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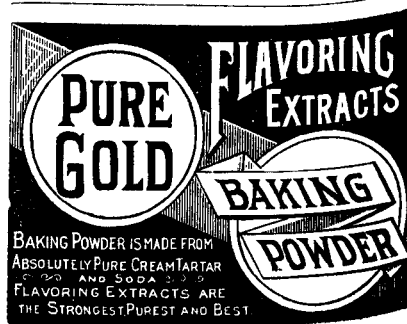
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THE new arrangement made by the Senate for the trial of divorce cases by a committee of its own members is a step in the right direction. It will facilitate proceedings in such cases without in any degree relaxing the rigidity of the safeguard against improper divorce. The committee will constitute in some respects a permanent divorce court, though it must still lack in essential qualifications for the prompt and safe despatch of what must be treated as judicial investigations, pure and simple. In all probability a few years' trial will bring out the weak points in the present system, and lead to the establishment of a proper court for the discharge of the delicate functions involved in such trials.

THE second reading of the Government Bill for the ratification of the New Fisheries Treaty was moved last week in the Commons by Sir Charles Tupper in an able and comprehensive speech. This was followed by a debate extending over several days. In the main those members of the Opposition who spoke did not oppose the second reading, which they regard as the best thing under the circumstances, but contented themselves with describing it as one-sided, by reason of Canadian concessions, and severely criticising the previous policy of the Government. Some of them enlarged forcibly upon the radical defect which was pointed out in a previous number of THE WEEK, that, while the chief recommendation of the Treaty to England and Canada is that it purports to be a settlement of the dispute, it does not really settle it, but leaves the door open for fresh causes of irritation, and even puts increased opportunities and temptations to trespass on the inshore fisheries in the way of American fishermen. A singularly weak point in Sir Charles Tupper's argument was his appeal to the Opposition to refrain from pushing the Government too hard lest they should be compelled in self-defence to say something which might be used against ratification by Congress. The assumption that the United States Senators and Representatives would be likely to overlook important points in the Treaty to the disadvantage of their country hardly comports with the prevailing opinion of the shrewdness and penetration of American politicians. But were it otherwise would not such an appeal by Sir Charles Tupper, mysteriously hinting, as it might be understood to do, at

some powerful considerations he could adduce but does not wish to, tell more powerfully upon the minds of any of our neighbours who may be listening to his words than the strongest direct defence of its provisions he could effect? *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

THE strongest point made against the Government in the Treaty debate—and the Opposition artillery was directed more against the Government than against the Treaty—was the wide inconsistency between the positions maintained in former correspondence, and, to a considerable extent, in the measures taken for the protection of the fisheries, and in the concessions made in the Treaty itself. It is impossible to deny that there is force in the contention that either the course of the Government in the former respects must have been unreasonable and needlessly irritating, or its surrender of Canada's just claims injurious and humiliating. Here again the Government speakers were unfortunate in their line of defence. To say in effect that as a matter of course Governments, in diplomatic correspondence, are expected to put forth untenable claims and support them with invalid arguments, in order to make large concessions possible in actual settlement, is, to say the least, sadly derogatory to our notions of the dignity and candour which should characterize international negotiations. We might be prepared for such methods in the swapping of horses, but should scarcely expect them in the framing of treaties. And yet the only view that can reconcile Canadians to any cheerful acquiescence in the terms of the Treaty in question, is the view thus indicated, that the claims hitherto put forward on their behalf were extravagant and unreasonable, and their withdrawal an act of simple justice between nation and nation.

THE Hon. Mr. Laurier, if correctly reported in the *Globe*, made the other day a singularly frank admission, and one conveying a very severe reflection in regard to the character of the debates in the Canadian Commons. He is reported as having said, in the course of the discussion on his motion censuring the act of the Speaker in dismissing the French translators, that "these men were engaged for three or four months in translating the debates of the House, and thus became saturated with abusive language," and that "when you permit a man to talk politics, abusive language is the legitimate consequence of that permission." It is to be hoped that the leader of the Liberal Party used the word "legitimate" in some narrow, technical sense, and not in its more general meaning. To the credit of Mr. Laurier it may be said that he himself seldom or never sins in the matter referred to, and that he was, therefore, in a position—quoting again his own words, though with an application which he is quite too modest to have thought of—"to throw the first stone." It may be hoped that the reproof thus indirectly, and, we presume, jocularly given, will not be without effect on both sides of the House. It may be added, we think, with truthfulness, that there has been thus far in the current session a decided improvement in the tone of debate—so far as the tendency to the use of abusive language is concerned.

WITH regard to the debate on Mr. Laurier's motion, it is not hard to see that there were principles involved of sufficient importance to redeem it from the limbo of merely personal and trivial partisan squabbles to which some would consign it. The prime contention that in dismissing employes who were engaged by a Committee of the House and acting under its direction, the Speaker was guilty of an invasion of the privileges and rights of Parliament, loses its chief force morally, if not technically, in view of the fact that the Committee in question had, during the previous session, left the matter in the hands of the Speaker. Whether the Committee was justified in thus throwing the onus of a decision upon the Speaker, or the Speaker wise in accepting it from their hands, need not be here discussed. The broader question underlying the debate is that of the right of members of the Civil Service to take active part in political campaigns. The leaders of both parties seem to be agreed that this must not be permitted in opposition to the Ministry of the day—unless that happens to be the Ministry of the other party. There may, perhaps, be some good cause, not apparent on the surface, for this view, but there is certainly no obvious reason why the accident of a man's being in Government employ

should deprive him of the ordinary rights of citizenship. To the outside observer it would certainly seem to be more just as well as magnanimous, and to comport better with the dignity of Privy Councillors, to refuse to take cognizance of any act, not unlawful or improper in itself, done by any employé in his capacity of a private citizen. Public opinion condemns the private employer who dismisses an employé in consequence of any exercise of a political right, even though such employer should be a candidate for office and the employé an active opponent. Why should the Government of the Dominion be less mindful than a private individual, or corporation, of the rights and liberties of its servants? There is also much force in the contention of one or two of those who took part in the debate that the very fact that a certain person is a candidate for re-election argues that he is not at the time a member of the House. Any opposition offered to him at the hustings is, therefore, opposition to a private individual, and so cannot trench upon the dignity or privilege of a member of Parliament.

In commenting, a week or two since, upon the reversal by the Supreme Court, on technical grounds, of the decision of the Election Court in the Glengarry election case, we inadvertently referred the ambiguity which gave rise to the difference of interpretation to the Franchise Act, instead of to the Controverted Elections Act. In doing so we used the term "Franchise Act" somewhat loosely to include the whole body of legislation governing electoral representation in the Commons. The obligation laid upon us to point out the mistake, and make this correction of what might seem a trivial slip, arises from the fact that whereas THE WEEK's remark reflected upon the present Government as authors of the Franchise Act, the censure should have been directed against the Mackenzie Administration which framed the Controverted Elections Act of 1875. The Franchise Act has, no doubt, enough to do to answer for its own sins, and we cheerfully make the *amende*.

Now that the terms agreed upon for the surrender by the Canadian Pacific Railway of its North-West Monopoly have been definitely announced, members of both political parties seem astonished at their moderation. By the arrangement, as stated by Sir John A. Macdonald to his supporters, in caucus, the Government are to guarantee the bonds of the company to the face value of \$15,000,000, and bearing interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. The bonds are to run for fifty years. To meet the interest the thirteen million acres of land now held by the company are pledged, and in addition the amounts falling due on account of previous land sales, aggregating \$1,500,000. The land is to be managed by three commissioners, one of whom will be a member of the Government. All proceeds from the land sales are to be paid to the Government, and by them invested to meet the interest on the bonds as it falls due. In addition the Government will if necessary hold back the amounts payable to the company for the carriage of mails and Indian and military supplies. The mail subsidies at present aggregate \$215,000. In reply to a question Sir John A. Macdonald is said to have stated that only the interest, not the principal, of the bonds was to be guaranteed. A further proviso of great importance is the stipulation in regard to the manner in which the \$15,000,000 are to be expended. According to the reports of the explanation made in caucus, \$5,000,000 are to be devoted to the payment of floating liabilities, \$5,000,000 to be spent on the roadbed and rolling stock, and \$5,000,000 expended in the construction of elevators. A most remarkable statement, and one of great interest to the party politicians, is attributed to Sir John, to the effect that the visit of Messrs. Greenway and Martin had nothing to do with the opening of the negotiations with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the withdrawal of the monopoly in the Territories.

THE Senatorial Committee which has been entrusted with the inquiry in regard to the climate and resources of the territory drained by the Mackenzie River and its tributaries is pursuing the investigations with commendable vigour and eliciting information of much interest and value. Few Canadians even are aware, probably, of the extent and value of the arable and fertile lands in this vast region of the great North-West. All the evidence thus far adduced goes to show that the tract fit for cultivation and settlement in that region is immense, and that a considerable part of it, especially the portion constituting what is known as the Peace River District, is a magnificent country, capable of great future development. The facilities for internal commerce afforded by the Mackenzie, Peel, Great Slave, and Liard rivers, are already used to advantage by the Hudson Bay Company in the collection and export of the valuable furs with which the country abounds. The report of the Committee will, no

doubt, be a document of great interest, and will do much to direct attention to the resources of the region, and eventually to turn a current of immigration in that direction.

THE astonishing proposal, made with the sanction of Archbishop Fabre and a number of prominent French-Canadian citizens, to erect a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary on Mount Royal, has naturally given rise to a good deal of excitement in Protestant circles in Montreal. The project is one which obviously cannot be defended on any principle of religious toleration. A statue of the Virgin Mary would represent a distinctly Roman Catholic dogma, and one that is peculiarly objectionable to Protestants. Its erection in a conspicuous place, on public grounds which are the common property of the people of all creeds and nationalities, would be an outrage on the spirit of toleration and fraught with danger to the harmony of the community. It could be regarded as nothing less than a public declaration to all comers that the people of the city and province were agreed in that veneration for the Virgin, which is regarded by Protestants and all other classes except Roman Catholics as little short of a gross and superstitious idolatry. The Catholics have a perfect right, which no true Protestant, or other citizen who understands the first principles of religious liberty, would gainsay, to erect any statues they please within their own ecclesiastical precincts, but they have neither civil nor moral right to outrage the feelings and faith of their fellow-citizens by setting up a distinctly and distinctively Roman Catholic symbol in a public park. The persistence of the majority in attempting to do so would be sure to give rise to consequences which all good citizens would deplore.

MORE for the principle it implies than for the sum of money it renders available for direct educational work, the statute passed by the Senate of Toronto University, on Friday evening, abolishing after the next Junior Matriculation, all scholarships, prizes, and medals hitherto paid out of the revenue of the University, marks an important change in the policy of that institution. This change is one of many indications of a gradual revolution in theories and methods of education, which is going on not only in Ontario, but all over the English-speaking portion of this continent. Signs of the same change are also beginning to manifest themselves in England. There is an unmistakable tendency to revolt against the whole system of competitive examinations in schools of learning, and the "cramming" of which that system is the prolific source. Earnest and thoughtful educators are coming to see that reading for honours, as generally done, is not only not synonymous with true education, but is often directly antagonistic to the best educational processes. They are coming to believe in the possibility of awakening earnestness and even enthusiasm in the pursuit of truth for its own sake, in our schools and colleges, without the artificial, and not very ennobling stimulus of prizes and scholarships. They perceive more and more clearly, that to make the goal of effort something outside and apart from mastery of the subject in hand, is incompatible with the best methods both of study and of instruction. It is creditable to the discernment and the spirit of the students of the University that the majority of them are, as is understood, heartily in favour of the change now inaugurated. The action of the Senate, of course, does not affect any prizes or scholarships established by other than University funds.

THE dangers to public and political morality resulting from an immense surplus in the national treasury have received a fresh illustration at Washington. For eight days the House of Representatives was in "dead lock" over a remarkable attempt at a most summary disposal of a part of the surplus. This was nothing less than a bill to refund to the various States of the Union the amount of a direct tax levied over a quarter of a century ago. The bill involved the repayment of more than \$17,000,000. It passed through the Senate with slight opposition, exciting there what seems, in view of the character of the measure, wondrously little interest. It was favourably reported by the Judicial Committee of the House, and, having been given by the Committee on Rules a special assignment in advance of other measures, an attempt was made to rush it through the House by the "previous question" method. After a struggle, prolonged for eight days, the minority finally succeeded in securing an adjournment of the House. This will not, probably, prevent the passage of the bill by the majority who favour it, but it has given opportunity for the full discussion which its promoters seemed anxious to avoid. This is not strange, as apart from the many objections to a scheme which is understood to promise a rich harvest for the lobbyists who are pressing it, the principle involved, of redistribution of national funds amongst the States,

is fraught with evils which must become obvious on a little reflection, and which are becoming serious in Canada.

AMERICAN scholars may well be congratulated on the success which is attending the explorations in Icaria, recently commenced under the direction of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. Within six weeks after commencing operations the excavators unearthed the Temple of Apollo, finding within it an altar, sculptural representations of Apollo in relief, marble seats, vases, and other objects of archæological interest. The foundations of other classical buildings have been discovered in the same neighbourhood, and a thorough examination is now to be made, with every prospect of the most interesting results. The existence and operations of this school at Athens are a pleasing proof that the people of the United States are not wholly given up to the worship of money, or the pursuit of the grosser and more superficial pleasures which it is potent to procure. The nation seems to be passing from the first, or material stage of its wonderful progress, and is rapidly developing the scientific, the artistic, and the scholastic spirit.

THE discovery seems to have been made almost simultaneously in England and the United States that the respective coinages of the two countries are lamentably defective from the artistic point of view. Mr. Holman Hunt, in the course of a recent lecture in England, held up a penny and a sixpence, and exclaimed, "Think what a paltry people we shall appear to posterity with such miserable specimens to be judged by!" The present designs in American coins are thus classified by the *Christian Union*: "Good, a few; antiquated and over-conventional, many; atrociously bad, several." A bill has been introduced in both Houses of Congress empowering the director of the mint to cause new designs and models to be prepared and adopted. The bill seems to meet with general approval, men of taste being unanimous in the opinion that the coins at present current are, on the whole, as specimens of the art, unworthy of the Republic and of the age.

THE question of reform of the House of Lords is evidently one that will not down. The desire for reform—or perhaps we should say the conviction of its necessity—is not confined to the Liberal Party, or even to iconoclasts outside the sacred pale of the Peerage. Lord Rosebery's defeated motion was supported by some Conservatives and by a number of Unionist-Liberal Peers. Lord Salisbury has declared himself ready to consider any definite scheme of reform placed before him in black and white. As a result, two new proposals are now before the country. Lord Dunraven has introduced a Bill which propounds a definite scheme, the particulars of which have not yet come to hand. Mr. George Curzon and Mr. St. John Broddick, each of whom is the eldest son of a Peer, have elaborated a comprehensive plan in the pages of the *National Review*. This scheme, like that of Lord Rosebery's, involves reduction of the number of hereditary Peers, and enlargement of the non-hereditary element. The restriction would be effected by making a term of service in some Parliamentary, diplomatic, or other public capacity, a condition of the issue of a writ of summons to any one succeeding to a Peerage. The *ex-officio* members of the Upper House—namely, the Bishops—would be reduced to twelve, and the number of life Peers increased by the addition of fifty to be nominated by the Crown, fifty to be elected by the Commons, and a certain additional number to be chosen by the colonies. Whatever may be the fate of any particular scheme, there can be no doubt that the various proposals represent, to use the words of the *London Mail*, "a stream of tendency which no wise statesman will despise and no prudent politician will ignore."

THE election of General Boulanger, by a majority of nearly 100,000, marks a new stage in the singular Boulanger excitement in France. It is very likely that the meaning of this triumph, apart from the humiliation it inflicts upon the French Ministry, has been greatly exaggerated. That it means war with Germany, or, as the *St. James's Gazette* seems to forebode, possibly with England, which is said to be the object of M. Boulanger's special dislike, is highly improbable. There is, it is true, a large element of uncertainty in the problem, dependent mainly upon the kind of man this General Boulanger may now prove himself to be. Unless he disappoints the general expectation, outside his excited partisans, he has neither strength nor capacity for leading a great nation in a great crisis, and has probably discretion enough not to attempt it. But the public can now only await developments. If he is really a Napoleon in disguise the world will find it out all too soon.

ONE of the results of the recent changes in the political situation in France is the consent of the Chamber by a vote of 290 to 170 to take into consideration the principles of M. de Lesseps' proposal of a Lottery Loan for the Panama Canal. The Government stood aloof from the discussion, and the resolve to consider does, of course, necessarily imply the passage of the Bill. But the decision of the Chamber to discuss the measure which the former Government refused to admit, is a striking proof of the influence of M. de Lesseps and his admirers. This influence may inhere largely in the pressure brought to bear by the French investors, who have already contributed vast sums to the enterprise, and who must now either consent to regard all previous investments as wasted, or aid the bold and determined projector in securing the immense sums still necessary, according to even the most sanguine calculations, for the completion of the project. To invoke the aid of the lottery, in the sacred name of charity, as the French have long been accustomed to do, is bad enough; the proposed resort to it in aid of a great industrial enterprise must be, if done with Government approval, even worse in its effects upon the public morality.

THE news of the sudden death of Mr. Matthew Arnold, which occurred at Liverpool, on Monday, was received with feelings of genuine regret not only here but everywhere throughout the English-speaking world. Though it cannot be said that he ever enjoyed anything like popularity, his authority as a man of letters was generally, though perhaps unwillingly recognized. At the time of his death he was the subject of some very severe criticism by the American press, which bitterly resented the tone of his article on *Civilization in the United States*, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Arnold was only in his sixty-sixth year when he was so suddenly stricken down.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

LAST week we briefly directed attention to another of the mischievous consequences which are flowing from the Irish Home Rule movement. We have now a "Scottish Home Rule Association," with a body of office-bearers, and a colonial secretary who has been so obliging as to send out a circular soliciting subscriptions in the colonies for the purpose of forwarding the good work of freeing Scotland! It is necessary that this mischievous scheme should be exposed without delay. When we come to examine the circular of which we have spoken, although frequently provoked by its contents, we are somewhat reassured by noting the names of the "office-bearers," or rather by recalling the many great Scottish names of the present day which are "conspicuous by their absence." The president is the Marquis of Breadalbane, a comparatively young man to be the leader in such a enterprise, and of whom we have never heard that he possesses any qualifications that would fit him for the part of a Scottish Parnell. The only other name in the list of which the world has any special knowledge is that of Professor Blackie, chairman of committee, who has spoken some wise words and a great many very foolish and flighty ones, in his tolerably long life; but who, as a practical man, has about as little influence as it is possible for a man of his unquestionable abilities, versatility, and geniality to possess. Dr. C. Cameron, M.P., and Sir John Kinloch are the vice-presidents, and they do not add very greatly to the strength of the body which they represent. Our courage rises as we survey the leaders of the opposing host.

When we turn from the representatives to the programme of the society we are divided by emotions of wonder, amusement, and indignation. We are reminded of the facetious Englishman's translation of the sentiment of a somewhat similar movement which had an evanescent existence about twenty years ago. He said it might be summed up in the phrase: "Scotland for the Scotch and England for us all!" But indeed we take leave to doubt whether the present movement is directed by men who are, to use a significant Scotch word, canny enough to project anything so practical and sensible. On the contrary, they seem rather like spoiled children who, because they cannot have more than their own share of the good things that are going, are ready to destroy their own share along with that of the rest, in order to spite their competitors.

These are generalities: let us come to details, with such patience as we may be able to command. The "Honorary Colonial Secretary"—that is to say, the gentleman who has been appointed to see that money can be collected for this cause in the colonies—sends forth a circular letter, "so that our countrymen may be informed of the struggle that we are making to secure our political freedom." This is charming. We are afraid that, if any Englishman or Irishman should appear at the next banquet of the St. Andrew's Society and hint to the assembled Scots that they had been

in a state of political bondage, the speaker would experience a reception that would not encourage him to continue his remarks in the same strain. Some of us have lived in Scotland, all of us have learned more or less of its history, and we know something of the independence of its people. It has the best educated peasantry in the world, even now, after all that has been done to improve the education of other countries; and we imagine that a peasantry and a working class whose spirit is represented by the liberty-loving Burns do not stand in need of any "association" to win them "liberty."

It is quite possible, and we quite believe, that many things are out of joint in Scotland, as in other countries; but they are not to be set right by revolution. The circular before us refers to the condition of the Crofters in the Highlands; but their case is in no way affected by the union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland. There may also be local grievances with which it is not easy for the Imperial Parliament to deal; but these are not peculiar to Scotland or Ireland or Wales. They are found in England also; and if English and Irish members of Parliament have votes on Scottish affairs, Scotch and Irish members equally have votes on English affairs. But of whatever kind the evils may be, this is not the remedy. There is at this moment before the English House of Commons a local Government measure, introduced by Mr. Ritchie, which, as far as we have been made acquainted with its contents, would seem to meet the local needs of all parts of the United Kingdom.

Returning to our circular, we must confess that we find it so bristling with fallacies that we can deal with only a few of the many subjects which are brought before us. The manifesto begins by declaring the "right of the Scottish people to manage their own affairs." A very plausible claim. We may remind our readers that, as far as it is a reasonable one, we believe it may be satisfactorily met by some extension of local government. When, however, the claim is made for a separate Scottish parliament, sitting at Edinburgh, we ask seriously on what ground it is made, and how far it is to go.

For a moment, let us remove our eyes to another country. What should we think if Brittany were to put forward its claim to Home Rule, on the ground of its distinct nationality, and of the popular sentiment of the five departments which are contained in that ancient province being overruled by the prevailing public opinion of France? We smile at the notion; and yet the Bretons are mostly Celts, a great many of them speak a language akin to the Welsh, and they are generally monarchical and ecclesiastical in their sympathies.

But we will go back to Scotland. On what ground do a certain number of the people living within the country which we call Scotland want to manage their own affairs? Is it on the ground of nationality, or of religion, or of ancient history? or what? Suppose we take history. Shall we, then, go back to the time when the kingdom of Northumbria stretched from the mouth of the Humber to the mouth of the Forth? The very name of Edinburgh perpetuates the memory of this kingdom; and we believe a better case could be made for "restoring Home Rule" to the ancient Kingdom of Northumbria than to the ancient Kingdom of Scotland. In the one case, we should have a fairly homogeneous population, in the other not.

If we make race the basis of nationality, then the counties of Berwick and Northumberland, the one in Scotland and the other in England, are certainly more nearly allied than those of Berwick and Inverness or Argyll. Some time ago Professor Blackie went about, wrapped in a Highland plaid, although we strongly suspect him of a Teutonic origin, pleading the cause of the Celtic population of Scotland and their language. We imagine that he was chiefly instrumental in having a Gaelic chair set up in the University of Edinburgh. Let him be consistent in his Home Rule proposals. Let him draw his line between the Celtic and the Teutonic populations of Scotland, and declare that it is a monstrous piece of tyranny that the children of the Gael should be compelled to appear in a parliament in which they are constrained to be silent or to speak the language of the hated Sassenach. It might be difficult to carry it out, but the theory would, at least, be intelligible.

The putters-forth of the Home Rule circular are, however, superior to any considerations of logic or consistency. In the most absurd manner, they fall back upon "the most shameful corruption" by means of which "the Union was carried through," and all that kind of nonsense which is really unworthy of rational and educated men. What country is there on the face of the earth which has not been, in part, consolidated by means which could not always be approved? When we remember Louis XI. of France and even Louis XIV., we can see plenty of cause for finding fault with their manner of unifying the country. But we imagine that any foreigner who should visit those parts of France which they welded into the great

nation, and should explain that it was their duty to resume their own autonomy on account of the means by which it was destroyed, would experience a warm reception at the hands of those fervent Gauls.

We cannot quite approve of the conduct of Frederick the Great to Austria, even when we remember previous provocations, yet who would think of restoring Silesia to the southern Empire? We have not yet forgotten the Danish war; and neither England nor France can be proud of their relation to it. But not only is all that followed from that an accomplished fact; but it is accomplished for the peace and well-being of Europe.

There are many impartial historians who believe that Edward I. had so far a claim to be considered Suzerain of Scotland, that he might at least assert his feudal superiority over that portion of the northern Kingdom which belonged to the ancient Kingdom of Northumbria; that is to say, the part which lies between the Tweed and the Forth. Will, then, Scottish Home Rulers allow that this part of Scotland shall sustain a different relation to the Imperial Parliament from the rest? In such absurdities do we involve ourselves when we appeal to ancient history.

It would be easy to go through the list of grievances enumerated in this circular, and to show either that they are imaginary or that the proposed change would furnish no remedy for them. If there are grievances, as there are everywhere, let them be made clear, and let such changes be made in local government as may make it easier to remedy them. But it is a monstrous thing to make such needs a reason for the proposal to convert a united kingdom like Great Britain and Ireland into a Confederation.

We have only touched upon the grievances which are enumerated in dismal detail in this circular. It would be easy to show that most of them are imaginary or greatly exaggerated. It would not be difficult to set beside them a number of English grievances at least as real. But it would be very difficult to discover a remedy more objectionable than that which is proposed by this new Association. It may be necessary for us to return to this subject again.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE great peace that folded its wings upon our legislative halls immediately after the memorable division, which will be two weeks old by the time this chronicle reaches its readers, still refuses to depart from them. The occasional representative, seated in a Library alcove marked "For Members Only," continues to clasp his hands behind his head, tilt his chair, and yawn mightily. The footsteps that fall through the corridors still have a listless echo about them, and the little knots of members near the doors of the Chamber have not yet regained their air of earnest conference and anticipation. Conservative chuckles and Liberal lamentations alike have been lost in the tide of new discussion that beat so long and impatiently against the barriers of the Reciprocity Debate, but the vocal demonstrations which have succeeded them have lacked their stimulus. Notwithstanding the fact that the time of the Session thus far has been devoted to the full and serious discussion of but one matter of importance while several others remain for the consideration of Parliament, there is a very wide and general sense that the effort of the year has been made, the stand taken before the country which, with the economic education of the people which it entails, must result importantly to both parties before very long, and that the House is entitled to a period of comparative repose. The Daniels of the debate, certain gentlemen on both sides of the Speaker, who, notwithstanding the counsel and the decree of all the presidents and princes and governors and captains of their constituencies, have voted contrary to the counsel and the decree, are probably making the most of the peaceful interval. The anticipation of their respective dens of lions, and of their well-merited importance on the occasion of at least one political banquet on their return, must weigh upon their spirits somewhat. Unless, indeed, they be sustained by such a faith in the rescuing power of the Deity of Political Parties, whom they serve continually, as Daniel never had.

The cessation of the Reciprocity and Anti-reciprocity drum-beating is a grateful and refreshing one to the galleries no less than to the House, for deeply interesting as the future of Canada may be it is a regrettable fact that her prophets are not all Tupperts or Cartwrights or Lauriers or Chapleaus. And so there is no denying the fact that we have been bored, bored deeply, exhaustively, laboriously, and not always grammatically with our country's resources and expectations of late; and have turned to the slight variation the Fishery Treaty affords with almost Athenian enthusiasm.

The extent to which people will permit themselves to be bored in a good cause is phenomenal, by the way. Scores of ladies who might be

suspected of about as much interest in a dry debate as a kitten would take in the theory of evolution, sit till midnight and after in the expectation of a division; and even when word goes forth that it will not be reached till some time in the small hours of the morning, the fair parliamentarians often adjourn to the little supper rooms below, fortify themselves with coffee and cake and compliments, and wait. Doubtless you have heard of the display of innocent legislative hilarity that rewards them, when at last the whips scurry off in obedience to the Speaker's mandate to "call the members in." How Major Prior, from beyond the Rockies, is induced occasionally to sing, in his splendid baritone, about the "Little Midshipmite," or the early morning struggling feebly through the rich intersections of the north-western windows looks down in wonder upon the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, wholly dignified and decorous, and even a little gray, bald, and rheumatic in spots as it is, shouting rhythmically and jubilantly across the mace "*Brigadier, vous avez raison!*" How the honourable gentlemen of the Opposition aim large and forcible paper-balls at the occupants of the Treasury benches, and how the missiles are returned with unearned increment attached in the shape of mucilage and pen-holders. Besides the fun of seeing Parliamentary dignity turned inside out, the ladies have a consciousness of fashionable rectitude in sitting up late to see it, which, indeed, they greatly require to support them through the fatigue it entails. It is especially the correct thing to spend an hour or two in the Speaker's gallery in such radiance of apparel as is naturally reflected from Government House. There is something semi-strong minded, demi-æsthetic, in it that is agreeable to the feminine sense of the fitness of things; it is said to be an admirable soporific moreover, after the effect of Viceroyalty and champagne upon one's excited nerves. There is a flavour of philanthropy about it too, for the jaded Parliamentary eye approves, and the more frivolous of the exhausted Parliamentarians leave the seats the country has provided for them to chat with the late comers. The press gallery opposite makes its own peculiar comments, and the people who have been listening to the debate devote themselves to the distraction of guessing the antecedent festivity from the character of the arriving draperies, which a dinner at Rideau Hall causes to culminate in gorgeousness.

Our Governor-General, talking of Viceregal hospitalities, has won golden opinions as a dinner-giver, which he must deserve in no ordinary sense, since the surroundings of these official repasts must count somewhat as odds against their success. The dining-room used for this purpose is a huge, bare, high ceiled apartment that all the art of the Pre-Raphaelites could not make anything but most unprepossessing. The immense windows are shielded by straight red curtains, or rather blinds, which are made uglier still by being puffed in parallel lines from top to bottom. One would think that Mr. William Morris's occasional Canadian disciples, who ought to be as the little leaven leavening the whole lump, might induce their fellow-countrymen to do a little better than this for their Queen's Representative. In the meantime, it is no small achievement to have established a brilliant reputation as a host among accessories like these.

The room makes a very fair theatre, however, and an excellent ball-room. The stage is usually improvised at the north end, and although the "properties" of Government House do not include an asbestos fire for the lighting of the amateur hero's cigarette, or a tank of real water for the submerging of the amateur heroine, they are numerous and effective enough to put a three-act comedy through very respectably indeed. Theatricals have already been given at Rideau Hall this season, in fact they formed almost the first of the Easter gayeties. The piece, which was repeated last week at the Opera House for the benefit of the Convalescent Children's Home—a charity in which their Excellencies and the Household take a special interest—was *Everybody's Friend*, the title-rôle giving Lord Frederick Hamilton an admirable opportunity to portray a wittily naïf young gentleman with an unlimited capacity for getting himself into trouble and looking grieved over it. Lord Frederick was evidently the inspiration of the piece, although he divided the laurels very evenly with Mr. Kimber, whom the Dominion knows so well in his official capacity of Black Rod. Among the ladies Mrs. Charles Stuart, to whom Ottawa long ago gave the palm of amateur histrionic achievement, very cleverly maintained her right to it. One does not go to Government House theatricals to criticise, but to applaud, as a rule. In this case, however, the applause was thoroughly deserved, and there was very little to criticise. The general verdict was to the effect that the affair surpassed anything of the sort that had been given since Lord Dufferin's time, which was, I understand, a sort of Golden Age in Ottawa's amateur theatrical world.

Preparations are going forward actively to make the farewell banquet to Lord Lansdowne a success upon an unprecedented scale. The drill shed has been abandoned, probably to the caterer's great comfort and satisfaction, in favour of the Russell House; and a suggestion for a recep-

tion afterward of the lady friends of the banqueters has been submitted for Her Excellency's decision. It is expected that the farewell demonstrations to Lord Lansdowne will be quite as marked a manifestation of the regard in which Ottawa holds him as that which welcomed him back from Toronto and placed on record the Capital's opinion of the gentleman who has since had such an abundant opportunity to utilize his Canadian impressions in another "Pilgrim's Progress" from Tullamore Jail.

To-night (Monday) everybody will go to hear the end of the Fishery Debate, which has been so odd an illustration of the undisputed sway of the party spirit in Dominion politics. As an arrangement calculated at least to allay American hostility to Canada, and smooth the way to further trade negotiations, the Opposition must approve the treaty, yet respect for party tradition, the belligerent spirit that will not down, and apparently the fact that the treaty does not secure all earthly and economic blessings for Nova Scotia in return for the clearing privilege, unite to prolong a hostility which a good many of the hostile, should the matter come to a division, which is improbable after Mr. Davies' "I am willing, sir, that it should be accepted," would doubtless bring to a consistent end by voting for the Bill.

Sir Charles Tupper in his opening speech, into which utterance a mellowness as of Old Falernian seems to have crept, urged the honourable gentlemen of the Opposition to believe that every word wrung from him and from his party in defence of the treaty would be used against it at Washington. It is not easy to conclude that the Liberals are fighting the treaty with a view to facilitating its ratification by Congress, but if that were their purpose it is surely better furthered than if they took the advice of the Minister of Finance and kept silence. The Americans would certainly hesitate before assenting to an arrangement so advantageous to Canada as to be received without a word of cavil both by the Canadian Government and its none too gracious Opposition. If the Republicans moreover, can use Canadian Conservative utterances to stone a Democratic treaty with, its defenders will find telling missiles in the speeches of the treaty's opponents here. From which point of view the longer the wordy war goes on the better the friends of the equitable and honourable though not to radical measure of relief, should be satisfied.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

TO THE FIRST WILD FLOWER.

Oh, fairest thing in this great world!
Oh, frailest thing, that e'er unfurled
Its heart with timid hardihood
To all the rough winds of the wood!
Least one, I dare not bless thee—
Sweet one—nor yet caress thee,
My breath, my touch, would surely be thy doom;
But oh, when Nature made thee
In this untrampled shade, she
Put all her wealth of beauty in thy spear of bloom.

Oh, Bodiless! Oh, Beautiful!
My heart is dull, and very dull;
What do I in this sacred place?
How should I look upon thy face?
And yet if thou shouldst blossom
Upon my lifeless bosom,
In some fair spring, long, long years from to-day,
'Twould set my heart to beating,
And o'er and o'er repeating,
Ne'er from my soul such poem sprang as from my soulless clay!

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE FIRST SPRING FLOWER.

THE winter had been long and severe, and we were heartily tired of it. Early in March there came three or four bright warm days, with the promise of spring in the air. We heard the mellow flute-note of a blue-bird. A few pioneer robins had also arrived from the south, and were gladly welcomed. They were all male birds; we did not expect the females for a week or two yet. The deep snow began to thaw and settle down in the streets and on the lawns of the city and in the open fields. In the more sunny and sheltered spots little patches of earth appeared, scattered over with last year's dead leaves, or covered with gray and sodden-looking grass. The water was trickling and running a little in the streets or lay spread out in clear pools on which the sun flashed dazzlingly. The thaw had not gone far enough yet to muddy the water. The sidewalk was dry in some places; on these boys were playing marbles or girls were swinging their skipping-ropes.

Then came a change. A cold wave, as we now say, swept over us. It had swirled across the great western plains in a terrible blizzard, but when it reached Ontario its force was nearly spent. Yet the wind blew raw and chill, dull heavy clouds covered the sky, and the thawing ceased. The boys put away their marbles, and the girls their skipping-ropes. The birds sought the shelter of deep thickets. Only the crows braved the weather, and they were blown helplessly about under the low, drifting clouds, cawing vehemently in futile protest against the adverse winds.

It remained cold for more than a fortnight, and then the weather began to grow milder and brighter. The birds came out again. The blue-birds and gray-birds were lively and hopeful. But the robins warbled plaintively. It was as if their recent disappointment in the weather had filled them with a distrust of all appearances; or perhaps they were despondent because their mates had so long delayed their arrival from the south.

Slowly the winter left us. The snow grew gray and old looking, and day after day sunk away a little until large spots of ground were bare and began to dry. Tiny rills gurgled and rippled on the hill-sides, a little torrent coursed impetuously down every ravine, the ice in the ponds and larger streams broke up, and the valleys were flooded with turbid water. In the woods the sap had begun to ascend the trees, and some farmers were making maple sugar. The swamp willows were putting forth their soft, grey catkins. On city streets the red maple was in flower, and the lilac branches that grew out over the garden fences were tipped with swollen buds.

The bay was still covered with ice, but it was gray and porous, and the first swell from the lake would be sure to break it up. Already the deep water was showing in spots near the docks. Men were busily at work on the vessels tied up there, refitting them for the new season's work.

After a week had passed I took a tramp into the country. The snow had disappeared from the fields, except where it had drifted deep in the corners of the zig-zag fences. The ploughed lands looked very wet; here and there the water lay in pools or filled the furrows. Blue-birds flitted from stake to stake along the fences. The female robins had just arrived, and the male birds were seeking their acquaintance with mellow warblings, but as yet all such courteous advances received no encouragement; their future mates were shy and quiet, and entirely ignored their ardent wooing.

I struck into a hardwood bush where some maple trees had been tapped. The sap was dropping very slowly into the buckets, and the run was evidently over for the season. There was no snow in the more open places, but the hollows were full of water, and even on the level I sank at every step to the ankles in the soggy leaves and earth. A valley, thick with cedars, lay below, through which a little river ran. The spring freshet had just gone down, and great blocks of ice, covered with a deposit of mud from the flood and dripping from their edges, lay stranded among the trees. Farther up the bank the snow still lay as deep as ever in the thickets of cedar and pine.

Coming to a clear spot at the foot of a great hemlock, ancient and sombre, I stooped and scraped away in aimless fashion the fallen beech leaves that had drifted there. I was astonished to see the wet, half-frozen earth covered with the tender sprouts of various seeds and plants. They were not more than half an inch long, but fresh and very vigorous. And what if there should be even a more wonderful growth than these! I could not hope that any of the spring flowers were out, yet I felt that they might be. I went on eagerly with curious eyes. Near the top of the slope, close to a snow-bank, there was a large plot of trailing arbutus. I searched keenly for a blossom under the leaves, but found that the flower buds had only begun to swell. Near by was a hepatica plant. A fresh sprout had started under the liver-coloured leaves, and what seems most extraordinary, this tender shoot had grown right up through a sheet of ice quite one-third of an inch in thickness. The ice still surrounded the shoot and covered the roots of the plant, and the ground about was frozen so hard that it was almost impossible to sink a knife-blade into it.

Presently I came to the upturned root of a large elm tree, that had fallen years before. In the sheltered corner between the trunk and the root were growing the fresh green fronds of last year's ferns; they must have been covered all winter with drifted leaves or snow. Slowly I strolled on. A little farther down the valley, near the foot of the bank, was a sunny open space sloping to the south. A dry knoll here was almost covered with the brown-green shoots of the adder-tongued lily. They were quite an inch high, but not yet unfolded. Some of them had pierced through the dead leaves in their vigorous growing. I glanced up the slope. There, just a few feet above me, was a cluster of white blossoms. The sight was so unexpected that I was a little dazed and doubtful about it at first. Remember it was only the 14th of April, and my first spring season in the woods. The flowers were pure and delicate beyond all imagining—white, with just the faintest tinge of blue at the base of the petals. The cluster was large, several half-opened buds showing among the blossoms. The flower stems were short, less than two inches long, and gray and fluffy. Frost had killed all the leaves, and they had been broken off and blown away by the wind, but the plant was readily recognized as a hepatica. And so I found the first spring flower.

A. STEVENSON.

THE liberality of Mr. J. Herbert Mason in giving a thousand dollars to Upper Canada College for the purpose of establishing a gold medal to be awarded annually to the student most distinguished for excellence of character deserves commendation. We are not sure that the terms and conditions on which the medal is to be awarded are yet definitely settled, but they should be such as will make Mr. Mason's generous gift produce the most desirable results.

LONDON LETTER.

You see we made friends at the South Kensington Museum over Briton Riviere's delightful water-colour on the screen near the Caldecotts. And it happened in this wise. He was trying to discover by the fitful glare of the electric light, all ablaze and flickering in its usual excited style, if the long red fox were shamming or not, when, hearing my footsteps halt behind him, "*Is he pretending?*" he asked, with never a look backwards to find out whom he was addressing. On my answering, "*Yes, his eyes are open,*" he condescended to turn his small bright face in my direction. "*Fond o' pictures?*" was his next question, put in so loud a tone as seriously to incommode a pair of lovers who, with their chairs drawn close together, were silently gazing into Space. I replied in the affirmative. He then, finding time hang heavy on his hands—it was only half-past seven, and I think his mother had forbidden him to cross the threshold of the two pair back till ten at earliest—undertook to show me his favourites. He had sketched many of them, and had the drawings, elaborately dated and autographed but rather crumpled, in his knickerbocker pockets, and was, oh fatal sign, exceedingly proud of these attempts, at which he gazed long and lovingly, hardly allowing me to hold them in my hand. I should like to reproduce for you his impression of some of the figures in Raphael's cartoons, in Leighton's frescoes, the strong points of which works of art were brought out with much wealth of shading of a remarkable order done by the aid of a black lead pencil. I should like to be able to give you some faint notion of the immense condescension of his manner as he spoke of the particular beauties of each sketch. They were by no means slavish copies, certainly not: they were Impressions, as I have said; a couple of glances, a couple of minutes, and there you are. With a piece of clean paper he showed me how it was done, selecting Boxall's portrait of Landor on which to make the experiment. Flowerpieces and landscapes he despised as too easy, he remarked, as he rapidly drew in the outlines of the writer's head; he always passed 'em by. Bob, his school chum and partner, could do 'em as quick as anything, but figures, d'yer see, are more difficult; by which time the sketch was finished to the artist's entire satisfaction.

From Landor we got on to books, but my friend's taste being strictly confined to *Scraps* and *Ally Sloper's Half-holiday*, of literature beyond these productions he knew nothing, though he was willing enough to listen to a reasonable amount of information as to the many great people who were looking at us in every direction. In his turn he spoke of many things, in a simple direct way, of his every-day life in the Hammersmith slum; how he was in the fourth standard, and was close on ten years of age; how mother keeps the baby so clean, and makes puddings better than any one; how father having failed in the public line is potman in an adjacent inn, and comes home fiery red in the middle of the night sometimes threatening to kill them all; of a sister out in service in the Borough earning (like Kit's Barbara) 2/6 a week, who visits her family every Sunday, and is now, rising fifteen, in long cotton skirts and a proper white cap; of the time when at Ramsgate he saw the sea, and what he felt as venturing thereon in all good faith the cruel tossing made him desperately ill. And then he told me the following story—my principal reason for introducing him—which, as I never heard before, I venture to hope may also be new to you.

Once upon a time there was a great singer called Malibran (said my friend, pronouncing the name as it is written in English), who lived ever so far off, in Paris, and who sang most lovely; and there was a little boy called Pierre—that's French for Peter—who lived in Paris too, and who, whenever he could, used to steal off to hear her sing, because he was very fond of music, you see. Well, Pierre's father died, and he and his mother were ever so poor, so he couldn't afford ever to go to the opera; and it bothered him dreadfully for fear he should never be able to hear Malibran again. Being clever, and able to make rhymes, he took to writing poetry, and one piece he thought so good he determined to give it to her for a present. So he found out where she lived and rang the bell; but the man who opened the door said, "Go away, we don't want no boys here," and Malibran, who passed him as he stood on the steps, said, "Go away, we don't want no boys here"; but when Pierre called out quite brave "I've brought this for you, ma'am," she stopped, took the paper from him, and made him tell her his name and all about himself. As she got into her carriage she asked him to come that evening and hear her sing, and she'd see he had a nice place; but he was obliged to say "no, mother is ill and can't be left alone." So she drove away, taking his poetry with her, you know. Well, about a fortnight after that who should come to Pierre's house but a lady who told him he might go to the opera that very night, as she would stay with his mother while he was away. So he rushed off with the card she gave him, and they said at the pay-place, "Sit where you like," so he ran up to his own corner in the gallery, and Malibran sang more lovely than ever. But only fancy this, just at the end she came forward to the footlights, and she looked straight at Pierre and laughed, and then she sang his verses, there and then to him and the rest of the company. So next day a gentleman gave £300 for the song, because Malibran had put music to it; and she sent Pierre to school with the money, and he's still alive though she isn't, and is the richest man in all France.

Now I've looked through the lady's Life, and can find no mention of this incident; can any one help me? My small boy could not remember who told him, but thinks it must have been Teacher; and as he was corroborated in every particular by Bob, who was called up to make my acquaintance, that tattered and torn young gentleman had evidently often heard the story before. I left them wrangling over a little scene from "The

Winter's Tale." "That ain't worth copying," argued Bob. "'Tis," retorted the other, "and if you are going to be so precious stuck up you can jest out home."

Which little picture—it was by Leslie, I think—reminded me of the Lyceum on Saturday night, when Mary Anderson, with the most charming of smiles and the most graceful of courtesys, thanked us for all our kindness to her. Enthusiastically we tossed nosegays on to the stage, or huge laurel-wreaths decorated with the Stars and Stripes, and again and again we called for the clever girl who has continued to fill the great theatre for so many months. What a play! Full of absurdities, of exquisite beauty, magnificently mounted, we all sit through the acts most contentedly, never pausing to reflect till after we had stood in the judgment halls of jealous King Leontes, had been out in the storm with the baby and the baby's luggage on sea-girt Bohemia, had watched (as Shakespeare watched in Warwickshire) the sheep-shearing scenes and the charming pastoral dance, that the acting, from the leading lady to little Prince Maximilian, left a great deal to be desired. It says much indeed for the delicate fairy-tale that it was entirely unspoilt by the hard common-place handling of Miss Anderson and her uninteresting company. Surely the Fotheringay must have trod the boards in much the same fashion in the Chetten's playhouse! One is reminded of her at every turn. A Mr. Bows must have taught the American actress when to smile or weep—she knows how—and the appropriate action with which to give due effect to those speeches which anon she utters in a distressingly deep tone, now in a girlish treble in which the ghost of an accent still lingers. For the rest she has indescribable beauty, which is much; and a certain amount of cleverness, which is something; but the unmistakable note of genius, without which no one can be great, is missing; and after the glamour of her presence has faded one feels the absence of something—is it heart?—in every brilliant glance, every cadence of her voice. By the way, she is drawn in charming colours by Mr. Black in his *Strange Adventures of a Houseboat* (admirably illustrated by Bernard Partridge, the Bernard Gould of the stage), and full-length portraits, now grave, now gay, profile, full face, three-quarters, meet one on every page. Like Midas, the writer turns everything he touches to gold, and he makes the story of the monotonous canal-journey as picturesque as, and far less hackneyed than, a Rhine holiday, and gathering cuckoobuds and cowslips by the way, presents you with the little wild flower bouquets, arranged in such a manner they are invested with qualities you never saw before. Writing essentially the sweetness and light of these pages of romance, sets aside *Red as a Rose* for Gilbert's Young Person (and wise that Young Person who, recognizing *is She for A Daughter of Heth*, shuts *Comin' Thro' the Rye* and opens *A Princess of Thule*) Mr. Black makes little attempt to please, I think any other but the girl novel-reader, and her sisters and her cousins—these musical, graceful, womanish stories are only occasionally tasted by the sterner sex—and to them almost entirely he appeals. It is good to have at hand an antidote to Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Campbell Praed, and one feels grateful to Mr. Black that he flavours his draughts, which might be thought a trifle insipid after *Moths*, or *Nadine*, or *Belinda*, so artistically, and gives them to us in blossom-decked goblets of such charming quaint designs.

As Black's novels are essentially English so too are Pinero's plays, owing no thought, no expression, to any foreign element whatever. Terry's white and gold theatre was filled the first night of *Sweet Lavender* with one of the most attentive, appreciative audiences I ever sat among, and we took every point, humorous or pathetic, with a heartiness that spoke well for our intelligence, and which was a good omen for the further success of the piece. The plot is of the slightest, and does not bear analyzing, I am afraid; that we cared little for, settling ourselves in our places after the first act, with the firm resolve that even if the young Temple barrister *did* marry the laundress's daughter we should be the last to complain, feeling sure, that contrary to one's experience, such a union would turn out well for once. But the dialogue of the men and women, who did not seem like characters in a play at all, is beyond all praise, and as each scene swiftly and naturally followed each other it was as if the roof had been lifted from real bachelor Chambers near the Strand, and we were actually looking on at the pathetic troubles, the humorous perplexities, of a set of human beings unconscious of our scrutiny, whose actions and speech were as spontaneous as our own, and whose length of life, like ours, was not to be determined by the fall of a curtain. The critics were good enough to do their best for *Partners*, to tell us this or that about it, to insist on its superior excellence: but we paid no attention to the useless columns of praise, and after three months' hobbling here it stopped as it deserved. Mr. Terry has many friends, but Mr. Terry has not, consequently *Sweet Lavender*, except in one or two of the leading papers (notably *Truth*), has not had anything like justice done to its excellent qualities, a grain of commendation being slipped into a bushel of fault-finding. As for *Punch*, he is incorrigible, administering blows right and left, knocking all the dramatists about the head one after another, sneering in a heartlessly cruel fashion at every one's plays—but Mr. Burnand's own. It was surely odd, we thought, that *Aviane*, unwholesomely nauseous, horribly dull, should have been immensely commended, and every one advised to go and see it; but the mystery was explained when a burlesque of the piece by Burnand was announced. Then we ceased to wonder at this exceptional gentleness to an exceptional odious play, for you know if we were not tempted by fair words to see the original we certainly should not care for a burlesque thereof. *Punch* should cease to criticise seriously if he cannot do so fairly. The little humpbacked gentleman resembles *Quilp* in the harsh dramatic notices, and has nothing in common with the kindly shrewd humourist who corrects the other sheets of the paper.

WALTER POWELL.

A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—VII.

THE East of London, which is the old city, is, as all know, the business quarter. Let the worshipper of Mammon when he sets foot in Lombard Street, adore his divinity, of all whose temples this is the richest and the most famous. Note the throng incessantly threading those narrow and tortuous streets. Nowhere are the faces so eager or the steps so hurried, except perhaps in the business quarter of New York. Commerce has still its centre here; but the old social and civic life of the city has fled. What once were the dwellings of the merchants of London are now vast collections of offices. The merchants dwell in the mansions of the West End, their clerks in villas and boxes without number, to which when their offices close they are taken by the suburban railways. On Sunday a more than Sabbath stillness reigns in those streets, while in the churches, the monuments of Wren's architectural genius, which in Wren's day were so crowded, the clergyman sleepily performs the service to a congregation which you may count upon your fingers. It is worth while to visit the city on a Sunday. Here and there, in a back street, may still be seen what was once the mansion of a merchant prince, ample and stately, with the rooms which in former days displayed the pride of commercial wealth and resounded with the festivities of the olden time; now the sound of the pen alone is heard. These and other relics of former days are fast disappearing before the march of improvement, which is driving straight new streets through the antique labyrinth. Some of the old thoroughfares as well as the old names remain. There is Cheapside, along which, through the changeful ages, so varied a procession of history has swept. There is Fleet Street, close to which, in Bolt Court, Johnson lived, and which he preferred or affected to prefer to the finest scenes of nature. Temple Bar, once grimly garnished with the heads of traitors, has been numbered with the things of the past, after furnishing Mr. Bright by the manner in which the omnibuses were jammed in it, with a vivid simile for a Legislative deadlock.

In days of old when the city was not only the capital of commerce and the centre of commercial life but a great political and even a great military power—when not only did kings and party chiefs look to it for the sinews of war, but its trainbands were able to hold their own in the field of Newbury against Rupert's Cavaliers—the Lord Mayor was one of the most important personages in the realm. Foreigners, and notably the French, persist in fancying that he is one of the most important personages of the realm still, and an ex-Lord Mayor showed himself well-informed as to French opinion, though not so well instructed in the French language, when travelling in France, he inscribed on his card "*feu Lord Mayor de Londres*." But now the curious pageant, resembling that of an exaggerated circus, which on the 9th of November wends its way from the City to Westminster at the installation of the new Lord Mayor, is an apt emblem of the state of an office which struggles to keep up its outward splendour when its intrinsic grandeur has passed away. The Lord Mayor represents the city's majesty and provides its turtle: he is the official patron of benevolent movements and charities, he is still treated by Royalty with formal consideration, and receives a special communication when a Prince or Princess is born. But the power which city kings, like Gresham or Whittington, wielded has passed away and the genuine dignity with the power. The great chiefs of commerce do not take the office, which in truth has acquired a certain comic tinge. The essential qualifications of its holder are ability and willingness to spend money freely in the hospitalities of which the Mansion House, once the home of serious counsels, is now the proverbial scene, and which are generally said to be more lavish and sumptuous than intellectual. To borrow a phrase from Tom Moore, "he who dines at the Mansion House dines where more good things are eaten than said." He goes to "feed" in the most literal sense of the term on turtle and champagne. "Oh, Sir, I am so hungry," said a beggar to an Alderman, who was on his way to a Lord Mayor's feast. "Lucky dog, I wish I were," was the reply. Perhaps the most important remnant of former greatness is the customary presence at the Lord Mayor's inaugural banquet of the Prime Minister, who is expected to take that opportunity of delivering himself to the nation on public affairs. The Prime Minister, being the real king, this may be said to be the real king's speech, though like the constitutional performance of the same kind it is naturally apt to be buckram.

A sumptuous relic of the great commercial city of the Middle Ages are the city companies, with their great estates and their splendid banqueting hall. The halls of the Goldsmiths, the Merchant Taylors, and the Fishmongers' Guilds will well repay a visit. Of the ancient functions of these companies little of course remains. They are now mercantile and social fraternities, with the dignity of antiquity, and such influences as belong to any great corporation exercising a splendid hospitality and making a benevolent use of part at least of their wealth in the maintenance of schools and charities. Some of them have assumed a political tinge, the Goldsmiths being Tory and the Fishmongers Whig. The axe of reform has for some time been laid to the root of this tree; but the tree still stands and excellent repasts are spread under its shade.

Society has migrated to the Westward, leaving far behind the ancient abodes of aristocracy, the Strand, where once stood a long line of patrician dwellings, Great Queen Street, where Shaftesbury's house may still be seen, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, in the time of George II., the Duke of Newcastle held his levée of office-seekers, and Russell Square, now reduced to a sort of dowager gentility. Hereditary mansions too ancient and magnificent to be deserted, such as Norfolk House, Spencer House, and Lansdowne House, stayed the westward course of aristocracy at St. James's Square and Street, Piccadilly, and Mayfair; but the general tide of

fashion has swept far beyond. In that vast realm of wealth and pleasure, the West End of London, the eye is not satisfied with seeing, neither the ear with hearing. There is not, nor has there ever been, anything like it in the world. Notes of admiration might be accumulated to any extent without aiding the impression. In every direction the visitor may walk till he is weary through streets and squares of houses, all evidently the abodes of wealth, some of them veritable palaces. The parks are thronged, the streets are blocked with handsome equipages, filled with the rich and gay. Shops blaze with costly wares, and abound with everything that can minister to luxury. On a fine bright day of May or early June, and days of May or early June are often as bright in London as anywhere, the Park is probably the greatest display of wealth and of the pride of wealth in the world. The contrast with the slums of the East End no doubt is striking, and we cannot wonder if the soul of the East End is sometimes filled with bitterness at the sight. A social Jeremiah might be moved to holy wrath by the glittering scene. The seer, however, might be reminded that not all the owners of those carriages are the children of idleness, living by the sweat of another man's brow; many of them are professional men or chiefs of industry, working as hard with their brains as any mechanic works with his hands, and indispensable ministers of the highest civilization. The number and splendour of the equipages are thought to have been somewhat diminished of late by the reduction of rents. The architecture of the West End of London is for the most part drearily monotonous: its forms have too plainly been determined by the builder, not by the artist, though since the restoration of art, varieties of style have been introduced and individual beauty has been more cultivated. It is the boundless expanse of opulence, street after street, square after square, that most impresses the beholder, and makes him wonder from what miraculous horn of plenty such a tide of riches can have been poured.

A notable feature of London life are the Clubs which form a line of palaces along Pall Mall. On this side of the water we have Clubs, but club-life has not reached anything like the same point of development. Marriage in the Old Country is later than it is here, the avenues of the professions being more crowded, and to board in hotels is not the fashion. Young men take lodgings and board in their Club. In the Club they have every possible luxury, physical and intellectual, provided for them at the cheapest rate, and they command an establishment such as a millionaire could scarcely afford to keep. Yet few of the number would prefer to live on at the Club when they could afford to exchange it even for the least luxurious home. Better, most of them would say, is cold mutton and domestic cheerfulness therewith than soup, fish, and *entrées*, followed by a lonely evening. The Club, commonly speaking, has ceased to be social, nor is common membership an introduction, so that the inmate of a Club may sit lonely in a full room. There is, of course, more fellowship in the Clubs with special objects, which form a tie among the members: in political clubs such as the Carlton and the Reform and Brooke's; in professional Clubs such as the United Service, or in Clubs of particular circles, such as the Travellers' and the Garrick. To enter some of the select Clubs is to go socially through the eye of a needle. At the head of the list may be placed the Athenæum, in its origin literary and scientific, as the name denotes, but now general, though still with an intellectual cast. In its home, on Waterloo Place, men of distinction in all lines meet in the hours between the closing of the offices and dinner. Entrance is difficult, and the candidate has to wait many years before his name comes on for ballot.

The outside of London Society may be seen on a fine day in the Park; it may be seen in full dress at the opera, especially if Royalty happens to be there; it may be seen in Court dress, rolling along the avenues to Buckingham Palace on the afternoon of a drawing-room, when the curious may also enjoy a view of the British family chariot, with hammercloth, fat coachman in wig and bouquet, and liveried flunkeys with stuffed calves and gold-headed canes behind. Of the inside of London Society a glimpse can be obtained by the stranger only through the novel. Socially, as well as commercially, London is unlike other capitals in being the centre of everything at once. Politics, commerce, law, literature, science, and art, all are gathered there. This lends to conversation at once a variety and a solid interest which, in a mere political city, in a mere commercial city, or in a mere pleasure city, it would not possess. There is no formality or stiffness in London Society; no society in truth can be more free, or even more hearty during the hours of intercourse. What is necessarily wanting, when the circle is so immense, is intimacy, the charm of life; for no mere acquaintance, however brilliant, can be so interesting as those whom you know well. Intimacy is possible only in smaller circles, which those who have lived regularly in London may form. Where there are such numbers to be entertained there cannot fail to be a good deal of the mere social battue; there are great dinner parties at which you have no more intercourse with any one but the guest who sits beside you, than if you were all dining at the same restaurant; there are balls, at which nobody can dance, and not all can get upstairs; there are crushes at which you stand jammed, perhaps in a sultry summer evening, and struggling against the overpowering buzz to talk to some one against whom you have been jammed, but to whom you do not want to talk about something which you do not want to talk about. Perhaps the best months for social enjoyment are those which precede the beginning of "the season," and during which parties are small, while of those who are most worth meeting, many have already been brought by the government offices, the law courts, or other professional work to town. Of course, in London, as in every quarter of Vanity Fair, there must be such vanities as Thackeray describes. There must be social grades with their jealousies and heart-burnings and mean

ambitions. One hears of an aspirant to a higher grade getting some great lady who patronizes her to invite the guest to her parties. One hears even of bribery and of a large sum given for an invitation to a high-caste ball. These miseries and humiliations are exceptional and self-imposed; in every vast concourse of pleasure-seekers, there must be a sense of hollowness. It is something to feel that those among whom you live will miss you a little when you die. In such a world as London, nobody can be much missed when he dies. One would prefer at all events, to end life in the country, and lay one's bones in a country churchyard. Nothing is more dismal than the pomp of a funeral struggling with its mockery of woe to the "Necropolis" through the tide of business and pleasure in a London street.

The vastness of the circle and the light humour of a pleasure-loving society, which makes it impatient of intellectual display, are likely to rather interfere with the ascendancy of great talkers such as reigned forty or fifty years ago. Macaulay's style has been often described. He turned the conversation into a monologue and talked diluted essays, wonderful for their fluency, finish, and for the stores of information which they displayed, but naturally regarded as a bore by those who wanted to talk themselves, and sometimes felt to be a bore even by those who wanted only to listen and be amused. It was provoking when somebody had just begun a good story or an interesting reminiscence to have him silenced by a flood of dissertation. Macaulay had a wonderful power of keeping the talk even in the largest company to himself, and eating a very good dinner at the same time. Rogers was a teller of stories, which he had polished to the highest perfection, and with which, at a dinner party, he generally entertained the men when the ladies had left the room amidst a silence of attention which it was highly penal to break, for never was there a self-love more sensitive or a bitterer tongue. Milman was a very interesting talker; he was a little learned perhaps; but his talk was a genuine outpouring, not a pedantic display. Sir David Dundas, now forgotten, was the most charming of all; he did not declaim but conversed, and drew out the company while he displayed his own gift. After all, the most popular of talkers must be he who makes other people think that they have said good things. Hayward was an anecdotist; and his fit audience was not so much London society as a party in a great country house. Those parties in the great country houses are the reunions which most nearly correspond in England to the old French *Salon*, both in its light and its serious aspect. At The Grange, in Hampshire, a party of this kind used to be assembled by Lady Ashburton, whose name has been made familiar to us by the *Life* of Carlyle and by a biographical notice from the pen of Lord Houghton, himself a notable Amphitryon. Lady Ashburton was as near a counterpart as England could produce of the great lady of France before the Revolution, and was endowed with conversational powers, especially with a power of repartee, which fitted her to be the head as well as the hostess of her brilliant circle. Conspicuous in that circle was Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, the Episcopal side of whose character was not the only side. Among men of the world and wits Wilberforce was a man of the world and a wit. All the time no doubt he persuaded himself that he was drawing the men of this world into the Church's fold; but which way the real attraction was, to observers at Lady Ashburton's dinner or breakfast-table seemed doubtful. Carlyle was another frequent visitor and a prime favourite at The Grange, as readers of the *Life* know. He poured forth a continuous stream of cynicism, as bitter and indiscriminate as the east wind, on all things and men. There was no measure or sense, though there was often genius and grim humour in what he said. You were struck at first with the force and picturesqueness of the language; but the exaggeration and the monotony of the perpetual jeremiads wearied most of his hearers at last.

Some of the great mansions, in this era of gambling speculation when fortunes are quickly won and lost, have had strange tales to tell. At Kensington, the other day, rose a pile which vied with Royalty, but before the builder could take up his abode in it the gold given by the evil genie had melted away. One of the great mansions at Albert Gate was once the palace of the Railway King, who, in his prosperous hour, saw in his halls all the brightest and proudest of the land, assembled to pay homage to Mammon, and perhaps to beg a moment's use of the Aladdin's lamp which makes men suddenly rich. The Railway King, who set out an honest and prosperous shopkeeper, died in penury, the whole of his sinister gains having been wrung from him as was supposed under threat of the law.

The outskirts of London are full of villas, but life there is said not to be social. For no purpose can the dwellers of those villas be brought together. The man goes up to town by the morning train, spends his day in business, comes home to dinner and after dinner reads his paper. For a couple of months in each year the pair go off to lodgings by themselves at the seaside. Such is the description given by those who know suburban life well. More enjoyment might be had at a less price than that for which the master of the villa spends his days in toil, and here again we seem to see that what is called progress, that is, increase of wealth, is not necessarily increase of happiness.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A NEWLY patented pavement is said to have been suggested by the surface of an elephant's tooth, which consists of intermingled layers of hard and soft material, so that the process of wearing always produces a series of ridges upon the surface. The new system of paving is the idea of Mr. Ranyard, the English astronomer, and comprises the use of blocks having alternate hard and soft layers—such as Portland cement and a mixture of sand and cement—which are set upon edge, so that the edges of these laminae form a wearing surface.

SOME CANADIAN LITERARY WOMEN.—III.

LOUISA MURRAY.

PROBABLY some among the readers of THE WEEK can remember the days when the town of Belleville was considered something of a literary centre, inasmuch as within its borders flourished the *Victoria Magazine*, one of those short-lived Canadian periodicals which have had the courage to face fearful odds, and the pain of succumbing to them. Through the kindness of the subject of this sketch I am permitted to transcribe the following portion of a time-worn letter, addressed to her by the editor of the *Victoria Magazine* :—

" BELLEVILLE, Jan. 13, 1851.

" MY DEAR MISS MURRAY,—Enclosed you will find a note to me from Mrs. Cushing, the present conductress of the *Montreal Literary Garland*, expressing a strong desire to obtain for the pages of that magazine your beautiful story of *Fauna*, which you transmitted to me two years ago for the *Victoria Magazine*. Writing not long ago to Mrs. Cushing, I mentioned this tale to her, and the high opinion I had formed from it of the talents of the writer, and this is her reply.

" Sincerely do I hope that this trifling circumstance may be the means of introducing *Fauna* to the Canadian public, and prove a source of emolument and fame to its author.

" The low esteem in which all literary labour is held in this country renders it everything but a profitable employment, but Mr. Lovell's offer of remuneration, although small, is not to be rejected without due consideration. 'What is worth publishing,' my good friend Tom Roscoe used to say, 'is worth paying for,' and I have found the £5 per sheet that I have received from Mr. Lovell, for articles contributed to the *Garland* for the last twelve years, no inconsiderable help in bringing up a large family. To a young person even small sums are always serviceable in procuring extra articles of dress, etc.

" Pray do not fail to write to me on the receipt of this, and state your wishes with regard to the MS.

" In the meanwhile I remain, my dear young lady, your sincere friend,
" SUSANNA MOODIE."

The reader will also be interested in the following extract from a letter dated March, 1851, written by Mr. John Lovell to the author of *Fauna*, accompanying the first proofs of that novel :—

" Indeed it would give me pleasure to be able to say that I would accept of your contributions in future at a fair remuneration; for I am convinced that they would add much to the merits of the *Garland*, but I regret to say that the miserable support which the *Garland* receives from the Canadian public will compel me to discontinue its publication at the close of this year."

These references to the poor opinion held by Canadian people of their nation's literature have by this time a sadly familiar sound, and one cannot doubt that long practice in the art of underrating or wholly neglecting the products of home talent has brought our countrymen to their present admirable proficiency in it. Be that as it may, it is certain that the story of *Fauna* was a good deal noticed when it appeared in the last year of the *Montreal Literary Garland's* existence. It was reprinted in several newspapers, in a New York paper, and in a Belfast (Ireland) journal.

The military element is pronounced in the parentage and relationships of Miss Louisa Murray. Her father was a gallant Irish officer of Scotch descent, distinguished for his courage in the War of 1812, and leader of the light company of his regiment when that brilliant feat of tactics, the taking of Fort Niagara, was performed in 1813. At the battle of Chippewa he was dangerously wounded, and taken prisoner, and was retained on parole till peace was restored. He married the daughter of Major Lyons, an officer in the Seventh Fusiliers, who came to Nova Scotia with the Duke of Kent. Major Lyons afterwards held a military command at the town of Niagara, where he died. One of his sons joined the British navy, another was an officer in the East India Company's service, and two of his daughters married officers in the British army. As one of Miss Murray's uncles, on her father's side, was also a British officer, the ease and success with which this lady has grappled with the various military situations in her novel, *Little Dorinn*, is not so much to be wondered at.

Miss Murray was born in the Isle of Wight. Shortly afterwards her family removed to the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, and she grew up amid the picturesque scenery of that lovely land, whose mountains and glens are so beautifully mirrored in *Little Dorinn* and *The Cited Curate*. Her parents, however, retained a most affectionate remembrance of Canada, and this gifted writer recalls that her earliest lullaby was Moore's Canadian Boat Song, in which the voices of her mother and father were softly blended. Naturally the first great wonder of the world to her childish imagination was Niagara.

In Ireland, where most of Miss Murray's girlhood was passed, she enjoyed a gay and untroubled existence among intimate friends and many relations, with whom she made frequent visits to Dublin. The contrast between this life and that in the Canadian backwoods, to which they afterwards removed, would have been depressing enough to most natures, but in this case it seemed to act as a stimulus to the imagination. Mr. Grant Allen, whose early home was in the near neighbourhood of the Murrays, whose intimate family friend he was, recalls in one of his charming papers the impression left on his boyish mind by the atmosphere of culture and refinement that pervaded that home in the backwoods. Here was written *Fauna*, which well merited the attention it received. It is a

vivid romance, told with a young girl's fervid admiration of the beautiful in nature and in human life. The style is remarkably free and spontaneous, without a trace of affectation on one side or dulness on the other, and the descriptions of forest life in Canada in which the story abounds have a noticeable equality of merit. The following extract is taken almost at random :—

" In general, perhaps, the summer sunsets of America are inferior in beauty to those of Britain, the sky being commonly destitute of those light, moist clouds, whose fanciful shapes take hues so varied, and so lovely, from the departing god of day. But at times the golden-haired Helios sinks with a lustrous splendour, rivalling that which Italian skies boast as peculiarly their own, filling the heavens with heaved-up waves of gold, interspersed with a net-work of purple, rose-colour, and aquamarine, and as he drops behind the woods, his rays gleam through the green canopy which veils his glories, in every variety of light and shade, while the whole atmosphere is filled with a richness and intensity of glowing beauty."

Miss Murray's next literary venture was also a Canadian tale, which was published in the then popular London (England) magazine, *Once a Week*. At one time (not long before his assassination) Mr. D'Arcy McGee purposed setting up a magazine, and sent Miss Murray a printed prospectus, asking her to become a contributor; but the project was never carried out. For the *British American Magazine*, which lived only one year, she wrote *The Cited Curate*, a serial story which elicited much praise. In the *Canadian Monthly*, which came out next, appeared several of Miss Murray's stories, essays, and poems. Old readers of this magazine will recall with pleasure the serial tales of *Marguerite Kneller*, a story of artist life in Paris and Rome; *Little Dorinn*, in which the lights and shadows of Irish life are almost photographed; and *Carmina*, which exhales the fervid breath of Italy. Another serial was burned accidentally in manuscript, and still another, accepted by a magazine, which was about to be started in Toronto, was lost when the enterprise was dropped. A legendary poem called *Merlin's Cave*, which appeared in the *Maritime Monthly* (St. John, N.B.), has been greatly praised. Miss Murray has also written that portion of *Picturesque Canada* relating to the Niagara District, and she has contributed a great many papers to the *Toronto Nation*, and some to THE WEEK.

If it had not been for this writer's strong literary bent, she could never have persevered as she did in the face of much dis-appointment, little encouragement, and no stimulus. Indeed it is clearly to be seen from every page of her work, that Miss Murray is a born story teller—using the words, let me hasten to add, in a literary, by no means in an ethical sense. It is out of the abundance of the heart that her pen writeth; and in consequence, her stories give the same sort of pleasure that is derived from every sort of work, which is the outcome of a vigorous personality. She produces works of fiction for the same reason—and with as little appearance of strain or affectation—as a peach tree produces peaches; and it is proof of the strength of her genius that the good and wholesome fruit it has borne has not been winter-killed.

Everything that Miss Murray has written has a distinct moral tone, without being clogged with the faintest shadow of a moral purpose. Her object is not to denounce wrongs, expose abuses, or teach a lesson, but to entertain the reader, and this she never fails to do; but the entertainment she provides leaves a pure taste in the mouth, and pleasant thoughts in the heart. The style is vivid and picturesque, and one looks in vain for the dulness and redundancy so apt to characterize those who, like her, write because they cannot choose but write.

To my mind the weak point in Miss Murray's novels is her character-drawing. Features are described in detail, but the personality is shadowy. Nearly all her men are brave, and with the exception of Marguerite Kneller, most of her women are fair. The tragedy of poor Marguerite's life lay in her nonconformity to the high standard of beauty which her other heroines maintain. The picture of Marguerite is as pathetic as that of her sister is lovely :—

" Claire was sleeping the deep sleep that follows exhaustion. Her rich golden hair, loosened by her restless tossing, streamed over the pillow; long eye-lashes, darker than her hair, fringed her closed lids; her cheeks were flushed like the heart of a damask rose. The coverings had partly fallen off, and Marguerite could see one little white hand pressing a little bunch of purple and white pansies, which Maurice had gathered for her in the garden that afternoon, against her breast. Beautiful she looked as Psyche when she first wept herself to sleep after Cupid had flown, and the memory of her lost bliss still lingered in her dreams. . . . But in Marguerite's heart what a tumult of passionate pain! Deep tenderness for Claire, and jealous bitterness against her; a wild yearning love for Maurice, and something that was almost contempt for his fickleness and weakness, contended with each other; and the struggles of wounded pride and slighted love, of anger and pity, of hopeless regret and conscious wrong, were renewed again and again through all that long night. There are dark chambers in the soul, of which only misery holds the keys, and into these poor Marguerite got fearful glimpses now."

In some of Miss Murray's other novels the chief piece of characterization is a similar contrast between the purity and deep feeling of a noble nature and the barren selfishness of an ignoble one. But there is no sign of weakness in this writer's grasp of the characteristics of *Swift* and the *Women who Loved him*, a critical essay which appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*. This and her *Notes on George Eliot's Life*, and her review of Heavysege's *Saul*, are written in her best vein. This power of making the reader acquainted with every aspect and appreciation of every trait of the people to whom she introduces him is less marked in her

novels, doubtless because, with the exception of *Little Dorinn*, they are wholly ideal in conception and execution. The story of *Carmina* is almost a prose poem, and it is overrun with a tropical luxuriance of brilliant descriptive passages, by which the radiantly beautiful figure of Carmina is fitly framed. But Miss Murray's imagination responds no more perfectly to the stimulus of Italian skies than it does to the homely charm of life in an Irish farmyard. What could be better in its way than this bit from *Little Dorinn*?

"Close by ran a clear, sparkling stream, which never became dry in the hottest summer, and there every morning and evening, a bare-headed, bare-footed maiden scoured her wooden 'milk-vessels'—churns, cools, piggins and noggins—with bright sand from the stream's pebbly bed, till the wood was white as snow, and the iron hoops shone like silver, piling them on the bank as they were finished, to sweeten in the pure air among the buttercups and daisies."

Good as this is, it is no better than its context, from which I have torn it with a pang. The whole chapter is pervaded by the same idyllic sweetness and charm.

Perhaps the most finished of all Miss Murray's novels is *The Cited Curate*, the scene of which is laid in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, where the author's childhood and youth were passed. The current of the story, clear and sparkling in the opening chapters, deep-toned and dark towards the tragic close, winds through a series of natural scenes, most lovingly painted from life. I would be the last to inflict upon Miss Murray's art the cruelty of over-praise, but I have no hesitation in envying her the fascination which her pages exert. It is the fascination of her personality, of her style, of her unerring instinct for the effective, of her unwearied pleasure, which she compels the reader to share with her, in "nature's wildest and softest phases." But with scarcely a glance at the crags and glens, leaping streams and ivy-muffled bridges, "lonely moorlands, where the golden furze and purple heath make gorgeous the summer day," and where "the swollen river mingles its murmurs with the reverie of any lonely loiterer on the moor," let us consider the deep feeling shown in this passage concerning "the highly Calvinistic prayer" of the gifted, ambitious, but weak-hearted hero, who delivers himself of it at the devotions of his household:—

"Could I have heard him pour out his heart to that God in whose presence and power the voice within the breast attests its involuntary, indestructible belief whenever the soul's depths are stirred, to whom, in the hour of anguish, when the floods overwhelm us, and the waters cover our heads, we blindly cry for a help and a pity, nowhere else to be found,—that God above us, beyond us, yet forever near—whom many, alas! regard with a sad, superstitious fear, where no fear is,—it would have been an inexpressible relief; but to listen to him uttering formal words, for which he had neither faith nor reverence, words involving so many harsh and cold-hearted dogmas, which I knew he utterly condemned and disbelieved, and invoking Him who reads all hearts to hear them, while all the time he neither felt nor knew any thing except that the barbed arrows, which had that day entered his soul, were fastening their fangs in it deeper and deeper—was a mockery I could hardly bear. Yet, what know I? It is not the spoken words, but the silent voice within that God marks, and even then, under all this weight of dead words, Eardley's tortured heart may have sent up a living cry for pardon and peace, that was heard and answered, though in a way dark and inscrutable to mortal eyes."

Not much poetry has flowed from Louisa Murray's pen, but the little she has given us is of no ordinary quality. Some idea of the limpid purity of her thoughts and utterances may be found in her description of the heroine of *Merlin's Cave*.

All things that crossed her joyous way
A gleam of gladness caught,
Her presence, like a sunny ray,
A flash of brightness brought.

And in her soul there burned a light
That cheered her on her way,
Made luminous the starless night,
And cleared the cloudy day.

Imagination's wondrous power
Had taught this cottage girl,
In every field to find a flower,
In every shell a pearl.

Bright fancies dwelt in her untold,
And flashed through her clear eyes,
As gleams of light betray the gold
That in some river lies.

And so she lived in sweet content,
And smiled when first appeared
The sunlit cloud that o'er her bent,
And darkened as it neared.

It has been said that there is a shade of sadness discernible in Miss Murray's work, due to the untoward circumstances of her denied life, which must have seemed perpetually to thwart her natural preferences and aspirations. This shadow I have not been able to discover, but one cannot be blind to the sunny gleams of humour, that flicker among her pages, and through her letters, which abound in shrewd and piquant comments upon the literary topics of the day. A life-long companion of nature and of books, the productions of her virile and loving imagination have not been dependent upon fame nor even recognition. Genius, like virtue, is its own exceeding great reward, and this rarely gifted personality, while it may be pitied for its Canadian environment, is to be envied as a native of that ideal world, which takes no account of outward conditions, because so immeasurably superior to them.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CANON VENABLES has written a life of John Bunyan for the Great Writers Series.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce a volume of poems by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.

HERBERT SPENCER has placed materials for his biography in the hands of Miss Beatrice Potter.

MISS ALCOTT directed by her will that all her letters, documents, and manuscripts be burned.

A Castle in the Air, by Gen. Hugh Ewing, is one of Henry Holt and Company's forthcoming novels.

WALTER BESANT will contribute the second of his two articles on *The Writing of Novels* to the April *Atalanta*.

A PAPER ON *The Laws of Property*, by Chief Justice Lord Coleridge, is the opening article in *Macmillan's* for April.

M. JULES SIMON has promised to preside over the next literary congress, organized by the Société des Gens de Lettres.

EDWARD EGGLESTON is engaged upon a history of America for children, which D. Appleton and Company will publish.

A Glimpse of North Africa is the title of an interesting paper by Mr. Grant Allen, in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*.

L. KREICHAUF, Elmira, N.Y., will issue this month the first number of the *Quarterly Bibliography of American and English Literature*.

Shakespeariana for April contains articles of importance on *The Boston Shakespeare Library* by Arthur Mason Knapp; *The Fool in Lear*, by E. A. Kalkins; and *Views of an Unbeliever*, by Baruk Siddon.

The Spell of Ashtaroth is the title of a novel which the Scribners have in hand, the scene of which is Biblical, with Joshua as one of the principal characters. The example of *Ben Hur* appears to have been heeded.

THE new edition of the *English Reference Catalogue of Current Literature*, which work has for years been one of the thickest of thick volumes, will comprise upward of 4,000 pages. In weight it will exceed nine pounds.

M. HENRY HARRISSE proposes to celebrate the coming 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by the publication of an *édition de luxe* of all the original letters and other writings of Columbus now in existence relating to his great discovery.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, AND COMPANY publish this week a beautiful little volume entitled *Before the Curfew, and Other Poems, Chiefly Occasional*, by Dr. Holmes, containing the poems he has written during the last eight years since the publication of the *Iron Gate*.

THE April number of *Temple Bar* contains some interesting reminiscences of Charles Dickens by a lady who knew him before he was famous as well as when he came suddenly into notice with *Pickwick*. It is a phase of Dickens which probably Forster never saw.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP fully describes in *The Critic* of April 14 the personal appearance and manner of living and working of Philadelphia's most prominent author, the Hon. George Henry Boker, ex-Minister to Turkey and Russia, and founder of the first Union League Club in America.

THE peculiar marriage ceremonies of the Zulus of Southern Africa are described for the first time in a graphic sketch entitled *A Zulu Wedding*, contributed by W. P. Pond to the April number of *Woman*. Mr. Pond lived in South Africa for several years, and his paper is a record of personal observations.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have just issued the third and concluding volume of *Lea's History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*; a collection of stories by Amélie Rives, taking its title from her strong story, *A Brother to Dragons*; and *Joyce*, by Mrs. Oliphant, which appears in the *Franklin Square Library*.

THE *Henry Irving Shakespeare* is now being published by Messrs. H. Bryant and Company of this city, simultaneously with Messrs Blackie and Son, of London and Glasgow. It is edited by Shakespeare's interpreter, Henry Irving, and by the eminent Shakespearian scholar, Mr. Frank A. Marshall and illustrated profusely by the popular artist, Gordon Browne.

ONE of the oldest of the French Academicians died recently,—J. M. N. D. Nisard, a distinguished journalist. He was a contributor to the leading reviews, for ten years Director of the Higher Normal Schools, and a Commander of the Legion of Honour. He was eighty-two years old, and had been in the Academy since 1850. He had written novels and translated Shakespeare. His works include *The Latin Poets of the Decadence* and *A History of French Literature*.

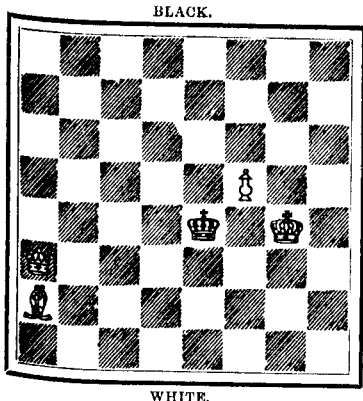
WE have received from the publishers of *The North American Review* a neatly printed paper-covered edition of *The Field-Ingersoll Discussion*. It is a series of controversial articles, originally published in the *Review*, on Faith and Agnosticism, by Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., and Colonel Robert Ingersoll. The articles are able, often eloquent, and entirely free from controversial acerbity; but it does not appear that either of the contestants has converted the other. The faith of the learned Doctor is still unshaken, and the silver-tongued preacher of Agnosticism is still firm in his unbelief.

CHESS.

ONTARIO TO THE FRONT!

PROBLEM No. 245.

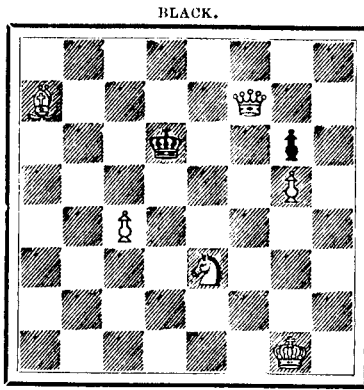
By N. H. GREENWAY.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 246.

By THE HERMIT.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 239.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-Q B 8 | R-Kt 2 |
| 2. Q-K Kt 4 | moves. |
| 3. Kt mates | |
| | If 1. Kt-B 2 |
| 2. Q-Kt 7 | moves |
| 3. Q mates. | |

Correct solution received from N. H. G., Crystal City, to Nos. 239, 240 and 242.

No. 240.

- White.
1. Kt-E 2

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. H. G., CRYSTAL CITY.—Problems received with thanks. We publish one; the two move problem is faulty, as any move of the King will do for second move. Your solution of Problem No. 241 is wrong, in the first variation if Black play 1 R P x R there is no mate; shall be glad to hear from you again.

W. R., TORONTO.—Your solution of Problem No. 241 is wrong in the first variation, if Black play 2 B-B 3 there is no mate.

Game played on the 30th ult., at Hamilton, between Mr. Wm. Boulton, Toronto C. C., and Dr. I. Ryall, Hamilton C. C. :-

EVANS GAMBIT.

- | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|-------------------|------------|
| Mr. Boulton. | Dr. Ryall. | Mr. Boulton. | Dr. Ryall. |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 1 | 11. Q-Q 3 | P-K Kt 3 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 12. Q-K R 3 | K-Kt 2 |
| 3. B-B 4 | B-B 4 | 13. Kt x R P | K x Kt |
| 4. P-Q Kt 4 | B x P | 14. Q x Kt + | K-Kt 1 |
| 5. P-Q B 3 | B-R 4 | 15. B-Kt 5 | Q x B |
| 6. Castles | Kt-K B 3 | 16. Q x Q | Kt x Q P |
| 7. P-Q 4 | P x P | 17. Q x Kt P + | K-R 1 |
| 8. P-K 5 | Kt-K Kt 5 (a) | 18. B x B P | P-Q 3 |
| 9. P x P | Castles | 19. Q-K R 6 mate. | |
| 10. Kt-Kt 5 | Kt-R 3 (b) | | |

NOTES.

- (a) Bad; Black should have played P-Q 4.
(b) Fatal; Again Black should have played P-Q 4.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Scanlan, the favourite Irish comedian, will appear at the Grand next week in "Shane-na-Lawn," with new costumes and songs. An exchange says:—"Scanlan is a young comedian of fine instincts, as well as a tuneful singer. He has entered the special field of illustrating the humorous phases of Irish character, and so far he has surpassed his competitors that he can scarcely be said to have a rival. He pictures, with light and delicate touches, the oddities, the pathos, and the wit of the only peasantry in the world that oppression has not brutalized. He does not speak a patois, repellant in discordant intonations and high-pitched querulousness—the language of depravity and ignorance, which vulgarity considers comical—but rather such as takes its colour from the scenery and the sky, and is as much a part of a country as its fields and flowers. As Ruskin has well pointed out, there is a wide difference between the dialect of a language and its corruption, and a comedian who appreciates the distinction deserves the commendation at a time when coarse pleasure is found in contemplating the comedies of the 'Harrigan and Hart school'—comedies that draw all their vitality from the phenomena of the peasant character as vitiated by city influences. In keenness of perception and in repose and unctuousness of style, Mr. Scanlan recalls the delightful art of Boucicault, and his field of endeavour holds triumphs for him in the future."

A CONTROVERSY has broken out in Scotland about whether Sir Walter Scott was an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian. Were it not for certain curious evidence to the contrary, Lockhart's remarks on the subject would be held conclusive. In his biography it is said that the novelist took up "early in life" a repugnance to harsh Presbyterianism, and "adhered to the sister Church," whose method he admired and whose litanies and collects he revered. It was Dean Ramsay who read the Church of England Burial Service at Lady Scott's grave, and the same service was read at Scott's own burial. On the other hand, it appears that in 1806 the novelist was ordained an elder of the Church of Scotland at Duddingston, near Edinburgh. He also officiated in that capacity at the General Assembly. Doubtless Lockhart was only wrong in his dates. It was not "early in life," but when in his prime that Scott went over to the "sister Church." His novels are conclusive proof as to which Church had his sympathies.—St. James's Gazette.

A MATTER OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbours men and women, whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength:

296 McNab St. North, Hamilton, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.

Moss & Furlong

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily, I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles I was completely cured.

W. E. Hugg

Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO (18 Division Street), Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair, and weighs more than she ever did before.

Mrs. Jos. Burns

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar colour and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw colour, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

W. W. Moore

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure," I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure," and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if ever I feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

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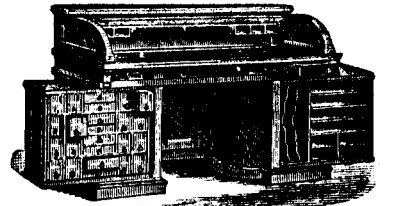
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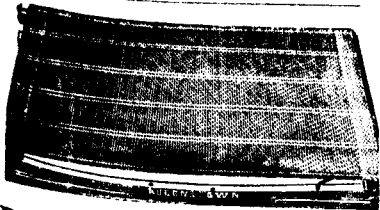
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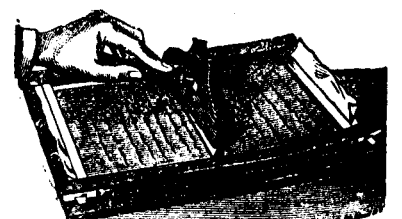
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