

# THE WEEK:

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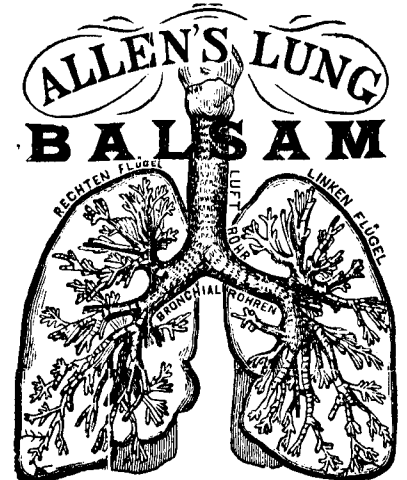
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE rather sharp debate in the Commons in regard to the appointment of the Minister of the Interior was noteworthy in two or three particulars. Chief among these was Sir John A. Macdonald's emphatic enunciation of the singular constitutional doctrine that Mr. Dewdney, in his capacity of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, had nothing to do with the state of things which led to the Half-breed rebellion. It was, no doubt, just, as well as generous, of the Premier to relieve Mr. Dewdney of all blame in connection with the affair, at the expense of the Government of the day, but it is surely a new and strange view of the duties of a Lieutenant-Governor, that because he had no executive powers in regard to the causes of discontent he was therefore at liberty, had he so chosen, to view with official unconcern the rise and spread of a state of discontent such as could and did culminate in actual rebellion. True, the Premier afterwards bore ample testimony to the fact that Mr. Dewdney did not take such a view of his duties, but, on the contrary, kept up an active and continuous confidential correspondence with Ottawa. But this fact does not affect Sir John's strange doctrine. Though, in the absence of any intimation as to the character and tone of these communications, no opinion can be formed as to the penetration and foresight displayed, it seems but fair to give the ex-Governor the benefit of the doubt, and to assume that had his intimations or remonstrances been heeded the deplorable outbreak would not have occurred. As to other allegations reflecting injuriously upon Mr. Dewdney's administration, opinions and testimony are so conflicting that the fair-minded will prefer to dismiss them from memory and leave the new administration of the Interior to be judged entirely on its merits.

A VIGOROUS agitation is probably about to be entered upon with a view to forcing the Dominion Government to veto the Jesuits' Estates Bill of the Quebec Legislature. It is needless to say that we are quite at one with the agitators in their view of the character of that bill. It is hard to conceive of legislation more opposed to the spirit of the age, or better adapted to destroy all hope of

progress in the French Province, and to bind the fetters of re-action still more tightly upon its priest-ridden habitants. Nor can the flimsy pretext of just restitution or atonement for an act of spoliation bear a moment's scrutiny, seeing that the Order whose estates are said to have been “confiscated” could have no legal existence on British soil at the time of the alleged confiscation, that it was shortly afterwards totally suppressed the world over by a Papal Bull, and that it is only by a transparent fiction that the body to whom the extraordinary grant has now been made can be regarded as the legitimate heir of the suppressed Order. Upon these points all Protestants and, we venture to hope very many Catholics, will be of one mind. The situation is undoubtedly a serious one. The passing of the Act in question by the Quebec Legislature, at the instance of the Quebec Government—nay, more, the passing of such an Act by a professedly Liberal Legislature at the instance of a professedly Liberal Government—can hardly fail to arouse thoughtful men all over the Dominion to ask anxiously, “Where are we, and whither are we drifting?” The inquiry becomes the more pertinent and pressing in view of the fact that the passing of this obnoxious Bill is but the culmination of a series of events which have long since made it clear to all whose eyes are open that the policy of the sister Province is really in the hands of the Catholic hierarchy, which is again, in its turn, dominated from the Vatican, and that Province virtually controls the legislation of the Dominion.

IT may be that in view of all this the time has arrived when Protestant and progressive Canada should take a new departure. It may even be said without hesitation that upon the taking of some new departure, and the breaking up in some way of the solid phalanx of French-Canadian ecclesiasticism rests all hope of a united and prosperous Confederation. But even so, the question of the kind and direction of the liberation movement is of prime and vital importance. The only definite action that has been so far suggested, even by those who are making the most urgent appeals to the public, is in the direction of forcing the disallowance of the Bill in question by the Dominion Government. Surely it is worth while before proceeding any further in this direction to stop and ask first whether an Ottawa veto would really cure the evil against which it was directed, and secondly, whether it would not result in greater damage and danger to the Confederation than can possibly result from the evil it is designed to cure. No great prescience is required to foresee that the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill by the Dominion Government at the demand of the Protestant Provinces, would involve a change in the constitutional doctrine of Canada equivalent to a revolution. It would virtually transform the federal into a legislative union. Grant that the Federal Government has already claimed and in various cases exercised the right to disallow, in what it considered the general interests of the whole Dominion, Acts which were clearly within the legislative powers of the enacting Provinces, is it not equally true that the Provinces affected have strenuously, and in several cases successfully, resisted such exercise of the prerogative; that it has been denounced by some of the ablest Canadian statesmen as in violation of the federal compact, and that the objection has been seemingly sustained by more than one decision of the highest court in the realm?

WE are not arguing that the proposed agitation is in itself wrong or unnecessary. We are only urging that care should be taken lest it be wrongly directed. It is not wise to take a leap in the dark. It is pretty clear that there is not a Province in the Confederation that would be in it voluntarily on any other condition than that its autonomy in all matters of local concern should be strictly observed. What can be more strictly a matter of local concern than the disposal of local funds? What right of a Province can be maintained if not its right to appropriate its own money for a purpose ostensibly local and educational? When it was at one time threatened to put the disallowance boot upon the other foot in an educational matter we know how the Province of New Brunswick was ready to resist to the death what it deemed an invasion of its chartered prerogative. We can judge

from the past how the great Province of Ontario and the small Province of Manitoba would act in such a case. Bassanio's principle, “to do a great right, do a little wrong,” would not be a safe one to act upon, even could the wrenching of the Constitution be regarded as in any wise a “little wrong.” Before committing themselves the Dominion Government would be bound to consider the probable consequence of the action. Does any one suppose the Government and people of Quebec would submit quietly to the Federal veto? All experience tells us that the Bill would be again enacted and re-enacted until the whole country would be in a ferment of excitement. Not the least probable outcome of the struggle would be an alternative between a giving way on the part of the Federal authorities and the upbreak of the Confederation. Unquestionably the Protestant Provinces of Canada have a right to declare that they will no longer wear the unequal yoke of a connection which acts as a dead weight to retard progress, and which forces upon a Nineteenth Century Confederation such anomalies as a dual language, an antiquated ecclesiastical tithe system, and the subjection of the individual will and conscience of multitudes to the direction of a priesthood ruled by a foreign supreme Pontiff. But if the time has come let the issue be distinctly made on tenable ground.

A STRONG faith, not only in the resources of Canada, but in the soundness of the policy in accordance with which the lines determining the mode of their development are now being laid down, is necessary to enable one to view without some apprehension the present financial prospect. With an actual deficit in the revenue of the year, with official estimates which make it pretty certain that the ordinary expenditures for the coming year will be even greater, and with governmental proposals of extraordinary outlays in the shape of heavy subsidies for railways and steamboat services, the outlook is certainly not free from sources of anxiety. The time is undoubtedly a critical one in the history of the Dominion. It is a time at which a timorous policy would probably be a mistaken one. The most sanguine advocate of the protective system must admit that the population of the country is not growing, nor its commerce being extended, nor its various sources of wealth developed, as rapidly as could be wished. If it can be demonstrated with a reasonable approach to certainty that the bold policy proposed bids fair to be successful, that the subsidized Atlantic and Pacific, West Indies and South American Steamboat Lines will give a healthy and powerful stimulus to foreign commerce, and so to productive industry at home, then extreme prudence would be folly, and false economy wastefulness. But it must be confessed that some of the data at present furnished—those, for instance, touching the prospects of Central American trade—do not seem so encouraging as could be wished in respect to that mutual interchange of commodities which alone can make trade with a distant country profitable. No doubt each of the various projects will receive in Parliament that searching scrutiny which the circumstances demand. Probably there never was a period in the history of Canada when so many and various difficulties, influences, and tendencies combined to make the largest demands upon the wisdom of her statesmen and the patriotism of her politicians.

THE Ontario Government is being strongly urged, on behalf of the workingmen, to exempt dwellings from taxation to the extent of \$600. Mr. Mowat has, we observe, suggested the very important query whether such legislation would not benefit the poorer classes much less than the rich and the landlords? A strong argument could, we believe, be built upon statistics to show that the exemption in question would have this effect. But apart from the operation of a special measure, it is worth while for the representatives and friends of the workingmen to consider whether the tendency of all such exceptional legislation is not against their interests on the whole. Would it not be more beneficial as well as more logical for them, instead of asking exemption for themselves, to take their stand on the broad platform which demands the abolition of all exemptions? They could well afford to declare themselves ready to ask no favours, on condition



that no favours be granted to those who are vastly more able than they to bear their full share of the civic burdens. If, for instance, they could bring some pressure to bear to put an end to the shameful evasions and undervaluations which are so common, and compel every capitalist, merchant and professional man to pay his honest dues, the taxation rate would be so reduced that the poor would scarcely feel it, and they would, at the same time, retain the manly consciousness that they were neither asking nor receiving favours.

THE Bill introduced in the Commons by Mr. Clarke Wallace, to restrict in the public interest the operations of combines, will, no doubt, give rise to one of the most interesting debates of the session. The subject is unquestionably a difficult one to legislate upon. Great skill and care will be required to steer safely between the Scylla of injurious interference with the rights of manufacturers and dealers and the Charybdis of handing over the public to the tender mercies of selfish and soulless combinations, sheltered from outside competition by high tariff walls. But the principle of the Bill has been already affirmed by every Legislature which has made the boycott illegal. We notice that a writer whose opinions usually carry weight has ridiculed the idea of hindering men by law from selling their goods, or refusing to sell them, to whom and under what conditions they please. But this admits of two ready answers. In the first place, if this is the right of one citizen, it is the right of another. If it is the right of the manufacturer, it is the right of the wholesale dealer; and if it is the right of the wholesale dealer, it is the right of the retailer. And if it is a right so sacred that Parliament may not curtail it, it surely is so sacred that Parliament should protect it. Now it is just this right in the case of the two last-named classes that is interfered with by the combines, and that Parliament is called on to protect. Again, it is clearly one thing to say that any individual manufacturer or dealer may refuse to sell his goods to certain individuals, and quite another to say that any number may combine to do so. The latter contains the essence of the boycott, inasmuch as it is an agreement having in view to work harm or ruin to the individuals placed under the ban.

WHATEVER may have been the virtues or the faults of Mr. Cleveland as a President, he certainly has the merit of having settled a most momentous question of national etiquette, and established a precedent for all future occupants of the White House. The great problem is, How shall an ex-President of the United States, who does not happen to have an independent fortune, deport himself so as to meet the claims of his family and of society, and at the same time preserve from taint of ordinary occupation the lingering odours of the lofty sphere from which he has descended? Mr. Cleveland is understood to have loosed the knot in true Alexandrian fashion, by simply resolving to leave the ex-Presidential dignity to take care of itself, and return to the practice of his profession, like a Cincinnatus, or a sensible nineteenth-century Democrat. This resolution, if unostentatiously carried out, will almost atone for half his political blunders. The future historian of his short reign will be tempted to descend to parody and, without disparagement to his Presidential career, put it on record that nothing in his official life became him like the leaving it.

THE collapse of the strike of the employees of the New York Street Railways, conveys a lesson on the futility of such rash movements which workmen everywhere will do well to ponder. We pronounce no opinion upon the reality or the opposite of the alleged grievances which led to this particular outbreak, not having the information necessary to enable us to form such an opinion. But the failure of the movement affords another illustration of a fact of which a little sober reflection should have beforehand satisfied the more intelligent of the strikers. That fact is that in the case of an employment like that of the street railways, which requires no special training, skill or intelligence, it is but folly for the employees to suppose they can compel the acceptance of their terms by a strike. In the present overstocked state of the labour market there are sure to be two or three men ready to step into every place as soon as it is vacated. When the striking employees see this being done the temptation to interfere forcibly often becomes, as in the case of some of the New York strikers, too strong to be resisted. Such resort to violence of course makes the matter worse, by alienating the sympathy of the public and compelling the interference of the civil authority. The right of the public contractor

to employ whom he pleases to do his work, and to have that employee protected from mob violence while doing the work, is one which every organized community is bound to maintain.

IT is but just, however, to remember that in all such cases as that above referred to there is another side to the question which even journals of the highest class in New York seem disposed to ignore. If it is clear that the right of the companies to employ whom they please to do their work must be maintained at any cost, it by no means follows that the public whom these companies serve, and from whom they derive their chartered privileges, has no duty to discharge to the employees of those companies. If it could be shown, for instance, that, taking advantage of the ruinous competition in the labour market and the consequent necessities of the labourers, the New York street railway companies were having their work performed on such terms as reduced the men in their employ to a condition little better than that of slaves, no one knowing the facts would think of pleading that the companies, in virtue of their contract, were alone responsible, and that the civic authorities, representing the public, must not interfere. All would agree that it would be a grievous shame and sin for the citizens to accept and enjoy the conveniences afforded by the tramways under such conditions. To determine just when and how the authorities shall interfere to prevent such abuses may be a very difficult and delicate matter, but that there is a point at which such intervention becomes not only permissible but a duty, will now scarcely be denied. It is becoming every day more clear that the time has come when the insufficiency of the old theories in respect to freedom of contract and the law of supply and demand must be conceded, and some means of supplementing or reforming the economical creed handed down from a past generation be found. Whether this reform is to come in the shape of new conditions in charters, civic or state Boards of Arbitration, or in some other form, remains to be determined.

THE report of the Committee appointed by the United States House of Representatives to investigate the charges brought against the Alaska Commercial Company by Governor Swineford and others indicates that the parties bringing the charges have signally failed to sustain them. These accusations, it will be remembered, were both numerous and grave. As summarized by the *New York Times*, the Governor himself charged that the Company had "reduced the native population wherever its operations are not supervised by Government agents, to a condition of helpless dependence, if not absolute slavery"; that it compels the natives at the risk of starvation to accept "such beggarly prices for the peltry that it keeps them in debt and at its mercy"; that it has marked and mutilated the coin of the United States for its purposes, and refuses to receive any other from the natives in payment for goods sold them; that it has violated the law relating to the sale of firearms by its agents; that "its every aim and effort is directed to the blocking of the wheels of progress." The private sealers on their part declare in addition that the Company has exterminated the seals on certain islands; that it destroys carcasses without extracting the oil, thus violating the conditions of its lease and defrauding the Government; that it has killed more seals than its lease allows; that it uses revenue cutters for private purposes; that it sells to the natives condemned tobacco in violation of the internal revenue laws; that it abets the Indians in killing from the shore classes of seals which cannot be lawfully killed. The House Committee reports that the lease with the Alaska Company was lawful, was made in the interest of the United States, and has been faithfully kept in all its covenants by the Company; that the Company "has contributed liberally to the welfare, comfort and prosperity" of the natives of St. Paul and St. George Islands, has built a comfortable house for each family without charge of rent, and at its own cost provides stoves, maintains two physicians for free medical attendance, and supports the widows and orphans of the natives. The native labourers receive 40 cents for removing each sealskin, or \$40,000 annually, besides \$1 a day each for other labour, and have on deposit in San Francisco \$64,732. The lease requires that dried salmon shall be furnished free to the inhabitants of the two islands, and goods are sold to them by the Company at one-fourth advance on San Francisco wholesale prices. This is a remarkable outcome. But more remarkable still is a special report of Governor Swineford, in which he emphatically declares that a visit to one of the

Pribilof Islands convinces him that the Company "is and has been all along faithful in complying with all the terms and conditions of its agreement with the Government; in fact, it is doing even more in the matter of providing for the wants and comforts of the natives than its contract requires." Such statements he reiterates through this report. A truly wonderful man must be this Governor Swineford. As for the rest one is naturally curious to know how the Committee conducted its investigation, where and from whom it got its evidence, what influences the Company brought to bear, and so forth. The report will help the Company materially to get a renewal of its monopoly, which expires next year.

UNLESS on the principle that the main object of the tariff is to discourage importation and so diminish revenue, it is not easy to see how the system under which the sum of \$41,348 was last year distributed amongst the Customs officers of the Dominion in addition to their regular salaries as their share of the fines, forfeitures and duties levied as a result of seizures, can be defended. That such a system should lead to abuses of various kinds is almost inevitable. The fact that in several instances, where the seizures made or the irregularities charged involved large amounts, the parties interested successfully resisted the charges of the officials, is very suggestive. The inference is easy that in all probability either the officers were lax where the amounts involved were comparatively small, or that many importers have suffered injustice rather than incur the trouble and annoyance involved in an appeal. Can it be that this extra and not morally elevating inducement is necessary to insure a faithful performance of duty by the collectors and their subordinates? It is to be hoped that the matter will be discussed in Parliament in order that the public may be put in possession of the Government's strong reasons for maintaining so questionable a policy.

BY what might almost be deemed a kind of poetic retribution the Indian opium traffic, which Great Britain forced upon China at the mouth of the cannon, is threatened with gradual extinction. In spite of legislative prohibition, which seems to have become almost a dead letter, the article is now being produced in China in such quantities that the revenue from the export duty on opium shipped from Central India and Bengal has fallen off from thirteen millions in 1872 to eight millions in 1887. This result seems due, however, not so much to a lessening in the Chinese demand for the Indian article, which is thought superior in quality to that of native growth, as to the reduction in price caused by competition. The enormous monopoly prices have become impossible. China is no longer compelled to resort to India for its opium, though, for the reason above indicated, the wealthier and more luxurious classes still do so. But the native cultivators are improving their methods of cultivation, and are now producing an article which is not only not considered much inferior to the Indian, but is actually coming to be preferred by many natives, while the price is only about half that of the imported. "With due regard to all the circumstances," says the *London Times*, "the Government of India might be well advised if it treated its opium revenue as a transitory windfall, upon which it would be foolish to count." The cool indifference with which the moral aspects of the traffic are ignored by such papers as the *Times*, and the financial alone considered, is wonderful. The increasing slavery of the population in some districts to the destructive habit is even spoken of as if it were matter for congratulation. One can find, or very easily fancy, an undertone of exultation in the manner in which such statements are made as the horrifying one that in Szechuen, for instance, which contains seventy millions of inhabitants, seven-tenths of the adult male population, it is computed, are now opium smokers. Can such things be without their Nemesis?

THE history of the growth of the wheat-producing and exporting industry in India, as described by Lord Cross in a recent speech in England, is remarkable. The first great impulse to the modern movement was the abolition in 1873 of the export duty of 7 per cent. Up to that date the amount of wheat grown in India was computed to be only 17,000 tons. During the next four years the average wheat growth of the country went up to just eight times that amount, while for the four years ending in 1888 the average has been, notwithstanding the bad crop of last year, no less than 936,000 tons. Of course this enormous development has not resulted wholly from

the removal of the export duty. The railroads have had much to do with making it possible. Though the United States still occupies the first place as a source of the wheat supply of the Mother Country, Lord Cross hopes to see the figures reversed at some future day and India taking the lead, but the difference is yet so vast that the change can scarcely come for many years. Though Canada is not deemed worthy of separate mention by Lord Cross or the *Times* in the connection, her contribution being, no doubt, included in the American figures, there must surely be possibilities of development in the immense and fertile prairies of our North-West, which should make her a formidable competitor of both rivals. But, as in the case of India, there is yet much to be done before that consummation can be reached.

THE situation in France is still as wavering and uncertain as ever. Premier Floquet seems, however, to have been driven by stress of danger to the display of an unwonted degree of courage and firmness. The latest news as we go to press is that the Chamber has, by a considerable majority, resolved to abandon the *scrutin de liste* and return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The adoption of this Government measure, after the strong declarations of M. Floquet that it was necessary to guard the country against pretensions founded on treason, can hardly fail to strengthen, temporarily at least, the Government position. If the change goes into effect immediately, it must checkmate Boulanger, by preventing him from further resort to the device of standing for each district as it becomes vacant. To this device the *scrutin de liste*, under which deputies were elected by departments on a general ticket, readily lent itself. The return to what is in effect a system of local or district elections will probably put an end to this game. The crucial test of the Government's stability will, perhaps, be applied in connection with the debate on their scheme of constitutional revision, which comes up on Thursday.

THE alacrity with which both the British and the American Governments responded to Prince Bismarck's invitation to a conference on Samoan affairs has called forth some sarcastic comment on both sides of the water. The course proposed was the only sensible one, and the readiness with which it was accepted redounds to the honour of both nations. If a brief conference shall lead, as may be hoped, to a settlement satisfactory to all concerned, the contracting parties will deserve congratulation, not only for having quickly untwisted a small but dangerous complication, but also for having given a decided impulse to the modern movement in favour of better methods of dealing with international difficulties. The fact that any agreement made on behalf of the United States will not be binding until ratified by the Senate may make the situation embarrassing for the representative of an administration on the eve of quitting office, but it will also strengthen his hands in holding out for such terms as are likely to commend themselves to the Republican Senators. In view of the unusually complaisant attitude which the German Chancellor has of late assumed towards Great Britain, it may be predicted with tolerable safety that the terms proposed on behalf of Germany will not be hard to accept. It is evident that the vision of an Anglo-German alliance, in effect if not in form, has of late passed before the eyes of the great diplomatist, and he is far too astute to let a small present issue bar the way to a great advantage in the future.

#### BOOKS AND READING.

IT may be thought that education has now made such progress among us that it is no longer necessary to insist upon the importance of reading or to give suggestions as to the books which should be read or the manner of reading them. We are not quite sure that this opinion is well-founded. It is quite true that most people are now capable of reading books in their own language. It is also true that a considerable majority of those who are able to read do read something. But there is still a vast number of persons—not at all badly educated—who read hardly anything at all; and there is a number as large, perhaps larger, of persons whose reading must be so unprofitable that perhaps they had better not read at all. Indeed, there is a conflict of opinion on this very point, men of equal eminence taking different sides; some holding that it matters little what a man reads when he reads, providing only that he gets the habit of reading anyhow, since, the habit once formed, he will certainly, in time, eschew the evil and choose the good. Others again,

notably Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Frederic Harrison, are very earnest in protesting that bad books are worse than nothing, that the man who is reading mere worthless or hurtful books would do very much better to let books alone altogether.

It is of small importance to adjust the balance between these opposing views. The utility of reading is so generally recognized that, even if it is abused, there is little hope of its being abandoned. Without reading and study men cannot gain knowledge, cannot become learned or cultivated in any full sense of these words. It is therefore more to the purpose to offer some guidance to the reader, for people will read, than to tell those who are reading amiss to desist, which they will be little likely to do. With regard to the class of subjects which are profitable for reading, we might say at once that all are profitable, if only they are taken in their proper proportions. It is too late in the day to prohibit the reading of fiction and poetry and the drama. It may be all very well for those who are shut up in the cloister, or who are living by rule under some definite authority, to renounce anything which is forbidden to them. Obedience of this kind may be a very good thing, especially if it keeps people to their own chosen and appointed work. But the man who tells ordinary people, "living in the world," that they shall not read fiction, may as well tell the wind not to blow. Besides, he cannot possibly be consistent. The most severe prohibitionist in this line would read and recommend the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which is fiction. And the same may perhaps be said of many Scripture parables. We say "perhaps," because Archbishop Trench suggests, and many persons believe, that the parables of the Gospels, or some of them, are true stories.

But, although we cannot hope or desire to stop the reading of fiction, we may do something to regulate it and to restrain it. One who reads nothing but light literature is as certainly ruining his literary digestion as one who ate nothing but pastry would be ruining his stomach. If any one should find it impossible to read a volume of history, or a play of Shakespeare, or a book of *Paradise Lost*, or a play of Walter Scott's without toil and weariness, then such an one had better call a halt without delay, and subject himself to a process of self-examination. It will be well, in such a case, to break off the reading of novels at once, and begin the effort to read something else, taking perhaps a little at a time, until his powers are confirmed, just as an invalid is permitted to return to his full diet only by slow degrees.

If, however, it is a matter of strict necessity and of duty to our own intellectual nature to limit our reading of fiction and light literature generally, it is still more obligatory upon us to avoid all corrupting literature. And we are apt to make mistakes on this subject. It is quite easy to say of certain books that they are filthy, and it is not difficult to bring the censor down upon their publishers. But these books are seldom the worst. A book of this kind was suppressed the other day in England, and its publisher was fined. Yet an eminent literary man remarked, with perfect truth, that the book was no more demoralizing than an open sewer would be; it was simply sickening and disgusting. The books of this kind which are most mischievous are those of which it is impossible to prohibit the circulation. Every one must take care of himself, and, as far as possible, of those whom he can influence.

It was remarked by the late Lord Lytton to the present writer that, "in literature we should read the older books, and in science the new." There is no great need for this caution in regard to the latter class; but the importance of the other portion of the counsel is imperfectly recognized. Of course, it was not the intention of so eminent a writer to interdict the reading of new books. In that case his own occupation would have been gone; and such a piece of advice would have exposed its author to the lash of Horace, as applicable in our own times, as in his. But we are certainly justified in holding that the man or woman who can find no pleasure in books, unless they are of the ephemeral type, has no proper appreciation of literature at all. And this is true of a great many of our modern readers.

"The books which ought to be in every gentleman's library," as some one sarcastically called them, are too often allowed to rest on their shelves, whilst the books which will never find a permanent resting place in any library are often eagerly devoured. We may as well make up our mind, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has lately warned us, in his excellent essay on the "Choice of Books," that, if this is all that our reading amounts to, we are in a very bad way indeed. If we cannot read Shakespeare and

Milton and Scott without weariness, then we must really give up pretending to be educated people. And there are many persons who cannot read a play of Shakespeare or a novel of Walter Scott's without weariness, or at all!

It is something that these things should be already said and heard; because a great many persons are under the quite false impression that the mere fact of their devouring quantities of ephemeral novels proves them to be readers of certain literary pretensions, if not also students. These false notions may not be dissipated at once or very widely. But if only one here and there will make the resolve to adjust the proportions of their reading in a more satisfactory manner, the influence will spread, and the reformation will at least have been begun.

It is beyond the purpose of these brief and straggling notes either to consider the whole subject of reading in anything like a complete manner, or to suggest a collection of books which are worthy of being read, and which ought to be read by all who aspire to literary cultivation. To a great extent safe guidance will be found in the papers of Mr. Frederic Harrison and Sir John Lubbock, the latter of whom has given a list of what he regards as the hundred best books. We may, however, suggest a way of beginning to those who have had little guidance in this business of reading, and may be glad to be helped into better ways.

First of all, then, there are English classics which are acknowledged by all competent persons to have a position beyond the range of criticism. And with the works of these, or some considerable part of them, it is the duty of all who aspire to be educated men and women to be acquainted. We name, as mere samples, Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott. Perhaps none could be named greater than these, although we are aware that by some persons Chaucer and Spenser are preferred to Milton. In French literature, there are Corneille, Racine, Molière; in prose, Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle*, Pascal's *Provincial Letters* and *Pensées*. In German, there is Goethe's *Faust* and *Hermann and Dorothea*, Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*. In Italian, Dante, to go no further. In Spanish, Don Quixote and the plays of Calderon; and English readers may be recommended to Archbishop Trench's admirable little volume on that which is the principal play of this Spanish Shakespeare, namely, *Life is a Dream*. There are good translations of most foreign works which are worth an English dress; and those who are unable to read the originals should have recourse to them. As examples may be mentioned, the excellent translation of *Faust* by Bayard Taylor, and of Dante those of Cary and Longfellow. With regard to classical authors, Homer and Virgil for instance, there are many very good translations, and of late some excellent renderings in prose have been published by eminent Cambridge scholars. Probably these translations will give an English reader the best notion of the originals. Many however will continue to prefer metrical renderings. Pope's Homer will always be popular, and Chapman's will be valued by those who appreciate strength and force.

WILLIAM CLARK.

#### WHAT IS THE EMPIRE?

THERE is a preliminary stage in military instruction known as the balance step without gaining ground. To it the Imperial Federation movement might be compared. The agitation, though in continual activity, makes no visible progress towards its professed goal—an improved plan for the government of the Empire. Nevertheless there must be something in an idea that continues to exert such an attraction upon so many patriotic minds and eminent men in different parts of the Empire. Its persistent life bespeaks some underlying truth not yet fully developed or expressed. An analysis of the positions of the Federationists will, I think, betray the source of such strength as their movement exhibits, and also the cause of its final weakness. A real sense of unity, although far from universal, is very widely cherished among thoughtful inhabitants of the Empire. This genuine sentiment would gladly find expression in a suitable programme. But while the advocates of the movement appeal to it in one breath they affront it in the next. Their conception of Federation treats as indispensable the admission of Colonial representation to the Parliament of Great Britain, or the creation of a Federal Council sitting in London, as a supreme executive, and with some legislative powers. They imply that until one or more of these great changes is effected the Empire has no constitutional unity, except a unity of superiority and subjection. In Canada at the present time they are very busy in pressing upon the Canadian people in their writings and by their speeches that the time has come to elect between Federation, inde-



pendence or annexation. Federation, therefore, is put upon the same footing as its alternatives. By confession of its propounders, one would be, like the others, a Revolution. They thus affront, and it appears to me unnecessarily affront, the patriotic instinct of those who feel that the Empire possesses already an inherent and enduring principle of unity; and they affront a patriotism of another kind when they seem to threaten the principle of complete local autonomy so dear to the inhabitants of all the great self-governing Colonies. They adopt an attitude which implies that the Empire as an association of nations has not at the present time any Constitution—that for a free union of its equal nations a legal basis has yet to be found.

The whole position in this respect appears to me to be founded upon a fundamental error, an absolute misapprehension of the present constitutional relation of the Colonies to the Empire. Are not the Federationists still wandering in the darkness of 1774? They do not seem to give any weight to the enormous change that has come over the English Constitution since the period of the American Revolution. Imperial Federation was dreamt of by Washington in America, and by Lord Shelburne and his school in England, upon the same basis as Imperial Federationists are urging now, that is, upon the basis of Colonial representation in the English Parliament. That basis, admittedly impracticable then, is really not less so now. But a new theory has grown up which renders that scheme no longer necessary, and opens an ampler door to a workable constitution and a complete consolidation of the Empire.

"Contemplate the whole Empire together," Professor Seeley tells his students, "and call it all England. Here too is a United States. Here too is a great homogeneous people, one in blood, language, religion and laws, but dispersed over a boundless space." (*Expansion of England* p. 158).

Not as a matter of sentiment or concession, but as fundamental law, we, the freemen of the Empire may, at this moment, claim the qualities and incidents of full citizenship, whether our homes are in Great Britain, in Canada, or in Australia. Even in 1773 Washington wrote of himself and his fellow-colonists: "As *Englishmen*, we could not be deprived of an essential and valuable part of our constitution."\* The vision that arose in the 18th century, as it seemed prematurely, of a citizenship extending throughout the English Empire, promises in the age of steam and electricity to be at length converted into a reality. The same inspiring conviction which had been first expressed by Washington and his cotemporaries, the author of *Ecce Homo*, from an Oxford chair, is now impressing upon the future statesmen of England.

Perhaps we must give credit to the great shock of the American Revolution as one factor in bringing home this new conception to the minds of Englishmen. The conspicuous growth of the United States and also of the remaining Colonies has been another contributing cause. A greater agency has been the physical improvements brought about by time. To do justice to matters beyond the seas has always been difficult to the untravelled Englishman. The recent facilities of travel and communication are gradually supplying his want of knowledge and are slowly overcoming his native defect of imagination. But beyond this the great development the English constitution itself has undergone in the intervening century has made it practicable to give effect to what must otherwise have remained a mere sentiment.

When the Province of Upper Canada was formed in 1791 the first Lieutenant-Governor, General Simcoe, in his speech opening the first Parliament, announced that the new Province had been given a Constitution which was "no mutilated constitution, but was in all respects a transcript of that of Great Britain." The statement, obviously untrue as it would be now, was both sincere and literally correct at the time it was uttered. The Crown-appointed Executive Council, destined to disappear within a generation under the energetic protest of 1837, did but reproduce the idea which, in 1791, was universally entertained and acted on in England itself regarding the substantial extent of the royal prerogative. It was the same theory that almost at the same date the Federalists were deliberately inserting into the new Constitution they were drawing up for the United States. This has been clearly and conclusively shown by such recent critics as the late Sir Henry Maine in his *Representative Government in America*, and Prof. Bryce in his still more recent work, *The American Commonwealth*. The President of that nation is an elective Sovereign, endowed by the fathers of the Constitution with the prerogative of George the Third. To that model he owes his absolute discretion in the selection of his Cabinet and his wide independence of the other branches of the Legislature.

While since that time the American Constitution, bound by its paper fetters, has stood still, the British Constitution has been advancing. It has been the work of nearly a century to introduce into the British Constitution the new theory of the hereditary Crown acting only by constitutional advisers possessing the confidence of the representatives of the people. Her Majesty's Government is in fact, though not in name, a popular government. In all acts of State the words, "the people of England," might be substituted for the royal name. This principle is now established in the greater self-governing colonies as much as in Great Britain, thanks to a past generation of Canadian patriotic statesmen. In its full application it is fitted to become the point of union of any number of English nations, however widely spread over the world.

\* Irving's *Life of Washington*, Vol. I., page 391.

The modern Imperial Federationists seem to conceive of no other model than the same centralized federalism that they find embodied in the Constitution of the United States: itself an imitation of the centralized royal prerogative which formed part of the British Constitution, as its principles were understood by statesmen of the last century.

But the new principle favours decentralization: for the necessity for personal presence in the Council of the Sovereign is no longer existent. The mind of the Sovereign may be in many places at once. The Royal will may be directed by Councillors whom the Queen has never seen. The Empire has, in fact, virtually been reconstituted upon a federal basis. Canada, in reference to the legislative powers of her people, is at this moment no dependency of any other power whatever. Her true constitutional position is that of a member of a great Federal Republic, united under a hereditary President in the person of the reigning Sovereign.

In substance and in practice, the new status of the greater Colonies like Canada and Australia is recognized; although the recognition is concealed by the persistence of names and forms framed according to an older theory. The Royal title, for instance, still describes the Queen as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. Canada and Australia, therefore, apparently pay allegiance to the Queen, not by virtue of any personal relation, but as dependencies of Great Britain of which Her Majesty is the Sovereign. But in fact the allegiance of her Canadian subjects is direct, and not derivative. To them she is not Queen of Great Britain, but Queen of Canada. Likewise to Australians she is Queen of Australia.

Should the day ever arrive again when it shall become necessary to recognize a vacancy in the Royal succession and to fill it by a Parliamentary choice, as was virtually done in 1688, then, for the purposes of that now almost inconceivable emergency it will be necessary to summon an assembly representative of modern Englishmen—that is, of the freemen of the Empire at large—as the Parliament of 1688 was representative of the Englishmen of that day, the inhabitants of the British islands. In the meantime the elastic principles of the British constitution offer every convenience for the development which will enable us to combine an internal system amounting to independence with the unity and power of a great federal state.

The doctrine of an equal, universal English citizenship is not too broad for our time. It may be asked, What about ancient judicial precedents? If it is not only to be recognized in a complimentary form, but to be applied to matters of substance, would it not amount to a revolution? Is it consistent with existing Acts of Parliament? Is it to be found in any constitutional writer of authority?

The answer is clear. Even the law books acknowledge the fundamental principle that when a party of Englishmen land in a new uninhabited country they carry with their flag the English Constitution and the germ of so much of those laws and institutions as are suitable to their new situation. And just as the principle of English law moulds itself to the varying circumstances of place and distance, so history shows it to be responsive to changes brought about by time.

It is the surpassing merit of the British Constitution that it is an unwritten system. It is, therefore, a living system capable of development. Insensibly as the bark expands around a growing tree, our Constitution expands to accommodate the developing life of the people. It accomplishes by evolution what under other systems cannot be effected except by revolution. We cannot read the English Constitution in any book. Theories laid down in authorities of the last century, sometimes in the last generation, may be no longer true or binding upon an English Government of to-day. New applications continually force us to go deeper into fundamental principles, until we seem to have revised what formerly appeared to be the principles themselves. Yet this would not be true: because the variation is always in the direction of enlarging freedom, and freedom is the real foundation of the law of England. Feudalism itself was but a temporary aberration, imposed partly by conquest and partly by the necessities of a warlike and anarchic age. As the day for feudalism passed away the ancient principles began to reclaim their place. The spirit of English freedom came forth again among men proclaiming, Before Feudalism was, I am.

Moreover the constitutional relations between the Crown and the Colonies are matters of State. Binding precedents are not to be sought in *dicta* of Judges, but in the practice of statesmen. It was necessary for Lord Mansfield on one occasion, for the purpose of a private controversy, to lay down his opinion regarding the relative power of the Crown, the Imperial Parliament, and the Local Legislature. But when we wish to read the law that really prevails, we do not rely upon Blackstone's lectures, or upon Lord Mansfield's decisions. We search the statutes of the Parliament of Canada, and the statutes of the Imperial Parliament; we peruse the correspondence between the Colonial Governments and the Colonial Secretary; we observe the recorded course of the Imperial Viceroys, Lord Sydenham and Lord Elgin, of Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne, in great test cases as they have arisen. By these precedents it has become settled law that in respect of all matters affecting Her Canadian Dominions Her Majesty must act by and with the advice of the Privy Council, having the confidence of her Canadian subjects, to the same extent as in matters affecting her realm of Great Britain she acts by and with the advice of her Privy Council in London.

Even in regard to diplomatic relations and the treaty making power the practical sense of English Cabinets and Canadian Cabinets has already wrought out a practice, a kind of give and take system which, novel, even puzzling, as it may appear to a foreign Government, is in accordance with the spirit of our institutions.

These are essentially Federal powers and must whenever necessary be exercised in concert. But concert in this century of telegraphs will seldom require the offices of distant delegates, still less of a fixed Imperial Council.

But it will be alleged against this doctrine that it cannot be taken as a constitutional principle because it is not of universal application. Are there to be no Crown Colonies? Is every small Island on which a handful of Englishmen raise the English flag entitled to be treated as an independent constituent of the Empire? The answer is that the logic of politics must not be too logical. It is the same kind of argument that is appealed to by those who will always be dissatisfied with the existing elective franchise, because under every form of franchise there are some discretionary exceptions.

We must not suffer logic to overcome our common sense. There is in States a development equivalent to that which takes place in the constitution of individuals. The rights of manhood must always be subject to the limitations of minority. A nation, like a man, must acquire a certain relative size, strength of limb, development of structure, and experience of self-government before it grows to its full stature and its inhabitants become entitled to claim equal citizenship. There was a time when it was wont to be said of Newfoundland that that Island was to be regarded in law as a British ship anchored in the ocean. In that light some remote settlements and stations must perhaps always be content to regard themselves. The precise date and circumstances at which a higher stage is reached must be determined, not by population alone, still less by the area occupied by it, but by all the circumstances of relative distance, population, homogeneity and political character. A million of inhabitants of whom three fourths are African or of African descent, will always present a very different face politically from the same number of men all of European descent.

Thus the Empire does not stand in need of any novel machine-made union. A certain organized unity already pervades its structure and its ancient and living constitution.

Because of this elastic and growing quality in our institutions, because our constitution is English and not Chinese, we may look forward with confidence without any violent changes to a perpetuation of the Union of our Empire.

We are under no necessity of staking everything upon far-fetched paper federations to provide for contingencies not yet arisen. We can rely upon time as it unrolls new necessities to also provide sufficient ways of meeting them.

O. A. HOWLAND.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

I HAVE always accepted it as a self-suggestive evidence of the immortality of the human soul that, in spite of much apparent contradiction, the good, the bright and the joyful in life have a stronger tendency and a truer title to longevity than the evil, the sombre and the doleful. When Shakespeare tried to convince us that "men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water," he must have written upon the assumption that men seldom or never rise above the instantaneous but quickly spent force of the first brunt of misfortune. Had he never heard the song of King David, "It is that it may be destroyed for ever?" In any case the Swan of Avon could not have known too often the joy of waking up, after many months of "evil manners" in weathers, to find that they had been written, not in brass, but in water, which now refused to be so much as rippled by their memory, and insisted upon preserving itself placid for the reflection of the bluest of skies, the clearest of atmospheres, and the sunniest and most radiant of mornings. Even the buxom emigrant from the land of heather, who blocked my way at the ticket office, appeared to smile hopefully through the unbending sternness of Grand Trunk fares, as, surrounded by big box, little box, bandbox and bundle, and backed by a squad of gaping, expectant youngsters, she industriously and pertinaciously plied the clerk for "something off" her ticket West.

The fine new station at Bonaventure, Montreal, looked its best as the parlour car, filled with the country's legislators en route for Ottawa, glided out of the snow-covered depot. Bran new travelling bags, without spot or wrinkle, protruded themselves among the penalties of the session, and the staid gravity of the member was a poor offset to the fussy expectation of his wife. Human nature is a compound perplexity. We belong to a nation who find the essence of their earthly creed in "God Save the Queen," and its quintessence in "Home, Sweet Home." Nevertheless Madame la Legislatrice, who had left behind her all the sweetness that is implied in the latter, was evidently capable of a reserve force for the patriotic duties of her station, and the consciousness that her *ménage* at home must suffer from her enforced absence was clearly consoled by the determination that her apartments in the Capital should supply abundant absolution.

The journey was made up of recognitions, introductions, and a delusive attempt at feeling at ease in conversation conducted in uncomfortable attitudes and conflicting noises. But one gets accustomed to much, if not to everything. By the time the darkie passed round his table napkins and mutton chops men had passed from politics

to commerce, and from commerce to tittle tattle; and when he sent round his bill on a salver men had subsided into—what some one has called the most severe test of friendship—silence. Two dainty old senators alone retained the floor.

"We have not met for some time, sir."

"Six years, I believe."

"Well! well! Six years! You are my senior I should say."

"Yes, a little. How much do you think?"

"A year or two, perhaps."

"Ah! How old are you?"

"How old are you, sir?"

"What do you think?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. I am seventy-two."

"And I, sir, am your senior by thirteen years. I shall be eighty-five next week."

From which I derived two lessons: that after one passes the Rubicon of, say, seventy, one is as apt to boast of one's age as once he did of his youth; and that clearly one is never too old to do more than *mend*.

But the men began stuffing their vagrant belongings into one huge overcoat, and the women theirs into innumerable tiny satchels, which meant we were nearing the Capital, with its clusters of pretty red brick houses, crowned by Parliament Hill.

Former experience must teach one to be alert in securing apartments for the session, as, naturally, first come is best served. Most "old-timers" retain their rooms from season to season. On the whole, for a place of its size and very fitful requirements, Ottawa is well supplied, not only with good hotels, but with an abundance of private reserve force for the more domesticated, waited upon by young damsels so charming that one may be excused for being reminded of a pun writhed under by a friend in England who, impressed by the bewitchments of the young hostess as he enquired for apartments, was emboldened to ask if she was to let with them, and received the withering reply that she was to be let alone.

By two o'clock on the 31st January crowded streets and waving bunting indicated the coming event. Literal streams were pouring up Parliament Hill. Senators, with their wives and lady friends, were being conducted to chairs reserved for them on the floor of the Senate. The officer most to be conciliated by those who have no higher friend at court is the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who controls with the full severity of his gold braid the exigencies of the supply and demand for seats. Senators occupy the row of chairs which encircles the chamber, those nearest the throne on the right being reserved for the ladies of the Government House, and on the left for the wives of Cabinet Ministers. Wives and married daughters of Senators, with possibly an extremely select friend, take the second row; and a double row of benches behind is occupied by unmarried daughters of Senators, wives and daughters of Commoners, and ladies from Ottawa or a distance, for which limited accommodation a stranger has always precedence over a resident. A few extra chairs are placed within the bar for the mayor, the clergy and distinguished gentlemen; but otherwise no gentlemen are admitted to the floor of the Senate Chamber, and our fathers and brothers must steal in with the Commoners when their presence is requested, or decorate a pillar in the upper gallery. Evening dress is "by order" on the floor; although there is an opportunity for afternoon dress in a gallery at one end, and the remaining galleries are clothed *ad libitum*. I cannot but record my firm conviction that when the people of Canada wake up to a sense of their duty and indicate, as well as deepen, their interest in their country by their presence at the ceremonies which possess a national importance, we should soon settle for ourselves, on the happiest possible basis, the integral and living Independence of which we are capable, not only in the future, but in the actual present.

Lady Macdonald was resplendent in pompadour coiffure and Canadian Pacific diamonds; Lady Caron shone in white brocade; the handsome wife of the youthful Minister of Marine and Fisheries smiled through crushed strawberry; and the kindly, unassuming, but dignified face of Lady Tupper was conspicuous by its absence. A little before three o'clock Lady Stanley, accompanied by the Honourable Ladies of Her Household, quietly passed in by a private entrance and completed the galaxy of feminine beauty. Though holding no official rank in the ceremonies of the day, as the highest lady in the land, Her Excellency is expected and welcomed as the crowning feature in the assemblage. With a charm of dignity perfectly free from haughtiness, her countenance literally beamed with maternal pride as her young son took his position among the other soldiers around the dais.

The external enthusiasm was by no means so subdued, and received, no doubt, an intensification from the interest associated with the first appearance of Lord Stanley in his new function as Governor-General. The Governor-General's Foot Guard made the Guard of Honour, wearing, for the first time, their gorgeous new uniform in scarlet and gold. With characteristic promptness, the booming of guns and the national anthem announced the arrival of the Queen's representative, who, in his four-in-hand State equipage, was literally sending a dust of snow up into the air. Proceeding immediately to the Senate Chamber, accompanied by his Staff in the overwhelming brilliancy of their decorations, His Excellency passed up through the assemblage, all standing in his honour, and took his seat on the throne, with a calm dignity quite worthy of the Empire in whose crown the Dominion forms so important a jewel. With a request that the audience be seated, the formalities commenced. The Gentleman Usher of the

Black Rod, with a succession of the deepest bows, was despatched for the Commons, and, returning, was followed by a helter-skelter more suggestive of the play-ground than of our legislative halls. Raising his official hat to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate, and again to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Commons, His Excellency pronounced the Speech from the Throne first in deliberate English, and then in distinct and fluent French which must have won even the heart of the fastidious Sir Adolphe. The document was then handed to the Speaker of the Senate, and with another succession of deep obeisances to the Speaker of the Commons, who, returning the salute, received it in white-gloved hands. The ceremony, magnificent and impressive, is nevertheless a short one. In the space of thirty minutes the Governor had come, pronounced and departed, leaving the assembled *élite* to linger over it in prolonged greetings.

The Commons immediately returned to their quarters, and entered at once upon their continuous duties.

A State Dinner at Government House took place in the evening.

Mr. Speaker Allan and Mrs. Allan have taken up their official residence in the wing of the Senate, and Mr. Speaker Ouimet and Madame Ouimet in that of the Commons.

The Speech, the Programme for the Session, and the developments of political life which go to build up Canadian biography, demand future attention.

RAMBLER.

### WINTER.

I COME from the caverns of wind and snow,  
From the moan of the Arctic Sea,  
From the realm of Death, where the tyrant's breath  
Hath shackled the wave on the lea;  
Where the barque entrapp'd in the billow's swerve,  
By the ice pack's pitiless main,  
Cries out in despair  
To the voiceless air,  
And groans like a harvest wain;  
Where lost spirits wail through the tatter'd sail,  
And sob, through the frozen shroud.

I cover the stretches of prairie ouse,  
With a cope of embroideries rare,  
And the riveled grass I deck, as I pass,  
With bright gems, like a maiden's hair;  
I gather the leaves with a cruel sweep,  
The fruit of a year that's sped,  
I ring with a yell,  
Their funeral knell,—  
They are dead! Your hopes are dead!  
By mountain and shore, they will thrill no more,  
To touch of sunshine and cloud.

Through the silent churchyard, beneath the pines,  
O'er the brow of the sandy hill,  
Where the cross on the spire is pointing higher,  
I linger, they sleep so still:  
How little they reck of the seasons change,  
Or care if I pause or pass,  
Or tumble the snow  
Round the symbol's glow,  
Or hiss through the rustling grass:—  
They sleep! It is well! They can hear no knell,  
Though I ring it long and loud.

Barriefield, Ont., Jan., 1889.

—K. L. JONES.

### A MANITOBA PIONEER.

CRUNCH! crunch! crunch! The monotonous, heavy tramp of Jack Armstrong's oxen rings out sharp and clear on the biting cold night. Nothing but hard, piled-up snow, as far as one can see across the limitless sweep of the vast prairie over which they are slowly moving. The owner, cased from head to foot in fur and buckskin, tramps with scarcely a less monotonous sound on the trail by the side of his team, his dog "Tiger," his faithful and only companion, trotting patiently at his heels. We will join them and see how we like our first experience of life on a Manitoba prairie with the thermometer down between the forties and fifties.

"Buck! Bright! get up, you old lazy-bones!" The oxen are expected to make a spurt at this, but owing to the rapid speed (?) at which they were progressing before it is hard to distinguish any difference in the pace. Silence reigns again—a silence (like the darkness in Egypt) that can be felt. Absolutely no sound beyond the tread of the cattle, which becomes painfully distinct, and seems only to intensify the cold, sharp stillness. Overhead, the clearest and most brilliant of skies, without the faintest or tiniest cloud to dim the bright shining of its silver crescent and its myriads of flaming points, gives the electric, intense atmosphere of which only Manitoba can boast. The long, unbroken horizon line, even in the night, shows dark and white against the glittering sky. On! on! tramping mechanically on, over the indented line of trail leading, it seems, to nothing but to still wider snowy plains. No trees—not even scrub; no hills—not even a rise; nothing, absolutely nothing but the broken trail to show that the planet Earth is inhabited by any other beings. The lonely stillness, the aloofness from any human contact, is an experience and must sober the least earnest character and emphasize the mysterious, individual, responsible, "apart" life that each human being lives. The trail alone shows that at some time somebody must have come from somewhere and must have gone somewhere. Jack's oxen keep

plodding on with a steady persistence that augurs well for their knowledge of a destination, so we will return from our Crusoe-like dream and jump on to the sleighs with Jack and Tiger and get a lift, until the warning of cold toes sends us back to our monotonous jog again. Short, sharp barks, and a most unearthly wail, succeeded by a multitude of howls and human-like shrieks, ring out through the quiet air, making Tiger look appealingly up to his master, as if to say, "May I go?" "Quiet, Tiger! Down lie! Here they come!" And out of the surrounding whiteness appear two grizzled wolves, trotting along the trail quite calmly and unconcernedly. They come up within a few yards of the oxen, and seeing the dog (poor Tiger quivering with excitement and a desire for conquest) stop, and with more subdued barks they reluctantly turn off and are soon disappearing over the hard snow. "Tiger, old fellow, we're getting frozen; aren't we?" says Jack. He pulls off his buffalo mitts and vigorously rubs his cheeks and nose until they tingle again, and he has to put on the mitt, fearing the hands may share the same fate as the face. "Ah, Tiger! this is a cold country; but, Eureka! here we are!" Displaying an astonishing activity, Buck and Bright break into a sort of jog-trot and in a few moments with a sharp swing, they turn off the main track and into a bytrail that evidently leads to their stable. "Nearly home, old fellow! We couldn't stand it much longer, could we, Tiger?" They soon arrive at the log stable, and in a few moments Jack has Buck and Bright inside and out of harness. He throws them down a big armful of hay and rushes off to a queer little low log shanty not far off the stable. This is Jack's "home"—it looks incredible, but we will follow him and see how a bachelor pioneer in the West really lives through the winter. Opening the outer door (such a thing as a key is an unknown and unnecessary implement), Jack steps into a narrow passage filled with—I will try to describe it, as I examined it afterwards—a heterogeneous mass of everything imaginable. Trunks, boxes, bags, hats, clothes hung on nails, old harness, bits of broken machinery and farm implements, bags of flour, bags of grain, big chunks of frozen meat, groceries, a frying pan, pots, plates, tins, old boots, stacks of books and newspapers piled up on a shelf, broken chairs. . . . Words fail! . . .

While we have been stopping shivering here for a few moments (it seems far colder inside than out) Jack, in the next room, has lighted a lamp, and is busy over a big stove, putting a match to a fire that he had left ready laid in the morning when he started "to town." He soon has a big blaze roaring up the stove-pipe, and, shutting up the door, he takes off his huge buffalo coat, bear-skin cap, and big moccasins, and shows himself—a type of fine, wholesome manhood anywhere, but particularly a type of "the right man in the right place," on the prairies of Manitoba. Big and muscular, with a determined mouth and strong chin; the rather hard lower part of the face relieved by clear eyes full of kindness and sympathy, and broad, white forehead. He sets about getting supper in a very *chef-like* manner. He fetches in the frying-pan and frozen pork. Sawing off a chop, he proceeds to put it on the fire. He then opens a trap door in the floor and goes down into the cellar, reappearing with bread (made for him by a kind neighbour), butter, and a jug of syrup, which he places on the table with a cup and saucer, etc., taken from a little cupboard in the corner of the room. Now his chop is done, and while Jack is eating his supper we will glance round the room. By this time it has got quite warm and looks really neat and cosy. Tiger, tired with his run, lies in front of the stove, his eyes fixed upon his master, who now and then throws him a bit of bread. A cat (she must have had a very cold time of it all day!) lies curled up on a corner of the bed, which is of a very rough pattern, but is gaily covered with a red quilt. A couple of chairs, a table, a box or two, a low shelf, decorated with a wash-bowl and a pail of water, a few strings across the roof, upon which hang the "weekly wash" seem to comprise the whole of the furniture, except the decoration of the walls, which is quite a study. Three sides of the room are logs filled in with mortar and whitewashed. These are covered with snowshoes, guns, rifles, revolvers, bridles, bits, stirrups, spurs, strings of newspapers, dressed skins of all kinds, from the rich golden brown of the fox to the tiny white ermine, with its black-tipped tail. The remaining side of the wall (the partition between the two apartments) is of new white lumber, and upon this Jack seems to have lavished all his artistic material talent. Groups of water-colour sketches, painted by his sisters (and others probably—not sisters), little bits of engravings from magazines, etc., that have taken his fancy, coloured *Graphic* pictures, and in the centre a large group of photographs, "my people, you know." The centre portrait is a picture of a bright, happy looking girl, and later on, when Jack has "washed up," fed his dog and cat, been out "to supper up" his oxen, and sits down to smoke his lonely pipe and read his mail (brought from town), we see him carefully take out of his pocket-book another photograph of the same face, and we conclude that our pioneer will not always be one of the solitary bachelors of Manitoba, and come home at night to a frozen out shanty. Let us hope that both Jack and the sweet looking girl will help to make Manitoba what she has every reason to believe she will become, *i.e.*, the most prosperous (if coldest) Province in the Dominion of Canada. AMY BROWNING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* writes that he has found 69 different species of wild flowers in bloom during last December. The unusual openness of the season has been attended with like results in some parts of this country. The correspondent writes from Hardingham, near Norfolk.



## MONTREAL LETTER.

IF it be as hard to discover the proper quarter for the bestowal of praise as it generally is for the doling out of blame, the man in whose fertile imagination the idea of the Canadian Carnival originated must be content to solace himself with secret satisfaction as he witnesses the repeated and improved editions of his invention by which Montrealers have made up their minds to enrich themselves, if not him. What may have arisen at first in a healthy and laudable desire to make merry with our friends, to prolong and linger over our youth, and to postpone or defy old age, has evidently wandered far from its native air, and departed more than a trifle from its pinafore simplicity. The imperative words *speculation* and *returns* have swept away the innocent snow-balls and liliputian shovels of tender and happy memory like faded patterns of last year's calicoes; and their companion, *organization* has stripped our school-day slides of the romance of sliding to live and decked them up in the toggery of living to slide. Unconsciously and unintentionally enough at first; but now there is little doubt we are wide awake. And the Jack Frost that led all the tournaments of our cherished garden fun, and the glistening snow which, with childish adoration, we fondled and mixed up with the twinkling stars in our notions of heaven, have been put into the sordid scales of the shop-keeper and labelled "commercial commodities." A regular stock market has been instituted, and men purchase their shares in the direct business-like proportion of seed-time to harvest, and in the frankest ratio of risk to profit. Railways, hotels, and fur dealers lead off the list, and costermongers of every description, from the butcher and baker to the candlestick-maker, bring up the rear. Committees are struck off with full prerogative in the respective departments, and an Executive Council has final and responsible control of the whole enterprise.

The Carnival Joint Stock Speculation of the present winter has been under the management of fourteen committees: Financial, Lodging, Transportation, Advertising, Press Reception, The Ball, The Citizens' Drive, The Fancy Carnival Drive, Fireworks, Hockey, The Ice Castle, Snowshoeing, Tobogganing, and Trotting. An exhaustive prospectus! There seems to have been but one important omission—a committee and chairman of the weather—and sadly must the neglect have interfered with the financial result of the whole. Since the more active preparations commenced, the whims, capers, and caprices of the thermometer have been without equal in the memory of carnivals. A few failures in the construction of the Ice Castle had ruined the entire enterprise but for the rare good fortune of a timely dip in the mercury, which armed the Executive with authority to contradict the conflicting rumours that the idea had been abandoned. And since the festivities commenced the offended atmospheric elements have conducted themselves in the way schoolboys do when they are "out of friends" and "don't belong"—as if it were not enough to endanger the castle and imperil the carnival by *watering* the stock with thaws without revenging themselves by a *combine* to *corner* the whole thing by snaps and spells and blizzards.

They are both over now, the storm and the Carnival, locked together in the embraces of the past. Trains piled in as the wreaths piled up; hotels were packed as solid as the snow; and the art of Montrealers succeeded in maintaining within doors a hospitality which showed up in bolder relief the inhospitality of nature without, of which in our quiet moments, if we had any, we must have been secretly ashamed. Lions and bears in solid ice decorated the streets; flags floated in the arctic winds; bunting draped itself on icicle-covered walls; shop-keepers spent their days thawing out their windows; and housekeepers were evidently so deeply engrossed in stoking furnaces that the hogs' backs drove an unusually roaring trade. As the mercury fell the wit and humour of the Canadian Pacific Railway rose, and the opening of the new Windsor station, a special Carnival effort, has provided it with another opportunity of immortalizing itself on our wooded fences.

The programme of the Festival was an artistic five cent production, a complete guide to the wheres and the whens of the events of the week, and a condensed encyclopedia of the natural advantages and business attractions of Montreal. We had invited the Governor-General as our guest, but owing to his extreme sense of propriety, based upon the unusual dimensions of his household, we were compelled to sit by and see him instal himself in a suite of eighteen rooms in the Windsor. His Excellency acquitted himself to perfection; brought down his own horses; invested in a blanket costume; suffered himself to be "bounced"; declared he enjoyed it (!); smiled through balls, races, drives, hockey, skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, and in general completely eclipsed the blizzard in the success with which he persevered in being in more than three places at one moment.

Above all he gave us a glimpse of his ladies as they watched the storming of the castle, the effect of which manoeuvre, with the manifold colouring of the torches twinkling in and out among the brown branches relieved by the glistening and sparkling snow, and the newest inventions in pyrotechnics darting, shooting, breaking, bursting, bowing and curtsying to the blue and starry sky, was too novel and too enchanting for words. An hour of the attack, gradually pushing on to the seat of war, brought the snowshoers in muster to their respective positions surrounding the bombarded castle. Within, the defence, as if surprised, woke up to the peril of the situation. Bells clashed, guns boomed, whole mines of lights

raged out the fury of their resistance, until attack and defence had literally exhausted every device that the heart of man could conceive in aerial pageant and glory.

The Catholic Churches had distributed leaflets calling the faithful to special prayers and special abstinence from the festivities, as an atonement for the excess of sin which the week was expected to record. But it must be evident that for ennobling, purifying, and Christianizing influence, a spectacle of the earth touching heaven outside the church, and of heaven touching earth inside, must each stand upon an identical foundation,—the spirit in which it is approached.

VILLE MARIE.

## THE ONLY DEATH.

WHEN you are dead, my dearest—no, I mean  
When you are what this dull, strange world calls dead—  
I shall not fail to hear your soundless tread,  
And see the face by other eyes unseen;  
On your invisible arm my soul shall lean,  
And this weak heart that at your grave-side bled  
Shall feel your presence and be comforted.  
Death builds not the blank wall that comes between

Two souls that love, for this is earth-made. Doubt,  
Neglect, the cold mechanical caress,  
Unmoved indifference are truest death.  
Ah, my one darling! what were life without  
Each moment's deep, sweet breath of tenderness,  
And love that, God-like, never vanisheth?

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## PARIS LETTER.

GENERAL BOULANGER and the coming election, which will, I expect, be over by the time this letter reaches you, are absorbing all the conversation, the press, and even the sporting world of Paris, for large bets have been made *pour et contre* the General and his rival, M. Jacques. So certain does Boulanger feel of victory that he has given up his seat for the Department du Nord, a most foolhardy action if not justified by success in Paris. There is a third candidate, a M. Boule, put up by the Anarchists, and he will, I believe, draw off more votes from the other two than is expected, for most of the Parisian workmen are communist in heart. Boulanger is hoping much from the Orleanist vote. He has even promised them to get the Sisters of Charity reinstated into the hospitals, from which they have been so cruelly driven out, but *notre brav' General* will probably find to his cost the difficulty of being all things to all men. Although he has worded his promise about the nuns very craftily—"The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul shall no longer be superseded in the hospitals by lay nurses *bearing a bad character*" (the italics being my own)—such a bargain is not likely to please Rochefort and the readers of his paper, *L'Intransigent*. And the Orleanist workman is a rare specimen in Paris, though I hear that many of the tradesmen would be only too glad to see the Comte de Paris king, but that will hardly induce them to vote boldly for Boulanger on the day of the election.

The rumoured engagement of the Czarewitsch to Princess Alix of Hesse, Princess Alice of England's youngest daughter, has given a shock to the Franco-Russian party both here and at St. Petersburg, for if true it means that the future Empress of Russia will be a German and allied in the closest manner to the Hohenzollerns. The future bridegroom, a nice though common-place lad of about one and twenty, has just been given a separate establishment by his father. He met Princess Alix frequently last year, the Grand Duke of Hesse having paid a long visit to his Russian relations last winter. It is said in Paris that Prince Bismarck is not so pleased as he ought to be at this forth-coming Russo-German alliance, for the young lady is very English in sympathy, having been practically brought up by the Queen since her mother's death.

There is an idea gaining ground day by day that the Eiffel tower is not solid in its base, and will shortly topple over. This would not be so great a misfortune as some might think, for the huge, dark red erection is beginning to get in everybody's nerves, and the inhabitants of the *quartier* of the Arc de Triomphe are sincerely to be pitied, for the monster stares them in the face every time they look out of the window, and seems but a few yards off. Meanwhile the Exhibition buildings are growing apace, and anyone visiting the Champs de Mars must acknowledge that the commemoration of 1789 will be an extraordinary proof of the versatility and genius of the French people. It is strange to think that all *real* memorials of the great and glorious Revolution will be carefully hidden out of sight. We shall not be shown the guillotines which ended so many noble lives, futile ambitions and utopian hopes. Again, although Charlotte Corday, Lafayette and Mme. Roland will be kept well to the front, Robespierre, Danton and kindred spirits must *par la force des choses* retire into decent oblivion, or more than three-quarters of the public would remain away after a first visit to *la grande Exposition Universelle*, for the First Revolution has decidedly gone out of fashion, being but little referred to even by the most Republican sheets. Among other "relics" will be a most interesting and unique collection of portraits by David and his artistic contemporaries.

In spite of the failure of the Panama Canal, and of the absconded secretary-general of a great company of insurance allied to many important financial houses, in spite of the uneasiness created by the Paris election to come off on the 27th, and of the distaste felt by most moderate poli-

ticians at the alternative of Boulanger and Monsieur Jacques, it may still be said in Paris, as the *Figaro* oddly phrases it, that "Life is worth to live." Last week all Paris was dancing in the interests of different charities, at subscription balls organized for officers *en retraite*, for the *Ecole Centrale*, for *La Vieillesse*, and so on; while to-night comes off the great ball of the *Union des Femmes de France*, in association with the officers of the Territorial Reserve, and this splendid festivity is under the patronage of the Minister of War and of the Governor-General of Paris, not to mention other cabinet ministers. The *Femmes de France* number eighteen thousand members, and their work comprises an immense network of benefits conferred upon the army and the navy. In Tonkin and Madagascar a quantity of small luxuries have been gratefully appreciated by the soldiers detained in those unhealthy climates. Forty thousand pounds have been collected and expended since the Union was started. No pains are spared to make this annual ball as splendid as possible. The Town of Paris sends hothouse plants, the arsenals of Vincennes and of Cherbourg furnish brilliant trophies of the arms used on land and sea, and this year all sorts of new devices for increasing the attraction of the fête are to be carried out. Forty-eight of the prettiest actresses of Paris are to be dressed as *vivandières* of the different corps of the French army, and will supply refreshments and tobacco. The *Cantine Alsacienne* will be flanked by two immense fir trees, sent from *la bas*. It will sell Strasbourg beer and photographs of subjects taken in Alsace-Lorraine, and will be served by Mademoiselles Georgette Boulay of the Opera-Comique and Schmidt of the Porte St. Martin, dressed in Alsatian costumes.

Two days ago a very different scene was being enacted in the old town of Rochelle. General Callier was buried in his native place. After a long and important career, under Soult and in Algeria, he was entrusted with the defence of the Belleville district of Paris during the siege. After fulfilling this duty with admirable courage, he refused to accept the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, being unwilling to profit by a decoration associated with the misfortune of France.

M. A. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"SOUND CURRENCY" IN REPLY TO MR. HOUSTON.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have no desire to continue a discussion with Mr. Houston regarding the currency, and my only object in addressing you again is to answer certain points and questions made in his second letter.

Regarding his attempt to oppose Mr. Goldwin Smith's statement as to what is and what is not real money, I wish merely to remind Mr. Houston that Mr. Smith was attempting to define, as many modern writers have done, the scientific meaning of money in distinction to the vulgar meaning, or that given in a dictionary.

Mr. Houston asks "if there is no difference in principle between the greenbackers and those who advocate a national currency redeemable in gold, what difference is there in principle between a Government currency based on twenty-five per cent. of its own value and a bank note currency based on thirty-three and one-third per cent.?" I dealt at length with this point and I trust I had no other reader who did not grasp the difference. The difference is that it is the function of a bank to issue notes with reference to its ability to redeem them and it is not the function of a government to do so. History shows most clearly that as a whole bankers have performed this function satisfactorily and that governments have never performed it satisfactorily.

Mr. Houston says that "a run on the Government is almost inconceivable" and that "nothing but impending national destruction" can shake public confidence in Government currency properly limited. Financial writers are at the moment discussing the probability of a run upon the United States Treasury for the redemption of all notes payable in gold on account of the issue of silver notes having nearly upset the financial equilibrium. Mr. Houston's second statement regarding the difficulty of shaking public confidence in Government notes is utterly absurd. There are half a dozen nations in the world to-day, not to speak of past history, which are in no fear of "national destruction" but in which public confidence in the Government currency is absolutely broken. What we have to fear is that Government currency in this country would not be "properly limited" and that public extravagance and corruption would in the end produce the same inability to redeem in gold that has accompanied the attempts of other governments to borrow money in this manner.

Mr. Houston states that I deal somewhat obscurely with the power of the bank note currency to adapt itself to the needs of commerce. I did not attempt to deal with it from a banker's point of view at all. The bank circulation would be practically at an end if the Government took up the \$5 and \$10 notes and its flexibility would be almost entirely gone if the \$5 notes alone were taken.

Regarding the statement in my letter to the effect that Canada is not prepared for such a change as is involved in withdrawing from the banks a loaning power of \$30,000,000 to \$36,000,000 Mr. Houston falls into an error, common enough apparently "with the multitude," but which it was hardly to be supposed he would fall into. He thinks that the point to be considered is the *profit* to the banks now being made out of this loaning power and he advises that this sleeping dog be allowed to lie. I can



assure him that the real sleeping dog will not be allowed to lie. The question of *profit* is seldom discussed by bankers, but the question as to how this progressive country is to have its borrowing wants supplied by its banks if the lending power referred to is taken away is frequently discussed by bankers, and will be brought home to every borrower in Canada if any attempt is made to tamper further with the currency. SOUND CURRENCY.

## THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The Fisheries Act referred to in my last communication was, in its passage through the House, shorn of some of its most valuable clauses, and, indeed, for all practical purposes, it was comparatively inoperative.

The question, however, from necessity, had become a very perplexing and troublesome one, for bitter murmurings were heard on all sides. The fishermen were now confronted with a stern fact. They found that they now had a new element to contend against, in the shape of a larger fleet of American vessels, manned by well trained fishermen, who were occupying all the best fishing stations on the coast.

These complaints were reasonable and just, for they were handicapped by the large bounties that were paid to the American fishermen—of some \$225,000—annually (see Boston Custom House returns for that period). Not only so, but they had to contend with the French fishermen (see note), who received some ten francs per quintal, almost equal to the market value of the fish.

Very many letters were received by your correspondent, asking for information relative to the fisheries, and the rights that American fishermen had acquired under the Reciprocity Treaty. No definite information could be given them; for though another Fishery Act had been introduced, it had fallen through, and things remained in a very unsatisfactory state.

At this time, and at the desire of many friends, your correspondent compiled his work on the "Salmon Fisheries of the St. Lawrence and its Tributaries," asking the attention of the Executive and the Legislature to the necessity of enacting salutary laws for the protection of the fisheries.

The kindly remarks of the press and the members of Assembly and the Council when the work was published and thrown among them was very gratifying. This little volume was dedicated, by special desire, to His Excellency, Sir Edmund Head, who had shown unswerving interest on the subject, and soon after Col. Retallach, the Governor's Secretary, was instructed to inform me that a Fishery Act was being drafted, which, it was hoped, would meet the necessities of the case.

In 1857 your correspondent was called to Toronto, and was informed that Mr. Cauchon (with the assistance of the genial and kind-hearted Dr. Fortin) was preparing the draft of a Fishery Act, which Dr. Adamson, on whom I called, said, with a reticence not usual with him, that he believed the Bill was a "tolerable good one."

On meeting Mr. Cauchon the next day, he asked me to call at his office and he would show me the draft of his Fishery Act. I did so, and read the draft very carefully. It contained some good clauses, but there were errors, both of commission and omission, that left it very incomplete, nay, fatally so.

I expressed my opinion candidly and courteously, but those who knew the peculiarities of disposition of that lamented gentleman will understand how pertinacious he could be. In this case he was more than dogged, for he would accept no suggestion nor allow any amendments to be made.

The same day I again saw Dr. Adamson, told him I had read the draft of the Bill, and that it was very imperfect. The doctor said: "Well! we can do nothing, he will not alter it for any one, nor will he listen to reason." All this was very unsatisfactory, and it could not end here. Sectional prejudices could not interfere with the public good. Your correspondent felt much annoyed and did not conceal his opinion.

Friends, both in and outside the Parliament, agreed that amendments were necessary. The veteran sportsman, Col. Prince, Mr. Price, Mr. Brown, Mr. Darcy McGee, with several of Mr. Cauchon's colleagues, and others whose opinions were of value, were very desirous of making the measure as complete as possible.

Days passed on, rumours were rife, and a concatenation of events occurred that few at the present day know anything of, nor of the force of circumstances that led the Hon. Mr. Cauchon to retire from the Ministry.

A few days after this last event the Solicitor-General (Hon. Henry Smith) placed in my hands Mr. Cauchon's proposed Fishery Act, and asked me to make such amendments as were deemed necessary. After consulting with those whose opinions were of value, I made such amendments as I deemed necessary.

The Solicitor-General took charge of the Bill in the Assembly and the Hon. P. Vankoughnet in the Council. The measure went through both Houses, with little or no opposition, amid such personal encomiums that your correspondent can never cease to remember.

Among many others, the "Fishery Act" received His Excellency's sanction at the close of the Session, and, as it was deemed necessary, it was put into active operation within a month from its passing.

And now comes the *modus operandi*.  
Ottawa, 20th January, 1889.

SPECTATOR.

NOTE.—By the by, the papers state that the French Government are kicking up their heels, and, like our

American neighbours, are threatening reprisals, if they are not permitted to put what construction they like on the Treaty of Utrecht. Like Mr. Secretary Bayard, they would like to ignore Newfoundland altogether, as he (Mr. Bayard) tried to *pooh-pooh* Canada's interference in fishery matters.

He was soon set right by the Imperial Government, however, for the Queen in Parliament had declared that all matters touching Canadian interests must be relegated to the Parliament of Canada for final decision. This concession, as I have said elsewhere, was won for us by our worthy Premier, and it is a boon of great value.

And so, in the present case, Newfoundland must be a consenting party to any arrangement, and she will suffer no unjust interference with her rights. The convention of 1818 was as plain as language could make it, but Mr. Bayard wanted to prove that *black* was *white*.

Apropos to the little Island of Miquelon is a very curious and laughable incident that I would now relate. In looking over some old documents yesterday I came across a commission appointing a relation of mine (my wife's father) to the "Royal Newfoundland Fencibles." It bears King George III.'s signature, and is dated 25th April, 1795.

The laughable part of the matter (as told me) is this: During the war with France the Fencibles were ordered to capture the Island of Miquelon. They, with a party of blue jackets, left Newfoundland, reached St. Pierre in the night, landed quietly, and surprised the old commandant by marching into his bed room, where he was taken, almost napping—a regular "surprise party." They took the old officer and his command prisoners, left a party in charge, and returned to Newfoundland. A bloodless victory!

After the war was over the island was restored to France, a questionable act of generosity on the part of Great Britain, if we may judge from appearances. S.

## ACROSS THE SEA: ROUNDEL.

ACROSS the sea! Oh restless, tossing waves  
Bring you no message hitherward to me  
From that dear shore your other margin laves,  
Across the sea?

Outward and farther out, triumphant, free,  
A freighted ship the swelling current braves  
And spurns the spray with swift, untrammelled glee!

With weary pain my lonely spirit craves  
Eastward, to shape my course to thee—to thee  
Mocking and loud the wind-tossed water raves—  
Across the sea!

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

## CHRISTIAN REUNION.\*

THERE are very few subjects indeed which have the same width of interest as that of Christian Reunion. And there is no subject in which the well-being of civilized humanity is more deeply concerned. On this subject there is not, and hardly can be, a difference of opinion. Whatever men's opinions may be with regard to supernatural religion, there are at least very few who will deny that Christianity has been a civilizing influence in the world; and that there is no other power to take its place if it were removed or set aside. Mr. Mill has confessed that even the unbeliever could hardly give a better counsel for life than this, that we should so live as to please Christ. Of what other system, of what other teacher could anything like this be said? When, however, we pass from Christianity generally considered to the Christian churches in particular, we shall find the widest difference of opinion. Some will tell us that the divisions of Christendom have been the greatest hindrances to the progress of true religion, while others with equal confidence maintain that, but for these divisions, Christianity would have been extinct. Moreover, there can be little doubt that a great change has, in reference to these matters, been passing over the Christian Church.

Perhaps we might say that Divine Providence is wiser than we are—that there have been times when divisions were almost necessary in order to preserve any real interest in Christian truth. Such at least seems the lesson taught to us by the actual experience of the past. But we believe that there is a growing conviction in the Churches that separation has nearly done its work, that we have got the good out of it that it was intended and calculated to convey to us, and that the time has come to seek for the blessings of union. Certainly there was a time when division was "in the air." Every year seemed to bring forth a new sect, as confident in its own infallibility as those which had gone before it had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But now we can hardly doubt that *Union* is in the air. Already separated members of one and another Christian denomination have drifted together, and if the union is imperfect and incomplete, at least it has been desired, undertaken and begun.

It is something that the idea of union should be entertained. It is something that men should acknowledge the evils of disunion, that they should be ready to admit that whatever good may, in former times, have come out of the evil of disunion, it is getting clear to us that there are

\**Christian Reunion*: The Hulsean Lectures for 1886. By Rev. John de Soyres, M.A., Cambridge, Rector of St. John's Church, St. John, N.B. St. John: J. & A. McMillan, Toronto: Hart & Co.

still higher blessings to be obtained by means of union. It is quite likely that if, even after the crisis of the German Reformation, there had been only one communion, many important aspects of religious truth might have fallen into neglect; and God, in his providence, provided for their being kept alive by permitting divisions to take place, by means of which certain opinions, some true, some probably exaggerated and one-sided, yet necessary for the maintenance of the truths which they represented, were kept alive.

But it is now generally believed that division has done its work, and that we may hope, at no distant time, to see a church whose limits shall be sufficiently extended to admit of all the various sections being found within it, subordinate opinions being treated as open questions and no longer as cardinal doctrines of the faith. Of course, it is in this way alone that the reunion of Christendom can be effected, and it does not now seem impossible that the time may come when it will be realized.

The Reverend Mr. de Soyres, well known to many of us as the editor of an excellent edition of *Pascal's Provincial Letters*, has done useful service by the publication of his *Hulsean Lectures on Christian Reunion* in which he treats principally of previous efforts, since the Reformation, to bring about the desired result. The survey which he places before us is a very useful one in every way. Lecture I. deals with the not very satisfactory attempt of Martin Bucer in England, and ends with the pathetic story of the Patriarch Cyril Lucar.

If we were to judge from those first efforts, we should indeed feel despondently about the prospects of the reunion of the Christian Church. Nor will the remarkable career of the Scotsman, John Durie, admirable as was his spirit, heroic as was his life, bring us much more comfort. Nor again shall we find our hopes revive when we become acquainted with the efforts of Bossuet and Leibnitz, for certainly it would be difficult to think of two men more noble, more fit for the work of reconciliation than these.

Upon the whole this excellent book of Mr. de Soyres leaves upon our minds a sense of failure, and yet not altogether of the hopelessness of the enterprise which has so often failed. For he shows partly that the age was not ripe for mutual understanding, partly that wrong methods were adopted, that each party wanted to have union effected on its own basis. And, although the conclusion does not inspire us with much hope in regard to future efforts of the same kind, still we are conscious that the times have changed, and that many of the obstructions which existed in former days have, in these later times, almost passed away. In any case we can commend these lectures as furnishing useful information, very seasonable for our times and such as may enable us to avoid the rocks on which previous enterprises have struck and foundered. We should also draw attention to the concluding discourse on the "Hugonots and the Church of England."

Some time ago we treated of this important subject in commenting upon the Circular Letter of the Lambeth Conference. We then spoke of the real difficulty which would present itself in connection with the question of Episcopacy. Count Joseph de Maistre used to say, Ultramontane as he was, that the hope of a reunion of Christendom lay in the Church of England, which was, more than any other church, both Catholic and Protestant. A curious commentary on this statement is found in the controversy which has arisen, within the Church of England itself, since the ministry of Mr. Knox-Little in this city.

We have so often been told that the Church of England contains such various elements that she might well receive any amount of Communions into her embrace. So far, no doubt, the statement is true. Among English Churchmen, clergymen as well as laymen, there are persons on the one hand whose opinions are not distinguishable from those of Plymouth Brethren, and on the other those who are hardly different from Roman Catholics. But how will this fact contribute to reunion, unless those two parties are contented to live together in brotherly love? Of what use will it be to bring all the living creatures into the same ark, unless they have some one to keep them from flying at each other, or unless they come in on the clear condition that each one is to tolerate the other? Like our neighbours we read the daily newspapers; and there we see sermons from one party attacking the opinions of other parties, letters replying to these sermons, other letters replying to these again. And these controversial productions are not of the sweetest description. And in the midst of this not very seemly scramble we are told that a conference is about to be held in which representatives of all the Protestant Communions will take part with the view of ascertaining what steps may be taken for bringing about the reunion of Christendom. Well! "Hope springs immortal in the human breast!"

## "DE ROBERVAL—A DRAMA."\*

TAKING the evidence of accepted English drama and the opinions of critics, a play proper should be the artistic expression of human action as a result of human thought, an unfolding of effects, rather than a marshalling of facts or a pursuance of abstract thought. The latter duties are for the historian and the philosopher; but the dramatist cannot be confined to either method, though he must be allowed both, in the transformation of thought into speech and fact into action. A dramatically-written narrative, incapable of representation by men before men, fails in

\**De Roberval*, a drama; also the *Emigration of the Fairies*, and *The Triumph of Constancy*, a romance. By John Hunter-Duvar author of *The Enamorado*, etc. St. John, N.B.: J. & A. McMillan.

ever becoming a true drama, however true its incidents, deep its thought or beautiful its language. For this reason Byron was an undramatic writer, the author of *Laura Secord* is not a dramatist, and the present work cannot be called a "drama," though it may be labelled as such. The spirit of true dramatic poetry will not lend its inspiring aid to the mere chopping up of narrative into acts and scenes, no matter how fanciful may be the flights taken or how beautifully the story may be told.

In the work before us there is no great measure of success attending the author's attempt at dramatic construction. The opening is weak, the growth tedious, the climax doubtful, the fall is unproportioned, and the close is only redeemed from bathos by a chorus. The conception, however, is apparently much higher in purpose; there is boldness and vigour here and there throughout the book; occasional passages of great beauty startle us by coming straight out of a mass of simple rubbish; a sense of connected proportion is aimed at fitfully; but it is unfortunately too evident when we lay down the volume after close and careful reading and re-reading, that the builder was not equal to the task of carrying out the design entrusted to him. It is just this that saves the author from being a dramatist of genius, as it has prevented many others. This is especially noticeable in the opening, the climax (that middle wherein lies the strength), and at the close, where the supernatural is introduced, the greatest test of dramatic energy. *De Roberval* is not a drama; it is a poetical narrative in blank verse, divided into acts and scenes and spoken by many persons, often breaking into lofty and beautiful language, but seldom into lofty thought or beautiful imagery. The mere narrative is, of course, historically correct. The known facts about the colonizing attempts of the ill-starred man are too few to be distorted, and Mr. Hunter Duvar is not only a faithful describer of the De Roberval-Cartier episode of early Canadian history, but a close and accurate transcriber of the chief contemporary events and manners of the France of that short period. The book contains much information in a pleasing form, marred occasionally with anachronisms; the progress of Fontainebleau, the court fêtes, the old masque, the poetic conceits of the Ronsardists, the extravagant El Dorado notions of the Western world, the early colonist life, etc., are faithfully chronicled in verse, now smooth and then rough; there is a mine of reference and incidental information to be found in the "drama," evidently the mental reflex of a writer well saturated with the surroundings of his subject; but when we look at the art employed to thread all this together to make it subservient to the necessities of the plot, and when we listen to the language of verse—that is, the poet's peculiar vehicle for conveying his best thought in the best words—then the conclusion is forced upon the reader that, although there is much to be admired, there is yet more to be desired in the workmanship of the writer. True dramatic instinct is wanting from the opening. The first scene describes a fête held on the skirts of the forest at Fontainebleau, and introduces some old French songs, a masque and trained bears, it refers to Rabelais and others, the *cent nouvelles Nouvelles*, a little scandal, a *coranto*, "The Elector of Saxony's phiz," "the Hapsburg brutal underlip," *Gesta Romanorum*, and sundry other scholarly 16th century associations. The opening is fanciful enough, therefore, but the real dramatist does not work after this method. The interest of the reader should not be delayed by a chapter of dilettanteism, nor should a drama open with a literary ballet. Of course it is pretty and clever; but that is all. It has no more to do with the movement of De Roberval's fate than a description of the social customs of the men in the moon would have. The real dramatist does not work after this fashion. His allusions are subtly interwoven with the plot and his descriptions become part of the play-movement. His opening should give the keynote of the play and at once awaken the interest of the reader or spectator in the drama. Shakespeare (the model for all time) almost invariably strikes a strong note at the very beginning of his play. He does not need a scene to initiate us into the habits and introduce us to the authors of the age he writes about; such associations breathe throughout the movement of events, but never interrupt it. The first act is in France, preparatory to De Roberval's first departure for Canada, and really commences at the third scene, with a conversation between the hero and a bishop, at first of the degeneracy of the age, then developing into a quarrel between the ecclesiastic and the nobleman, which gives a great clue to subsequent events in the play, and is based on the refusal of De Roberval to forgive his niece's *mesalliance*. The scene with the king is a clever exposition of the position of Francis in Europe and his ideas of colonization. In it are some good passages and bad lines, but very little real poetry. This is the characteristic, indeed, of the whole book. It is largely verse-built prose, with an occasional gleam of poetry. The humorous scene is entirely out of place and unnecessary, though very amusing, and the last scene is ludicrous and inartistic—the presentation of a gross of mousetraps, a pair of leather smalls, catgut and other handsets renders the farewell of De Roberval anything but the great and solemn enterprise it undoubtedly was. La Rochelle was not a country village, nor were its merchants clowns to give such an absurd exhibition as is given us at the departure of the hero of the hour. The cruel abandonment of his niece, the settling of the colonists, troubles with the Iroquois, dicing for seigneuries, the love of Ohnawa, an Indian girl, for De Roberval, an Iroquois war-council, De Roberval's sickness and recovery by means of Ohnawa's herb-medicines, the attempt to find the great unknown passage to Cathay, Cartier's arrival with royal orders for De Roberval to

return, the French attack upon the Iroquois, the death of Ohnawa, and the return to France are the subject matter of the second, third and fourth acts. The fifth and last act deals with De Roberval's second sailing from France, seven years after, the appearance of ghosts to him, and his death by drowning. Plenty of incident, truly! How is it carried out from a literary point of view? As we remarked before the book is singularly unequal. There are passages of beauty and passages of ugliness throughout; there are exquisite lines and lines that must be ruled out. We have heard often of the absolute cadence that must rule in blank verse. Listen to the following:

You speak well, Chevalier, and with forecast keen  
Of the sure tendency of this dangerous age.  
It is the lesson of all history  
That luxury's increase hastens decadence.

But absence of rhythm and metrical error are glaring faults in Mr. Hunter-Duvar's blank verse. Passages offending the ear abound, e.g.:

But for the present, all that we shall need  
Is a slight redan with two loop-holed towers.  
  
How august are thy works, O God of night!  
  
The wickedest, unfilliest and worst,  
  
And through the gates of Hercules daring steered.  
  
And in the night they sneaked themselves away.

Instances like these might be multiplied; but let us point out some of the passages of beauty in which Mr. Hunter-Duvar's real power, which is undoubtedly lyrical, asserts itself and carries us off with him into ideal thought. The following is in the description of Niagara Falls:—

The beauty and the terror of it! The sprays,  
In spiral smoke-wreaths, rising in shifting forms,  
More than the incense of a thousand fanes,  
Until they mingle viewless with the clouds,  
While, as reminder of the promise made—  
Water should not again destroy the world,  
Rainbow tiaras span the dreadful fall,  
And through them flush the flung-up water-drops,  
Making a rain of rainbows.

Referring to the aged chief of the Iroquois:—

This is the great Sagamore, the aged pine  
On which have birds of wisdom built their nest  
Since age grew on him like the evening grey.

Reminding me of bleaching by the brook  
And droning music of the spinning wheel.

Recall to me the mild-eyed, dun-skinn'd kine  
Hock deep in clover pastures by the Soane.

Nothing more beautiful or more fitting could have closed the third scene of the third act than the following:—

Pastor (to people)

The golden sunset slants its parting rays,  
The shadows deepen to a darker grey,  
'Tis time, my hearts, to think of evening praise,  
And by the hearth talk of this well-spent day.  
Sing we a song appropriate to the clime,  
A pleasant homely song of twilight time.

Twilight Song.

The mountain peaks put on their hoods,  
Good night!  
And the long shadows of the woods  
Would fain the landscape cover quite—  
The timid pigeons homeward fly,  
Scared by the whoop owl's eerie cry,  
Whoo-oop! Whoo-oop!  
As like a fiend he flitteth by;  
The ox to stall, the fowl to coop,  
The old man to his night cap warm,  
Young men and maids to slumbers light—  
Sweet Mary, keep our souls from harm!  
Good night! Good night!

We would like to quote more of Mr. Hunter-Duvar's good work, but space forbids. Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that, while the author of *De Roberval* is deficient in the constructive and creative forces necessary to the dramatist, there is much real poetry in his book. It is to be hoped that the future productions of our author will be in a form that will tend to bring out the fine lyrical qualities he undoubtedly possesses.

#### THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

IN the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Goldwin Smith has a review of Prof. Bryce's recent work, a portion of which we reproduce:

"Amongst the novel objects that attracted my attention during my stay in the United States, nothing struck me more forcibly than the general equality of condition among the people. I readily discovered the prodigious influence which this primary fact exercises on the whole course of society; it gives a peculiar direction to public opinion, and a peculiar tenor to the laws; it imparts new maxims to the governing authorities, and peculiar habits to the governed. I soon perceived that the influence of this fact extends far beyond the political character and the laws of the country, and that it has no less empire over civil society than over the government; it creates opinions, gives birth to new sentiments, founds new customs, and modifies whatever it does not produce. The more I advanced in the study of American society, the more I perceived that this equality of condition is the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived, and the central point at which my observations constantly terminated." Such are the opening words of De Tocqueville, and they are themselves enough to show that his

survey of the American Commonwealth belonged to the past, and that the time for a fresh survey had come. His fundamental fact and his central point have ceased to exist. Instead of equality we have now the difference between the fortune of Vanderbilt or the Bonanza King, and the extreme of poverty between the palaces of Fifth Avenue and the tenement houses of Five Points. Other great changes have taken place since 1835, when De Tocqueville wrote. The great storm which he saw lowering on the horizon of the Republic has burst, destroying slavery, leaving the Republic scatheless, but modifying political character, and casting political parties in a new mould, while the negro problem is reproduced in another and scarcely less serious form. The population has more than doubled; its area has extended over regions presenting economically new features which give rise to new phases of social and political character. At the same time it has been in an immensely increasing degree unified by railways, telegraphy, and the extension of commercial companies and connections. What is not less momentous is that it has been linked by the cable, and by improved steamboat communication, far more closely to Europe. Important changes have also taken place in the occupation of the people. De Tocqueville devotes a section to explaining the wonderful pre-eminence of the Americans in the carrying trade, ascribing it to the daring seamanship which saved time, and therefore cost, by its disregard of weather. The tariff has now annihilated the mercantile marine of the United States, and the Americans, once so famous at sea, have almost ceased to be a maritime people. Such is the fashion in which Protection does its work, when it undertakes to diversify national character by varying the occupation of the people.

A fresh survey was needed, and the task has fallen into the very best of hands. In style and form it would be hardly possible to match De Tocqueville. If he borrowed something in this respect from Montesquieu, he paid it back with interest. In everything except style and form, Mr. Bryce seems to me fully De Tocqueville's peer. In his method of dealing with his vast subject he is superior to De Tocqueville, and more instructive. Such I believe will be, such indeed already is, the verdict of the best judges. De Tocqueville studied American democracy rather too little in and for itself, rather too much in its relation to what was going on, or appeared to be approaching in France. He also, in his political review, gave his attention rather too much to forms, and too little to the forces. To this, probably, or to this combined with the severity of his strictures on democratic defects, it is owing that his work, while it is always spoken of by Americans with a distant respect, is little in their hands or minds, and, so far as I have observed, does not exercise much influence. Mr. Bryce has made a profound study, not only of institutions, local and judicial as well as political, but of political parties, and of public opinion with its sources and organs. He explores not only the body of the American Commonwealth, but its soul. His work will, as I believe, be much in the hands and minds of Americans, and will exercise a powerful influence over them for good.

To undertake to follow Mr. Bryce through his enquiry in these few pages would be absurd. I can only touch on one or two points, and if what I say on these is critical, or rather supplementary, it will not derogate from the general homage which, to the best of my judgment and so far as my knowledge of the United States, which I have now observed for twenty years, extends, is due, and is most heartily paid, to the supreme excellence of the work.

With all due respect to the consecrated memory of the fathers of the American Constitution, I agree with Mr. Bryce, if he thinks that what the fathers found was more unquestionably good and sound than what they made. I have long been inclined to surmise that Montesquieu's misreading of the British Constitution had more influence than is commonly supposed upon their minds. To his notion about the separation of the Executive from the Legislature, combined with the mistaken purism which gave birth to Place Bills, rather than to any deliberate and independent counsels of their own, is to be ascribed, I suspect, the exclusion of the American Cabinet from Congress. That their foresight was not superhuman we are reminded by every one of those presidential elections, the uproar of the last of which was just dying away when Mr. Bryce's book issued from the press. They thought that in their College of Electors they had provided for the calm selection of a head of the State by a body of picked wisdom and integrity. Yet a sagacity no more than human might have told them that if the College was itself elected, at the time, and for the special purpose, the result would be a mandate. So completely has a mandate been the result, that in the crisis caused by the deadlock between Tilden and Hayes, while civil war was thought within the compass of possibility, it was not thought within the compass of possibility that a single member of the College of Electors should put an end to the deadlock by transferring his vote. The very suggestion was denounced as a hideous exhibition of political immorality. The consequence is a popular election of the head of the State every four years, with a preliminary agitation of one year at least, if not of two, highly injurious alike to government and to commerce, and bringing with it the saturnalia of passion, intrigue, corruption, calumny, and rhetorical mendacity, which Mr. Bryce has so graphically and so truthfully described. Mr. Bryce, like a man of truly philosophic and comprehensive mind, always puts in a good word for Old Nick. The presidential election, he says, rouses and stirs public life, and clears away vapours from the political atmosphere. But the question is whether the life which is moved and stirred is wholesome life, or a life the reverse



of wholesome ; the life of patriotism, or the life of political roguery ; and whether the vapours generated by this sulphurous eruption are not more mephitic than those which it dispels. "Nowhere," says Mr. Bryce, "does government by the people, through the people, and for the people, take a more directly impressive and powerfully stimulative form than in the choice of a chief magistrate by twelve millions of citizens voting in one day." Stimulating the form is, with a vengeance ; and impressive it might be, were it not that, as Mr. Bryce truly says, the men between whom the choice is to be made are nominated by party conventions, each of which wants "not a good president but a good candidate." If in its primary effect an institution is mischievous, secondary effects will not repair the mischief. It was after a presidential election that an American citizen who had seen a good deal of politics said to me in his haste—"Well, only put an end to this, and I will take my chance of the Man." A less heroic remedy than a *coup d'état* and an autocracy would be to extend the presidential term, abolishing at the same time the power of re-election. Such a change is in fact now in the air. Civil Service Reform, if it can be really carried out, would be another antidote. The excitement which so surprises Mr. Bryce is caused among the politicians and office-seekers by the greatness of the stake, the presidency carrying all the patronage with it ; and among the people chiefly by the love of faction fights, which is apparently a part of human nature. There is also a good deal of the sporting sentiment at work ; not only is there a prodigious amount of betting, but men mutually pledge themselves to pay ridiculous forfeits and perform grotesque penances if the candidate of their choice does not win. The very slang of the presidential race-course and betting-ring is degrading to the majesty of the State. What the effect of an approaching contest is upon the government when the President is a candidate for re-election, the last acts of Mr. Cleveland have miserably shown. Perhaps the most redeeming features of the affair are the good humour and orderly behaviour of the people, which say much for their love of fair-play and law. I witnessed the second election of Lincoln in the midst of the Civil War. Passion was at fever heat ; yet each party was allowed to hang out its banners across the street, distribute its campaign literature, hold its public meetings, and conduct its torch-light processions without the slightest molestation from its rival. I am a firm believer in the ultimate federation of the whole English speaking population of this Continent by the entrance of Canada into the Union ; but I confess I shrink from seeing her people involved in such a maelstrom as a presidential election.

Washington took Hamilton and Jefferson together into his Cabinet. He evidently regarded party as an accidental evil, and thought that in time and with judicious handling it would come to nothing. Instead of coming to nothing it is everything. It little matters what the forms are, whether they are those of the American Republic or pseudo-Monarchical and Parliamentary, like ours in Canada. Party forces its way through all constitutional regulations and bends everything to its own purposes. If the Presidency and both Houses of the Legislature are in the hands of the same party, that party reigns. Otherwise there is a paralysis of government. The late election has made the Presidency and the House of Representatives, as well as the Senate, Republican. The legislative machine will now begin to operate once more. But for some years past the Presidency and the House being Democratic while the Senate was Republican by a small majority, and the Senate being, unlike our House of Lords, really co-ordinate with the House, legislation has been impossible. The tariff question, the silver question, and other pressing questions have remained in abeyance ; masses of useless silver have been accumulating in the Treasury, and a large surplus revenue has been growing up, while all that the Legislature could do was to bale out the surplus in prodigal grants of pensions, to which both parties agreed from their fear of the army vote, and which have swelled the annual expenditure under that head to eighty millions of dollars, a sum nearly equal, I believe, to the cost of Versailles. For six years Dakota, though fully qualified, has been unable to obtain admission as a State because her vote would be Republican. At the same time, the executive has been incapable of *bona fide* negotiation with any foreign power, and especially with England. It was useless to frame a Fisheries Treaty, since whatever the Democratic President might approve the Republican Senate was sure to throw out, as it did by a straight party vote. The evenly-balanced state of parties in the Senate enabled a single member, described by an American journal as "a dissolute demagogue," at one time to hold the key of legislation in his hands.

Mr. Bryce has given us a vivid and memorable picture of the party "machine," with the swarm of political imps under the names of bosses, wire-pullers, heelers, and bummers, by which it is worked, its intrigues and rogueries, its discipline of falsehood, its loyalty to sinister purposes, and all the evils which it entails, and not the least of which is the estrangement of the best class of citizens from public life. His description, of which I believe no material part can be gainsaid, is enough to make a professional politician blush for his craft. But he does not ask himself or tell us so definitely as we could desire whether the machine is separable from party, or whether party is separable from the elective system. The theory on which the system of popular election rests is that the electors lay their heads together to choose the right man. This, in any but the very smallest of constituencies and one the members of which are well acquainted with each other, is morally impossible. The members of a large constituency

are a heap of grains of sand without intercommunication or cohesion. Hence organization, in other words party, becomes indispensable. So long as there are questions of principle before the nation the parties may be held together by them, and may thus have a moral bond such as justifies the submission of the individual conscience to party discipline ; though even at the best of times there will be a great deal of sheer factiousness, corruption more or less coarse, and depravation of national character by a bitter and calumnious strife. But when the questions of principle are exhausted, as they were in England after Culloden or in the United States after the abolition of slavery, and as in time they must be everywhere, how are parties to be held together ? They can be held together only by "the spoils." They are sure at the same time to become machines, and the machines are sure to fall into the hands of the sort of men who prefer politics to honest work. England is falling under the sway of machines as well as the United States. A Liberal Three Hundred or a Primrose Habitation is a local machine which in combination with its fellows throughout the kingdom forms a national machine, though at present in the rudimentary stage. Give it a little time to purge itself of independent consciences and to fall thoroughly under the power of the men who devote their sharp intellects to politics, and you will have in England a counterpart of American caucus-government as it is depicted by Mr. Bryce. Politics will become in England as well as in the United States a regular trade, and of all trades the vilest. Mr. Schnadhorst is already a "boss" full blown and on the grandest scale. The very nomenclature of the political kingdom of Satan has invaded the English tongue. Honourable amateurs at present maintain the fight ; they are spurred on by a great issue, nothing less than the integrity of the nation ; but they will find in time that they have no chance against the professionals who devote their whole time and energy to the calling by which they live.

For my part, the observations of twenty years have confirmed my faith in social democracy ; but in the system of popular election, if it necessarily means government by demagogues, my faith has not been confirmed. In the meantime the demagogic system has been thoroughly developed in England ; and the fruit of its development is that we have a great faction struggling to oust its rival from place by making all government impossible, by encouraging resistance to the law, by fomenting rebellion, and by conspiring with the foreign enemies of the nation for the dismemberment of the realm. By the same agencies the House of Commons is being turned into a mob, in which mountebanks as low as ever disgraced Congress play a conspicuous part, and which is totally unfit for the exercise of supreme power. I am glad that Mr. Bryce is cautious in proposing American institutions as a model for British reform. England has in the Instrument of Government a model far better suited to her case.

Society on the American continent, notwithstanding all our boasts of popular intelligence, would be in a critical situation if the realm of commerce and industry were not practically ruled by a government very different from that of the politicians. No doubt much of what is commonly said, and is recorded in Mr. Bryce's pages, about the railway managers is true. No doubt they sometimes play a mischievous part in politics, though largely in self-defence. Masters, too, in the passionate pursuit of wealth are sometimes grasping, hard, and forgetful of their duty to their workmen. Still, these men have been raised to their positions by genuine qualities, not by stump-oratory or intrigue : some of them behave nobly, and as a class they exercise their authority with justice and firmness, confront mutiny with calmness, and in their own province hold society together. Commercial morality is certainly higher than political morality, all the stock-gambling and "cornering" notwithstanding.

There is one point in the procedure of Congress which hardly seems to have caught Mr. Bryce's eye, but which illustrates political morality as well as procedure. I was astonished to see, more than a century after the passing of the Grenville Act, an election petition decided not by a committee or an impartial tribunal of any kind, but in the full House and by a straight party vote. I found myself carried back to the days of Walpole when no quarter was given in elections. The shortness of the Congressman's term, which makes it hardly worth while to unseat him, is the only apparent limit to the misuse which a dominant and infuriated party might make of such a power.

Everybody who is not in a ring will agree with Mr. Bryce in thinking that the government of cities is one of our chief difficulties—I say ours, because Canada does not differ in this, or in any material respect, from the United States. The fact is that the elective system of municipal government is a survival from the time when the objects of city government were largely political or industrial, consisting in the defence of burgher liberties or the regulation of trades, when comparatively little regard was paid to police, health, water-supply, or lighting ; when, moreover, civic life still made the citizens acquainted with each other, and the great men of the city, the Fuggers and Greshams and Whittingtons, lived in the city and were its mayors. Now a city is merely a densely peopled district in need of a specially skilled administration. It is from want of skill, and from want of the permanency essential to foresight and economy, especially in the conduct of public works, that we suffer, more than from corruption, as to the prevalence of which exaggerated ideas perhaps prevail. There is on the continent one bright exception to the generally unsatisfactory state of things. Washington has a heavy debt, the legacy of a former régime ; but is now a thoroughly well-governed city. Its government is a Board of

three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States, the district being the political property of the Federation. An attempt was made some time ago to introduce "municipal liberties," but it was defeated by the combined and strenuous resistance of all who had anything to be pillaged. I may say, by the way, that Washington, by the attractions of its good city government, as well as by those which it holds out as the seat of the Federal Government and of the Embassies, bids fair to supply the United States with a capital, the lack of which is noted as a defect by Mr. Bryce. Within my memory Washington has grown from a dismal mudhole into a gay and beautiful city, full of social and intellectual life, of which the politicians are the least part.

Mr. Bryce's account of that most vital subject, the character of the American judiciary, is, so far as I am competent to form an opinion, correct. I have often inquired in different States whether confidence was felt in the integrity of the judges, and have generally been told that it was. Englishmen came into contact at New York, in the evil days of Tweed and Sweeney, with judges such as Barzard and Cordozo, elected by the Irish vote ; and they generalized too much from that case. The elective system is bad ; it was never adopted by Massachusetts, and in other States its evils are being practically mitigated by an extension of the term of office. The main defect now is the inadequacy of the salaries, which are insufficient to draw the best men to the Bench. The consequence is a want on the part of the Bench of control over the Bar, in comparison with the control exercised by an English Judge, which is visible even to an unprofessional eye. The consequence of this again is inferiority in the despatch of business, so that the saving is costly in the end. But it would be difficult to obtain a large increase of salaries, which to a farmer already seem enormous. The salary of the President is still inadequate ; and the same thing may be said of regular salaries in every department and all down the scale. It is the dignity of the office rather than its emolument—which, allowance being made for the cost of living, is hardly above that of a County Court judge in England—that draws men of the highest eminence to the Bench of the Supreme Court. As to the purity of the Supreme Court, not the slightest suspicion has ever been felt, though some of its decisions, such as those in favour of slavery on one side and those in favour of the Legal Tender Act on the other, may not have been free from political bias. I heard Lincoln say that he would take care to appoint a judge who was right on the great political question of the day.

You cannot remark to an American that the weather is disagreeable without receiving an intimation in reply that there is worse weather in England. Americans, when they are unable to deny the existence of a flaw in their institutions or a stain on their record, are apt to lay flattering unctious to their souls by persuading themselves that there is something in English institutions or history as bad or worse. I have learned to regard this curious habit as a compliment in disguise. Yet the habit is somewhat slavish, and I venture to think it is rather too much countenanced, though unconsciously perhaps, by Mr. Bryce. Among other instances, he, to comfort the Americans under the imputation of judicial corruption, tells them that there was a case of it in England as late as the last century. He refers to the case of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield in 1725. But the offence of which Lord Macclesfield was found guilty was not, I believe, judicial corruption ; it was complicity in the sale of Masterships in Chancery and improper dealings with the suitor's fund. Even with regard to this charge, Lord Stanhope, who though not a masterly is a very fair and careful writer, intimates his belief that Lord Macclesfield suffered rather as the head of a system than as an offender in his own person. There has been, so far as I remember, no case of judicial corruption in England since that of Bacon ; and historical criticism has greatly reduced the dimensions even of Bacon's delinquency. People whose judges take, or are suspected of taking, bribes will derive small comfort from any stains which they are likely to find on the British ermine.

There is a school of English politicians and political writers which seems to think that it owes no affection to England, and that liberality consists in being just, or something more than just, to every country except their own. I do not suspect Mr. Bryce of any sympathy with such a school. But I think he does sometimes show a tendency to be rather too hard on England. He lays on her discourtesy towards the Americans the blame for the continuance of bitter feeling after the Separation. This is not fair. For a proud nation it was hard to digest defeat. But George the Third received the first American ambassador with magnanimous courtesy, and the flags of a British fleet were half-masted at the death of Washington. Such ill-feeling as there was on the part of England was largely kept alive by the American loyalists whom the vindictive cruelty of the victorious party had driven into exile in England and Canada. But nothing could exceed the venomous violence of the feeling manifested by the Jeffersonian party, which was the majority in the United States, against England, not on account of anything that she did, but simply for being what she was. Washington found himself called upon solemnly to warn his fellow-countrymen against becoming the "slaves of a hatred." The breaches of international courtesy and law of which American assemblies and ports were the scene at the outbreak of the war between England and Revolutionary France, cast the Alabama cost utterly into the shade. Nothing but Washington's influence, in fact, prevented the United States from rushing into a conflict with England which

would have been absolutely unprovoked on her part. I am happy to be able to agree with Mr. Bryce in thinking that in the breasts of educated Americans the old hatred has nearly died out. The chief exceptions are Protectionist manufacturers whose motive for cherishing the feud is manifest enough. Hostile demonstrations on the part of "tail-twisting" politicians are, as they hardly care themselves to deny in private, the tributes of political servility to the power of the Irish vote. Among the literary men some bitterness of feeling is still kept up, partly perhaps by tradition, and partly by the competition with English rivals, to which by the absence of international copyright they are in an unfair degree exposed. A proof at once and a cause of the improved sentiment is the change in the tone of American historians, who are laying panegyric and prejudice aside to deal with historical questions as ministers of truth. Some of the volumes in the series of *Lives of American Statesmen*, edited by Professor Morse, and the *Life of Young Sir Henry Vane*, which has just come from the pen of Professor Hosmer, are examples of what I mean. School histories used to be shamefully false and venomous, and I have no doubt played a great part in keeping up the ill-feeling; but I believe there has been a general amendment of late. The amendment has not been universal, since I received the other day a letter from a gentleman in the States asking if it was true, as a history used in his district stated, that the British Government had issued a quantity of counterfeit American bank-notes for the purpose of discrediting the currency of the United States. I found, too, the other day, that I had caused great surprise by telling an American school that the Alabama had escaped from a British port by a stratagem when the order for her detention was on its way. They had been taught (I suppose by their history) to believe that the Alabama had been sent out by the British Government and manned with seamen of the British Naval Reserve.

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THE CHINESE AND THE HUMAN BODY.

BOTH savage and semi-barbarous people have always exhibited a great repugnance to any surgical operation, however necessary, which involves amputation. The North China *Herald*, in commenting upon this circumstance, points out that the Chinese have always shown this repugnance, not on account of fear of pain, for they are patient under all kinds of physical suffering, but because they look upon it as a duty to keep the body intact. If they submit to the amputation of a limb, they invariably ask for the severed member, and keep it in a box, to be buried in due time with the owner. Sometimes they will actually eat it, thinking it only right that that which has been taken from the body should be returned to it. On the same principle an extracted tooth will be carefully preserved or ground to powder and swallowed in water. Another curious phase of the same idea is seen in the belief that a sick parent can be cured by broth made from flesh cut from a living child, and it is looked upon as a sign of filial piety for the child to submit himself to an operation for that purpose. The child is supposed to be of the vital essence of the parent, and if a portion of this essence is returned to the fountain-head the parent will be greatly strengthened. The peace-loving nature of the Chinese is said to be largely due to this respect for the human body.—*Chambers' Journal*.

##### PRISON DISCIPLINE AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION.

AN American contemporary furnishes some interesting items concerning the system pursued at the Elmira Reformatory, in which the experiment has been in progress for some years of using prison confinement as an opportunity of conferring educational advantages on the inmates. The little book of some hundred pages which sets forth the results of the system is printed by the prisoners themselves. Only such convicts are sent to the institution as have never been in a state-prison before. They are sentenced to an indefinite term subject to the discretion of the board of managers, but can not be detained beyond the maximum period for which they might have been incarcerated under the law. For burglary, *e.g.*, man may be kept in Elmira for ten years, but not longer; but if the superintendent believes that a prisoner, from his record, will lead an honest life on discharge, he may be allowed to go free at any time after one year. To obtain his release he must get a perfect record in three branches—for good conduct, zeal, efficiency as a workman, and proficiency and diligence as a scholar. In this latter field is found the distinguishing characteristic of the Elmira system. It is, in fact a school for convicts, and the results are surprising. On the average, it is said, 60 per cent. of the convicts released from other prisons find their way back, but thus far 80 per cent. of the discharges from the Elmira Reformatory during the eight years the experiment has been continued are believed to be permanent reformations. Every improvement has been introduced not inconsistent with proper discipline, looking to the health and well-being of convicts. The experience of those engaged in this humanitarian work is opposed to the view that intellectual development increases the capacity for wrong-doing. By enforced study the energies formerly employed in criminality seem diverted toward more praiseworthy pursuits. It is found, however, that even the so-called intelligent criminal appears mentally deficient as soon as he passes out of the groove in which he has been accustomed to exercise his

cunning, so that it is no easy task to broaden his views of the aims and duties of life, and thus qualify himself for occupying a useful place in society. The experiment appears to us to be well worthy of consideration by social reformers, and by all who desire that penal inflictions should be made subservient to reformatory results in our criminal population.—*London Lancet*.

##### GROWTH OF A LANGUAGE.

OCCASIONALLY we read of men who know fifteen or twenty languages, and no doubt, some do understand that number—after a fashion. But if we refer to a thorough mastery of a language it is pertinent to inquire, Who understands one? Even our best scholars may learn a lesson of humility by taking a copy of Webster's Unabridged, opening it at random, and ascertaining by actual test what proportion of the words on the page before them they can define with precision. Twenty-five years ago it was commonly said that there were forty thousand words in the English language—of course excluding the usual derivatives. Now it is announced in connection with the prospectus of a forthcoming dictionary, which will comprise 6,500 pages, that it is expected to contain 200,000 words. It is claimed that the last edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* alone has added ten thousand new words to our vocabulary. Many of these, perhaps most, are purely technical terms that are not seen or heard except by the students of certain special branches of knowledge. Nevertheless, they have made good their standing in the language and demand recognition of the lexicographers. In all this, however, there is no reason for discouragement. Students of particular branches must, of course, master the technical terms peculiar thereto, but apart from these, the knowledge of a few thousand words is all that is demanded even of the great masters of style. And it is a rather significant fact that the most fascinating and popular writers are those whose vocabularies comprise the smallest number of words.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

##### AN UNWORKED MINE OF JEWISH RECORDS.

SOMEWHERE within the precincts of the great Abbey of Westminster there are said to be imprisoned in grim and forbidding seclusion unknown multitudes of witnesses, voiceless, tongueless, forgotten, whose testimony, if it could be extorted, would strangely and powerfully affect our views upon hundreds of incidents and movements, hundreds of crimes and errors and sacrifices and grand endeavours that now are very imperfectly understood, often wholly misrepresented, and some of them passed out of remembrance. We have all of us heard of the Star Chamber. Pray may I ask my accomplished readers if they know anything about the stars? Nay! Be not rash with thy lips. The name Star Chamber has not the remotest connection with astronomy. The name carries us back to a time when the children of Israel were swarming in England and when they were the great bankers or money-lenders—almost the only bankers and money-lenders—within the four seas. Impetuous scoundrels up and down the land mortgaged their lands or pawned their valuables, and the Jews advanced them money upon their securities. The promises to pay, the agreements to surrender property on non-payment, the bonds, the bills, the orders of court, and the documentary evidence bearing upon all these transactions between the creditors and the debtors, the borrowers and the lenders, were drawn up in the Hebrew language, and the records of these multifarious transactions between the Jews and the Christians, dating back to an unknown antiquity (possibly to a time very little after the Conquest), and ending about the year 1290, when all Jews were banished from England with unspeakable acts of cruelty and wrong—these records, I say, are to be found in the archives of Westminster Abbey, and nowhere else in the world. These Hebrew records are believed to count by tens of thousands, and are known by the name of "stars" among the few who even know that there are such things in existence. As to the exact meaning or derivation of the word, I dare not venture upon an explanation of it; nor as to the correct spelling of it am I qualified to express an opinion. It is sufficient for me that the court in which these suits between the Jews and their victims, or their defrauders, were tried and decided was in ancient times called the Star Chamber, because the records of the proceedings which were there adjudicated upon were popularly known as stars. Perhaps not six men in Britain have ever looked intelligently at this mass of Hebrew MSS. I believe only one man living—Mr. Davies—has devoted any time to the study of them. And yet with this immense and unique apparatus absolutely untouched, with this virgin soil that has been neglected and unknown for six centuries, literary empirics have more than once set themselves to write the history of the Jews to the Middle Ages, "resorting to their imagination for their facts" when the facts were there at their elbows if they had only known it. The history of the Jews in England down to the time of their expulsion by Edward I. remains to be written, because the materials for that history have remained to the present hour unread.—*Rev. Dr. Jessop, in the Nineteenth Century*.

##### SOME RUSSIAN SKETCHES.

THE editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Stead, in his just-published book, *Truth About Russia*, sketches the Czar thus: "The Emperor is a strong man who takes short views. He sees what he believes to be his duty from day to day and he does it honestly to the best of his ability, in

the spirit of the maxim that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' The Emperor feels that he and his are in the hands of God, who alone sees the end from the beginning, and will find tools to carry on his work when the day comes for that work to be done. That deep, silent and abiding conviction has grown much upon the Emperor of late years. . . . The Emperor has a horror of war. The kindly, humane affections of a *père de famille*, which are so strong in him, exemplify the repugnance with which he contemplates any and every disturbance of the peace. It is his ambition, one of his ministers remarked to me, not to be a great sovereign, but to be the sovereign of a great people whose reign was unstained by a single war. He is a level-headed, conscientious, sure-footed sovereign, conscious of such responsibilities as he has realized, and only afraid of doing that which seems to him to be wrong. For the good relations of England and Russia and for the peace of the World it is simply of inestimable importance that a monarch so steady and self-possessed should be directing the policy of Russia."

OF Count Tolstoi, with whom he spent a week, he makes this portrait: "He is a man of sixty, with iron gray hair, sun-burned countenance, plentifully furnished with gray beard and mustache. His hair is parted down the middle and is thick and full. His brow, furrowed with the ploughshare of thought, is broad and massive; his eyes, small and piercing, gleam out from beneath bushy brows. His nose, large and prominent, has thick and expressive nostrils. The features are so strongly marked that once seen they cannot be soon forgotten. The countenance is one of earnest gravity, with a background of sad and sombre thought. There is sometimes a childlike sparkle of joyousness in his eye; there is always a kindly accent in his voice, but sometimes the furnace, usually banked up within, blazes forth; the face becomes as black and lowering as a thunder cloud, and the whole man trembles and quivers with overmastering passion. Tolstoi is a loyal and affectionate husband and father, but the reader will not be surprised to learn that, like most men who want to regenerate the world, he has an enormous number of children and gives little or no attention to essential details of family management. Were it not for his wife's tact and ability the family would be as poor and uncomfortable as that of any Russian peasant. Says his friend, the author, 'Count Tolstoi is, as it were, an honoured guest in his wife's family. He takes no part in its domestic economy, even as an adviser.'"

##### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE shall be glad if our friends will send us musical items of local and general interest, as we wish to make this department one which shall reflect the musical news of the Dominion. All such should reach this office not later than Monday afternoon.

##### NEW AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY.

IN many respects the company which visited us at the Grand was a welcome guest. Its excellent orchestra, first of all, under Mr. Hinrichs was a most satisfactory feature; though not large; and though lacking in the string department, notably in the first violins, it was excellent in its individuals, and the accompaniments and overtures left little to be desired. It certainly was not equal to the splendid band Mr. Hinrichs had here on his last visit, but it was the best we have had this season, and its work was always good and never obtrusive. The chorus was hardly what we might have expected from its numerical strength, the voices being rather light with the result of a corresponding lack of power. The choice of operas, too, was open to objection, as with the repertoire of this organization, something stronger than *Maritana* and *Fra Diavolo* might have been presented, though the audience at the matinee could not have enjoyed any opera better than it seemed to enjoy the latter of these. The principals were not at all even in their excellence, the cast in *Lucia* and *Un Ballo* being much better than that which performed the other operas. Mme. Natali was very satisfactory as "Lucia," having a part exactly suited to her ability and vocal accomplishments, but as "Adelia" in *Un Ballo* she did not seem so happily placed, much of her singing seeming forced with occasional lapses from the key. Next to her, Mr. Alonzo Stoddard did the best work, his "Renato" in *Un Ballo* being a splendid performance. This gentleman's work was a genuine pleasure to all who heard him, it was so thoroughly conscientious and painstaking. Next should come Mr. Franz Vetta, whose "Raymond" was all too little for those who attended on Thursday evening. At the performance of *Fra Diavolo*, he made a most comical "Giacomo," and was well supported by Mr. E. N. Knight as "Beppo." Many regrets were heard that he did not appear in some more important part, where his fine bass voice could be heard to better advantage. Mr. Charles Bassett, also, was a strong member of the company, his "Arthur" and "Riccardo" being careful and praiseworthy renditions. To these must be added Mme. Clara Poole, who was only seen as "Ulrica" in *Un Ballo*, and who was certainly worthy of better exploitation. The other artists were not of equal calibre, Miss Alida Verena having a veiled quality of tone in her middle register, though her higher notes were brilliant and pleasing. Miss Lizzie McNichol has a fine contralto voice, and presented an excellent "Lazarillo." Mr. William Castle's voice shows signs of wear, his high notes being hard and unmusical, but his acting as "Don César" was



excellent; his "Fra Diavolo" was much more conventional. The other principals had fair voices and moderately good training, both vocally and historically. Still their mediocrity was emphasized less of itself than by the excellence of their comrades.

## THE ALBANI CONCERT.

MME. ALBANI-GYE long refused to acknowledge her Canadian origin, being annoyed by the lack of sympathy her maiden efforts met with in Montreal, but I fancy that the warmth of her reception in all the Canadian cities she has visited will have done much to reconcile her to her old home. She certainly had no cause to complain in Toronto, where her reception was of the warmest character, and where she will again appear on Monday evening. Unbounded applause was showered upon her, and many votive offerings of beautiful flowers were laid at her feet. Her voice has all the clear, liquid tone which was its charm of old, and if it has lost any of its beauty, it can only be that of ease of emission, and, perhaps, here and there a certain cloudiness of tone shows itself in her vocalization. This was most apparent in her *routades* and *cadenzas*. Still the great ease and certainty of all her florid singing was wonderful, especially in the ascending chromatic runs of the "Bird Song" from Handel's *Il Penseroso*. Her art in phrasing, shading and management of her voice was a treat such as we have not enjoyed here since Patti's visit, and not for many years before that. She has a great gift of retaining richness and resonance of tone, even in *pianissimo* passages, and every note still betrays the close and careful student. Her "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" and "Home, Sweet Home" delighted the audiences as all departures from Italian to the vernacular never fail to do. Her singing of "Ah! Fors'è lui," and "Ombra Leggiera" and the "Elsa" scene were models of delivery and execution. Miss Damian, the contralto who supported her has a fine large voice, strong and brilliant in the chest register, and full and round in her upper notes, but her singing is somewhat marred by a jerky enunciation, which impairs the purity of tone. Both she and Mr. Barrington Foote show a certain reserve of delivery which makes their performance savour more of the cultivated amateur than of the seasoned professional. Her "Nobil Signor" from the *Huguenots* was her best effort, though, curiously enough, it was her other number that brought out a recall. Here again the love of our audiences for English singing manifested itself, as her second song was Cowen's "The Angel Came," and her encore song was "The Garden of Sleep." Mr. Foote possesses a noble baritone voice, so well trained and controlled that throughout its wide compass he sings with the utmost ease and freedom of delivery. All his selections, "Nazareth," "The Vicar of Bray," and the well-known German drinking song, were rendered extremely well, and he was certainly the favourite of the house among Mme. Albani's support. The tenor, Signor Massimi, was not so fortunate. He has a light voice, and his use of it often seemed strained and laboured, and though its compass was high and quite sufficient for his arias, his singing had an unpleasant appearance of effort. In Mr. Barrett, Mme. Albani had a most efficient support for the flute obligato in the "Bird song." He has a beautiful tone, and the greatest executive ease, and his "Romance and Tarantella" showed him to be a cultivated musician as well as a clever executant. Signor Bevigiani, one of the greatest conductors of Italian Opera in the world, played the accompaniments most excellently and contributed his share to one of the best concerts we have ever had in Toronto.

## RHEA.

CHARMING Rhea has once again paid us a visit, short though it was, I was able to see her in Victorien Sardou's *Dangerous Game*, which, though played at her last visit, has lost none of its charm. Its alternations of bright comedy and almost tragic pathos, and its subtle dramatic situations were as striking and as engaging as ever. As the *ingenue* "Helene," Rhea finds a character so well adapted to her gifts and grace that those who have seen and heard her in this rôle must always think of her as "Helene," no matter what other plays she may have been heard in. This most charming, unsophisticated ebullition of nature possesses a strength not found in any of her other parts. There is no suspicion of Rhea in it; it is simply "Helene." She was ably supported by Mr. William Harris, whose crudities of manner and bearing soon lost their obtrusiveness in his intellectual power and the magnetism which he is richly endowed with. His "Baron de Trouville" was a fine, manly exposition of a jealous yet just husband. Miss Ida Waterman as the "Baroness de Trouville," displayed a strength of pathetic resource in the last act that was hardly to be expected from her rather conventional efforts in the earlier scenes. Mr. W. R. Owen, as "Henri Laverdier," was unsatisfactory and weak, and it was only his evident earnestness that saved him from being designated "a stick." The other members of the company filled their parts thoroughly well, and Mme. Rhea has good reason to congratulate herself on the general excellence of her support. *Much Ado About Nothing*, and the heart-rending "Adrienne Lecouvreur" were Rhea's other plays while in Toronto, and were received with equal favour.

## B NATURAL.

INFORMATION FOR AUTHORS.—The Canadian Literary Bureau, Authors' and Publishers' Agents reads manuscripts, revises and gives specific advice on all literary matter. Prospectus on application. Room 7, Romaine Buildings, King Street West.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. RUSKIN is dangerously ill at Brentwood.

MR. COCKIN's volume of poems, *Gentleman Dick o' the Greys*, is dedicated to Mr. Goldwin Smith.

WILKIE COLLINS, so Mr. Labouchere cables from London, has nearly finished his new novel, *The Lord Harry*.

A TRANSLATION of *Through the Heart of Asia over the Pamir to India*, by Gabriel Bonvalot, with full-page engravings by Albert Pepin, will be issued very shortly by A. C. Armstrong & Son.

MR. ANDREW LANG is now engaged at St. Andrews, Edinburgh, on his biography of the late Lord Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote). He expects to get the book out this year.

MR. T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, well known as a frequent contributor to THE WEEK, has been appointed Assistant Librarian at the Free Public Library. An excellent appointment.

"A LITTLE Journey in the World" is the title of Charles Dudley Warner's new serial to begin in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*.

CUPPLES & HURD, Boston, will soon begin to issue by subscription, *The Eggs of North American Birds*, by C. J. Maynard, with coloured plates drawn on stone by the author.

HENRY GEORGE's *Progress and Poverty*, and *Protection or Free Trade* have been translated into French.

A SERIES of papers on "The Art of Angling" will be published in *Scribner's* during the present year.

RUMOUR assigns to Sir Morell Mackenzie, to Mrs. Oliphant (in behalf of the Empress Frederick), to Sir Robert Morier, to Sir M. Grant Duff, to Lord Arthur Russell, and to Dr. Geffcken, as well as to others, the hostile article on "The Bismarck Dynasty," in the current *Contemporary Review*. The paper is being translated into various languages.

SCRIBNER & WELFORD are to bring out, within a few days, *Heraldry*, a profusely illustrated work by Charles Worthy—an epitome of English armory, showing how and by whom arms may be borne or acquired, and how pedigrees may be traced.

MACMILLAN & Co. will issue soon Part II. of Sir John Lubbock's *Pleasures of Life*; *General Gordon*, by Col. Sir William Butler (the first volume in the "English Men of Action" series); *Supernatural Religion*, by Bishop Lightfoot; the *Gifts for Ministry*, by Brooke Foss Westcott; *Reuben Sachs*, a study of Jewish life in London, by Amy Levy; and *The Bacteria in Asiatic Cholera*, by Dr. E. Klein.

A RECENT issue of the St. John (N.B.) *Progress* contains a reference to a forthcoming volume in terms following:—It is announced that Mr. Blackett Robinson, the well-known Toronto publisher; who, as proprietor of THE WEEK, has done so much for Canadian letters, will publish next month a volume of poems by Mr. H. K. Cockin. Mr. Cockin is editor of Toronto *Saturday Night*. His poems are of a popular character, easy in diction, full of swing and spirit, and concerned almost exclusively with human emotion and incident. From a knowledge of Mr. Cockin's work in the periodicals we are able to predict that his volume will appeal to a wide circle. Many of the poems are peculiarly adapted for public recitation.

THE regrets which are expressed so freely, and with so much sincerity, at the death of Mr. Laurence Oliphant are we think, well justified. Though he never did a great deal, or wrote a great book, or carried a great reform, he had a personality which accounted for the expectations that his friends never ceased to entertain. It was always on the cards during his earlier and middle life, that he might be a great explorer, a great diplomat, a great author, or the founder of a new and widely accepted creed. Exceptionally fearless by nature, accustomed from childhood to affairs, and an indefatigable traveller, Mr. Oliphant was possessed by a hungry curiosity which, as it was supported by adequate intelligence, made him, before reaching middle life, one of the best-informed Englishmen alive. He comprehended persons, too, readily, and this without experiencing difficulty from the obstacle of race—to many able men an insuperable obstacle,—and he exercised over inferiors a charm which, in the case of Orientals, often became an affectionate devotion. As he wrote well, talked well, and when in society was a man of society, familiar not only with the laws of that region, but its population, his gifts were recognized; and it is no wonder that he secured a multitude of friends, no one of whom could quite tell why he thought "Oliphant" so remarkable, yet no one of whom ever questioned that he was not quite like the rest.—*The Spectator*.

IT appears from statements in the English papers that the Dutch Cocos, and the imitations of them, contain a considerable percentage of chemicals which are deleterious to health. They are introduced for the purpose of making the mixture more soluble and to give colour and apparent strength to the decoction. The use of chemicals can be readily detected by the peculiar odour from newly opened packages, and from a glass of water in which a small quantity of chemically treated cocoa has been placed and allowed to remain for several days. The Chocolate and Cocoa Preparations of Messrs. Walter Baker & Co. are absolutely pure and free from chemicals or other deleterious substances.

## ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

## THE WEEK

Commences its SIXTH VOLUME with every prospect of a long and brilliant future.

## PRESS OPINIONS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY.

## A Thoroughly Home Enterprise.

Every Canadian must rejoice to see that a periodical so thoroughly a home enterprise as THE WEEK is, appears to be receiving that support which its past record and performances entitle it to ask. While it has been a good paper in the past, its enlargement makes it still more valuable, adding as it does very largely to the amount of matter each number contains, and it is to be hoped that THE WEEK will find such an appreciation of this fact from the people of Canada as will both justify this new evidence of the enterprise of its proprietors, and also disprove the statement that there is not sufficient patriotism in the Dominion to permit of even one Canadian periodical flourishing.—*Daily News-Advertiser, Vancouver*.

## Will Rank with Similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian Journalism and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance*.

## Canada's Leading Literary Journal.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, entered with its number for December 7th upon its sixth year of publication, enlarged so as to give its readers nearly one-half more reading matter each week than heretofore. Further improvements are foreshadowed in the future.—*Educational Journal*.

## Has Become A Necessity.

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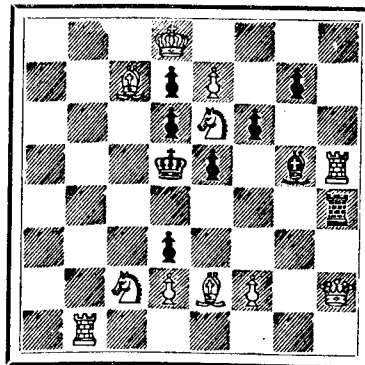
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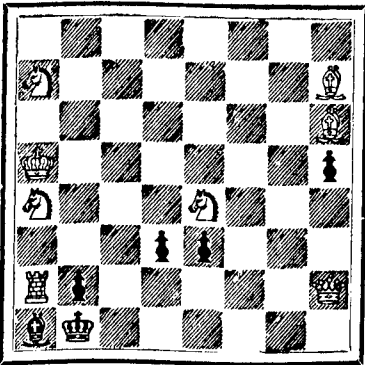
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January, 1889, between Mr. A. T. Davison, of the Toronto Chess Club, and Mr. J. E. Narraway, of the Ottawa Chess Club.

RUY LOPEZ.

- MR. DAVISON. White. 1. P-K 4. 2. Kt-K B 3. 3. B-Kt 5. 4. P-Q 4. 5. P x P. 6. Castles. 7. Q-Q 5. 8. K-R 1 (c). 9. P x Kt. 10. B x Kt. 11. Q-Kt 3. 12. P-B 4. 13. P x P passing. 14. Kt-Kt 5. 15. Kt-KR 3. MR. NARRAWAY. Black. 1. P-K 4. 2. Kt-Q B 3. 3. Kt-B 3. 4. Kt x K P (a). 5. B-B 4. 6. Castles (b). 7. B x P +. 8. Kt-Kt 6 +. 9. B x P. 10. Kt P x B. 11. B-R 3. 12. P-Q 4. 13. Q x P. 14. Q-R 3 +. 15. Q-R 5. MR. DAVISON. White. 16. Kt-R 3. 17. Q-Q B 3. 18. B-B 4 (d). 19. R x B. 20. R-B 2. 21. R-K 1. 22. K-Kt. 23. P-B 5. 24. Kt-B 2. 25. Q-B 4 +. 26. R x B (c). 27. Kt-Q 4. 28. Kt x R. 29. Q x Q. 30. R x P. MR. NARRAWAY. Black. 16. QR-Kt 1. 17. B-B 1. 18. B x B. 19. QR 3. 20. P-K B 4. 21. P-B 5. 22. B-Kt 5. 23. P-B 3. 24. P-B 6. 25. B-K 3. 26. R x R. 27. QR-K 1. 28. Q x Kt. 29. Q x Q. 30. R x P.

The game was prolonged to the 63rd move when Black resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) P x P appears to be the better move. (b) Bad, as White can win the exchange. (c) We should prefer 8. R x B, leading to a less involved position. (d) Well played. (e) Again well played.

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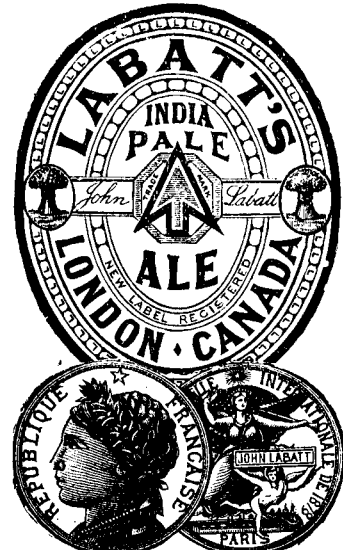
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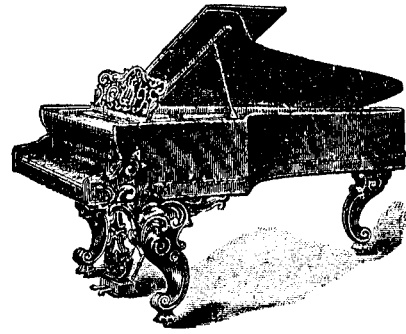
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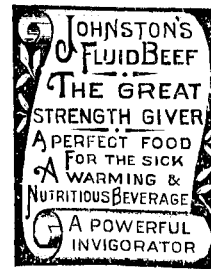
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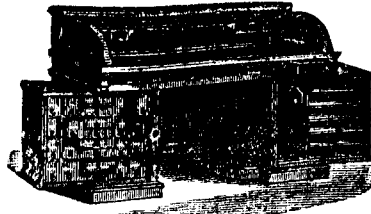
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