

THE WEEK:

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Sixth Year.
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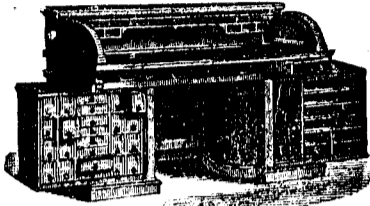
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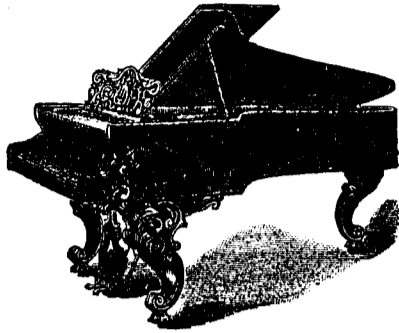
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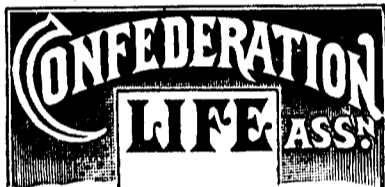
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IT was a happy thought of the Ontario Minister of Education to call a conference of representative manufacturers, artisans, and others interested, to consider the question of providing better facilities for technical education in the Province. The comprehensive speech with which the Minister prefaced the discussions showed that there is in Canada a much wider field than many of us may have supposed for turning scientific knowledge and skilled labour to practical account. The statistics of various lines of industry, yet undeveloped or but partially developed, were instructive. The testimony of the manufacturers was conclusive to the effect that the proportion of skilled, scientifically trained workmen in the manufactures which are being carried on is extremely small. Those that are absolutely indispensable have usually to be brought from abroad. Sir Daniel Wilson, and other educators present, emphatically approved of such an extension of the present School of Practical Science as may make the opportunities for thorough technical instruction more nearly commensurate with the importance of the subject and the needs of this great Province. The utility of such institutions is the more obvious from the fact that, in consequence of the almost universal use of labour-saving machinery, and of the minute subdivision of labour, which are gradually revolutionizing all industries, it is no longer necessary, in most cases, that the individual workman should have complete knowledge of the various parts and processes of the manufacture in which he is engaged. All that is absolutely needed, and all that is, in too many instances, possessed, is a certain amount of mechanical skill, quickly gained by practice, in the manipulation of a single tool or machine. The educating influence of the mechanical arts is thus in a great measure lost, and both the opportunities and the inducements for the workman to make himself master of his business in all its departments are, to a large extent, taken away. It thus appears that in making provision for the study of science in its application to the various arts for which the country is adapted, Mr. Ross will be not only stimulating manufacturing industry, but raising the level of general intelligence.

ADVICES received by a Cabinet Minister are said to indicate that the Half-breeds in some parts of the North-West Territories are taking kindly to the amended School Act of the Territorial Council, which makes attendance at the Public Schools compulsory within reasonable limits. This is as it should be. The Council acted wisely, no doubt, in adding the compulsory clause. If any of the Metis or other citizens do not see it now, they will at a future day. The Dominion Government should make a similar regulation with regard to the Indian children, not only providing good schools on every reservation, but enforcing with due moderation the attendance of all of suitable age. We do not know to what extent this is already done. The schools for the Indians in particular, and probably for all classes, should be largely industrial, and special pains should be taken to implant and foster, as far as possible, a taste for farming. The school, if of the right stamp, can do more than any other agency to settle permanently both the Half-breed and the Indian problems, but to secure the best and speediest effects compulsory attendance is indispensable.

COMMENTING on the Act for the Organization of the Council of the North-West Territories, at the time of its passage, we expressed the opinion that a Constitution so nondescript and an Executive so absolute would not long satisfy the intelligent citizens of the North-West. The tone of the representatives at the late meeting of the Council fully bore out the prediction. Lieut. Governor Royal wisely refrained from using the prerogative in a very important matter—that of the appointment of his advisers—and permitted the Council to suggest their names, thereby giving the representatives a semblance, at least, of responsible administration. But, as the absolute power of appointment still remains in the Governor's hands, and he may at any moment withdraw the concession, his act of grace does not go to the root of the matter. Judging, however, from the tenor of articles in some of the journals believed to represent the views of the Dominion Government, it is not likely that any serious difficulty will arise, as Government and Parliament will no doubt be ready to concede full responsible government to the Territories as soon as they are prepared, financially and otherwise, to demand it.

THE recent detection of two ladies of good position in an attempt to defraud the revenue by smuggling goods across the frontier at Windsor, suggests a query which is often forced upon public attention: Why is it that so many men and women of good repute, whom no one would hesitate to trust in a private transaction, seem to think it no harm to cheat the public revenue, and to deceive the Customs' officer with the essence, if not the very substance, of falsehood? It is often remarked that women, who, as a rule, are far more scrupulous in ordinary matters than men, are often the chief of sinners where the revenue officer is concerned. As is well known, it is almost a principle of conduct with many persons otherwise of fair reputation, that the more they can get the advantage of the Government in the matter of a contract, or a job, or anything of that kind, the better. These facts—that they are facts few who have had opportunities for observation will deny—clearly indicate a great lack of moral training. The matter is well worth the attention of parents and teachers and preachers, and all who occupy in any way the relation of educators of the people. It should not be hard to show the conscientious that to defraud the State by overcharging, smuggling, or any other device, is really to defraud one's fellow-citizens, and so to violate the highest law of right. We need to cherish more carefully those noble traditions of national honour, which had so much weight with many of our parents or grandparents, and others of the old British school, who would as soon have thought of doing injury to their own flesh and blood as of dealing dishonourably with the Queen in any department of Her Majesty's service.

THERE is a good deal to be said against, and perhaps not very much for, any system of superannuation allowances or pensions in any department of the public service. It is fitting that the public, whether organized

as Government, or Municipal Council, or Trustee Board, or in any other capacity, should pay fair salaries to all its servants of every grade, but having done so it is hard to see any good reason why it should, in addition, relieve those servants of the duty and necessity which press upon every other man and woman, in like circumstances, to make some provision for old age, and for those dependent upon them. The injustice to the taxpayer may, perhaps, be lessened, but the most objectionable features of the system are not removed, when the public employer takes it upon himself to keep back a certain portion of the employee's salary, in order to create a fund for the payment of the pension. It might be urged with at least a semblance of truth, that if the salary is fairly earned by the employee it belongs to him, and no authority has any right, even with the consent of the majority, to keep a part of the sum back for any purpose whatever. It may be argued, too, with considerable force, that all such paternal methods tend to injure the character of those affected by relieving them of a responsibility they ought themselves to bear, and at the same time putting a premium upon improvidence and extravagance. But whether all this be granted or not, it seems indisputable that if pensions are paid at all they should be paid uniformly, in accordance with fixed principles and rules. The practice that seems to have grown up in the Toronto School Board of voting bonuses and pensions at will or caprice, or voting them to teachers of one sex and not to those of the other, is indefensible. It is well that it is being sharply challenged.

THE unanimous opinion pronounced by the Supreme Court on the 22nd inst., in answer to the question submitted a few weeks since by the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, was probably scarcely less a surprise to the friends of Manitoban and Provincial rights than to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and its partisans. The effect of the argument had before the court by the counsel for the respective parties was to leave the impression on most minds that the Canadian Pacific was pretty sure to win on the strictly legal aspects of the case. As the court has contented itself with simply giving the opinion asked for, without any statement of reasons, we can only conjecture the course of reasoning by which their decision affirming the validity of the Manitoba Act was reached. It seems, however, not improbable that the erroneous expectation of the public may have been based on too narrow a view of the scope of the inquiry, as it presented itself to the minds of the highest judicial authorities in the Dominion. The assumption was perhaps general that the question before the court was simply one of the interpretation of certain sections of Chapter 109 of the Revised Statutes, and of the Railway Act of 1888, referred to in the inquiry of the Railway Committee. The Court, on the other hand, may have seen that these enactments must be read in the light of the constitutional rights of the Provinces as determined by the British North America Act. To the lay mind the conflict between the literal reading of the sections submitted to the court for interpretation, and the prerogatives believed to have been secured to the Provinces by the Act of Confederation, seems very clear. It is quite possible that to the legal and judicial mind it was equally clear that all subsequent legislation by the Dominion Parliament must be understood and interpreted in harmony with the paramount statute, or otherwise be pronounced unconstitutional and of no effect. Be that as it may, the announcement of the result has brought a feeling of relief throughout the Dominion, and will prevent, we may hope, further harmful agitation.

COUPLED with the widespread satisfaction caused by the opinion of the Supreme Court is a very natural regret at the absence of such a *resumé* of the reasons upon which the opinion was based, as might have constituted a guide in all similar cases that may arise hereafter. To have given these reasons might, perhaps, have been regarded as going beyond the record, or the court may have contented itself with following the example of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, with which its functions were in this case analogous. Of more immediate practical importance is the statement that the Canadian Pacific authorities refuse to accept the verdict as final, and are

resolved to continue the fight. In order to do so their first recourse must be, we believe, to the Manitoba courts by way of asking further injunctions, and thence by appeal, if necessary to the British Privy Council. The ultimate result can scarcely be in doubt, but in the meantime much more mischief may be done. It seems in the last degree unlikely that the Manitoba court can, in the face of the opinion of the Supreme Court, renew its injunction. In the absence of such renewal, assuming, as the Minister of Public Works is said to have intimated, that the Railway Committee of the Privy Council will now at once consent to the crossing and prescribe its place and mode, it is hard to see that the Canadian Pacific can find any other legal means of delaying the crossing and the completion of the road. The road once completed and in operation, further legal proceedings may be viewed with a good degree of equanimity, especially as a reversal of judgment by the British Privy Council, is, as we have intimated, in the light of other judgments, highly improbable. Meanwhile it may be hoped that the Canadian Pacific authorities may be better advised, conclude that second thoughts are best, accept the inevitable, and put an end to the trouble.

THE visit of Principal Grant to the Antipodes has evidently been not the least among the many influences which are just now drawing Canada and the Australian colonies nearer to each other. Dr. Grant, with praiseworthy patriotism, seems to have seized every opportunity to make the circumstances and resources of his own country better known to our cousins on the other side of the globe. We have no doubt that he will be equally zealous, and equally useful, now that he is again among us, in making us better acquainted with the resources and needs of our fellow-colonists. Dr. Grant's information coincides with that we are from time to time receiving from other sources, in reference to the growing favour with which the projected Pacific cable scheme is meeting in the Australian colonies. The anticipated visit of representatives of those colonies to Canada, at the invitation of the Dominion Government, will be an auspicious event. It may be hoped that it will lead to concerted action for the hastening on of the cable scheme. It would be intolerable in these pushing times if the projectors of the scheme should have to wait three or four years for the completion of the survey by a single vessel before they can begin to float the project.

THE fears in regard to the fate of Stanley and Emin Bey, which were intensified by the discouraging though doubted letter of Osman Digma to General Grenfell, have now been happily relieved, in part, by the seemingly reliable news that Stanley was safe and well on the 17th of August, having on that day reached the Arnwihimi. He had left Emin Pasha in perfect health and well supplied towards the end of May. This intelligence is unhappily not irreconcilable with the statement of Emin's capture, though it tends to discredit it. The statement of the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent at Suakin, to the effect that "the Khedive's letter to Emin Pasha, a copy of which Osman Digma sent to General Grenfell, was a State secret, and that no copy ever left Cairo," still further darkens the mystery of its possession by Osman Digma, and deepens alarm for the safety of Emin, though of course the letter might have been stolen from Emin by an attendant, or intercepted in the hands of a messenger. There seems every reason to hope that letters will soon be received from Stanley, though these may not decide the question of Emin's safety.

LATE cable despatches show that the recent victory at Suakin is producing its natural effect in England. There is undoubtedly much force in the assertion ascribed to the *Saturday Review*, that quiet will never be restored in North-East Africa until England has established civilized authority at Khartoum, though it seems incredible that the *Review* can have supported its opinion with the absurd hyperbole that it is "as certain as that the sun rose yesterday, and considerably more certain than that the sun will rise to-morrow." We do not know whether those who endorse the on-to-Khartoum policy explain how they will dispose of the pledges of former governments, or even of Lord Salisbury's recent assurances, which, notwithstanding the public incredulity alleged by the despatches, seemed unambiguous enough. In view of the difficulties thus suggested, and the perhaps more formidable physical and climatic obstacles in the way of a career of conquest, it may yet, perhaps, be thought worth while to enquire into the opinions lately expressed by General Adye in the *Times*, to the effect that the whole difficulty with the

Soudanese tribes in the former expedition, arose from their belief that the British were trying to re-conquer their country for the Egyptians, whose rule they detest, and that if only their minds could be dispossessed of this notion it would be easy to make peace and establish commercial relations with them. This seems to be, substantially, the view of Sir Lepel Griffin, though he would have as a preliminary the proclamation of a British protectorate over the Suakin region. It seems tolerably clear that England will have either to recede or advance, or in some way change her tactics. The present nondescript relations with the Egyptians and the native tribes cannot be perpetuated.

LORD DUFFERIN seems to have signalized the close of his brilliant Indian Viceroyalty by an expression of opinion that will cause his name to be long, if not gratefully, remembered by an influential class of natives. The occasion was a public dinner at Calcutta. In the course of his speech the retiring Viceroy cast aside the guarded language of diplomacy and expressed himself in the plainest terms in regard to the aims of the Native Congress agitators. Lord Dufferin saw nothing but mischief and danger in the movement. In his view there are but a few thousands of all the millions of British India sufficiently educated and intelligent to be trusted with a measure of self-government. The only safety for the "tesselated nationalities" is in the continuance of the despotic rule, which he admits still exists, by the one foreign nationality which "alone possesses the power and the will to weld the rights and status of each element of the empire into a peaceful, co-ordinated, and harmonious unity." These various races, he thinks, ought to feel that "there is no greater blessing to a country than the existence of an external, dispassionate, immutable authority." But do they feel it, or can they be made to feel it, and to recognize in British rule such an authority? The very existence of the movement which Lord Dufferin decries, and the fact that it is taking such a hold as it evidently is taking, not only upon the few thousands of highly educated natives who are at its head, but upon the millions of those who, though they may be classed as illiterate, are yet as shrewd and as capable of understanding their own interests and managing their own business affairs as multitudes of the enfranchised in England or America, shows that the blessings of beneficent despotism are not fully appreciated. Lord Dufferin may be right, but there is great danger that he may be wrong. It is impossible for self-ruling colonists not to feel some sympathy with the native aspirations. Putting aside all higher considerations, it is worthy of serious consideration whether the permanence of British rule, and the ever obtrusive interests of British capitalists and investors would not be better secured by encouraging and guiding those aspirations, than by goading the people to hatred and desperation by a policy of despotic repression.

THE Democratic politicians who control the United States House of Representatives, if not wise in their generation, are at least able to discern the signs of the times, and govern themselves accordingly. They have determined in caucus to favour the admission to the dignity of States, of Dakota, Washington, Montana and New Mexico. Dakota, which has so long stood vainly knocking at the door, is to be admitted either as a single State, or as two, as the people may decide. Of course the reason for this change of policy is not far to seek. The accession of the first three of the territories named is pretty certain to strengthen materially the Republican party. With a Presidential election looming on the horizon, the Democrats had no disposition to legislate new hostile forces into the opposing army. Now all is changed. The Republicans are coming into power, and one of their first acts would be sure to be to open wide the gates for the admission of these territories. The Democrats seeing this have cunningly resolved to make a bid for the credit of performing this delayed act of justice, and thus make what capital it is now possible to make out of the tardy concession. The Republicans can, of course, but help them carry out the measure when it is introduced. They may, however, take a different attitude in regard to New Mexico. The latter territory meets the condition so far as population is concerned, but, as the *Tribune* points out, its population is of a very different stamp from that of the North-western Territories. The latter are peopled largely by hardy farmers and others from the older States. They are enterprising, intelligent, prosperous. But, though New Mexico has been peopled for hundreds of years, and has been a Territory for forty years, it has as yet scarcely reached a higher grade of civilization than that of a century or more ago.

The people are largely of Mexican descent, and a few years ago five-sixths of the schools were taught exclusively in the Spanish language. It will be seen that there is really a wide difference between this applicant for the honours of Statehood and the others, but as New Mexico is in Democratic latitude, the Democratic leaders will, there is little doubt, insist on its admission, tacking the Bill to the other Bills, somewhat as the British Commons used to tack to their Supply Bill any measure likely to be especially objectionable to the House of Lords.

A NOVEL and somewhat ingenious defence of "Combinations" was offered the other day by a manufacturer before the Senate Committee of the State of New York. His argument was that when the products of all manufacturers are sold at the same schedule of prices dealers will naturally buy of the firm which produces the best goods. Manufacturers being thus forced to compete with each other in qualities instead of in prices, the tendency of the "combinations" is to improve the quality of products. The ready answer to this as a theory is that in cases in which such competition is possible, it would tend to defeat the object for which the combinations are made, and would not, therefore, be tolerated. The member of a "combine" who should improve the quality of his goods up to a point beyond the possibility of reaping the full, round profits which is its reason for being, would soon be brought to his senses by his associates. As a matter of fact the principle in question is inapplicable to a large number of products from their very nature, and inapplicable also to the combination itself in its most objectionable form—the Trust—under which all establishments are placed under a single board of management. Among interesting facts brought out in the course of the Committee's investigation were the following, viz.: That the Sugar Trust is now running half-a-dozen refineries, and has ten dead ones; that under the operation of the Cotton Bagging Trust the price of bagging has been raised from six and a half or seven cents a yard, to twelve and a half; and that the average wages paid labourers by the latter are from eighty to ninety cents a day.

THAT bribery and corruption in their grossest forms held high carnival during the late Presidential election in the United States seems established beyond all possibility of reasonable doubt. The more independent papers have ever since been crying out for an investigation. The *Christian Union*, one of the most influential of these, now admits, sorrowfully, that there seems little hope that any such investigation will be held. It sees, or fears it sees, in various circumstances, indications of a reluctance on the part of leading politicians in both parties to prosecute any vigorous inquiry. The investigation by the grand jury of Indiana is hardly commenced before the judge is called away, and the jury adjourned. The United States District Attorney undertakes the prosecution, and then suddenly resigns his post. In Congress there is no prospect of an investigation, because the session, it is said, will not be long enough. No one of those prominent party leaders who have been specially singled out and denounced as the high priests of corruption is clamouring for an inquiry. All keep suspiciously quiet under the imputations. A bill has, indeed, been introduced into Congress, disfranchising both bribe-takers and bribe-givers, but it contains no provision for the detection of bribery, and none for its effective prevention. That against which De Tocqueville warned the republic fifty years ago as its chief danger—the rule of a plutocracy—seems to be coming upon it, and the indifference with which the great body of citizens apparently look upon the aggression and usurpation of the gross and debasing power of money, is appalling. It is a wonder that both the United States and Canada do not adopt the simple and effective English expedient of limiting the amount of legitimate expenses, and requiring sworn accounts of the disbursements.

AGNOSTICISM and Positivism are the two wings of the great army of the Philosophical Scepticism of the day. It is hard to say which offers the dreariest and most unsatisfying substitute for the precious faith in a personal God, which alone can satisfy the heart hunger of humanity. But it must be interesting and encouraging to Christian thinkers to note how completely these two scientific substitutes for the Christian system antagonize and neutralize each other. Agnosticism is necessarily austere, stoical, fatalistic. To many it would seem that if it were at all logical, it should be the saddest of all forms of unbelief.

For the personal God, the loving Father, the sympathizing Son of Man, revealed in the Gospel, whom it takes away, it has no substitute but a blind, unintelligent, inexorable force, unable to turn aside a hair's breadth from its purposeless course to save a nation or succour a saint. This force is, to give a positive turn and a new application to words used by Frederic Harrison to describe negatively the Gospel of Humanity, a "negative, lifeless, inhuman, unthinkable being." In a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Frederic Harrison gives a glowing account of the "Religion of Humanity," in which he and his fellow-Positivists rejoice. The Gospel of Positivism, as painted by this master hand, will seem to most readers empty, dismal and unsatisfying in the extreme. We wish here merely to quote a sentence which shows how completely, in one respect, it is the antithesis of Agnosticism. "The Religion of Humanity," says Mr. Harrison, "is a frank return upon the healthy, instructive, anthropomorphic view of religion. No object of religion can be a source of moral power over man unless it be anthropomorphic in the fullest sense, that is, sympathetic, akin to man, familiar to man." Thus does the one system of philosophical religion supply the antidote for the bane which the other administers. So, at least will the Christian critic be ready to affirm.

COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

THE recent opposition to the appointment of Sir H. Blake as Governor of Queensland is rather more serious, from various points of view, than most persons will perhaps readily perceive. If the English Government were guilty of no imprudence or inconsiderateness in making their choice, then they have afforded a dangerous precedent by cancelling the appointment; and, on the whole, it is a very painful and uncomfortable incident.

We are glad to see from a recent despatch that the Australians at large have repudiated the theory that a colony has a right to select its governor; and yet this is the theory that was virtually presupposed in the request of the Queensland Government made to the Home Government, that they might have confidential information of the name of the proposed new governor before any definite decision was arrived at. The reply of the Secretary of State was the only answer that could have been given to such a request. The decision of the Queensland government was impracticable: it was impossible to divide the responsibility of such an appointment between the Home and Colonial Governments. It appears that another Australian Province made a similar request. Happily the people at large seem to have taken a more rational view of the matter; and the Prime Minister of Victoria has pointed out the difficulty of working a theory of the Colonial nomination of a governor. If the Home Government refused to appoint the person nominated by the Government of the Colony, which they might feel constrained to do, the consequences might be very serious.

As regards the theory, then, it would appear that it has no advocates left. Lord Dunraven hardly overstated the principle, in the House of Lords, when he said: "It was scarcely an exaggeration to say that, if a colony had a right to select a governor it had an equal right to choose the sovereign." Sir George Baden-Powell declares in the *Nineteenth Century*, that "this is stating the theory in its extremest aspect." And if by this he means that it is bringing out the theory in its naked form, we shall agree with him. If he means that it misrepresents and exaggerates it, we cannot take his view. There may have been reasons satisfactory to Lord Salisbury and his government for cancelling the appointment; but it is greatly to be hoped that such a situation may not be of frequent occurrence.

But what are the reasons for resisting the appointment of Sir H. Blake? Certainly not the suspicion, much less the assurance, of the incapacity of the nominee for the position. He had been a successful governor of two colonies, to say nothing of his previous experience in Ireland, and the only tangible objection to him was that he had never been governor of a first-class colony, nor had occupied any position in the central government of the Empire.

It is quite possible that these objections may have been urged in all sincerity; but, unless we are mistaken, there are evidences here, as in so many other places, of the malign influence of what is called the "Irish vote." This comes out not only from what we hear from Australia, but from the comments, some of them indecent enough, made by certain of the Gladstonian papers in London. These papers have represented the appointment of Sir H. Blake as having been made through the influence of the Duke of St.

Albans, whose wife and Lady Blake are sisters, both being daughters of the late Mr. Bernal Osborne. It is, in short, suggested that the appointment of Sir H. Blake is the price paid to the Duke of St. Albans for the support which he has given to the Government of Lord Salisbury.

This is a kind of argument with which we are only too familiar. It would be more to the point to show that Sir Henry Blake was unfit for such a post, that he had failed in similar situations, and therefore ought not to be appointed to a position of greater dignity and difficulty. But this could not be proved. It could be asserted only by those who were quite reckless of their statements, provided only they might seem to justify their conclusions.

When Sir Henry Blake was an Irish magistrate, his capability was only too clearly manifested. An Irishman himself, deeply attached to his country, but also a loyal subject of the British Empire and an enemy to anarchy, he did his duty firmly, temperately, successfully; and few men deserved better of the powers that be, or gave less of reasonable offence to those among whom he administered justice. His little book, published, we think, anonymously some ten years ago, showed an insight into modern Irish life and character, such as none but an able and sympathetic man could have attained.

But there are Irishmen of a certain kind who can never forgive a countryman who is loyal to the British crown and connexion; and the very merits of Sir Henry Blake made him cordially hated by Irishmen of this kind. Unfortunately also there are English politicians and English journalists who are willing to make political capital by traducing loyal Irishmen in order to gain the support of Irishmen who are disloyal. This, we imagine, is very much the explanation of what has happened to Sir Henry Blake; and it is a very serious addition to the many evidences we already possess of the manner in which politicians are swayed by the consideration of the number of votes they are likely to win or to lose, rather than by the interests of the Empire, or the dignity of its government.

We do sincerely hope, or at least desire, that, when this matter has been thoroughly sifted, it may prove that we are partially mistaken in our judgment; but all the information we at present possess forbids our indulging confidently in such a hope. As regards the general question of the appointment of Colonial Governors, it would certainly be more dignified on the part of the Mother Country, to give independence to her colonial possessions than to yield up almost the only badge of her sovereignty or to haggle over appointments with local governments.

PARIS LETTER.

MANY things of public interest have occurred during the past fortnight. Boulanger has been well to the front, and M. Wilson has re-appeared upon the scene. A great banquet has been offered to the General by the *Ligue des Patriotes*, and their president, M. Paul Deronlède, arranged for a march past of eight thousand *Ligueurs*, which was accomplished without any disorder. The usual speeches were made, and the General afterwards wrote an effusive letter of thanks to M. Deronlède, begging him to convey the same to "those brave members of the *Ligue*, who, despising the odious persecution to which they are subjected, rally valiantly around the flag which they have adopted for their emblem," adding: "Tell them that I shall always be with them, 'quand même.'" But so far as I have seen, no practical suggestion has issued from the General's lips or pen. If the best men of the country do not come to the surface, something must be wrong in the machinery of the institutions. The getting of good men is the problem which has exercised all the best brains from antiquity downward, and the General never suggests any plan. A Boulangist *coup d'Etat* would not mend matters; the Republic would be shattered to pieces, and one of the two great monarchical parties would step in over the ruins.

Last Sunday the anti-Boulangists got up a gigantic demonstration on the anniversary of Baudin's death in the *coup d'Etat* of 1851. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to avoid disorder, and thirteen tent ambulances were erected at different points of the route to be taken by the procession, for the reception of possible wounded. This gives an idea of the height to which party feeling has risen, and almost suggests civil war. The procession was arranged by the Municipal Council of Paris, and with the distinct assent of the Cabinet now in power. It went from the Hotel de Ville to a site outside the great gate of Père la Chaise, where a plaster cast of the statue of Baudin, by Millet, had been erected with the usual decorations of flags and bouquets. It was not possible to admit so vast

a crowd into the cemetery, which, as all know, is kept up with the neatest care and is a beautiful and world renowned place. It is significant of the topsy-turvy state of French politics, that Henri Rochefort, the Republican Marquis, who has been a *deporté* to Nonnea, and has always been a violent Radical, has turned Boulangist, and sneered in his paper, the *Intransigeant*, at the Baudin procession, calling it the *Promenade du Cadavre*. The hero himself is merely a name to the present generation, and it may not be uninteresting to recall his personality to mind, for he is sure to remain in history as a marked figure. The son of a medical man who had been admitted when a child of fourteen into the ambulances in the time of the first Revolution, Alphonse Baudin inherited his father's principles, and also his unhesitating devotion. He was tall, with brown hair and large eyes of bluish gray, very pale in complexion, with slender white hands, a man of outward mark, and devoted to the cause of the poor. The Republican doctor is a well known type in France. Guépin de Nantes and Docteur Pierre Boyer, whose book on the war of 1870 is just published, are noted examples. On the night succeeding the *coup d'Etat* Baudin was still safe and slept in his brother's room, the latter being at the time a student in Paris; but on the 3rd of December, at early morning, he joined a number of other deputies at a barricade at a street opening on the *Place de la Bastille*; they wore scarves then, used as tokens of their official position; round about were hundreds of workmen whom they exhorted to resist the troops of Louis Napoleon. A woman in the crowd called out: "Ah, you think that our men are going to let themselves be killed that you may keep your 25 francs a day!" "Wait a little," said Baudin; "and you will see how we shall die for our 25 francs." He stood on the barricade, a flag wrapped round him, and in the first discharge fell dead. He had been shot in the left eye. Late in the same afternoon his brother managed with much difficulty to get to the Hospital of St. Marguerite, whither the body had been carried; he was forbidden to place the official scarf on the coffin of Alphonse; but carried it in his hand, as, followed by two hundred and fifty people, he walked by the side of the corpse to Père la Chaise. The old father still survived. Seventeen years later the Republican party started a subscription for a monument to Baudin. Their newspapers were pursued by the government; and it was in defending Delescluze, the editor of the *Reveil*, that Gambetta made the great speech which made him famous, and struck a terrible blow at the empire so soon to expire in the throes of war.

I see to-day that the Municipal Council intends to rename the Boulevard Haussman, and call it the Boulevard Baudin. It is really deplorable thus to obliterate history. Modern Paris is due to the Baron's exertions under the empire, and most people seem cordially to admire the long stretches of magnificent buildings which, though so much less picturesque than old Paris, have yet a splendour of their own. From the top of the Arc de Triomphe the new boulevard and avenue radiate in a star marked out by long lines of handsome trees. Surely it is a shame to change the name of the Boulevard Haussman and give it that of Baudin who, whatever his merits, has not the slightest connection with the site or the work; merely because he was shot by Baron Haussman's master some years before.

The great theatrical event has been the production of "Romeo and Juliette" at the Grand Opera for the first time, Madame Patti taking the part of Juliette and Gounod himself conducting the orchestra. It was a splendid success, people coming from all parts of Europe, including Russia, to hear the performance. Patti is said to have looked young and lovely, and to have been in perfect voice. The audience was worthy of the occasion, and the whole scene radiant with lights and jewels. Each new triumph of Shakespeare in the French capital is so much in favour of a higher conception of Art and Romance. "Romeo and Juliette" had been performed at the Opera Comique, but never before at the Grand Opera.

Paris has lost a popular singer in the death of Victorine Demay, to whose memory Jules Lemaitre, the critic of the future, has consecrated an interesting and touching article in the *Figaro*. It is true that she was what we should call only a Music Hall singer—*Café Chantant*,—but she was a true genius in her way, and represented the gaiety, the satire and the cordial good humour of the Parisian populace at its best. M. Lemaitre considers Paulus to be a vulgar comedian, singing without delicate shades of meaning. Madame Demay was "a classic on her own level, just as much as the *Sociétaires de la Comédie Française*." She was a delightful vocalist, who charmed

men of great literary name by the bright cleverness of her song, and as she was a valiant anti-Boulangist and "chaffed" the General pitilessly, her death has removed an obstacle in his path of popularity; unless, says Lemaitre, that being no longer sustained by her ironic counsels to hold his tongue, "Ernest" should recklessly commit himself by speech!

M. Wilson has made a great sensation by re-appearing in the Chamber of Deputies. The seats to the right and the left of him were quickly vacated, and the Chamber made up its mind to adjourn, resuming, however, its duties at the end of an hour and a-half, during which time M. Wilson had not budged! People are very much afraid of the ugly revelations which he threatens to make regarding the pecuniary complicity of many well-known men.

M. Guillaume Guizot, the son of the eminent statesman, is lecturing on the "Languages and Literature of Teutonic Origin." He devoted his inaugural discourse to the works of Mrs. Browning, and especially *Aurora Leigh*. A revival of interest in Mrs. Browning has lately taken place. It is known that she was an ardent admirer of Louis Napoleon, whom she contrived to see on the heroic side, and to whom she dedicated some fine lines. Many will remember her noble sonnet to George Sand, beginning

"Thou large-brained Woman and large-hearted Man."

In reading quite lately the melancholy letters of Gustave Flaubert, we were struck by the helpless and pathetic way in which the author of *Madame Bovary* came to rely in his last years on the friendship of the valiant old Madame Sand, many years his senior, and whom he addressed by the whimsically inconsistent epithet of "*Chère Maître*."

M. A. B.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE new dress of THE WEEK was looked for with eager anticipation and welcomed with satisfaction. Its fresh departure in size, as well as its continued impartiality in discussion, have won for it many interested readers. When all the leaders of public opinion in Canada shall handle important questions as appointments to the Senate, for example, was handled last week, there will be a dawning hope for the future of our political morality.

The commanding and one-in-a-thousand figure of the Hon. Edward Blake has just been seen by many of his Montreal friends during a flying visit. The topic on every tongue was his apparent restoration to health, and it will be little less than a national blessing if the evident improvement should be continued and confirmed. Heartily as we regret the cause, we nevertheless grant him with pleasure his relief from public toil. But we cannot afford to allow that relief to protract itself one single month longer than stern necessity demands. His scholarships for Political Economy in University College are an indication that his interests and ours are still one; and may prove, at least in some degree, a perpetuation of his educating influence until he can again resume harness in Ottawa.

Alas! How we are behind the day! The fresh literature on Political Economy at present in Britain is at the rate of a volume per month; and 158,000 copies of the shilling volumes of Carlyle were sold in six months. We have got beyond either in Montreal. Every possible and improbable freak of topsy-turvy-dom on earth has been exhausted, from Haggard's ready-made eclipses of the sun upwards. We are at present engaged in ransacking the attics of heaven and hell, by means of what appears to be a lengthy correspondence. Nevertheless there is a remnant who sigh for better things and better times. The few who care were strongly in favour of your new Chair of Political Economy being occupied by a Canadian. The science itself belongs to no country and to no age. But every country and every age has its past and present and its hopes for a future, and there are many important interests which might have been served by asking our young Canadians to approach this study from a national enthusiasm and under a national guide. The relation of our own great public questions to each other can be understood only by one who has sniffed them in the air from his youth; and the relation of our great public questions to those of that country which forms at once our neighbour and our most natural ally require in addition something like a positive ignorance and disregard of British sentiment regarding them. Nevertheless we welcome Prof. Ashley, and wish him success and satisfaction in his work. He will find the field already white unto harvest, but withering and drooping for want of labourers.

Montreal has grown so accustomed to its attitude as the stronghold of the principles of protection in trade, that few pause to consider how these principles are operating in our own midst, and in our simplest daily wants. When a hundred men in a sugar refinery could see nothing but good in taxing for their peculiar benefit every old man and woman in the country who put a spoonful of sugar into their evening cup of tea, they do not seem to have calculated that what went into one pocket must come out at the other. And if a Housekeepers' Defence Association had been formed to protect the interests of the hundreds of thousands of old men and women who have to pay two prices for their sugar, we should most certainly have heard of a deputation to Ottawa with the usual results. As it is, however, the fable of the boys and the frogs is being most beautifully illustrated. These men and others in Point St. Charles regard it as only evil that a shoemaker for his shoes, a tailor for his coat, and a landlord for his house must charge what will enable them to pay the second price for their sugar and everything else that is

protected. Thus they have put their heads together to resist.

A Tenants' Defence Association has been organized, and a regular campaign is instituted against landlords. On dit that an alderman in your good Queen City of the West has committed himself to the principles of Mr. Henry George. But in all soberness these principles are limited and reassuring when compared to the theories of this association. A crowded and excitedly enthusiastic meeting took place, during which the "platform" of the association was divulged, and further light has been thrown upon it by a public letter from the president. It is not surprising that in a corner of Montreal, the most rabidly protective, a movement of this sort should be regarded as a religious crusade. The president's letter says: "The platform is broad enough to hold all who believe that the welfare of the people is more desirable than the pecuniary interests of a few landowners. While the objection that the name of the association is suggestive of a class movement may at first seem to have some foundation, yet if the question is considered from the standpoint of principle, it will be seen that the safest and most conservative way to accomplish any reform is to commence at the bottom." According to this gentleman the frogs should be compelled to come out of the pool, instead of the boys to stop stone-throwing. If he had said that his platform was broad enough to hold all who believe that the welfare of a few industry-owners is more desirable than the pecuniary interests of the people, he would have come nearer the mark; and that if the question considered from a standpoint of principle requires a commencement at the top and a finale there, it would prove the only safe and conservative way to accomplish their reform. Our hope lies in one sentence, namely, "The opposition which the society's name may bring against it will cause a discussion of its principles which we could not otherwise have hoped for." But to be just let us take them at home. This association pledges itself to advocate:

1. "The abolition of taxes on all house property under 2,000 dollars" (public meeting), "as workingmen's homes are seldom of higher value" (public letter). Neither the meeting nor the letter explains who is to pay the taxes for them, and why.

2. "The raising of taxes on vacant lots to their full value" (meeting), "because the injustice of our system of taxation is most apparent, . . . it is not encouraging men to place their money in vacant lots instead of in homes?" (letter). Neither explains why the manufacturer should not be encouraged to place his money in homes instead of in vacant industries.

3. "The withdrawal of the water-tax altogether; the revenue for this purpose to be met from the increased taxation of vacant lots" (meeting), "because our system of assessing water-rates is barbarous" (letter). Neither explains why to compel a man who purchases land to pay for one who purchases water is, "from the standpoint of principle, commencing at the bottom."

4. "The abolition of the lease system altogether" (meeting); "because it is not just to compel a tenant to retain a tenement longer than he has use for the same" (letter); and because "what right has a landlord to receive the assistance of law in compelling a tenant to remain in his house for a year, against his will, more than a merchant has to compel the same tenant to purchase goods at his store?" (letter). Neither explains the right that the merchant and manufacturer have to compel us, "by the assistance of the law," to purchase their goods and pay their prices, not only for a year, but I am afraid, for ever, more than the landlord has to compel us to purchase his goods and pay his prices.

5. "The institution of the weekly rent method of tenancy" (meeting), because, "a tenant whose circumstances will not enable him to meet the rent therefore desires a cheaper house, and should be permitted, after a reasonable notice, to leave" (letter). Neither explains when the payment of all our protective prices shall be made weekly, so that when circumstances do not enable us to meet them, and desire cheaper goods, we may give reasonable notice and "leave," using and paying for these productions. "If either requires the protection of the law, which should the law favour?" "The landlord, who has houses and lands, or the tenant, who has nothing?" I hope that the discussion of the principles of this association will answer this question, and that the working men of Point St. Charles, and of Canada, indeed, will learn that "to commence at the bottom" is to throw open every industry in Canada to the competition of the world; to induce our manufacturers to master technically and practically the details of their production, instead of contenting themselves with mere speculations; to give their whole minds to their machinery, to make their margins out of cheapening their productions by applying their brains as well as their capital; to be more frequently in their workshops and less frequently in Ottawa; and to prove that with our free water-power and cheap French labour, we can not only stand, but push against the world. So long as the words *combination* and *protection* are words that Canadians, from the most thorough-going business and commercial point of view, are not as business-men, ashamed of, so long will law among us be but a mockery of justice—or protection of the powerful and wealthy against the weak and poor, instead of a protection of the weak and poor against the powerful and wealthy.

VILLE MARIE.

EPIGRAMS are the product of a rested brain. The brain that is curdled with all-night sittings is in no condition to condense the wisdom of many into the wit of one.

THE HOMELESS SEA.

I surge and toss, I moan and cry,
My heart doth heave with yearning strong,
For mountain strength and calm I long,
But like the "homeless sea" am I.

The moon is far, her light is cold,
To her my being flows away,
Then backward sinks dejectedly;
Thus forth and hither from of old.

I joy in grapple with the winds,
With fierce delight I spume and spray,
And crash my shores in lordly play;
No longer pain my spirit binds.

But when my waves beneath the moon
Are like a molten silver plain
I feel the under-current pain—
If Death would only grant a boon!

My soul to leave the earth is fain,
To float unchained in upper air;
But wings of cloud when I prepare
The winds do shred them into rain.

Yet hope a steadfast gladness brings;
The moon blood-red shall blush for me,
On earth there shall be "no more sea,"
To her I'll fly on vapour wings!

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

LOUIS LLOYDS' LETTER.

PERHAPS no better proof could be given of the charm Vancouver has had for us than the fact that it is only now, at the eleventh hour after a three weeks' stay here, that I begin to indite my fourth budget. We have walked and we have driven; we have grown enthusiastic, and our enthusiasm has become a flame lighting up the city's future, a future of crowded thoroughfares and towering buildings, of hive-like wharves and rattling stations. Between Vancouver and the prairie towns there is all the difference which lies between a body of flesh and blood and a body of stone. Places like Regina will go on increasing, but it must always be mechanical work. I have yet to discover what irresistible incentive to live people can find in such flat, treeless, waterless spots. Here everything is instinct with vitality. The mists that coil about the mountain sides and stroke their heads like nymphs coquetting with a band of Titans, change a thousand times a day. Then the warm, damp air coaxes from nature all her passionate luxuriance, and from men an ardour far keener than they feel in arctic regions.

The first thing to be done on arrival in Vancouver is to go and see the park. The first thing to be done on arrival in any new place is to go and see every interesting point for twenty miles round, and then return under the hallucination that you have been looking at the place itself. Vancouver to-day stands filled with stumps and possibilities—but little else. The city begins very *piano* towards the east in low, cramped-up, wooden houses, and then goes on *crescendo* westwards from two-storied buildings to those of six. I need hardly mention, I suppose, the buildings of six are the hotel. Further than this you may find cosy dwellings standing amidst a harvest of stumps; but the stump's hour has come. As I look from my window out through the night, I can see a perfect pandemonium stretching to the water. Trees seem such human things. They are pathetic, raising their bare blackened arms in helpless agony towards the sky, while the crawling flames encircle them and slowly suck away their life-blood. Oh, you poor martyrs to civilization! But what would be done without town lots to sell?

Talking about town lots, let us take the road to the park which passes along Granville Street. It is a little out of the way, but never mind. A little out of the way to the park, I mean, but out of the way of nothing else. This future thoroughfare stretches from bay to bay right across the town. At present at one end are the C. P. R. workshops, and the bridge across False Creek to the farming country; at the other the railway station and harbour. Time may change the position of things more or less but time cannot possibly change the all importance of Granville Street. On it now stands the Hotel Vancouver, on it eventually we shall find the opera house. All day long one may hear from the hotel windows the whiz, the thud, the creaking of machinery, and chisel, and hammer, and this means wonderful new buildings for Granville Street. Nobody wants a boom, and the powers that be don't expect one though the value of property increases steadily day by day. When we remember what constituted Vancouver two years ago after the fire—one house was it? we do anything but despair at seeing tall trees growing on town lots for sale. Such a place is simply irrepressible.

And passing the town lots we come to the park. I wish Garth were not sitting in front of us in this little buggy. I wish we could drive through these seven miles of soft, green, scented wilderness without any other thought except the softness and the greenness, and the perfume, but Garth is inexorable. You must learn all about the back country and the price of land, the area of the park, and the circumference of trees. So know then that Vancouver has a very promising back country, farming land not too extensive at present but growing rapidly, and extremely rich. Know also that this seven-mile park

through which we are driving was begun only a short time ago, and that where the carriage rolls to-day over a shell road as on velvet, was tree-covered in January last! Now let me tell you the circumferences of some of the trees and we shall then be able to enjoy their beauty peacefully, artistically. They vary from 34 feet to 57 feet, according to the nationality of the measurer. But I like it not, this talk of circumferences in fairyland. Why, it is almost as bad as placing pigmy philistines beside the forest giants we wish to photograph!

As the park lies at present you can imagine nothing more delicious than its green entanglements, where the delicate undergrowth, the slender trees, and shrubs, and plants cling to each other, and intertwine with almost delirious passion, while from great boughs above hang like dishevelled hair masses of greyish moss. Apart from a few Chinese huts at the beginning of the park, and some Indian ones further on, no trace of humanity besides a "Lovers' Walk" is to be found anywhere within these enticing precincts. The over-ambitious citizen hints at play-grounds and "tidying-up," but we can only hope that here, at least, progress, satisfied with her stupendous success everywhere else, will lay down her axe and not try to improve what seems now a park lovelier perhaps than any other in Canada. We drive along where the trees form solemn guards of honour on either side, and every now and then catch glimpses of the sea, of dreaming high-land, of trailing mists and delicate-tinted skies, skies and mists eastern folk never could imagine. It is a new heaven and a new earth.

We were standing in the large entrance hall of the Hotel Vancouver. A very decided, very much travelled feminine member of Canadian high life had just emerged from the dining-room.

"I tell you," said this lady, "I tell you it is the most comfortable hotel I have ever been in, and I've been in a good many."

This was agreeable news truly after Moosomin experiences which only one night at the Glacier proved all too short to obliterate. We entered the dining-room, and over *Epigramme de Mouton, Côtelettes d'Ours à la Bernoise* and similar succulent viands quite corroborated the discerning dame's verdict. But what interested us to an even greater extent than *Côtelettes d'Ours* were the people from all parts of the globe that filled the tables—unshaven British aristocrats, brush-headed Germans, nondescript Canadians, and daintily-dressed Frenchmen. At dinner, however, the scene was less interesting, less characteristic than at luncheon the following day. It is true the Britisher made almost as little toilette for the former as for the latter, but still a rough and ready respect was paid to our civilization at the evening meal which he thought quite superfluous when partaking of the mid-day repast. Indeed, seeing English noblemen aping in foreign countries the airs and dress of jockeys; shock-headed younger sons whose apparent ignorance of the razor gives them a most unmistakable resemblance to Arthurian Knights; the adaptability of British manners generally to navy etiquette, one is inclined to sigh over the invariably disastrous influence of foreign climate upon English deportment. Those "institutions" once regarded with supreme disgust as essentially Yankee, are now used by British gentlemen after the unblushing fashion of New York street arabs; and the little green glasses filled with Japanese manufactured tooth-picks (which, by the way, Hotel Vancouver never placed on any of its tables, but only at the dining-room door for the special benefit of its English patrons) they use on all conceivable occasions, characteristically disregarding of their neighbours' sensibilities.

On the other hand the French gentleman from Paris finds no necessity for changing his rôle once in Vancouver. Messieurs Pinson, Moineau and Hirondele (I need hardly say these names are fictitious, though the individuals are real) were the most interesting figures we had met since Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. It was strange away off there, while sauntering over the softly carpeted upper hall of the hotel, cleverly designed to form a very pleasant after-dinner promenade, to hear bits of Chopin and *Carmen*, echoes from Parisian salons. I entered the drawing-room and found Monsieur Hirondele working off on a mellow-toned grand piano the rather overpowering effects of his day's transactions. For these Frenchmen had hardly taken up a temporary residence in Vancouver with any intent to idle. Vancouver can certainly not be for many years yet the *flaneur's* haven. No, Monsieur Hirondele was all aglow at the fact that having deposited only thirty dollars or so on some property he intended buying, he had seized an opportunity of turning it over at an advance of three thousand dollars! The French are particularly partial to *coups*, and this was decidedly a *coup*. But despite his success Monsieur Hirondele felt by no means content to rest here, so that before we left his investments promised quite a gilded future. Nor were Messieurs Moineau and Pinson less enthusiastic. All three had been to Vancouver's American rival Seattle, before these ventures, to see how affairs looked there, but Seattle disgusted them.

"*Une vraie bourse*—a regular stock exchange—the hotel," they exclaimed, "men asking you to invest, discussing, disputing everywhere. We like this place much, much better, and I think," continued cautious Monsieur Hirondele "money invested in Vancouver is as safe as possible. I am going to build on my lots, Pinson is going to build on his, and Moineau already owns several cottages. We return to France, *propriétaires!*"

They concluded it was *très chic* to return to France *propriétaires*, and seemed quite prepared to tell their compatriots of the superiority of an investment over a *placement*. For they realized that *placement* and investment don't mean exactly the same thing.

The manner in which these delicately nurtured Parisians adapted themselves to the exigencies of our Canadian sporting life was almost as interesting as the way they entered into the mysteries "*des town lots*." For both sport and business gloves were worn; both sport and business were followed after a dainty drawing-room fashion quite pleasing by contrast.

It was a party of seven, duly chaperoned. We had been invited to go on a small steam yacht up to the north arm of the Fraser River, to camp out as best we could for the night, and, rising betimes next morning, slaughter as many ducks as a pleasure expedition can. Garth and I, being novices in the noble art of shooting, were most agreeably excited at the prospect. Like all such novices, Garth's one aim hitherto had been to kill a bear. Was there any probability that we should find bears about where we intended camping out? No, it was not very probable, though of course a stray one might wend its way thither. Garth seemed momentarily depressed, but immediately reflected that after all a brace of ducks might not be so bad for a beginner, and felt consoled.

In the evening at half past seven we all collected in the hall of the hotel. Monsieur Hirondele in English gaiters, his great coat done up *à la militaire*; Monsieur Moineau in top boots; and Monsieur Pinson, tall and bronzed, the most Nimrod-looking of the three. The number and size of our guns were pleasantly formidable in our eyes, and so was the magnitude of our hamper prepared by the hotel's incomparable head waiter. Moonlight nights in Vancouver are a rarity in October, but we had a moonlight night. The little yacht crept out steadily upon the dark water leaving the town crouching behind like a thousand-eyed monster foiled in pursuit. Then we sped away and away till there was nothing but pine-covered land on either side. Monsieur Hirondele began to sing Massinet, and as the moon coquetted shyly with us over the tops of the highest trees, Monsieur Moineau was reminded of De Musset's impertinent simile when he likens her serene ladyship rising above a steeple to a dot over an *i*. Suddenly Monsieur Hirondele disappeared into the little cabin.

"Only wait," said Monsieur Pinson, "Hirondele is is going to begin his sport to-night; darkness makes no difference to him."

After a while something large and dark floated past us, and instantly we heard a bang.

"Oh! it's a bea—," but Garth checked herself in time.

I betrayed myself by an ignominious shriek—and all for a log of wood. However, the log was struck which was more than could be said for the game next morning—but I anticipate.

When we had sailed for about three hours we came to a gently curved bay, a man-forsaken spot, with one small log hut on the bank by the water, high hills in front and forest all about. Here we were to spend the night. The situation charmed me. We found the hut solid enough, but its last inmates had left it in a sorry mess. There was, of course, only one large room whose greasy papers and dried leaves shocked our super-sensitive French friends much more I am afraid than they did us.

"*Nom d'un chien, quelle saleté!*" cried Pinson, and he and Moineau went to work immediately with brooms improvised out of branches to make the house as habitable as French fastidiousness could. A great log fire was built in the chimney place, and while his friends toiled, brought water for the coffee, and showed a backwoods-man's "handiness" generally, amusingly out of keeping with their Parisian accents and exclamations, Hirondele sat him down before the hearth, a delicious picture of artistic shiftlessness, and endeavoured to reconcile us to our situation if we needed such reconciliation, by talking about simplicity in art!

When we had demolished the hamper, and drunk our steaming coffee—I vow no *cordons bleus* ever made better—Garth and I, bundled up in furs and shawls, retired to our bracken couches. Half an hour later as I looked out sleepily from my dark corner I saw a very picturesque group bending low over the fire—a group one remembers when gorgeous views of inanimate nature have long since faded into mist. There was our grave chaperon, and, behind, our host's Spanish face. Moineau's delicate features were half in shadow. The red light played over Hirondele's golden hair, and flashed full upon Pinson's handsome figure. You can imagine how charming an effect they produced, these men in their hunting gear.

All night I dreamt that we were on the eve of a battle—a battle between the French and Prussians. I could just spy the enemy, the Prussians, away off. They had web feet and flapping wings, and their brass helmets were continually slipping down over their beaks. Suddenly the bugle sounded and I jumped to my feet—only it wasn't the bugle, it was the yacht's whistle.

"*Laissez moi donc tranquille!*—let me alone—but eight minutes more," groaned Moineau, sleepily, from his corner, but Pinson was obdurate, and in a few minutes the three had disappeared to the water's edge without hardly having said "Good morning." After a while they returned looking as if they had just emerged from a band-box. Then there were graceful "Good mornings" indeed.

"I suppose," remarked Garth, "they didn't consider themselves 'round' until they had retied their neckties."

To do anything like creditable shooting one should be out at dawn in a small boat. This I say to remind you how futile were any efforts from a steam yacht after sunrise, and to excuse ourselves for only bringing home "*un divers*" between us.

I fired off Monsieur Hirondele's Smith and Wesson soon after we had started on the return trip. I can't say

it was "a first taste of blood," that intoxicated me, and made me wish to try again, though I did wish to try again. The next time I attempted a rifle, I think I should have succeeded better if I had only been able to remain half as stationary as the duck.

Garth aimed ever so much more scientifically than I did; though her bullets would go scudding away to the shore with a pertinacity that made me suspect she still had designs upon some unlucky bear.

Suddenly there was a "whist." Then I saw four rifles directed towards a little fluttering thing on the waves. Bang! bang! bang! bang!

"Oh! They have really killed it," cried Garth.

No, they had not really killed it, but it was maimed, and the yacht went over to where the unhappy thing floated, and — Well, well it was only "*un divers*," you know.

Our sport had certainly not been brilliant, but I hardly expect to make a more pleasant excursion; and please don't go away with the impression that under favourable circumstances Messieurs Moineau, Pinson and Hirondele could not have done more credit to the excellent shooting about Vancouver. For proof to the contrary you might have seen a feathered heap at the hotel entrance on the evening following our famous expedition, that more than redeemed their reputation of the previous day.

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE CELTIC RACES AND LANGUAGES.

AGAINST no race, probably, has prejudice been so strong, so unreasonable and so insensible to argument and conviction as against the Celtic. Certain writers and persons seem to have a natural antipathy to everything Celtic, and if they occasionally do people of that race justice, it is not done spontaneously, but rather by an effort in which moral sense is permitted to subordinate instinctive dislikes.

In a sketch selected from an English magazine, and recently re-published in a New York newspaper, the heroine, a beautiful Highland girl, displays such spirit and nobility of character in defending her clan and race against aspersion, that the Cockney author of the story assumes that in so doing she gave evidence of Norse blood in her veins, and that she was not descended from the people she so ably championed. Prejudice could scarcely go much further than this: as if it were impossible for a maiden belonging to one of the bravest, gentlest, and truest races in Europe to display noble traits of character.

The Irish Celt has fared even worse at the hands of his critics. If a native of the Green Isle displays commanding ability or genius, the fact of his doing so is almost invariably regarded as irrefragable proof that Saxon or Norman blood has added nobility to the plebeian, muddy current flowing in the veins of the Celt.

It is but natural to suppose that the prejudice directed against the race, should be also directed against the language; and one of the oldest forms of speech in the world was, until late years, regarded, even by the educated non-Celtic, as being a barbarous dialect, like that of the Maori; or if not quite so low in the philological scale as that, to be very little superior to any of the languages spoken by the aborigines of America. Of course such an opinion was not at any time held by those familiar with ethnology and philology, regarding a language, kindred to Sanskrit, and one of the oldest branches of the Aryan family of languages now spoken in the world.

Sir William Jones, the great linguist, states, in his *Asiatic Researches*, that he discovered traces of three principal languages, corresponding to three grand, Aboriginal races, which he designated as Arabic, Sanskrit, and Slavonic. From the Arabic, or Chaldee, spring the dialects used by the Assyrians, Arabs, and Jews; from the Sanskrit (radically different from the Arabic) come the Celtic, Greek, Latin, Persian, Armenian, and old Egyptian. From the Slavonic or Tartarian (radically different from Arabic and Sanskrit) spring the various dialects of northern Asia and north-eastern Europe.

Since the time of Sir William Jones, the study of philology has been so successfully prosecuted, that much light has been thrown upon this obscure subject. The affinities of languages have been traced; conjecture has given place to a great degree of certainty, and such a classification of languages made, as will greatly facilitate the labours of all future philologists.

German scholars have of late prosecuted this branch of study with ardor and great assiduity, and have added immensely to the previous knowledge of both peoples and languages. The Celtic language has been shown by them and others, to be one of the most venerable forms of human speech, and its study has greatly aided them in their investigations into the origin and relations of languages. So long ago as 1777, Dr. Johnson, while deploring the ignorance of scholars of Gaelic and its affinities conceded that the language had a literature, scholars, and colleges, when the rest of Europe was in darkness; and that Ireland was the school of the west and the abode of sanctity and learning, when even Rome had returned to a state of semi-barbarism. A language is certainly of interest to others as well as to linguists, which, more than fifteen centuries ago, flowered into poetry and eloquence and attained such an ideal perfection, that it could be surpassed, or even equalled, by no language unless by that of ancient Greece.

It is certainly a singular circumstance, and one that at first sight seems incredible, that probably 3,000,000 of people still speak Celtic dialects, two of which, at least would, in all likelihood, be understood by the Gauls who

gave their name to Galatia in Asia Minor or in the camp of Brennus 390 years before the commencement of our era; and that thousands live even in Canada to-day, who would find themselves capable of discoursing with the Celtic dwellers by the Seine, the Thames, the Clyde or the Liffey, as they spoke the language twenty centuries ago.

Knowing the rapid changes undergone by languages, and that the English spoken in the time of Henry II would be almost unintelligible to the English speaker of to-day, it is quite reasonable that such a statement as the foregoing should not receive general credence, unless supported by such evidence, which if not amounting to irrefragable proof—for that cannot be expected under the circumstances—will be at least sufficient to show that there is nothing unreasonable in the assumption.

There has not been, within the period of authentic Irish or Scottish history, any very intimate intercourse between the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland. It is quite safe to assume, that during the past fourteen hundred years, those two branches of the Celtic family have been altogether separate, or at least, that such communication as existed between them was not of such a character, as to retard those tendencies to changes and diversity of speech, which, did they exist as powerfully as in other tongues, would have been undoubtedly displayed to the same extent.

But what do we find? Something very surprising indeed; that the Scottish Gael of to-day can read and understand the Irish dialect almost as well as his own native Gaelic, and that, transported to Mayo, or Connemara, or the mountains of Kerry, he is not a stranger in a strange land, but listens to a speech, well understood, though more rapid in utterance and differing slightly in inflection.

Is it then unreasonable to suppose that languages undergoing so slight a change during fourteen centuries should have undergone much greater changes in the preceding five or ten hundred years; or is it not more logical to suppose that a period less subject to disturbing influences and innovations, was correspondingly noted for the unvarying character of a form of speech, admitted by scholars, to be less subject to change than any language now spoken in Europe?

With the general admission of its great antiquity, as one of the oldest languages now spoken in the world, the study of the Celtic dialects was pursued with a zest unknown before; until, now, Celtic chairs are established and handsomely endowed in the leading universities of Europe, and Celtic studies are eagerly promoted in the higher schools of Germany, France, Italy, Denmark and Switzerland. In the University of Oxford it is also taught, and Scotland, after ages of neglect, gave a tardy recognition to its ancient language, by establishing a Gaelic chair in Edinburgh University, with Dr. McKinnon as professor. In Ireland, Parliament made provision for the teaching of Irish in the three colleges constituting Queen's University; but although a prize may be gained for proficiency in that language, its study has not been stimulated to the extent it would otherwise be, were it made one of the subjects in a degree examination. It is also taught in many of the National schools, and there are probably at the present time 2,000 of the National school teachers who are competent to give instructions in Irish. It is still spoken by at least a million people in Ireland; and in the Western Counties and in Mayo the ordinary salutation which travellers receive from the peasantry is almost sure to be in the rich, musical language of the Gael. The most eminent divines of the Catholic Church still preach in that language, and in the extensive archdiocese of Tuam, a knowledge of the ancient tongue is made a *conditio sine qua non* to an admission to holy orders.

Gaelic was the language used by the Court and the great majority of the Scottish people during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and it is yet spoken by a large portion of the population in the shires of Argyll, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, and in all the Hebrides. Until recently Gaelic was not one of the authorized subjects in schools in Scotland, and though a knowledge of it was considered indispensable to preachers designed for Gaelic parishes, its higher tuition was not attempted in colleges, and so long as the Highland divinity student could read the ancient tongue and speak it with a tolerable degree of fluency, all necessary requirements were fully met. The language of St. Columba, of Ossian, of Fingal and the bards, a language endeared to the heart of the Highlander by a thousand sacred traditions and associations, was slowly but surely disappearing, and all the efforts of Highland societies and lovers of the ancient speech were insufficient to counteract the destructive influences consequent upon the repressive measures following Culloden, and the immense loss of the Gaelic speaking population by emigration during the earlier part of the present century and ever since.

Sir Walter Scott, to whom the Gael owes an unbounded debt of gratitude, stayed for a time the operation of those ruinous influences, and popularized, by the charm and magic of his genius, the Highlander, his country, his language and his dress. Before long the influence of his writings on public sentiment became perceptible. The Highlander was no longer regarded as a brigand and a cut-throat, but a man who, even when uneducated, had many of the traits of a gentleman. A keen sense of honour, a loyalty even unto death, and a hospitality that would share the shelter of his rude hut and the last morsel of food with the stranger, were soon regarded as more than palliations for vices and defects, less the result of natural prepossessions than the inevitable outcome of his circumstances and surroundings. Those caricatures of the Celtic face, so long regarded as being characteristic of the race, which sketched

him with abnormally high cheek bones, retreating forehead, thick lips and an aspiring nose, ceased to be any longer regarded as distinctive features of this people; and it was conceded as altogether possible that the classic beauty and grace, and charm of manner of a Flora and Fergus MacIvor were sketched from the life among the "Highland savages."

The land of the mountain and the flood, with its mysterious lights and shadows, and romances of love and war became a popular pleasure ground for tourists. Gaelic, hitherto regarded as a barbarous jargon, began to be regarded as a language almost as musical as Italian, and for all the purposes of eloquence and poetry, unsurpassed even by the Greek; and the costume of the Scottish Celt, from being looked upon as fit only for a cattle reiver, was henceforth considered the handsomest dress in Europe.

Recently the study of Gaelic has received a new impulse in Scotland, and Prof. Blackie, an enthusiastic Celtic scholar though a Lowlander, has contributed largely to this result. It is now taught in several hundred schools in the Highland districts, and the importance of preserving their ancient language from decay is felt as it never was before by the Highland population of that country.

It would extend the limits of this paper too far to specially notice other Celtic races, or institute an inquiry into the causes producing the greater differences existing between the Cymric, Breton, and Cornish dialects of the Celtic language respectively; and those slight variations which leave the Irish and Scottish Gaelic so remarkably homogeneous. It would not be difficult to show that the small amount of change undergone by the languages of the latter, separated as the two races were for over a thousand years, is strong presumption of their greater similarity to the original Celtic than those other dialects mentioned, which almost differ as much from each other as they do from the Irish and Scottish Gaelic. Were important changes produced simultaneously in the language of two kindred peoples, separated for centuries, it is very improbable that the variations from the parent type should be precisely the same; but rather that, as century after century passed by, the varied circumstances under which the two races existed would modify still more and more their speech, until, finally, they would differ as much from their common origin as they did from each other. It is not, then, illogical to suppose, that such changes not being apparent in the Celtic dialects of Scotland and Ireland, they have changed just as little from the language spoken by both when the races became parted ages ago. Why the other Celtic sept speak dialects differing so much from each other, and probably from the original language of the race, is likely owing to the fact of a greater contact and admixture with other races, and from living under circumstances more productive of change and diversity of speech.

In the United States, though there is a large Celtic population, and many thousands who can speak the Celtic language, it is not the medium of communication between people of this race to any great extent. Emigrants having a knowledge of the language, upon arriving there, are almost invariably isolated from others possessing a similar knowledge, the consequence being that it falls into disuse; and with the death of the first generation a knowledge of it ceases altogether. In the city of New York and other large cities of the Union efforts have been made of late to stay for a time the extinction of the ancient tongue. Schools have been established for instruction in it and strenuous efforts made to enlist the sympathies of the Irish in behalf of their noble and venerable language. Patriotism has induced many to engage in its study, but the most sanguine and enthusiastic lovers of Gaelic can scarcely hope to retard for any great length of time, its final relegation in that country exclusively to the province of the philologist.

In Canada, Scottish Gaelic is still spoken by a considerable number of the people, and there are many localities where a knowledge of it is almost indispensable. The cause of this prevalence of the language in Canada in contradistinction to its disuse and gradual disappearance in the United States is obvious. In Canada the Highland Scotch emigrants settled together in the same localities, and it was but rarely that a Scotch Celt was so isolated from his people as to be unable to continue the use of the mother tongue. Hence it is that in a thousand districts scattered throughout the Province of Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and the North-West, Gaelic is spoken as freely as in the Highlands; and Glengarry can boast of a much larger Gaelic-speaking population to-day than the old Glengarry which the Macdonald regiment left almost a century ago.

In hundreds of churches scattered over the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, religious services are still conducted in the old language. Those services are, however, more sparsely attended year after year, as the young Canadian, though he may thoroughly understand the Gaelic and feel attached to it as the language of his forefathers, generally feels disinclined to sit out two long services; and that in English being followed immediately by Gaelic, he gives the former the preference, partly because it comes first, and partly because it is the language used generally by the young outside of the immediate family circle. It does not require a great prevision of events to predict the ultimate result of all this. The dialect is nowhere in Canada taught in schools, and unless some extraordinary effort is made to retard those destructive influences Gaelic within a few centuries shall have become completely extinct as a spoken language on this continent.

It is almost superfluous to enter into particulars of the part played by the Celt on this continent. He has

stamped his glyph deep upon its history, and it needs not a journalist to become the apologist of a race which is able to meet adverse criticism upon its intellectual equality by pointing to its long list of illustrious names.

In almost every department of human activity the Gaelic people in this country have displayed a capacity and talent which has not been surpassed, and this, notwithstanding the fact, that circumstances with which other nationalities had not to contend, were arrayed against them. They have given to Canada many of its leading statesmen, jurists, clergymen, merchants, and teachers; and surely in view of what they have achieved the most prejudiced in this country can scarcely accuse them of vanity if they adopt as theirs the proud motto of the Forty-second Regiment, "Second to none."

While keenly alive to the importance of the people of Canada becoming homogeneous in sentiment the writer deprecates the notion that in order to be true to the country of his adoption the Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, or Frenchman should permit his race sympathies to fall into abeyance, and discard as speedily as possible the language and peculiarities of his race. Loyalty demands and requires no such sacrifice. The various cantons of Switzerland, differing as they do in language and religion, are at one in love for their common country, and the Highlander, different as he is from the Lowlander in race and language, does not require to prove at least his equal devotion to the land of his birth.

If loyalty to race does not prove a sufficient motive with many of Celtic descent to prevent the language of their fathers from falling into desuetude, perhaps a more selfish consideration may induce them to regard it with greater favour. It is not a fact that a person becomes less thorough in one language because he knows another, but quite the reverse, and few are so ignorant as not to be aware that to know English well a knowledge of Latin is almost indispensable. The bi-lingual peoples of Europe are undoubtedly superior in range of idea and acuteness to those possessing only one language. If the dull, phlegmatic Dutchman, speaking one language, is compared with his congener the native of Belgium, speaking French and Flemish, or French and Walloon, the intellectual superiority of the latter is apparent. The same holds good of several of the Swiss cantons. Everything else being equal, persons possessing a knowledge of two languages have an expansiveness of intellect which they could not possess were they limited to one form of speech. This argument applies equally to a knowledge of Gaelic, which, added to its utility as a language still extensively spoken, enriches its possessor with a wealth of imagery and poetical figures of speech which cannot fail to be conducive to success in any vocation requiring mental effort.

The Greek of the Academy and the Latin of the Forum are not now spoken by any nation upon the face of the earth, but a language, probably older than either, is still spoken by three or four millions of people and forms now the one living link of speech binding a prehistoric past with the world of to-day. It would be a subject for sincere regret were this noble form of speech to become extinct—a language which probably more than any other is an exponent of the characteristics of the race by which it is spoken; a language so capable of expressing the lights and shadows of the Celtic temperament, with its emotional transports which sweep the entire diapason of feeling, its melancholy and gaiety, its idealisms and devotional raptures; a language which probably more than any other breathes of mystery and the past as the monovalve shell does of the tides and the sea! NEIL MACDONALD.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

F. G. SCOTT'S "THE SOUL'S QUEST."

A CANADIAN literature, promising to be fine, conscious and powerful, is budding and blossoming, book after book, writer after writer. The nature of it shows that it is a result of Confederation. Its generation is that which has grown up under the influences of the united country. One of its peculiarities—which has causes in the nature of the opportunities permitted by our social life at present—is that its form, for the time being, is a verse literature. We have seen issued this year, and last, and the year before, the works of several singers such as have never previously been equalled among us, except possibly in three or four instances. Roberts' *In Divers Tones*, Mair's *Tecumseh*, the late Miss Crawford's wonderful *Old Spookses' Pass*, and, lately, Bliss Carman's rich verse, and the *Snowflakes and Sunbeams*, of William Wilfrid Campbell, easily recur as examples. It is a pity that the productions of such genuine poets should have to suffer from illjudged and indiscriminate praises heaped from month to month upon stupid books. Every Canadian would be the better for adding them to his library and studying them. And we ought to be rather rather glad than otherwise to think that we are more properly a literature of great promise than of much quantitative performance.

Such are some observations suggested by parts of a volume which issued recently from the press of Kegan Paul, *The Soul's Quest and Other Poems*, by Frederick George Scott, a young Anglican clergyman presently at Drummondville, near Montreal. The book, as intimated, is one of promise—but by that it is intended to say a very high degree of promise. Mr. Scott, for instance, has not outgrown close imitation of the measures and themes of Tennyson, but he is in many a passage equal to some of the deeper phases of his master, and one cannot read him

carefully without feeling that he may have, decidedly, a future, and that his present book is worth getting and keeping. For realistic imagination few sonnets exist better than the following:—

TIME.

I saw Time in his workshop carving faces;
Scattered around his tools lay, blunting griefs,
Sharp cares that cut out deeply in reliefs
Of light and shade; sorrows that smooth the traces
Of what were smiles. Nor yet without fresh graces
His handiwork, for oft times rough were ground
And polished, oft the pinched made smooth and round;
The calm look, too, the impetuous fire replaces.
Long time I stood and watched; with hideous grin
He took each heedless face between his knees,
And graved and scarred and bleached with boiling tears.
I wondering turned to go, when, lo! my skin
Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face sees
Itself all changed, scarred, careworn, white with years.

Part I. of the leading poem will illustrate faculties which rank even better because more fully original:—

THE SOUL'S QUEST.

Part I.

In the land that is neither night nor day,
Where the mists sleep over the forest grey,
A sad, sad spirit wandered away.

The woods are still—no brooks, no wind,
No fair green meadows can she find;
But a low red light in the sky behind.

Far over the plain, to the spirit's sight,
The city's towers are black as night,
Against the edge of the low red light.

This side the city in darkness lies,
But westward, at the glowing skies,
It glares with a thousand fiery eyes.

The road is long, the hedgerows bare,
There's the chill of death in the silent air,
And a glimmer of darkness everywhere.

"O sad, sad spirit, what thy quest,
With those flowing locks and that shadowy vest?
The spirit answers, "I seek for rest."

"Where seekest rest, when the air is cold
On the long, dim road, and the clock hath tolled
The muffled hours from the belfry old?"

"Where seekest rest through the twilight grey
Of the mists that sleep on the woods away?"—
"I seek to-morrow or yesterday!"

Her face is pale, her feet are bare,
Her sad dark eyes, wide open, stare
At the glimmering darkness everywhere.

To those cheeks no rose hath summer brought,
But on their pallor time hath wrought
The troubled lines of an after-thought.

Her arms are crossed upon her breast,
Her round limbs shape the shadowy vest,
And thus, all silent, seeks she rest.

Her tread is light on the cold, hard road;
For the tread may be light, yet heavy the load
Of grief at the heart and thoughts that good.

She plucks a leaf from the roadway side,
And under its shade two violets hide—
As if from her cold touch, they hide.

She twines the violets in her hair;
They have no scent—she does not care,
For the glimmer of darkness is everywhere.

And on through the dim of the twilight grey,
While the pale sky gloweth far away,
She seeks to-morrow or yesterday.

In "Justin," a long and earnest poem on the meaning of life—not, however, without trival faults—are some quite Alastor-like passages:—

No thoughts of setting day
Saddened my heart, and in the silent eve
I saw the new sun, like a golden seed,
Hid in the crimson bosom of the old,
Full of fresh life and hope and songs of birds,
To wake the morn.

The leaves were pushed aside,
And, stepping thro' the shadows, came a youth
God-like in motion, tall and supple-limbed,
Drenched with the dappled sunlight, and begirt
With skin of leopard clasped about the waist
With silver. Pendant from his neck there hung
A shell, such as Apollo found at dawn,
Sea-voiced and singing to the plaintive wind,
Careless who heard. This, when he held and struck
With skilful hand, gave forth divinest sounds.

In "Evolution," a faculty of solemn philosophy enters, as it does indeed into much of the book:—

What is it to be born and die?
Are we but phases in a dream
That earth or some prime mother dreams,
Folded away in crimson skies?

The best, partly because the most original poem in the book, is "The Soul's Quest," of which the first part just quoted is a sample.

One might recommend the broad liberal expression of a poem on "Catholicism," or the Indian wail "Wahonomin," "New Year's Eve," and some others, but let us close with a stanza from an "In Memoriam" on those killed in the Canadian North-West, 1885:—

Wild the prairie grasses wave
O'er each hero's new-made grave;
Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us,
But the future spreads before us.
Glorious in that sunset land—
Nerving every heart and hand,
Comes a brightness none can shed,
But the dead, the glorious dead!

Mr. Scott's book, as may be seen from the extracts, is broad and cultured in its tone, and musical in versification. It is especially earnest, and there are many hearts and minds to whom the serious poems "Justin" and "The Soul's Quest" will be answers to real needs. The author has fairly made his entry into the world of writers.

WILFRID CHATEAULAIR.

WOMEN IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

RECENT discussions in the columns of the WEEK, growing out of the position of female students in McGill University, suggest the publication of a few facts about the position of the same class of students in University College. Young women began just ten years ago to come up to the annual examinations in the University of Toronto, and, as attendance at lectures was formally dispensed with in their case, it seemed for a time that the question of admitting them as students of University College might be indefinitely postponed. So long as none of them cared to go beyond the first year of the Arts course they could get the necessary tuition in the High Schools, but as soon as they began to take the second year the need of collegiate instruction began to be felt.

It was only natural that, as University College was a provincial institution maintained at the general expense, they and their friends should desire their admission to its classes; it was just as natural that the authorities of the College should object to their presence in a seat of learning which had theretofore been open only to the male sex. Year after year the applicants were refused admission until the session of 1884-85, when they forced their way in by threatening to attend classes, and to throw on the College Council the responsibility of having them ejected. As both Queen's and Victoria were by that time allowing women to attend their ordinary lecture courses, and as University College was an applicant to the Legislature for additional revenue, prudence dictated a surrender, which might have been made with better grace had the College authorities a year before indicated any intention to comply with the clearly expressed wish of the Legislative Assembly of the Province.

It is interesting to note the steady increase of attendance of women during the time which has elapsed since they were admitted. In spite of the want of notice the number of registered students was from the first unexpectedly but encouragingly large, as the following figures show: 1884-85, 11; 1885-86, 12; 1886-87, 26; 1887-88, 27; 1888-89, 34.

It is believed that after Christmas the number of female students, will this session, rise to nearly forty. The causes which have brought about this steady increase are not far to seek. Girls attend our high schools in large numbers, and a growing proportion of these young women look forward to a university course. Many of them have no other motive than to secure a liberal education, but some of them are preparing to teach, others are turning their attention to the study of medicine, and a few are beginning to think of law now that a law faculty has been established in the University.

The great majority of the female students of University College are regularly matriculated under-graduates of the University of Toronto, and in academical standing they hold their own even in competition with the other sex. They enjoy no special privileges in the matter of either lectures or curriculum. The course is prescribed for all alike, with certain options of which all students can avail themselves without reference to sex. If they do not like to sit in the same lecture-room with the male students they need not go to University College. Such an absurd waste of teaching power as the delivery of the same lectures twice in order that the sexes may be kept apart has never been thought of. Nor, if such an arrangement were provided, would female students take advantage of it unless they were quite sure that they lost nothing by doing so.

A few of the registered students take only partial courses, and there is no reason why their number should not be expected to increase. Many women who have not acquired such a knowledge of foreign languages, living or dead, as will enable them to matriculate, can profit by the study of the English language and literature, or devote themselves successfully to the cultivation of the natural sciences, or of philosophy. As time passes the attendance of both matriculated and occasional students will undoubtedly increase, and ten years hence the disparity between the sexes, in respect of numbers, will be much less than it is now, if it has not entirely disappeared. The number of male students is at present between 400 and 500; it seems to be only a question of time when the number of female students will be equally large, and the time may not be long.

The greatest obstacle in the way of a rapid increase in the attendance of women is the want of suitable boarding house accommodation. Students of the sterner sex can put up with discomforts which deter all but the most courageous young women from spending a winter or a succession of winters at College. Time and private enterprise will no doubt furnish a solution of this problem, but even now one is tempted to ask why the College authorities, if they keep up a residence for male students, should not be expected to keep up a residence also for female students. The latter are more in need of such a home than the former; they have an equal right to consideration, and they have come to the College to stay.

The admission of women into University College is no longer an experiment. A very large proportion of all who desire an education different from, if not superior to, that which the ordinary secondary schools of the Province afford, will always be found in the "Ladies' Colleges" of which we have an increasing number. In these institutions they can get a good general education, and at the same time a knowledge of music and other forms of art for the teaching of which no provision is made, or is likely soon to be made, in connection with University College. But those who desire to carry their acquaintance with literature, science, or philosophy beyond the elementary stages, must take a

University course, and of such earnest students University College will always get a large proportion. The city of Toronto alone could furnish hundreds of young women for whom such a course would be an unspeakable boon, and who, living at home, would not in devoting themselves to it be subjected to the discomforts of boarding house life.

I cannot close without congratulating all who took any part in advocating the admission of women into University College on the complete justification of their efforts by the chapter of events. Breaches of discipline and even graver social scandals were feared and predicted by our opponents, but not a whisper of any such occurrence has ever been heard during the five years since the admixture of sexes on the College register and in the College class-rooms began. For this freedom from all that is objectionable the chief credit must be awarded to the students themselves, of both sexes. It would have been easy to mar the experiment in its early stages by foolish conduct, such as the few in a large number are too often ready to resort to. But in this case there has been absolutely nothing for the most lynx-eyed to detect or the most prudish to complain of. Nor is there likely to be anything in the future. So long as boys and girls are associated in attendance at primary and secondary schools they will look upon the admixture of the sexes in universities as proper and natural. The idea that it is anything else could hardly have occurred to men who had any practical acquaintance with the discipline of mixed classes.

WM. HOUSTON.

A NOTE ABOUT OURSELVES.

IN these days when all countries and all times are searched diligently by writers of fiction for inspiration, when characters for portrayal are selected from all nations and languages and from all sorts and conditions of men, it is rather curious that Canadians and Canadian life are never studied by outsiders. Never is said advisedly, for instances of such study are too insignificant to be worth remark. Neither have we done anything for ourselves in the way of self-study, for in fiction Canadian literature is lamentably weak. The Canadian novel is yet unwritten. We need a novelist—one ready to grapple with the history of our own times, to set forth our present life, to produce a living image of our manner, to study the varied lines of circumstances in the different relations and multiform aspects of our social existences. In Canadian scenery the Canadian novelist will have a rich and varied background for his schemes and plots and characters, which few countries can equal and fewer still surpass. Neither is our land altogether without the influences which historic and time-honoured associations exercise in older countries. We are a people with a history—a history the most romantic and picturesque of any country on the western Hemisphere. And we may well be proud of our history, we Canadians. As I have ventured to say elsewhere, any one who has taken the smallest trouble to be informed concerning the public affairs of our country will know that she has produced men with abilities and gifts that would command recognition and applause in any of the world's political assemblies. Our history is adorned with many a name that instead of growing dim with advancing time will shine out yet more brilliantly as day is added to day and year is added to year.

What need have we for further inspiration?

And as for character, men and women of marked individuality, men and women strong and good, and weak and bad, rolling in carriages, grovelling in slums, eminently human with real hearts of flesh and blood, are they not in Canada as well as in other lands?

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the novelist would find as much eccentricity and oddity of character in this country as in transatlantic parts, though we may hold our own in this respect with the neighbouring republic. The *habitant* and his quaint ways, his doings, and mode of life have now and then formed the subject of descriptive articles in magazines, but he himself has not yet played a part in any considerable work of fiction—at least, in the English language. A picturesque element in our life is the *habitant*: simple, pathetic, strangely backward, but withal a man not wanting in some of the best traits of humanity, though lacking somewhat in robustness and independence of character. Some time ago it was my privilege to pass a few weeks near the village of Rivière du Loup, in the very heart of the country, and during that time I saw a good deal of these simple, kindly folk. Dull wit, slow mind, is writ large on their brown, rugged countenances, and one could hardly imagine them getting over-excited about anything, though they do seem "to rise to the occasion" at times, and when they do, everybody knows it and very quickly too. But, for the most part, they seem to crawl along in the good old rut in which their fathers and their fathers' fathers crawled before them. This old rut is deeper than we can well imagine. Few there be of those born therein who think of looking over its sides; fewer still those who depart from it. We may hope that if the rut leads to nowhere on earth in particular it at least leads to some part of that Better Land we would all fain enter.

Whilst I was in the neighbourhood a young *habitant* ventured to take unto himself a wife—a smiling damsel of ruddy cheeks and brawny arms. In the evening of the wedding-day the friends and relatives of the young couple gathered together at the old home of the bride, and there was much merry-making, and dancing, and hearty laughter. The scene of the festivities was the kitchen, a rude place and bare, but yet better than most kitchens in that part of our Dominion, and the dancers danced to the music of

a very ancient but energetic fiddler. The sounds that proceeded from the fiddle were uncertain and at times conspicuously at variance with the tune; but all deficiencies in that respect were amply atoned for in the excellent and animated time kept by the old gentleman's nimble toes. This running accompaniment, which never flagged and was often furiously fast, was something really remarkable, and seemed to have a magic influence on the dancers. The fiddler might fiddle as much as he pleased but until he began to rattle his toes on the floor the dancers would not dance. They would sit in a row around the room silently gazing at one another, but all smiling and looking very happy though indeed a trifle nervous and embarrassed. But what a change comes over them all when the inspiring toes begin their part! The blushing maidens are seized by the suddenly emboldened youths and whirled round and round in the giddiest of dances. They begin with much attention to detail, each step being taken with care. But soon this gives way, and broad, general effects alone are arrived at as the steps quicken and the lively blood begins to dance in the veins. On they go. Wide flow the gowns of the maidens, out stand the coat-tails of the men! Faster and faster rattles the accompaniment, faster and faster whirl the dancers. Breathless laughs fill the air, and the wheezy strains of the fiddle are lost in the clatter and measured rhythm of the many galloping feet. On and on they go. It is now but a mad spinning round and round of pairs looking like so many tops of curious colours and designs. Will they never stop? Can they stop? Must they spin like this for ever? Uncomfortable thought!—But, see!—the old fiddler is waxing feeble. His bow drops on the floor. But his toes still go on. Wonderful toes! How they rattle, wildly rattle! Faster even than before. But the end is coming. One brilliant effort more and the toes are still. The dancers stop as suddenly as they began and blindly seek for chairs. Save for the gasping and struggles after lost breath, not a sound is heard, though the smiles are broader and the blazing faces beam with a joy and delight one cannot tell about. Presently a pail of water and a large tin dipper are brought in. The bride drinks freely and all her thirty companions. Then behold, two plates of molasses candy are produced, and little lumps of it are distributed to the guests. And this comprises the supper of these merry souls. A wedding feast.

But it is not only among the *habitants* that we find characters odd and picturesque, such as would delight the heart of a Dickens or a Balzac. Throughout the Dominion, especially in the lower grades of society both in the country and in the town there are to be found people rich in oddities and influenced by the most extraordinary conceptions of life. But it should be remembered that this searching after what is odd, or eccentric, or picturesque in men and women may be carried too far. We want pictures of life as it is, and the great majority of men and women who make up life are not remarkable for anything in particular. But ordinary poets are not necessarily uninteresting. If we get at the heart of any human being something will be found there to arouse our interest and enlist our sympathies, and it is with the heart that the novelist is most concerned. Let the Canadian heart find expression.

CARTER TROOP.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LOTS of people cannot trace any connection in the philosopher's aberrated diatribes and for this pertinent reason that they will never lose their reason through too much brain—which, mark my erudite hearers, is a pun upon the statement of the grand yet mad preacher to his foolish questioner in a palace of fitful dreamers, "what will never bring you here, too much brain."

Well, never mind, foolish people should be very thankful, for Solomon says: "And I gave my heart to know wisdom and to know madness and folly; I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." But, my philosophical friends, we are all fools, there are hypersthenic fools and anæsthetic fools.

Come, now, did you never see a fool as you looked into a window of photographs! If not, you saw one when you looked into a Venetian mirror—you saw more than an engraved tulip—it is not flattering, but you saw a fool. See! Let the photographer flash a ray of light upon the face in the glass, and bring out features of envy, and selfishness, and revenge, and lust, and pride—of the same character as lost the "Son of the Morning" his position amongst the stars—come to think of it, you saw a mad fool. And this is out of no gipsy "dream book"—and moreover, very artistically dressed ladies and gentlemen, and with sapphires and diamonds blazing from alabaster fingers and alabaster necks, may possess very bad spirits who may not even drink whiskey. This is a teetotal pun and these, moreover, are "wandering stars."

But now to return to my studio and my photographic studies. I knew a very funny photographer. He was my friend. On one occasion, as with other mutual friends, he thought the distinguished lecturer had taken him in—in a picture. On another occasion he took me into his camera—thus we were quits as it were—I said he was funny, he could twist his face à la Garrick. Like the celebrated actor, also, he was fond of epigrams. This was one, "Times are bad, money is scarce, poverty is no poor man's friend." By the way, this was his epigrammatic portrait. In the end my friend retired but not upon his photographic means—in other words he took his last picture, and his last "camera was obscure," but his face upon the table

of my memory is a very pleasing picture. He is one in a vast gallery of portraits living and dead. But bless you there are ethical portraits as well as the ones you pay for, and which minister to pride, or ambition, or selfishness, and which sometimes are the gift of a great love; and, moreover, there is a wonderful fascination about some portraits, because they are ghostly shadows of the dead. And come to think of it, you can invest every picture with the ethical and the spiritual also for that matter, for the features are not the soul. That lies beyond the photographer's skill to delineate. Of the one we say, "You pay your money and take your choice," but not of the other, my learned friends. The photographer can only take you as you seem to be, not as you are. The physiognomist and phrenologist do more perhaps by their pen and ink sketches than the photographer, but the likeness is still deeper and profounder than their art. Here we have sublime science.

"Paint me as I am," said the prince of the Ironsides, "or I will not give you a shilling." Sir Peter Lely had taken his draperies too much after the type of the lilies in Kew Gardens.—perhaps also he had been refined by his handsome wife. He, too, like my photographic friend, has taken his last portrait. His pictures are hanging in aristocratic mansions and the great painter is lying with his palette and his brushes under his head, as it were, as are the swords under the heads of warriors. Alas! poor Oliver; at the restoration they did not at all restore his skeleton, for they took his corpse from the sepulchre of kings and hung it on Tyburn—it was not very much of a picture, so they buried it under the gallowa—all that was left of the man whom the famous painter painted.

Napoleon had seemingly very different ideas, they were both thrown upon the camera in the throes of revolutions. Psychologically he seemed to think that in the estimation of the painter he should go down to posterity as an ideal hero. "Sit," he said; "why do you wish me to sit?" as if he had said, "Paint me from the facts of my life, let my successful campaigns give inspiration to your genius;" and moreover as if he had said, "How did Raphael and the other grand old masters paint their heroes? imitate them and paint me as I should be—a typical hero." But another portrait of Napoleon is thrown upon the camera of the imagination—as he looked out with arms folded from his rocky exile in the midst of the Atlantic, the sun, as he "unhitched his tired horses," stereotyping his form and features. But the thoughts of the Corsican adventurer dying amidst ocean requiem who can portray? Verily the student of history meets with strange coincident circumstances. The hero of Marston Moor and Naseby was disinterred to be hung, and the hero of Mar-engo and Austerlitz and Jena was disinterred to be honoured with a splendid burial amidst the idol worship of a nation. Moral, we know not what will become of our bones.

But to resume. The talented lecturer in connection with the memory of his dead photographer called up from the misty past a favourite epigram. It is curious how they ripple adown the centuries, those epigrams; "go and hang yourself" could not by any possible tension refer to the dead Protector, for he did not hang himself; but as a matter of history this (shall I say) slang epigram came from the lips of Demochares. "What can I do to please the people of Athens?" said Philip of Macedon to the Athenian ambassador. "Hang yourself," was the curt reply. Hanging one's self would cut many a "Gordian Knot" of social tangle, and obliterate the photographs that spoil the landscapes of social progress, and for the State to hang all the criminals would require much hemp, and to hang all the bad photographs is a most harassing problem. But said I not in the commencement, good Christian sirs and ladies, that foolish people would find it difficult to trace the subtle connection of my aberrated diatribes.

Some photographs are very unsightly; filthy, obscene, wretched, vicious, criminal are they; who wants to hang such pictures? and some are inexpressibly sad, and yet withal are funny caricatures. Comic putrefaction, comic despair, comic damnation!

Men laugh at the drunken fool who in the last hours of the night, when the stars are paling before the dawn, hugs the lamp-post and volunteers to see him home in sheer maudlin sympathy. Verily, what a picture! and there are criminal photographs in the corridors of prisons, and in police cells, in the case of whom it is a pertinent question to the social scientist, "Whence came they?" and a burning question "what will become of these social wrecks? these burnt, and shrivelled, and torn and blasted photographs?" And, moreover, there are not only white-headed hoary pictures almost past restoration, wretched objects of a despairing pity, and ready for the holocaust; but there are other pictures where the hair is not white, but simply matted and unkempt, and the faces are young and yet grimy, and where the minds are developing criminally and where thistles grow rank and spoil the landscape.

The immortal novelist drew a pen and ink sketch of one whose hungry instincts after a father's love were never answered until, in dying, he caught an inkling of the Fatherhood of God. "A stray" waif thrown up amidst the scum of a crowded city—a moving picture in a tragic drama—one ever jostling amongst crowds and ever "moving on," this the only epigram he ever knew and this his epitaph at the last, that he had "moved on as far as he could go." In his rags he was yet a beautiful picture—to use another figure he was a diamond amongst tons of rubbish. The great novelist apostrophizes "my lords and gentlemen," and echoes (as the vast crowds jostle by) "and dying thus

every day. But the question after all is as to which side of the picture is the saddest. The "dying thus" or the living thus every day. For the man who was less a sciolist than any man says, "Wherefore I praised the dead, which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive." Assuredly the mischief is in the living. Children lying down and rising up in filth and wretchedness and crime. Children, moreover, with strong animal passions, nursed amidst evil associations and propagating evil progeny as the years roll on, living and dying amidst fetid, festering, fostering sources of moral disorder whose ancestry was yet after a grand original. And so neither my lords and gentlemen and ladies also, can you hang these pictures; but out of the deep depths they are wailing, sobbing, blaspheming out their yet articulate cry to the apostles of social progress and philanthropy, and religion, aye followers of the Divine Man, the distinguishing genius of whose life was that he stooped to save the lost; his object to restore those gutter pictures and hang them in a vast gallery where the light shall fall upon faces made "beautiful forever."

CYNIC.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRADE RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I observe in the current number of THE WEEK that a Canadian, resident in Maine, discusses the question of the trade relations between Canada and the United States. Your correspondent remarks that every Canadian across the line is "perforce an advocate of Free Trade" between the two countries. Canada's interest, he properly points out, lies in this direction, and he adds that were the matter one to be settled by Canada alone Free Trade would soon prevail. The difficulty he foresees is that the United States would not be a consenting party unless Free Trade were preceded by Political Union. This view of the matter, I venture to think, is erroneous, and is certainly not shared by Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, whose resolution in favour of Commercial Union with Canada has been approved by the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Your correspondent, I perceive, writes from Protectionist New England, which is certain to oppose the disenfranchisement of trade. In that section, he says, "popular sentiment is mostly either indifferent or positively hostile" to a measure of reciprocity between the two countries. Elsewhere in the States, he thinks, other and powerful interests are arrayed against the movement. American producers, he affirms—and the statement should be noted by our timid manufacturers—"fear Canadian competition much more than they covet Canadian trade." The argument he mainly relies upon, however, is that of indifference to the Canadian markets, though he rather inconsistently states that the Americans resist Free Trade with Canada "as a matter of national policy and self-preservation." Indifference in some quarters there may be, but this does not denote hostility to the extension of trade with Canada. We cannot expect that a new proposal should at once make its way and find acceptance over the whole of the United States. Time must be given to so large a community to consider it. New England may oppose Free Trade with all sections of the continent; but in other quarters of the United States, as their public men and the press indicate, there is not only a disposition to entertain the proposal but to carry it into effect. In the group of States of which Chicago is the centre, there is a feeling manifested for the removal of the Customs line. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, as we have recently seen, is favourably disposed towards the proposal. To effect the object, it is not necessary that all the States should be in favour of the scheme: it will be enough if some desire it and others are not opposed to it. Nor do Americans desire access to Canada only, or even chiefly, in the interest of their manufactures: the mere market is perhaps the least part of the matter. They seek it as an extended field for investment, from which both countries would be the gainers.

There are obstacles, no doubt, in the path of continental free trade; but the obstacles, being matters chiefly of detail, must surely fall as opinion ripens on the subject. I see no reason to believe that the Americans themselves block the way by putting Annexation first before us. Some of their politicians may take this view of the matter; but it does not appear that this is the view taken by the people. Neither is it the alternative presented by the more influential and far-seeing of American statesmen. The stream of commerce, like the rivers, seeks the channels which nature has cut out for it. Into these natural channels, whatever artificial obstacles be in the way, trade must finally flow. The people on both sides of the line are now fast realizing this. The movement in behalf of Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity is still young, and time must be given it to make its way. Your correspondent admits the advantages of the object in view, and when the advantages are so apparent we need not despair of overcoming the difficulties that lie in the path.

Toronto, Dec. 22nd, 1888.

G. MERCER ADAM.

THE nations which still eat with the fingers defend the practice on the ground of cleanliness. A Malay gentleman regards the use of a fork much as we should think of the use of a borrowed toothpick. He is troubled by the reflection that it has been in other mouths and that some lazy servant may have neglected to wash it properly. The care of his fingers is in his own charge, and he knows that they are clean and that they have never been in any one else's mouth.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Oh land of peace! Oh land of love!
Oh land of life eternal!
What earthly hand shall stretch above
And quench Thy light supernal?

Oh gates of pearl, where mortals lay
Earth's burdens by for ever!
Oh streets of gold, whose shining way
Leads by the beauteous river!

Oh wondrous light, whose rays stream down
And flood death's vale with glory!
Oh victor's palm! Oh martyr's crown!
Oh ever sweet old story!

Ah me! these days how wise we've grown?
We search the place of thunder,
Beliefs upon the winds we've strewn,
And creeds have torn asunder.

But Oh, learned sirs, life is so hard
Despite our light, our science;
So much remains to hurt—retard,
So little worth reliance.

So vain our growing care to mark
All things with wider vision,
With but the grace so deep—so dark
To swallow life's fruition.

Yet one quaint hymn, a sweet old strain
From out the vanished ages,
Hope's lost key-note can sound again
With power unknown to sages.

It sings of life beyond the grave,
Of love, of sin forgiven;
Till fain we cry—take all we have
But leave us poor our heaven. J. K. LAWSON.

AMONG THE MILLET AND OTHER POEMS.*

IT would be a rare privilege in any country to be called upon to notice so delightful a collection of verse as appears between the warm tinted covers of this latest Ottawa publication, but the privilege is one particularly rare and precious in Canada where works are too often vaunted to the skies on account of mere surface Canadianism. At first sight Mr. Lampman's poems appear almost entirely free from native Canadian flavour—in their sustained reflection, in their philosophic sweep, in their occupation of high and difficult fortresses of thought, they seem to be worthy of some new Shelley or some colder Keats who three thousand miles away, is working out the salvation of the world through the medium of poetry. But on closer examination, it is discovered that the grave thoughts, the powers of reflection and the unusually broad and philosophic reading of nature and of human life and enterprise combined, have been nearly all suggested and inspired by a great love and sympathy with nature itself, and particularly those aspects of nature which we are disposed to call Canadian. I say, disposed or accustomed to consider Canadian, since it is obvious that poets have in all ages and under many skies found their inspiration in snow, storm, the march of winter, or the fall of autumn leaves, the return of the birds or the hues of winter sunset. Indeed, these phenomena, as aids to poetic expression, are triter than the public know. David Gray, the hapless Chatterton of the north, wrote as beautifully about the snow as any dweller in this newer clime will ever do, and there are myriads of passages from Virgil and Chaucer and down again to Thomson, Wordsworth, and Rossetti in which the peculiar moods engendered by winter phenomena alone have been almost exhausted. Granting then, that Mr. Lampman's muse is one of the country rather than of the town, a recluse, not a devotee of society, a haunter of lonely fields and of frost-bound forests, not a lover of crowded street and jostling mart, and granting further that his material—properties the stock in trade of every poet—is restricted almost altogether to natural phenomena, it is the province of the friendly critic to pronounce upon what he has been able to construct out of it, and here occurs the privilege already spoken of, since in chaste and charming diction, in felicity of style and in general treatment of method and matter, these poems satisfy the most modern tastes, and meet all modern requirements. The ear and eye, accustomed to the luxurious swelling lines of Swinburne, the faultless rhymes of Rossetti, the cultured stanzas of the two Arnolds, will discover no errors on the side of quantity or rhythm, no redundant, dragging faltering, or slovenly lines, no signs of youthful haste or of unseasoned arrogance.

The acquisition of a pure wisdom seems to have been the poet's aim, and he writes from an elevation which, if pure, is still somewhat cold. The merit of his work is—so often the case—also its fault. There is a lack of the ring and the rush, the impetuosity, the impulse, and the stimulus of youth. On the other hand, there is an absence of the erotic, of the merely sensuous and vivid, of passion and colour and warmth for their own sakes—the sin of the modern school—for which the reader is thankful. He—modern school—has caught much of the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Swinburne; much too of the dreamy mystic

*Among the Millet and other Poems. By Archibald Lampman. Ottawa: J. Durie & Co.

manner of Rossetti, with occasional lapses into archaic though fascinating forms. The longer poems, though finely sustained, are inferior in interest and beauty to the Sonnets and the shorter pieces, such as the exquisitely-turned "Ballade of Summer's Sleep" and such little Heine-like gems of sudden impression as "Unrest" and "One Day." The "Athenian Reverie" is true to Greek life and thought, and—suggesting as it does the characteristic Idylls of Theocritus, could only have been written by a scholar. It is among the sonnets, however, that we shall find the ripest fruit of Mr. Lampman's talent, for here the kindly trammels of the form seem to act as spurs to his thought, and it would be impossible to point out one sonnet as being better than its fellow, where all are so good. Those on "Gentleness," "Knowledge," "The Poets," and "November" may, however, be taken as examples of the poet's best manner, and his clearest and most elevated thought.

Mr. Lampman may probably never become a very popular poet. The absence of the purely lyric and the narrative styles in his choice of structures may have much to do with this. But as there have always been and will always be readers of John Keats, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and of the Arnolds—the writers whom he most resembles—so there will be, of a certainty, readers in time to come, whose habitat shall not be confined to Canada above, of Archibald Lampman. Indeed, it is very doubtful, the literary standard among us being confessedly low, whether the present volume under consideration will receive that notice due it from Canadian readers. However this may be, to the poetic few, this first instalment of the mature writing of one whose youthful attempts evinced such unusual powers must ever remain a subject of congratulation, and a source of satisfaction, interest, comfort and pride. A more startling, more strictly original note might not leave so pleasant an impression, so potent a sense of calm powers undisturbed by all rude shocks of fate.

SERANUS.

GREEK PHILOSOPHY.*

THE author of the well-written and useful volume now before us says, with perfect truth, that "the problems of philosophy are always, in a large measure, the same, and that the Greek solutions of the cardinal problems, by reason of their simplicity and freshness, and by reason of their remoteness from the prejudices of the present, have a certain value not possessed by any others, particularly for the beginner in philosophical thinking." Very few persons who are at all familiar with the history of philosophy will throw doubt upon this statement, or will think of undervaluing the importance of the study of the philosophy of ancient Greece.

It will probably occur to some minds, however, that he ground is preoccupied, that we had manuals of all kinds and elaborate histories besides, which provide adequately for the needs of all kinds of readers and students. To go no further, what can be better, in their own way, and for their own purpose, than the works of Schwegler, Neuberweg and Zeller? And what more do we need? Much as we value those admirable histories, we think that the work of Mr. Burt has its own place, which we will try to indicate, and its own value which is very great.

For any one who desires one full history of philosophy, ancient and modern, there certainly is no better book than Ueberweg's. For any one who wishes first to gain a bare outline of the various systems, then to be directed to the original sources, and, in case he should not have leisure or taste for original research, to be provided with extracts from the writings of the authors reviewed, we think there could hardly be a better authority than Ueberweg. We have heard that some critics think him now and then wanting in *finesse*, but at least he has satisfied such capacities for perception as we possess.

On the other hand, if the reader desire an almost exhaustive commentary on the early Greek philosophy, interspersed with frequent quotations and references to the original, Zeller's great work will give him nearly all that he can desire. Nor could we mention a small text book which is in all respects so excellent as that of Schwagler, so that there seems nothing wanting.

We have tried to do full justice to Mr. Burt's predecessors, because we want to make quite clear the kind of help which he can afford to students. It is obvious that this handy duodecimo volume of less than 300 pages can come into no sort of rivalry with Ueberweg or Zeller; and that it is more natural to compare it with the manual of Schwegler or the English history of G. H. Lewes. Now, as regards the latter, we doubt, without denying to it a certain kind of ability and value, if any professor of philosophy would, at the present moment, think of putting it into the hands of his pupils as anything like a safe guide.

As regards Schwegler's again, excellent as it is, and admirable as the translations of it are, both English and American, it must be confessed that it is somewhat condensed, and that it has a German rather than an English atmosphere about it. No doubt, as a text book, expounded by a wise and careful teacher, Schwegler's book could hardly be surpassed. But it is so extremely compressed in statement, and so full in meaning, that we have known persons well educated and highly intelligent who had some difficulty in finding their way through it.

We do not think that any such difficulty will be experienced with this book of Mr. Burt's by any reader of ordinary intelligence. It is written for the English or American mind, not for the German. It is evidently drawn, as every

*A Brief History of Greek Philosophy. By R. C. Burt, M.A. Boston: Ginn and Company. \$1.25.

good modern book should be drawn, partly from original sources, partly from a thorough acquaintance with the best modern authorities. The writer makes no secret of his indebtedness to the best of his predecessors, more especially to the German writers whom we have named. And he has made good use of them; but not by merely reproducing their statements, but by digesting and assimilating them, and reproducing them in new forms, and, we venture to add, in forms better adapted for those for whom he writes. For any one beginning the study of ancient philosophy, there could not be a better helper than this book; and it will be found equally useful in bringing into a focus the results of wider reading.

In another way the present volume may be of service, namely, to use in conjunction with other works on the same subject. In many colleges, for example, where the text book is Schwegler, Mr. Burt's book will be found most useful, by putting the same thoughts in different forms and so delivering the student from the temptation to cram the sentences for examination when he is unable clearly to discern their meaning. Such a method, too common with students anxious mainly to get a degree, does away with the principal part of the benefit which may result from the intelligent study of the philosophical systems of the past. We cannot conceive of a student who should not receive further illumination on the subjects indicated from the use of the present volume.

We have read a great part of the book and specially tested it at particular places, and always have got the same impressions of lucidity, accuracy and fulness. Let the reader, by way of trial, turn first to the exposition of the Socratic conception of virtue, and then to that of the Platonic, and we imagine that he will get a clearer notion on the resemblances and differences of the two systems than he possessed before. Many other instances of happy exposition might be indicated, but we have said enough to show our high estimate of the value of the book. M. A.

POLEMICAL AND PROPAGANDIST NOVELS.

FROM an article by Prof. Goldwin Smith in a recent number of the *New York Independent* we quote that portion which deals with fiction in religious controversies:

In the religious controversies which have been raging for the last half century, fiction has been largely used, or, as we should say, abused, for polemical and propagandist purposes. Nothing can be easier than to commend your own theological opinions by painting the man who holds them as an angel and the man who rejects them as a devil; nor, if the painter wields his brush with tolerable skill, is anything more effective with lazy and half-reasoning minds. In the last generation, when the Tractarian movement was at its height, a religious novel, entitled "Hawkstone" had a great run. The writer was William Sewell, of Exeter College, Oxford, a man of much Platonic fancy and very little common sense. It was intended to vindicate High Anglicanism, of which Sewell was a devoted champion, against Romanism on the one side, and against Evangelism on the other, thus saving the youthful soul from the pitfalls which yawned for it on either hand. The process of vindication was simple. It consisted not in demonstrating the primitive antiquity of the Tudor settlement by reference to ecclesiastical history, its reasonableness by argument, or its spiritual excellence by an appeal to the religious sense; but in making the Anglican come to happiness and glory while the Evangelical and Romanist came to grief. The Evangelical being a less dangerous enemy than the Romanist, broken hearted penitence in his case is a sufficient penalty for differing theologically from the Rev. William Sewell. For the emissary of Rome is reserved a doom more dire; he falls into the cistern of a burning house, and, amidst general applause, perishes after deeply protracted agony, in the molten lead. It only remains for some controversial novelist to bring into his tale the Day of Judgment and seat himself on the Judgment-seat. Greatly read as "Hawkstone" was at the time, it would, perhaps, be difficult now to find a copy.

It certainly is difficult to find a copy of *Loss and Gain*, a religious tale which, though published anonymously, was recognized as the work of the great religious leader who is now Cardinal Newman, but who at that time was a recent convert to the Church of Rome. *Loss and Gain* was a plea for Secession, and it smartly rallied those who, having embraced Roman Catholic principles, still timorously lingered in the Anglican fold. Its by no means agonized tone contrasts with that of the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, in which the author describes himself as parting in agony from his ancient mother-Church and her bishops; and we cannot help suspecting that the *Apologia*, like most autobiographies, is to some extent a self-delusion. One scene in *Loss and Gain* specially amused us at the time. The marriage of the clergy was a thing to which the Newmanites had taken a thoroughly Hildebrandic aversion. The convert is standing in a High Church bookseller's shop when a young High Church clergyman comes in with the lady to whom he is engaged to be married, and the pair begin, in loving concert, selecting High Church books in ritualistic bindings for the library of their future home. The convert sickens at the sight "as a seasick man sickens at the sight of a pork chop!"

Is George Eliot polemical or propagandist? Polemical she certainly is not. Propagandist, perhaps in her own despite, she is. Her first works had been translations of Strauss and Feuerbach; and there can be no doubt that her novels breathe Agnosticism, with that mistrust of character based on religion, and of anything like spiritual

aspirations, which Agnosticism entails. In reading her we see humanity under a Feuerbachian sky, from which it is pleasant to return to the frank sunshine of Walter Scott and Miss Austen. George Eliot can hardly take the highest rank as an artist; the plots of her later novels, especially, are naught. She interests, in fact, more as a philosopher than as a novelist, and the permanency of her fame must depend partly on the continued ascendancy of her philosophy. If this gloom of cheerless doubt should prove a mere interlude, and the sunshine of assured truth should return, though her genius will always be acknowledged, she will hardly keep her present hold upon the heart.

We come at last to *Robert Elsmere*, by which so immense a sensation has been produced. The religious world must be in a highly inflammable state when such a spark can set it in a flame. We cannot attempt here to do justice, as we gladly would, to the very great literary merits of the book; but that it should have an influence as a theological treatise, or even be regarded in that light, is surely surprising. The writer probably never expected or intended anything of the kind; she meant probably nothing more than to impart interest to her novel by the introduction of characters and situations connected with the burning questions of the day. Her genius, perhaps, is rather that of a vivid photographer than a creative artist. There is in the book absolutely not one particle of argument or of anything that ought to determine the reason to a conclusion of any sort. *Elsmere*, in framing whose mind and character the novelist of course has it all her own way, is made suddenly to succumb to the irresistible arguments of the Squire's book; but the Squire's book is a phantom, and resolves itself at most into the individual and unsupported opinion of the writer of the novel. The awful "voice" which at the crisis of *Elsmere's* mental history utters within him "words of irrevocable meaning," is, in like manner, the voice of the authoress. It is the authoress who speaks by the lips of the half-deified Professor Grey. In the Squire's book, if we had it, we should apparently find nothing which has not been long before the world. It is true there is held as it were over our heads another book by the Squire, the product of fabulous research and prodigious labour, in which a new and overwhelmingly conclusive line of argument is supposed to be embodied. But this, like the other book, is a phantom, and should it ever appear in a material form, we venture to predict that, supposing its purport to be correctly stated, it will prove to be one of the examples, now growing pretty numerous, of evolution running mad. There can be no such thing as an evolutionary account of human testimony to fact, since the senses and the cerebral structure of man having always been the same, his perceptions cannot have varied. The testimony of *Cæsar* to a thing which he saw or heard is exactly the same as that of *Napier* or *Kinglake*, and the testimony of a primitive Aryan was the same as that of *Cæsar*. Apparent facts, such as the revolution of the sun, may be scientifically explained, but the apparent fact and human testimony in regard to it remain the same. Local or temporary delusions on certain subjects may prevail; particular men or races may be comparatively untruthful; but this is a widely different thing from an evolution of testimony, such as would render the testimony of the first Christian century in the mass obsolete and worthless. If Paul's reasoning is sometimes rabbinical, that does not affect his testimony to a fact. Nothing is more certainly known about Paul than that he was not an easy convert. If the mind of *Robert Elsmere* is proffered as a logical and critical standard, we most respectfully decline to accept it, since nothing, in our humble judgment, can be less logical or critical than his arbitrary elimination of the miraculous and theological parts of the Gospel from its historical part in order to construct a Christ, not divine, yet something more than human, as the object of a new quasi-religion. Let us, at all events, look results in the face, and if they are negative manfully embrace them, whatever the cost may be; not try to fill the void of belief with figments which can hardly serve us for an hour.

However, as we have already said, it seems unfair to assume that the object of the writer of *Robert Elsmere* is to influence opinion or anything more than to lend the attraction of living interest to a work of art. Yet we cannot help entering a caveat, though in no reproachful spirit, against borrowing attractions for a work of art from such a source. Issues the most momentous are before the world. Man is brought face to face, as he never was before, with the awful problem of his being. It is a secondary consideration compared with spiritual truth, but one which is serious enough in its way, that the social fabric is not less in jeopardy than spiritual life, since nothing can be more certain than that society in Christian communities has hitherto been based upon religion. In truth, all these political convulsions are in a great degree but the outward manifestations of the deeper unrest produced in the soul of humanity by the disturbance of religious belief. These questions then ought to be approached only with a serious spirit, a sense of responsibility and a conscientious desire to arrive at truth. To attempt to sway the reason on them through the fancy must surely be wrong, especially in those who profess devotion to the strictest school of criticism, and propose to drive out of the educated world every one who does accept the "dry light" of its lamp as the sole guide of his feet. To use discussion of our religious belief as an ingredient for novels, mixing it up with love scenes, social adventures and levities of the *salon*, is surely a practice to which it is not straitlaced to demur. In *Robert Elsmere* there is nothing that is not reverent; yet *Robert Elsmere* is a novel, and the thread of Rose's love story is entwined with that of the history of Robert's soul. The antidote is not, as has been said, *Ben Hur* or a re-

ligious novel of any sort; it is an hour's converse with any thoroughly learned and argumentative writer who treats the great problem in a serious spirit and is earnestly seeking truth. As to any effects of a theological kind which a novel may have produced, it ought to be regarded as a mere breath of steam to be wiped at once off the mirror of the mind.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

HIDDEN WEALTH.

THE cupidity of the Spaniards who landed with Cortez upon the shores of Mexico was first incited by the golden trinkets which the Indians brought to them in exchange for European tawdry. Historians lay great stress upon the riches in precious metals of the rulers of the several empires, but more particularly upon the great wealth of Montezuma. Their description of the jewelry and other objects made by the skilful hands of Aztec metal-workers remind us of the miraculous pieces of mechanism described in the Arabian Nights. A golden bird, with tempered pieces of metal which gave it the exact coloured plumage of the natural bird, and a contrivance to make it sing; and a chameleon lizard of gold, in the varied hues of nature, were some of the objects found by Cortez and his companions in the Aztec capital. Where was this vast treasure of wealth, which it is claimed exceeded anything then possessed by any European monarch, buried? Some say it was buried beneath the waters of Lake Tezcuco and others claim on the present site of the Iturbide Hotel. Wherever it was stored its hiding place still remains dead to the world. Probably in no other country in the universe are there more buried treasures than in Mexico. Nearly every week the unearthing of treasures is reported in some part of the Republic. The custom of sinking money under bricks in the floors and plugging it in holes in the walls commenced with the occupation of the country by the Spaniards. Even until to-day the custom is in vogue in many parts of Mexico. Unlike most nations the Mexicans, as a rule, hold what they accumulate, not investing it in enterprises when there are any great risks of loss. Little by little large capitals are acquired and are sunk in the earth or are plugged up in walls, and many times are forever lost to the world. Two years ago a treasure was found while making repairs in the Conception Church. Without doubt the largest and most valuable treasures are still hidden from view in the churches, old convents, and monasteries in this city. The Catholic church was the wealthiest institution in Mexico, as the silver rails and rich ornaments still to be seen in the temples of God in the Aztec capital attest. The frequent revolutions with which Mexico was formerly cursed, made it a necessity for the priests to have secret vaults to store the ornaments of the wax images, the service of the church, and the tithes. That the vaults with their treasures should have been lost to the world is not miraculous. The latest discovery of a treasure has just been made in this city. A woman of advanced years has lived for a short time in a room in the old Regina convent, on Regina street. She paid no rent, her quarters being given her by a charitable person whose name is not known. One day while the old woman was driving a nail in one of the walls, she noticed that it went in very easily not giving the required resistance. Impelled by curiosity the woman commenced to make an excavation in the wall, and with a little labour soon opened a cavity in which she found a number of pieces of silverware, which it is supposed formed part of the convent church service. The woman made the discovery known to her benefactor, who took out the pieces of plate, severely reprimanding her for her curiosity, and also told her that they belonged to him and that she must keep the secret, promising that he would give her a piece of land where she could peacefully pass the rest of her days. The old lady continued living in the room, however, and soon after made another excavation in the wall, in which she discovered a sealed earthen jar. She broke it, and in it discovered \$40 or \$50 in old coins, a reliquary, some documents or deeds of houses, and one telling of a hidden treasure and where it is to be found. This time the old woman did not tell the charitable person of her discovery. She went and consulted a lawyer, to whom she took all the documents except the one telling where the treasure was hidden. It is said that a gentleman who learned of the discovery made by the old woman, has purchased the land where the treasure is supposed to be buried, and has already commenced hunting for it.—*The Two Republics*.

REALISM AND "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

IN his fourth discourse, Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "The historical painter never enters into the detail of colours; so neither does he debase his conceptions with minute attention to the discriminations of drapery. It is the inferior style that marks the variety of stuffs. With him (the historical painter) the clothing is neither woollen, nor linen, nor silk, satin, or velvet; it is drapery and nothing more." With all respect to the memory of Sir Joshua, this view seems to me somewhat narrow. What is history, and what is an historical painter? A picture of Charles I. taking leave of his children, or of Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament, would be historical in the truest sense of the word. What would become of those subjects under the Reynolds treatment? and I imagine the painter could not be found—at any rate in these days—who would ignore costume, and dress his figures in the "drapery" recommended by Reynolds. Imagine Cromwell's sturdy figure enveloped in a Roman toga, and the recalcitrant

members of Parliament similarly disguised! Great men in great countries are making history every day; and, though modern dress is terribly unpicturesque, he would be a bold and foolish man who would adopt any other in dealing with the historical scenes of his own day. One of the finest of Delaroche's pictures represents the Princes in the tower, waiting terror-stricken, at the approach of their murderers. The dresses of the boys are strictly in accordance with the costume of the period; the bed on which they sit is evidently copied from a bed of the time. The strict observance of the accessories adds reality to the scene instead of detracting from it. The spectator is so impressed with the truthfulness of the portrayal, that he feels it must have happened as the painter has delineated it. . . . There is another eccentricity in the air which seems to me to call for observation and warning. I hear that subject in a picture is not only of no consequence, but it is better avoided. Pictures, according to this novel theory, should be "songs without words;" they should be beautiful in colour, light, and shadow, tone, and all the rest, but these qualities should not be made vehicles of story; that is to be left to literature. What, then, becomes of the cartoons of Raphael and the "Marriage à la Mode," of Hogarth? What becomes of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and the "Actæon and Diana," of Titian? And, to go much lower, if attempts to make painting a vehicle for story are reprehensible, what culprits are the old Dutchmen, with their Kermesses, and their innumerable illustrations of Low Country life and manners; Jan Steen, with his "Physician Visiting a Sick Frau;" and Teniers, with his "Prodigal Son!" It is true that there are Italian pictures to be found which affect the mind like a solemn strain of music, from the loveliness of the tone and the exquisite harmony of the colours; but, beyond these charms—and no one can value and enjoy them more than the writer—they mean nothing. There are many figures in "glorious hues bedight," and there is a background which is in itself a poem; but the figures are doing nothing, they say nothing; like Canning's "Knife-Grinder," they have no story to tell. I submit that painting is a language capable of expressing every emotion of the heart and mind of the human being, and that its vocation is to endeavour to elevate by poetic treatment of noble themes; or, if that rare power is denied the artist, then to convey moral lessons or infinite varieties of harmless pleasure. Beautiful as the language is, and worthy of admiration for itself, it is but a means to an end, and the attempt to make it the end is, to my mind, a fatal mistake.—*William Powell Frith, R. A., in the Magazine of Art*.

THE FLOWERS OF ROME.

IF Rome is celebrated for its fountains, it is equally celebrated for its flowers. Whether it is owing to soil, or the church, or the mode of cultivation, or all combined, certain it is that nowhere else does one see flowers of such brilliant colours, perfect forms, and delicious fragrance; and the quantities as well as varieties of them are perfectly wonderful. Delicate pink and straw-coloured teas-roses, camellias and jonquils mingled their high-born beauties with the more homely charms of wild flowers that grew under the shadow of the great solemn stone pines on the heights around, or twined their fresh garlands over the sad ruins of the Campagna. In the hand of every little boy and girl were bunches for sale of wild cyclamens, blue anemones, and sweet-scented violets, surrounded by their own leaves, and neatly tied up with thread. They had been gathered in the princely grounds of the Doria Pamphii and Borghese villas in the neighbourhood of Rome. . . . They brought into the hot hard streets the witchery of the woodlands; and no one could inhale for a moment, in passing by, the sweet wafture of their fragrance without being transported in imagination to far-off scenes endeared to memory, and without a thrill of nameless tenderness at the heart. Some of the bunches of violets I was asked to buy were of a much paler purple than the others, and I was at no loss to explain this peculiarity. The plants with the deep violet petals, and dark crimson eye had single blossoms, whereas those whose petals were lilac, and whose eye was of a paler red colour, were double. Cultivation had increased the number of petals, but it had diminished the richness of the colouring. This is an interesting example of the impartial balancing of nature. No object possesses every endowment. Defect in one direction is made up by excess in another. The rose pays for its mass of beautiful petals by its sterility; and the single violet has a lovelier hue, and is perfectly fertile, whereas the double one is pale and cannot perpetuate itself. And the moral lesson of this parable of nature is not difficult to read. Leanness of soul often accompanies the fulfilment of our earthly desires; and outward abundance often produces selfishness and covetousness. . . . Humble, fragrant, useful contentment belongs to the soul that has the single eye and 'the one thing needful.'—*Macmillan's Roman Mosaics*.

CONCERNING "COPY" FOR THE PRINTER.

IF any one asks, "How shall I manage so that the printer will not make a lot of foolish errors in my article?" the reasonable and manifest reply is, "Write it *precisely* as you want it printed. Don't put in a random series of dashes for punctuation, unless dashes are what you desire the printed article to be ornamented with. If you wish it printed properly in paragraphs, write it properly in paragraphs. If it is to be arranged line for line, or in columns, or in tabular form, write it so. If certain words are to be capitalized, put capitals, and unmistakable capitals, to

them, every time you write those words. Leave to the printer no discretion, no option, no doubt as to your intention. You are entitled to make one complaint of the printer, and only one. You may not properly say: He spelled the words wrong; he did not punctuate; he did not put capitals where they belonged. You can reasonably and justly say in criticism only this: 'He did not print my matter as I had plainly written it.'

To many who write, doubtless, this will be a hard saying; and there are some whose just and original thought, and piquant expression, have raised them above the need of attention to the mechanical proprieties of writing, so far as editorial acceptance of what they write is concerned—though one cannot but wonder that such writers should so strongly desire to have what they write properly printed, and yet be unwilling to take the only means to attain that end, for it can be attained in no other way; the individual peculiarities of punctuation, of paragraphing, of capitalizing, are no less potent factors of that indefinable personal flavour which we call style, than the words themselves—as witness Carlyle's writing, for instance. This work can be done by no other person. Even if the matter be copied and re-arranged, and "fixed-up" for the printer by a perfectly competent hand, the original flavour inevitably becomes, in the process, in some degree diluted, and mixed with that of another mind; and one would suppose that the most careless author would be sensitive to such a change.

To writers of less assured position, the matter of making clear, well-arranged, well-punctuated "copy" is a very practical consideration indeed. An editor may be willing to puzzle and stumble through a written article which he is sure he will find to be good; but to thus bother over a dozen manuscripts, of whose quality he has no notion, is too much for human nature.

To those who cannot or will not study the niceties of punctuation, it may yet be worth while to say that there are three rules, which comprise the "weightier matters of the law," and which, if invariably observed, will do wonders for "copy" that would otherwise be intolerably bad. Surely, it cannot be a very great task to keep in mind these three simple things:

1. Make sentences. Put an unmistakable period at the end of each; leave a wide space (as in print); and begin the next sentence with an unmistakable capital.
2. Make paragraphs. Do not make them long; and begin the first line of each far in from the margin.
3. Write proper names and unusual and technical words very plainly.

Even with many shortcomings, if only these three rules be carefully attended to, "thou shalt be (comparatively) upright, and thou shalt be innocent from the great transgressions."—*Queries.*

JOHN RICHARD GREEN'S MANY-SIDEDNESS.

A COMPLETE life of Green would be an impossible task to carry out satisfactorily. First of all, such a biography would have to be founded on the personal recollections of a hundred different men and women, each of whom knows, perhaps, only one aspect of his character. "Brilliantcy" and "versatility" are the words which come into the mind when we think of his conversation. The account of each period of his life, for it was divided very sharply into distinct periods, would have to be supplied by the person with whom he was most intimate at the time. . . . He enjoyed saying sharp things to those he knew best; but, though extremely witty and amusing in conversation, he never made a really unkind remark to any one; not that he was what is called "amiable," or "popular," but, rather because he would have thought it beneath him. He did not care to associate with stupid people, or people whom he even suspected of stupidity; and the friends he gathered most closely about him were, in many instances, men who were supposed to know some subject thoroughly. Each man, therefore, of the whole group imagined that his particular object or 'ology was the one thing in which Green took the most interest. . . . It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the inexhaustible fund of interest which he had always at command for the ambitions, troubles, and doubts, or successes of his friends. Literary jealousy was unknown to him. After labouring hard at some historical problem, he would place the results of his researches freely at the disposal of the first man who seemed likely to be able to make a good use of them. He revelled in the good work done by others. Sick or busy, he could always find time to help a serious worker who sought his advice.—*New Princeton Review.*

EMBROIDERED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE most curious embroidered book in the British Museum is a small 8vo "Biblia Sacra," printed at Antwerp by C. Plantin in 1590, and bound shortly afterward. The cover is of green velvet embroidered richly with seed pearls, a garnet forming the centre. It consists of a broad border ornamented with a running device in pearls, the centre being formed of a radiating floral form, not unlike a lily. In the corners are roses and a variety of triple *fleurs-de-lis*. The stems of the flowers are formed of gold threads, with which also the flowers are outlined. The lesser flowers are formed in silver thread. Small devices in silver thread and pearls, and the letters "T. G." in pearls, fill up the groundwork. The back is embroidered to match, and is without ribs, panels or lettering.

An "Acta Synodi Nationalis Dordrechtii Habita," printed at Leyden in 1620, was bound in red velvet for James I. The border consists of three lines worked in

gold thread. The centre of the top cover is filled with the full royal arms, with supporters and a superb mantling. In the garter surrounding the arms and within a romantic scroll are the royal mottoes. The crest is a lion on a helm, crowned. Above the arms is the letter "J." crowned, and beneath them the letter "R." also surmounted by a crown; these letters are set in a device of roses and thistles. The embroidery is in gold and silver thread and is embossed. The back consists of embroidered roses in panels; it is not ribbed. A folio Cambridge bible, printed in 1674 and bound for James II., has a centre with a debased crown surmounting the letters "J. R." surrounded by a floriated wreath, the whole enclosed in a Grolier band. The corners are formed of cherubs, whose wings, drawn tightly together, meet in the angle formed by the lines of the cover. The faces of the cherubs are of silver thread, the wings of gold, the eyes black beads. At the middle of the top is a rising sun shedding lachrymiferous drops. Leaves in gold thread and small flowers fill up the ground, which is of red velvet. The back is banded, the panels being filled with floral forms in gold thread.

Another book printed at Leyden in 1583, and bound for Queen Elizabeth, is covered in black velvet. It has a broad border of interlacing gold and silver leaves with flowers. The centre is formed by interlacing geometrical forms. The "De Antiquitate Ecclesie Britannicæ" presented by Archbishop Parker to Queen Elizabeth is covered in green velvet, the upper cover being embroidered in coloured silk and gold thread in deep relief. The border is formed to represent a paling, a gate with wicket occupying nearly the centre of the lower side. The centre is a large rose tree in bloom, the longer branches embracing the border. At each corner are deer in various attitudes, and the field is sprinkled with flowers and grass. The reverse design is somewhat similar. The back consists of five panels divided by embroidered lines.—*Bookworm.*

MUSIC.

TORONTO TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION CONCERT.

THE ladies and gentlemen who are engaged in the responsible profession of teaching the young idea how to shoot, have long prided themselves on the excellence of their annual concerts, and at the event which took place under their auspices on Thursday evening of last week, they had a programme which was fully up to the standard of former years. The vocalists were Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. George Taylor, Mr. Frederick Warrington and Mr. Thos. Hurst. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke played several cornet solos, and Mr. S. H. Clark, a gentleman who has recently come to Toronto, was the elocutionist. Mr. Clark is a clever reciter, with considerable dramatic power, and a subtle resource of facial expression which enables him to interchange pathos and humour with ease and rapidity.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

THIS Opera, which was so cleverly exploited by the mystery which surrounded its preparation, has drawn large houses this week, and deservedly so. It contains much of Sullivan's best work, some not so good, and some of Gilbert's commonplace efforts. When Gilbert first wrote these libretti, the peculiar crispness and *staccato* of his rhymes, and the manner of metaphorically halting a word in by the ears to complete a rhyme, captivated everybody. Now the rhymes resemble their predecessors, but the captivation has fled; the charm of novelty is gone. Apart from the weakness of the plot, and the tame manner in which the denouement is worked out, the opera suffers in the second act from a plethora of these characteristic verses, which necessitate the use of a rhyme which so colours the music that great originality becomes impossible. These bits however, show the cleverness of the composer, as he has apparently not troubled himself to originate an entire melody, but has frequently preferred to take a phrase and for each new line repeat it, starting a note higher or lower as the case may be. This shows scholarship, but hardly the inspiration which some of us still believe necessary for composition. The overture is commonplace, but the chorus which follows is cleverly treated, a chorus by "the people" preceding one by the Tower warders, and the two afterwards being sung together. A good effect is produced here, though the same mechanical elaboration already mentioned is noticeable. A little trio further on, between Elsie the Glee maiden, Point the jester, and the Lieutenant of the Tower, is very good, though short. The solos which occur are fluent and racy, but rather jingling than melodious, excepting Fairfax's "Is Life a Boon?" and Phebe's "Were I Thy Bride." These have fine melodies, well worked out. The act ends with a very fine *finale*, the ensemble of which is the strongest piece in the opera. The second act has a beautiful prelude, with a most effective chorus following it, but the *finale* is weak, having neither grandeur, nor the brightness which might be expected to close a comic opera. The term "comic opera" reminds one of the fact that this particular one is comic rather in its dialogue and patter songs than in its plot or situations, and just to this extent must the inspiration for the composer be lacking. Sullivan has well sustained the probable colouring of the music of the Tudor period.

But Sullivan has outdone himself in his orchestration. Whether the music on the stage be great or commonplace, the orchestra plays good music, and its interest never slackens. The best way to enjoy *The Yeomen of the Guard* is to go a second time, and confine your attention to the really delightful music that is going on in the orchestra. Of

course, as performed here, many instruments were wanting, and occasional wind parts were played by the strings, but the effect was sufficiently good to satisfy the musician. The opera is splendidly conducted by Mr. Baur, whose careful work and excellent judgment certainly contributed much to its success here. Of those taking part, Miss Alice Carle, as "Phoebe," is entitled to the highest praise. She has a fine contralto voice, and apparently a fund of uncontrollable *diablerie* which finds constant outlet in some new drollery. Miss Helen Lamont sings excellently, has a pretty, light soprano voice, and her handsome presence made her every appearance welcome. Mr. Gilbert, as the "Jester," sang his patter songs fluently, and with appropriate action, and was ably assisted by Mr. Burnham, as "Wilfred Shadbolt," the jailer, who would become a jester. Signor Brocolini, as "Sergeant Meryll," sang well and acted well. Mr. Traverer, who represented "Colonel Fairfax," has rather a coarse voice, which detracted somewhat from the effect which the good music of his part should have produced. Mr. J. C. Fay, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was tightly trussed in cuirass and ruff, sang well for a man who was nearly choked. The chorus was good, and the dresses were evidently designed with a view to the effectiveness of the stage pictures, which were excellent, as was the action throughout. B NATURAL.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Cassell's Family Magazine for January is the first number of a new volume. Two stories, "Under a Strange Mask," by Frank Barrett, and "Mr. Trench of Brasenose," by Mary L. Armit, are commenced with liberal instalments of each.

THE January number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Sunday Magazine* begins the twenty-fifth volume of this popular monthly. Christmas literature in prose and verse takes up a considerable portion of the number. An illustration of Brant's Tomb and the Mohawk Church at Brantford, with a brief description, will interest Canadian readers.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for January opens with some chapters of the new story by Henry James, "The Tragico Muse." John Fiske writes on "Washington's Great Campaign of 1776." Frank Gaylord Cook on "A Difficult Problem in Politics," and Lillie B. Chace Wyman on "Studies in Factory Life." Mrs. Deland contributes a story, "Mr. Tommy Dove," and Philip Dymond describes "Some Characteristics of Von Moltke." There is in this number a fine steel portrait of John G. Whittier, who recently celebrated the 81st anniversary of his birth.

Scribner's Magazine for January opens with an article on "Castle Life in the Middle Ages," by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. General E. P. Alexander describes "Railway Management," and A. B. Ward contributes a sketch of the bright side of invalidism in an article entitled "The Invalid's World." "French Traits—Women" is the subject of an essay by W. C. Brownell, in which he makes a comparison between French and American feminine traits. Dr. George P. Fisher writes on "The Ethics of Controversy," and Thomas Bailey Aldrich on "Odd Sticks." There are poems by Edith M. Thomas, Richard Hovey, Louise Chandler Moulton and H. S. Sandford, jun.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. ANDREW LANG succeeds the Earl of Strafford as President of the English Folk-lore Society.

PRINCIPAL GRANT, who has just returned from his Australian trip, was accorded the well deserved honour of a public reception on his arrival at Kingston.

"CASTLE KRONBORG," an historical drama by King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, has been translated into German and performed at the Residentz Theatre in Hanover with fair success.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S speeches, selected and edited by Mr. Louis J. Jennings, are announced by Longmans and Company. Mr. Jennings will also furnish a biographical sketch of Lord Randolph.

MR. JOHN G. WHITTIER reached his eighty-first birthday on the 17th. He remained quietly at Oak Knoll, receiving his many friends and reading the congratulatory letters and telegrams that poured in upon him.

THE *Paris Journal des Debats* will complete its one hundredth year on the 29th of August next. Unlike other journals its impressions are not numbered, so that the reader looks in vain on the front sheet for evidence of its age.

THE Christmas double number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* contains twelve full page illustrations, two of them in monochrome. Prominent illustrated articles in the number are "Surrey Farmhouses" and "A Ramble through Normandy."

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS is one of the very few poets who make a substantial income from their books. The 23rd edition, which is also the 23rd thousand, of Mr. Morris's *Epic of Hades*, is announced. *Songs of Two Worlds* has reached its 13th edition.

MR. W. H. H. MURRAY'S now celebrated book, *Daylight Land*, has been issued in an English dress by the Piccadilly publishers, Chatto and Windus, London, who

cabled for the right to publish in England after seeing but a few sample pages of the American edition.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY, 15 East Sixteenth Street, will be the American publishers of the late Lord Stanhope's *Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*. They also promise a collection of the later lyrics of the Englishwoman who writes under the name of "E. Nesbit," entitled *Leaves of Life*.

We have received a copy of the Address delivered by Dr. J. Campbell, of Seaforth, author of *The Land of Burns*, at Goderich on St Andrew's night. The Doctor's address which was very different in style and subject matter from those usually delivered on such occasions, was on "Scotland's Sons in Prose and Song."

THE *Athenaeum* says that the rumour that has recently been circulated by several papers to the effect that Mr. Frank Harris has resigned, or is about to resign, the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review* is wholly without foundation. Mr. Frank Harris neither had nor has any intention of resigning the editorship.

MRS. MONA CAIRD, who has become known in connection with the question of the law of marriage, has finished a new novel, which, under the title *The Wing of Azrael*, will be issued early in 1889 by Messrs. Trübner. Mrs. Caird has already published two novels pseudonymously, *Whom Nature Leadeth*, and *One that Wins*.

DAWSON BROTHERS, the well-known and highly respected publishers and wholesale booksellers, of Montreal, dissolve partnership the first of next year, and two firms will take the place of the old one. Mr. Charles F. Dawson will continue the stationery business in all its branches, and Mr. W. F. Brown will carry on the book and periodical department.

THE *Magazines of Poetry*, a new monthly to be devoted exclusively to poetry and the study of poetry, will make its appearance in January. Among the poets to be discussed in early numbers are Mr. Stedman, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Stoddard, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Boyle O'Reilly, Edgar Fawcett, and Edith Thomas.

THE December number of the "Camelot Series" will consist of a collection of essays by Mr. James Russell Lowell. For this volume Mr. Lowell has written an introduction which he terms "an apology for a preface." The essays included are those on Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Lessing, and Rousseau. This is the second collection of Mr. Lowell's essays which has appeared in this series.

THE seventh and eighth volumes of the *Poetical Works of Robert Browning* have just appeared in the author's latest edition (Macmillan). They contain "In a Balcony" and "Dramatis Personæ," and the first volume of "The Ring and the Book." These attractive volumes are embellished with the familiar Talfourd portrait of Browning (1859), a *scudo* of Innocent XII., with his effigy, and an old title-page in facsimile.

"A CURIOSITY in the way of a dictionary," says the *Boston Traveller*, "has just been published by the Canadian Government. It is one of the Micmac language by Rev. S. T. Rand, D.D., of Hantsport, N.S. The aboriginal languages of North America have long been recognized by European philologists to be among the most perfect linguistic systems that are known; and among the Algonquin languages none is more perfect than that of the Micmacs, once a powerful body in that great ethnical division. Heretofore, however, there has been a great difficulty in studying these languages because of the lack of aids, such grammars and dictionaries, which are both supplied in Dr. Rand's work, so that the importance of the work to scholars will be evident."

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Only Journal of its Kind in Canada.

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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 Expositor*.

Largest Weekly of its Kind.

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.B.*

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. THE WEEK is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals and deserves general support.—*Seaton Review*.

As Thoroughly Independent in Politics as Ever.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, has entered on its sixth year. It is as thoroughly independent in politics as ever, as ably conducted, and judging from its evident prosperity, as thoroughly appreciated by the public. It has recently been enlarged and improved generally.—*Milton Champion*.

One Half More Reading Matter Than Formerly.

THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and celebrates this auspicious event by appearing in enlarged form, so that its readers get nearly one-half more reading matter than formerly. We are pleased to note these signs of prosperity, and hope our contemporary's future will be even brighter, showing that Canadians are ready to warmly support a high-class literary weekly of their own.—*Berlin Weekly News*.

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With its advancing years it has increased in circulation and usefulness. In literary ability it stands in the front rank of Canadian journals, and we notice this evidence of its growing prosperity with pleasure. It is a thorough Canadian journal, and deserves success.—*Newmarket Era*.

A Wide Circle of Admirers.

The high character of the literary contents of this weekly have made for it a wide circle of admirers, who will rejoice that its success has been such as to warrant this new departure, and will wish for it still more enduring popularity in its altered form.—*Toronto News*.

Secured a Leading Rank.

This periodical, which during the past five years has, by its literary excellence, secured a leading rank in the Canadian press, commences its sixth volume fifty per cent. larger than it closed the fifth. It now appears in sixteen quarto pages, and in good, clean, readable type. Before another year the management hope to effect further improvements.—*The Mail*.

Distinctly Creditable to Canada.

THE WEEK has been much improved all round during the past year, consequently its circulation has extended and its publishers are enabled to announce that the paper will hereafter be of the size of the large and handsome issue that bears even date with this note. No weekly on the continent is written in a better spirit, and very few present literary matter of more merit. THE WEEK is now distinctly creditable to Canada; it has passed safely through the dangerous stage of infancy, and may very well expect to have a long career of prosperity.—*The Globe*.

One-Half More Reading Matter.

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Leading Journal of Literature.

Our Canadian contemporary, THE WEEK, began its sixth volume with the issue of Dec. 7, and celebrated the anniversary by an enlargement of its pages. THE WEEK is the leading Canadian journal of literature and the arts, and we wish it the "long, useful and prosperous career" that its prospectus anticipates for it.—*New York Critic*.

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Able and Independent.

We would once more urge upon our readers the claims to support of this fine periodical. With the number for December 7, THE WEEK enters upon its sixth volume in an enlarged form, and with a staff of contributors equal to that of any of its alien rivals. In the number are Sir Daniel Wilson, Prof. J. Clark Murray, Principal Grant, John Talon-Lesperance, Lady Macdonald, Prof. Roberts, J. Hunter Duvar, Miss Machar (Fidelis) and several others of our foremost writers. The opening number of the new year has contributions from "Walter Powell," the talented daughter of Mr. Frith, the artist; from Miss Blanche L. Macdonell, Commander W. A. Ashe, P.R.S.A., the Rev. Prof. W. Clark, Mr. N. F. Davin, M.P., Dr. Goldwin Smith, Miss Louisa Murray and the Rev. Prof. K. L. Jones. The editorials of THE WEEK are able and independent, and cover the entire range of current controversy.—*Montreal Gazette*.

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Taking an independent stand on public questions, it has, with scarcely an exception, discussed these in a fair and judicious manner. In other respects it has achieved a success, and its literary excellence has been recognized by its steadily increasing patronage. It holds a leading place among the high class journals of the day, and ought to receive the cordial support of those who value culture and who like to see public questions discussed without prejudice and partizanship.—*Guelph Mercury*.

Abounds with Interesting Articles.

THE WEEK, which has now become one of the well-established and recognized weekly journals of Canada, has met with such success as to warrant its enlargement. On its list of contributors is a host of names, many well known in literature and science in Canada, and we see no reason why our contemporary should not still further extend its circulation until the whole of the Dominion is well covered. It abounds with interesting articles and good reading generally.—*Montreal Herald*.

At all Times Ably Conducted.

THE WEEK, a well-known literary and political journal, which has at all times been ably conducted, gives evidence, in its latest issue, that it has been successful. THE WEEK is independent in politics, and its clever articles, which are usually patriotic in tone, will give to many of our politicians a view of themselves as others see them, even if they do not influence public opinion to any great extent as to the merits of questions in controversy between the parties. We commend THE WEEK to those who desire a high-class Canadian weekly journal.—*Belleville Intelligencer*.

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The enlargement is an indication of THE WEEK's success, a fact upon which the publisher is to be congratulated. THE WEEK is among the most welcome of our exchanges.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

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THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged to the extent that readers will be supplied with one-half more matter than hitherto. THE WEEK is a publication of which Canada may well be proud.—*London Free Press*.

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THE WEEK is now uniform in size with *Harper's Weekly*, and having outlived the dangerous period of infancy—so fatal to youthful journalistic enterprises—it may now look forward to a long, useful and prosperous career.—*Sarnia Canadian*.

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Certainly a First-class Journal.

This week we publish an extended notice of THE WEEK, a Toronto publication of much merit. It has recently been enlarged and much improved in other ways, and is certainly a first-class journal.—*Chester Enterprise*.

Solid and Enterprising.

We are always glad to note signs of prosperity and progress on the part of the Canadian press, and it is therefore with pleasure that we draw attention to the fact that the last issue of that excellent literary journal, THE WEEK, came out in an enlarged form. It is really one of the most solid and yet entertaining exchanges we have.—*Pembroke Standard*.

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THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on its sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. It is a valuable addition to the literary publications in any household.—*Oakville Star*.

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Its contents include independent opinions in politics, literature, science and arts; and original and able reviews on the most important passing events in the Dominion, the States and the old country, must secure it a place in every home in Canada. For general information of interest there is nothing in the city to surpass THE WEEK.—*Ayr Recorder*.

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New and Able Contributors.

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Prof. Goldwin Smith Still a Contributor.

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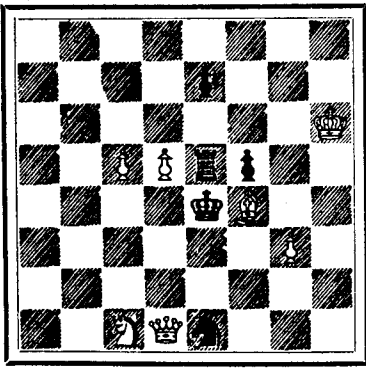
A Tone of Dignified Good Sense.

THE WEEK, of Toronto, entered upon its sixth volume a fortnight since, and appeared in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is an enterprising and able paper, and always contains much valuable reading matter of current interest, while its editorials have a tone of dignified good sense, as well as of sound judgment. The paper is a great credit to its publisher, C. Blackett Robinson, who deserves to be congratulated.—*Boston Journal*.

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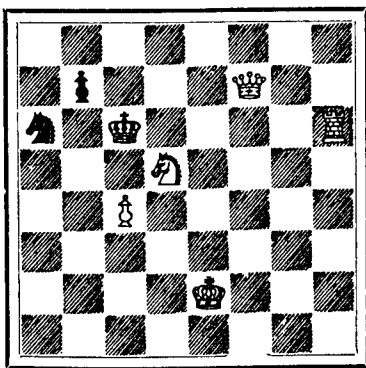


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White to play and mate in three moves.

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WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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No. 311.
Q-Q R 1

No. 312.

- White. 1. R-K 6 2. Q-Q 5 + 3. B-Kt 3 mate.
Black. P-Q 5 K x Q
If 1. K x P K moves
2. Q-R 4 + 3. R-B 6 mate.
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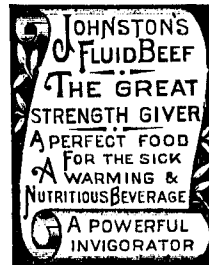
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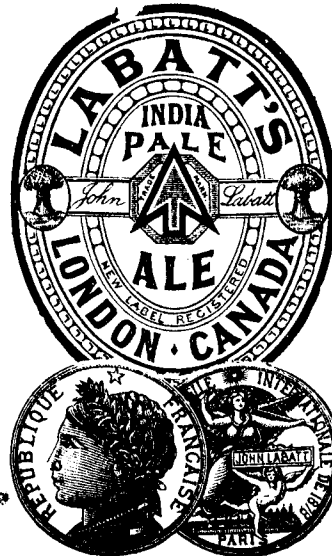
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