. Ronan's Well," and "Guy Mannering," and "The Fortunes of Nigel," or even of "The Talisman" and "Count Robert of Paris," will be of use to them; and if it shall lead them to go further into the great fields which Scott opened, passing through Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," and finally reaching Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," the most beautiful romance ever written, it seems to me that there may come a blessing not merely to their minds, but also to their hearts and souls. —*Scribner's.*

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

##### MARITANA.

SOME courageous young people undertook to perform Wallace's *Maritana* at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, and their fairly good performance justified their temerity. There was a very good chorus, nicely balanced in its parts, which sang fairly well, and which improved considerably as the evening progressed. This improvement was shared by the performers generally as they became more familiar with their novel surroundings. After seeing the excellent performance of this work given at the Grand Opera House two weeks ago, one would naturally be more ready to observe the crudities of amateurs, and at first I was inclined to look a little coldly upon the efforts of these ladies and gentlemen, but it was not long before I began to admire the courage and perseverance which must have been theirs to produce such a pleasing performance. Miss Jardine Thompson, as "Maritana," and Mr. W. Harold Parr, as "Don Jose," showed considerable talent in acting, and have both very pleasing voices. Miss Thompson, especially, sang her music faithfully, and displayed most admirable self-possession, and altogether was a most engaging "Maritana." Mr. F. M. Baker's "Don César de Bazan" was a very good one, and his voice, though light, was of sufficient range for the part. Of the other performers, Mr. Harry Barker, as the "King," Mrs. R. C. Guerin, as "Lazarillo," Mr. P. J. Thicke, as the "Marquis de Montefiore," and Mrs. Maitland, as the "Marchioness de Montefiore," gave very creditable renderings of their parts. The opera was studied under the direction of Madame Stuttaford, who also played the accompaniments and conducted the performance. Her labours have evidently been most arduous, and the success which attended their fruition must have been very satisfactory to her.

##### A WAGNER LECTURE.

THE handsome music-room of the Toronto College of Music was crowded on the evening of the 14th by an audience which overflowed into all the ante-rooms within reach, on the occasion of the Lecture on Richard Wagner, delivered by Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. Mr. Vogt's remarks were most interesting, and showed an intimate acquaintance with the history of the evolution and growth of modern music. He traced its progress through the works of Gluck and Weber, until its brilliancy was reached at the hands of Wagner. Though necessarily succinct, with so large a subject and so little time at his disposal, they were interesting and well-conceived to a marked degree. The lecture was followed by an interesting programme illustrative of the subject, in which Mr. Vogt played the "Prayer," from *Rienzi*; "The Pilgrims' Chorus," from *Tannhäuser*, and the beautiful

*Lohengrin* "Prelude" on the fine College organ in a masterly style. Mr. Henry M. Field played the transcriptions by Liszt, Wagner's great admirer, of the "Spinning Song," from *The Flying Dutchman*, and the "Festmarch," from *Tannhäuser*. Mr. Field showed admirable technique and played most brilliantly, and everyone present must have been delighted with his performance, and must have felt regret that his attainments and talent are so seldom placed before the public. Mlle. Adèle Strauss was in better voice than I have yet heard her, and gave beautiful renderings of the cavatina "Traure, mein Herz," from Weber's *Oberon*, and of "Elizabeth's Prayer," from *Tannhäuser*. Mr. E. W. Schuch presented a fine, sonorous rendering, the celebrated "Evening Star," aria from *Tannhäuser*, singing with special excellence in the dignified recitative. The vocal selections, though delivered in German by both artists, were none the less interesting on that account, the dignity and sonority of that language being naturally best suited to the breadth and largeness of Wagner's music. It will be seen that Mr. Vogt's lecture and illustrations extended only to Wagner's early period, and if, as I hear is the case, he purposes giving future essays on the subject, he will be doing good service to the cause of music, besides interesting many in a subject with which the acquaintance of Torontonians generally is of the most meagre description.

##### MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITY.

THE annual conversazione of the University Literary and Scientific Society on Friday evening possessed more than usual interest from a musical standpoint. The Band of the Queen's Own occupied the place of honour at the reception of the guests, and played with even more than its usual excellence. In the Museum the Hungarian Band whiled away many pleasant hours during the evening, besides contributing to the variety of the entertainment in the Convocation Hall. Here the Glee Club was the principal feature and the greatest attraction. The Club was well represented, about forty active members, of whose activity no beholder could have any doubt, occupying the platform and singing with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth, under the careful direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch. Yet this energy was well tempered with discretion, for I have not in many years heard the Club sing with such close attention to the niceties of light and shade. This was especially noticeable in Garrett's waltz song "Hope," in which some very fine effects were produced. The Club also gave a fine, sonorous rendering of "The Pilgrims' Chorus" from *Tannhäuser*, but undoubtedly its best work was done in the unaccompanied part song "Eulalie," which was beautifully phrased. Mr. Schuch had his forces well in hand, and deserves credit for the certainty and precision he secured from the chorus. The accompaniments to the Club's singing were well rendered by Messrs. G. H. Fairclough and A. S. Vogt. The other participants in the programme were heard in both parts, Mons. Boucher giving an excellent rendering of Ernst's "Airs Hongrois," and of Hubay's "Plevna Nota," eliciting an encore. Mrs. Mackelcan's noble voice rang out like a clarion in "Alla Stella Confidente," with Mons. Boucher's violin obligato, and in Buck's "When the Lindens Bloom," winning a recall in each case. Miss Campbell's sweet, clear voice and engaging manner was heard and seen in "I Seek for Thee in Every Flower," and in Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber," for which latter Mons. Boucher played a charming obligato. This young lady sings with a delightful certainty of tone, wonderfully soft in quality, yet being distinctly audible in all parts of the room. Though apparently only a student as yet she appears destined to become one of our foremost vocalists. Mr. Mundie, too, has a sweet voice but rather small in volume for a large room, and is imperfect in his vocalization, besides showing signs of nervousness. His popularity among his fellow-students and their appreciation of his efforts secured his recall. Mr. Schuch's fine rollicking rendition of the "Skipper" was deservedly encored. A debutante in Toronto was Miss Nora Coleman, a young elocutionist with a charming appearance, and considerable magnetic power. She read Lytton's "Aux Italiens" with a piano accompaniment of airs from *Trovatore*, which produced quite a dreamy effect. Her reading of the Chariot Race from *Ben Hur* was her strongest effort, and was admirably rendered, a strong interest being aroused in the audience in the fortunes of the contestants in the great race.

##### THE SECOND ALBANI CONCERT.

GREAT as was the satisfaction of the audience with the first Albani concert, the second one was a still greater success artistically, though the audience was not so large as on the previous occasion. Mme. Albani, herself, was in splendid voice, and gave magnificent renderings of "Caro Nome" from *Rigoletto*, "Ardor Gl'incensi" from *Lucia*, and "With Verdure Clad" from the *Creation*. The *Rigoletto* number bristles with technical difficulties, which she surmounted with the greatest ease, her wonderful execution and marvellous clearness of tone standing her in good stead, and the *Lucia* selection was sung with that pathos and intensity which has made her rendition of "Lucia" a world-wide celebrity. But it was in the oratorio piece that the great singer excelled all her former greatness. It was delivered with rare dignity and earnestness, and was a study replete with information and knowledge to all oratorio singers. The applause of the audience, in each instance, was hearty to boisterousness, which increased to a veritable uproar, when ex-Lieutenant-Governor Robinson, assisted by Col. Sweney and Mr. Percival Ridout, presented Mme. Albani with a magnificent floral trophy, the finest of the kind ever presented in Toronto.

The fair singer, in response to her recalls, sang the waltz song from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, "Le Souvenir du Jeun Age" from *Le Prè aux Clercs*, and "Home, Sweet Home." Miss Damian and Mr. Barrington Foote improved upon the good impression they had made at the previous concert, the former giving a most satisfactory rendering of Gluck's "Che farò," and Mr. Foote making a strong hit with "Three Merry Men." A pleasant feature of the concert was the playing of Mons. F. Boucher, a *compatriote* of Mme. Albani, whose violin solos were a decided advance in excellence on anything he has yet offered us. His reception, too, was a most flattering one, and I fancy that the diva's recognition of her countryman's artistic powers will be of no small service to him.

MME. ALBANI, whose triumphal tour throughout Canada has had the good result of causing the United States papers to acknowledge her Canadian nationality, sings in New York in Anton Seidl's fifth and last symphony concert on March 2, and in Boston on March 4 and 7.

OUR charming young Canadian violiniste, Miss Nora Clench, played in Leipsic, on January 12. On reading the names and homes of the participants in this concert, who can ever again accuse Germany of exclusiveness. There were, besides Miss Clench, Arthur Johnson, of Norwich, Eng.; Ernest Hutchinson, of Melbourne, Australia; Miss May Brammer, of Grimsby, Ont.; Miss E. L. Riddle, of Mandalay, Burmah; Mr. F. F. Hahn, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss Dietz, of Guelph, Ont. Truly a cosmopolitan showing.

A YOUNG Australian pianist and composer, Miss Florence Menk-Meyer, has created quite a sensation in Berlin, Germany. She possesses exceptional personal beauty and has a faultless technique. She is a pupil of Czerny, the friend and pupil of Chopin.

Good old Max Maretzek had a magnificent benefit on the 12th at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. A curious reason was given by Paul Kalisch for not singing: "My wife wouldn't let me." Those here who know his wife, Lilli Lehmann—Mr. Torrington, for instance—will appreciate the force of the prohibition placed upon him.

THE band of the Queen's Own will give another concert on Thursday next, when it will have the assistance of the Thirteenth Battalion Band, when a number of pieces will be played by both bands massed together, in addition to which each organization will play its best in individual band pieces. A good choice has been made of a vocalist, Miss Clara E. Barnes, of Buffalo, having been engaged for the concert.

THE burning musical question in New York for the last few weeks has been whether German Opera should be continued next year at the Metropolitan Opera House in the face of a serious financial deficit on each year's operations. The daily press, and indeed the greater part of the weekly papers, has taken no uncertain ground on the question, in spite of which the Teutons have once more carried the day. But it is very likely that German renditions of Italian Operas and German lighter Operas will supersede the Wagner works to a great extent next season.

In this connection may be mentioned the fact that a recent performance of *Travatore*, the *bête noir* of the Wagnerites, at this theatre, by the Wagnerian artists set the town on fire with enthusiasm, and has done more than columns of argument to weaken the disciples of the music of the future. Well, *Travatore* is pretty weak nowadays, but is it not because those whom we hear singing it are weak? A New York writer instances a performance of *Travatore* by Gazzaniga, Phillips, Bregno, Amodio, and Coletti as one that showed the strength of the opera. Ah! "there were giants in those days," and there are people in Toronto who have heard these artists in this opera and who then did not think *Travatore* weak!

THE great American nation will have a grand Inauguration Ball at Washington, on March 4, and in the programme of twenty dances there are only two by American composers, and these two composers are American by naturalization. That great country, with all its wealth of good music—and all its wealth of bad music, too—can only place two dances of indigenous production upon a wretched little ball programme! Or, is it because these two composers had the preparation of the programme? In that case the outlook for the American composer is still worse, when his great enemies and *quasi* detractors are his own fellow-residents.

MRS. LANGTRY has given up playing *Lady Macbeth* after expending \$20,000 on the production of her play. So ends her great rivalry with Mrs. Potter, who still holds the field with *Cleopatra*, which cost her \$28,000 before the curtain went up. In the meantime Mrs. Langtry attacks the public with *Lady Clancarty* and *The Lady of Lyons*.

WHERE are the new operas to come from? In Italy there is only Franchetti, after Verdi, and in Germany, Ignaz Brüll and Goldmark. Are these the men upon whose shoulders will descend the mantles of Mozart, Weber, and Wagner? In France there is Lalo, whose *Roi d'Ys* has reached its seventieth performance with undiminished success. Then there are Thomas and Massenet. It almost looks as if France were to be the cradle of the opera of the twentieth century.

OUR friend, Ovide Musin, and his excellent company are now on the Pacific coast, and have, in their long journey, met with continued success.

How long is it since Maggie Mitchell first played *Fanchon, the Cricket*? It seems to me that a generation would be but a short, seraphic dream compared to such a lapse of time. Yet here she is again, playing a soubrette part in New York, looking younger and prettier than ever, and doing it, as the *American Musician* says, "with an effective skill, a dash and abandon, which prove that Lotta, Annie Pixley, Minnie Rogers, and the rest, are only poor imitations of her style of acting."

B NATURAL.

#### NOTES.

SIG. PERUGINI (John Chatterton) has sailed for Europe, where he intends to spend ten weeks.

MR. MAX HEINRICH, the baritone, has joined the staff of teachers at the Royal Academy of Music, London.

MISS EMMA JUCH, Herr Julius Perotti, Mr. Beudix the violinist, and Mr. Victor Herbert the violoncellist will form a concert company for the spring season.

CAMPANINI has achieved both an artistic and financial success in the South. Mlle. De Vere is reaping laurels and Campanini himself has been received with all the old-time enthusiasm.

THE only new theatrical production of last week in London, Eng., was "Pickwick," a "dramatic cantata" in one act, the book by Mr. Frank C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, and the music by Edward Solomon. It was well received at the Comedy Theatre on Thursday. The sketch revives the baker, a very unimportant character in Dickens' famous romance, and deals with the supposed rivalry of poor Mr. Pickwick and this amorous baker for the hand of Mrs. Bardwell, Pickwick being misunderstood and looked upon by that lady as a suitor. Dramatically considered, the "cantata" is rather thin, and the music is not remarkable.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*How I Escaped*, a novel, edited by Archibald Clavering Gunter, is a story of the American Civil War, full of stirring incidents by land and sea. Mr. Gunter's former stories, *Mr. Barnes of New York*, and *Mr. Potter of Texas*, had very large sales; and *How I Escaped* should be even more popular than its predecessors on account of the more exciting character of its incidents. Montreal: J. Theo. Robinson. Paper, 25c.

*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, for March, has a number of very interesting papers, among which we may mention "Slavery and Missions on the East Coast of Africa," by Emma Raymond Pitman; "Lady Brassey," "Ways and Words of American Lawyers"; "Women of India," and "Prjevalski's Adventures in Central Asia." Some of the illustrations, we must say, seem to us rather sensational for a Sunday Magazine, and one or two might have been borrowed from a "Police Gazette."

*Books and Notions*, a very useful publication, enters on its fifth year with a new dress, and enlarged to double its former size. It is now a handsome sixteen-page paper, full of matter, interesting not only to the book and other trades of which it is the official organ, but to the general reader. Its form is convenient, and its typographical appearance admirable. 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

*A Transaction in Hearts*, by Edgar Saltus, is an unwholesome story in which secret murder, forgery, and the mad love of a clergyman for his wife's sister are the principal elements of interest. Toronto: William Bryce. Price 15c.

*The Coming Slavery; The Sins of Legislators, and The Great Political Superstition*, by Herbert Spencer; *Tropical Africa*, by Henry Drummond, LL.D.; and *Freedom in Science and Teaching*, by Ernst Haeckel, are recent numbers of the Humboldt Library, which is now published in a much improved form. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company.

The *Fortnightly Review*, for February, contains a paper by Mrs. Lynn Linton, on "Characteristics of English Women." It is the first of a series which begins historically. Mrs. Linton's papers on "Women in Greece and Rome," were a marked feature of the *Fortnightly* last year.

The *Nineteenth Century* for February, (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.) contains Prof. Huxley's article on agnosticism. An interesting symposium is given on noticeable books with contributions by Mr. Gladstone, Frederic Harrison, Rowland E. Prothero, W. S. Lilly, Augustine Birrell, Hamilton Aidé, the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, and Mr. Morley. Further comments are given on the relation of examination to education by W. Baptiste Scoones, Hon. Auberon Herbert, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Francis Galton, Dr. Priestley, and the Bishop of Carlisle. Among other contributions is one from His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway.

MESSRS. WILLIAMSON & COMPANY have published an excellent Pocket Railway and Commercial Map of Ontario, with a complete index giving each post town, county, township, population, and railway connections; and also distance table and railway fares. This little work is so compact that it can be easily carried in a side pocket—indeed it is no bulkier than a slim pocket diary or memorandum book. Paper, 50 cents.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is revising his father's drama, *La Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY have just issued the *Last Journal of Lady Brassey* in a handsome volume.

"WASHINGTON as an Athlete" will be considered by Mrs. Burton Harrison in the *March St. Nicholas*.

ALTHOUGH the privilege of reprinting in book form the series of papers on "Authors at Home," which appeared in *The Critic*, was requested by a number of publishing houses, it was the good fortune of Cassell & Company to secure it.

MRS. MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, author of *The Led Horse Claim*, etc., has written a three-part novelette, *The Last Assembly Ball: a Pseudo-Romance of the Far West*, which will be printed in *The Century*, beginning with the March number.

THE Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago, announces the appearance within the present month of an important contribution to Experimental Psychology, by the eminent French scientist, Alfred Binet. The work is entitled, *The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*, and is published with the sanction of the author, who has written a preface especially for the American edition.

THOMAS L. JAMES, Postmaster General in Garfield's cabinet, will contribute his first magazine article to the *March Scribner*, entitled "The Railway Mail Service." He will concisely and entertainingly describe the evolution of mail-carrying in this country, from the days of the colonial carrier with the letters in his saddle-bags to the modern fast mail train. A graphic account will then be given of the actual work done on the most important mail trains in the country, describing the skill and dexterity of a corps of trained mail clerks.

*La Jeune Fille* is the title of a new magazine which the Queen of the Belgians has founded for young readers of her own sex. The Queen herself is to write for it under the pseudonym of "Madame Royer," and the Princess Clementine, her daughter, will also write as "Marthe d'Orney." The Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") will be a leading contributor.

MR. A. M. PALMER has declared his intention to respect the wishes of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who strongly objects to the production of *Robert Elmere* on the stage. Mr. William Gillett, who talked of dramatizing the book, has not yet done so.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, AND COMPANY issue this month a classified catalogue of their books by Western writers, from which it appears that nearly fifty of the authors whose works they publish "hail from" at least as far West as Ohio and Illinois. Among the authors represented are Gen. Lew Wallace, Joseph Kirkland, Rufus King, John Hay, the late Alice and Phoebe Cary, the Piatts, the late E. R. Sill, Edith M. Thomas, Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), Bret Harte, Wm. D. Howells, and "Octave Thanet."

TICKNOR AND COMPANY issue this month *A Woman of Honour*, by H. C. Bunner; *Safe Building*, by Louis De Coppet Berg, and *A Daughter of Eve*, by the author of *The Story of Margaret Kent*.

H. W. NEVINSON'S *Life of Schiller* will be the next volume in the "Great Writers Series"; the *Essays of William Hazlitt* the next in the "Camelot Series"; and the *Poems of Dora Greenwell* the next in "Canterbury Poets."

PRESIDENT PATTON is the general editor of the quarterly *Princeton College Bulletin*, the first number of which has just been issued. The literary department will be in charge of Prof. Andrew F. West; Prof. A. L. Frothingham will look after the philosophical department; and matters of science will be under the care of Profs. Scott and Magie.

MR. WATSON GRIFFIN, of Montreal, contributes to the February number of the *Magazine of American History* a carefully prepared paper, entitled "A Canadian-American Liaison," in which he takes strong ground against Commercial Union.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH AND COMPANY have issued an edition of *The Thumb Bible*, by John Taylor (born in 1580, died in 1654), commonly called the Water-Poet. Taylor, after fulfilling his apprenticeship to a waterman, seems to have served in the fleet under the Earl of Essex. Afterward he took up the trade of a waterman, and for a time was an excise collector. He was not really a poet, although he could string rhymes together with facility. At the approach of the civil war he retired from Oxford, and was a publican. His sympathies were wholly with the Royalists, and when the town surrendered he returned to London, and there kept a public house. Here he died. He published *Verbum Sempereternum* (an epitome of the Old Testament in verse), dedicated to Charles I.; *Salvator Mundi* (an epitome of the New Testament in verse). These two were published in one volume in 1693, and dedicated to the Duke of Gloucester, etc., under the title of *Verbum Sempiternum*, being an epitome of the Bible, termed from its size *The Thumb Bible*. It was reprinted in 1849 by Longman and Company, London, and again during the present year by Hodder and Stoughton.

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Only Journal of its Kind in Canada.

THE WEEK, with the number for December 7, began a new volume and is considerably enlarged. We are glad to see these evidences of THE WEEK's prosperity. It is the only journal of its kind in Canada, and discharges very fairly its critical work.—St. John Globe.

Always Entitled to Respect.

We draw attention to the advertisement of this ably edited journal, which as a leader of public opinion takes much the same place as the Saturday Review in England. Though frequently differing from the views expressed in THE WEEK, its arguments are always entitled to respect.—Perth Expressor.

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The Toronto literary and critical journal, THE WEEK, founded by Goldwin Smith, has been greatly enlarged and improved, and is now the largest weekly of its kind on the continent.—World, Chatham, N.I.

Western Canada Loan & Savings Company.

THE Annual Meeting of the above Company was held at its offices, No. 70 Church Street, Toronto, the President, Hon. Speaker Allan, in the chair. The Managing Director acted as Secretary, and read the following statement:

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders the Twenty-Sixth Report of the Company's affairs.

The profits of the year, after deducting all charges, amount to \$152,430.72, out of which have been paid two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting, with the income tax, to \$141,885.26. The balance remaining, \$10,575.46, has been carried to the Contingent Account.

The rate of interest in the early part of the year ruled low, and the competition for good investments on mortgage security, during the whole year, has been exceedingly keen; nevertheless the Directors have been enabled to invest the funds of the Company at fairly profitable rates.

The amount loaned on Mortgage Security during the year is \$1,303,682.46, and there has been paid back by borrowers \$1,250,666.57, viz: in Manitoba, \$180,350.59; and in Ontario, \$1,070,316.08.

The amount placed with the Company by investors has been largely increased during the past year, and the Directors are at the same time able to report a very favourable reduction in the rate paid by the Company on money borrowed on its debentures.

Out of \$504,391 of Debentures bearing five per cent. interest, which matured during the year, a large proportion was renewed at four per cent., making with the new Debentures issued at the latter rate, a total for the year of \$803,956, or an increase of \$299,565.

The repayments on the Company's loans during the past year have been satisfactorily met, and in Manitoba, where the Company's branch office is well organized and profitably conducted, the total repayments for the year amounted to fifteen per cent. of the entire amount invested there.

The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN, President.

STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS AND PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT OF THE WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 31ST DECEMBER, 1888.

LIABILITIES.		
To Shareholders:		
Capital Stock.....	\$1,400,000 00	
Reserve Fund.....	700,000 00	
Contingent Account.....	77,733 08	
Dividend, payable 8th January, 1889.....	70,000 00	\$2,247,733 08
To the Public:		
Debentures.....	\$2,885,286 73	
Deposits.....	1,246,957 08	
	\$3,132,243 81	
Interest on Debentures and Deposits accrued and due.....	63,526 78	
Sundry Accounts.....	715 54	
	4,196,486 13	\$6,444,219 21
ASSETS.		
Investments.....	\$6,181,269 60	
Office Premises, Winnipeg and Toronto.....	120,587 92	
Cash on hand and in banks.....	142,361 69	
	\$6,444,219 21	
PROFIT AND LOSS.		
Cost of Management, including Salaries, Rent, Inspection and Valuation, Office Expenses, Branch Office, etc.....	\$ 39,525 12	
Directors' Compensation.....	3,490 00	
Interest on Deposits.....	50,572 32	
Interest on Debentures.....	124,275 84	
Agents' Commission on Loans and Debentures.....	16,849 18	
Dividends and Tax thereon.....	\$141,855 26	
Carried to Contingent Account.....	10,575 46	
	152,430 72	
	\$387,143 18	
Interest on Mortgages, etc.....	\$387,143 18	
	\$387,143 18	

WALTER S. LEE, Managing Director.

FEBRUARY 13, 1889.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

Gentlemen,—We beg to report that we have completed our examination of the Books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending on the 31st December, 1888, and certify that the above Statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss are correct, and show the true position of the Company's affairs. Every mortgage and debenture or other security, with the exception of those of the Manitoba Branch, which have been inspected by a special officer, have been compared with the books of the Company. They are correct and correspond with the totals, as set forth in the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS, } Auditors.  
FRED. J. MENET, }

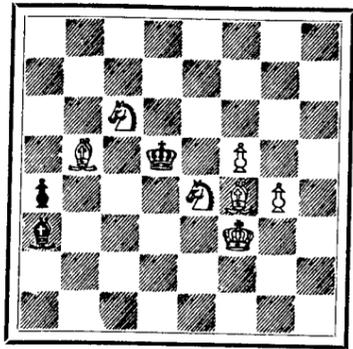
Scrutinizers having been appointed, a ballot was taken, and the retiring Directors—Messrs. George Gooderham, Geo. W. Lewis, Alfred Gooderham and Walter S. Lee—were re-elected. These gentlemen, together with Messrs. Thos. H. Lee, Hon. G. W. Allan and Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., constitute the full Board. At a subsequent meeting held by the Board the Hon. G. W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President respectively.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 333.

By M. EHRENSTEIN.

BLACK.



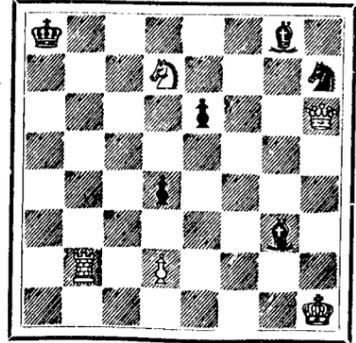
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 334.

By A. DECKER, Molschleben.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 327.		No. 328.	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. R-K Kt 2	K-B 2	1. Q-Q R 1	B-B 2
2. P-K 6	K moves	2. K x B	P-R 3
3. Q-Kt 8 mate.		3. Q x P mate.	
	If 1. B x R		If 1. B-R 2
2. Q x B	moves	2. Q x P	P x Q
3. Q mates.		3. P-Q Kt 7 mate.	
	With other variations.		With other variations.

FIRST GAME OF THE MATCH PLAYED AT HAVANA BETWEEN MESSRS. STEINITZ AND TCHIGORIN, JANUARY 21st, 1889.

(From the Columbia Chess Chronicle.)

STEINITZ.	TCHIGORIN.	STEINITZ.	TCHIGORIN.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	16. B-B 2	P-Q B 3 (d)
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	17. R-K 1	B-Q 2
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	18. Kt-B 5	R x R +
4. F-Q Kt 4	B x P	19. Q x R	Q-Q 3
5. P-Q B 3	B-R 4	20. Q-K 3	P x P
6. Castles	Q-B 3 (a)	21. Kt x B	Kt x Kt
7. P-Q 4	K Kt-K 2	22. Kt x P	Q x Kt
8. Kt-Kt 5 (b)	Kt-Q 1	23. Kt x B	P-R 3
9. P-K B 4	P x Q P	24. R-K 1	P-R 3
10. P x P	B-Q Kt 3	25. P-Q 5	Kt-Kt 5 (e)
11. B-K 3 (c)	P-Q 4	26. R-Q 1	Kt x Q P
12. B x P	Kt x B	27. Q-K 5	R x R P (f)
13. P x Kt	Castles	28. R x Kt	R-R 8 +
14. Kt-Q B 3	R-K 1	29. Q x R, and Mr. Steinitz	surrendered at the 58th move.
15. K Kt-K 4	Q-Kt 3		

NOTES.

- (a) As stated repeatedly Kt-B 3 is the proper move. Mr. Steinitz's innovation is not a good one.
- (b) Better we think than B-Kt 5, to which Black would have replied Q-Q 3.
- (c) Very weak; with P-K 5 White would have maintained a decided superiority of position, whereas the text move allows Black to break the centre.
- (d) Of course he cannot win both Knights for his Rook without losing the Queen or being mated.
- (e) The beginning of a faulty combination; Black evidently overlooked that his Rook was en prise on the 28th move.
- (f) R-R 4 would have saved the piece.

THE rabbits which were introduced into Australia by the Acclimation Society of Australasia some years ago, have become a formidable pest to the land owners in the provinces of Victoria and New South Wales, and on the island of New Zealand. The Australian government pays ten cents a pair for all killed, and offers a large reward for the discovery of a successful method of exterminating them. The skins have become an article of export to European furriers; from New Zealand, it is estimated, have been sent 70,000,000 skins; from Victoria 29,000,000. Some attempts have been made to put the flesh of the animals in cases for preservation, but the attempts on the part of some settlers to kill the rabbits by poison has led people to keep clear of the food. One of these methods was by scattering apples impregnated with arsenic about the country, but this proved to be too expensive for the good accomplished. The rabbits are said to scour a field of fresh grass or a young crop of almost any description as clean as would a cloud of locusts. Measures have been passed frequently in the Colonial Legislature looking toward relief, but little seems as yet to have been accomplished.

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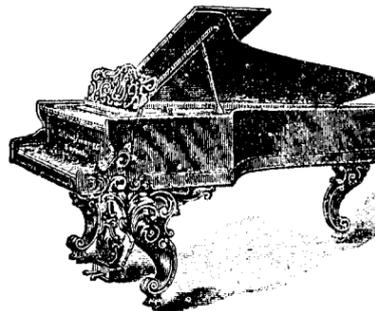
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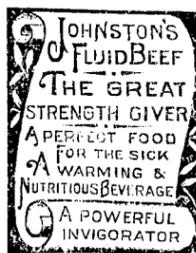
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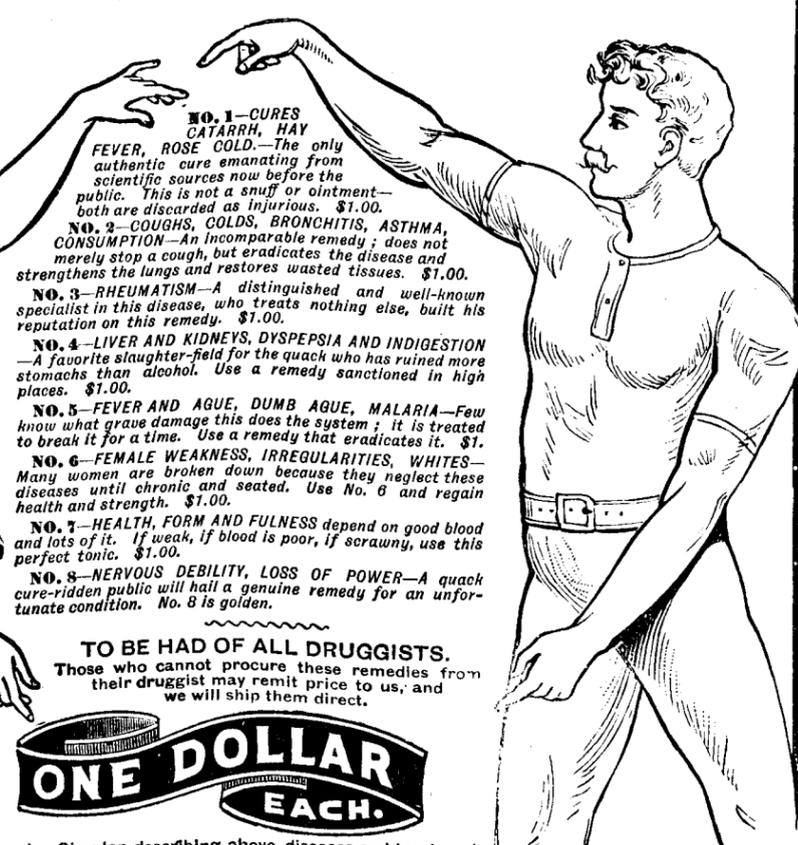
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Erection of Lieut.-Governor's Residence, Regina, N.W.T.

Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of H. J. Peters, Clerk of Works, Regina, on and after Friday, 8th February, 1889, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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A. GOBEIL,  
Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
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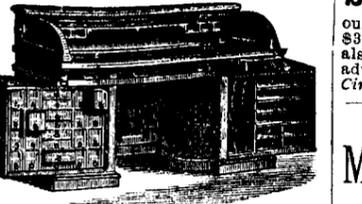
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