

# THE WEEK:

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Sixth Year.  
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TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 5th, 1889.

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2,972 policies were issued, assuring ..... 7,282,295 07  
The total existing assurances in force at 15th November, 1888, amounted to ..... 101,258,149 14  
Of which was re-assured with other offices ..... 6,882,060 00  
The annual revenue amounted at 15th November, 1888, to ..... 4,525,703 13  
The accumulated funds at same date amounted to ..... 34,019,523 27  
Being an increase during the year of ..... 888,470 73

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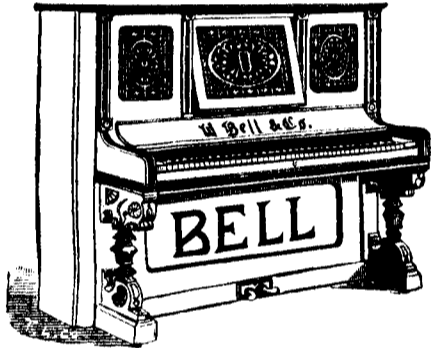
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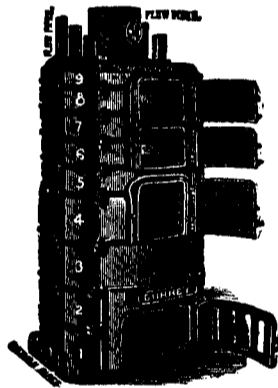
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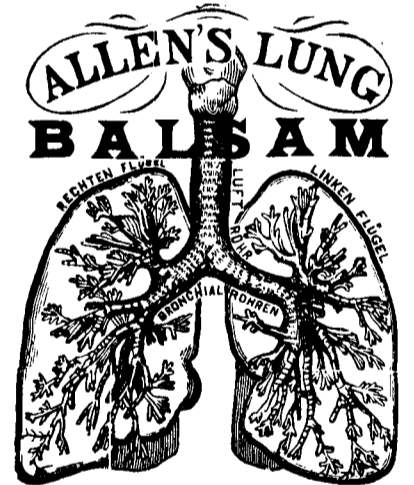
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## THE WEEK :

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

THERE is, probably, no better gauge of the business condition of any country whose banking institutions are on a sound basis than the reports of its leading monetary institutions; and there are certainly no men in this country better qualified to form reliable conclusions and give sound advice on financial matters than the presidents and managers of the chartered banks. The men are chosen for these positions by the suffrages of the leading capitalists, manufacturers and merchants of the community, and may therefore be safely accepted as representative of the widest knowledge and shrewdest foresight to be found in business circles. Not only so, but in virtue of the official responsibilities in connection with these institutions, it becomes their daily duty to study the condition of their country from the business point of view; to note the fluctuations in trade and trace them to their causes; to acquaint themselves with whatever affects, or is likely to affect, whether favourably or adversely, the general prosperity. As a natural result they attain the position of recognized authorities in financial matters, and it is not without good reason that their annual reports and addresses are awaited with great interest in business circles. Investors, merchants, tradesmen and producers all over Ontario will do well to give special heed to the words, whether of encouragement or of warning, which have been spoken during the last two or three weeks by such men as the President and the Manager of the Bank of Commerce, the General Manager of the Merchants Bank, and others. These words are the outcome of close observation and trained foresight, and contain many valuable hints with regard to the causes of success and failure. It is easy to see that, in the opinion of these authorities, those causes are procurable and preventable in a much greater degree than less careful observers are wont to suppose.

THERE is in banking, as in other business affairs, a golden mean, which is more to be desired than any temporary inflation. This mean seems to have been reached by the principal banks in their operations during

the past year. Handsome additions to "rests," dividends of seven and eight per cent., and the respectable sums "carried forward" indicate a degree of prosperity which, in the present state of the world's money markets, must be satisfactory to all who are content with moderate gains. Turning from the facts of special interest to shareholders, Mr. Walker and Mr. Hague, in particular, the General Managers, respectively, of the Bank of Commerce and the Merchants Bank, spoke words of caution which we have not space to quote, but which those interested in, and all who are in any way connected with, trade, manufacturing, and commerce, will do well to study. Mr. Darling, President of the Bank of Commerce, dealt with some matters of special interest to property owners, and those ambitious to become such, in the city of Toronto and its suburbs. The advance in the value of real estate on the business and chief residential streets of the city itself he regards as resting on a substantial and permanent basis, but his warning to speculative builders and speculative purchasers of lots in the suburban districts was emphatic and, no doubt, timely. No one can traverse the newer streets in the city and on its outskirts and note the hundreds of new houses unoccupied without realizing that the warning is needed. The growth of the city is wonderful, both in rapidity and in steadiness, but the increase of population is, nevertheless, a limited quantity, while the provision that is being made for new-comers seems almost unlimited.

ONE subject broached by Mr. Darling, President of the Bank of Commerce, is of the deepest interest to the people of Toronto. We refer to the pressing need which he pointed out, and which is becoming painfully obvious to all thoughtful citizens, of a radical reform in the methods of civic administration. His severe rebuke of those concerned in the threatened breach of faith with regard to the appointment of Court House Commissioners was no doubt echoed by the moral sentiment of the great majority of the ratepayers, and was not, probably, without some effect. But it is becoming clearly and in some respects painfully obvious that this city has outgrown the old, uncertain, aldermanic system, and that the time has come when its wisest men should put their heads together to devise something better. The details of the new administration will need to be carefully and deliberately wrought out, in the light of all the information that can be gained from the experience and experiments of older and larger cities, but there can be little doubt that the general outlines must conform to those briefly sketched by Mr. Darling. In place of a large and constantly changing body of unpaid aldermen, whose minds and bodies alike are kept in a state of oscillation between civic and private offices and occupations, and who may not always be able to distinguish with proper clearness between the two sets of interests, a few men of the highest character and ability, paid to devote their whole time and energies to the administration of the affairs of the city, might in a few years work a change for the better that would fall little short of a moral and financial revolution. If there is amongst us any man with a special talent for organization who would have his name go down to posterity amongst the fathers and benefactors of the city of Toronto, he cannot do better than come forward with a well-devised plan for the future administration of its affairs. It is high time the most thoughtful citizens were studying the hard problem of civic reform, and nothing would give such a stimulus to thought as the submission of one or more well matured schemes for public consideration.

IT is scarcely too much to say that the Jacques Cartier and Brébeuf celebration in Quebec, the other day, has brought the Canadian Confederation face to face with a new issue of the gravest character. Whatever allowance we may make for the excited feelings and utterances of an abnormally excitable people, on the occasion of a celebration which appealed most powerfully at the same moment to their warmest racial and their deepest religious sentiments, and in the presence of a great agitation in a neighbouring Province, in which, view it as we may, they are utterly incapable of seeing anything but a fanatical and unprovoked outburst of hostility to themselves and their

most cherished institutions, it is still impossible to shut our eyes to the significance of the demonstration. That significance is startling. If the reports which reach us may be relied on, our French-Canadian fellow-citizens declare, in the plainest terms their cherished mother tongue can furnish, that their ambition and their aim is to build up, not even an autonomous French Province in an Anglo-Saxon federation, but an independent French-Canadian nation. They even speak of this purpose as already achieved, asking and receiving the blessing of the Pope of Rome upon the "Young French-Canadian nation." This is a bold stand, and one never before distinctly taken. Notwithstanding the occasional extravagances of some of the rasher newspapers, those whom we have been accustomed to regard as the leaders and true representatives of French-Canadian sentiment, from Sir George Cartier to Laurier, have assured us in the strongest language that Great Britain had no more loyal subjects than the French Canadians; that while cherishing their language and their religion, as they have a perfect and natural right to do, their eyes were never turned backward to their mother land, but were steadily fixed on the glorious home of British freedom, under whose banner they had fought and conquered. Is all now changed? It would almost seem so. The broad, statesmanlike utterances of their own eloquent Laurier evoked, we are told, no hearty response, while the fiery harangues of a Mercier, declaring that even "the Rouge and the Bleu must give place to the tricolour," drew forth salvos of applause.

THE French-Canadians are surely ill-advised if they really mean what their Nationalist orators and newspapers declare them to mean. To the fullest measure of local autonomy they are justly entitled. Federation is the only possible form of union for Canada. Many of the most thoughtful and fair-minded men in Ontario are now holding aloof from the agitation against the Jesuit Estates Act because they honestly believe that outside interference with even that Act would be in violation of the spirit and intention of the Federal compact. The French-Canadians would do wisely to retain the sympathies of these men, but such expressions as those which abounded at the Quebec demonstration can only tend to make this impossible. British-Canadians of liberal mind will readily admit the right of their French fellow-citizens to retain their language and their religion, though many of them may demur at the continuance of a system which taxes English-speaking Canadians to aid in the perpetuation of the one, and pledges the Canadian Constitution to safeguard the State-aided propagation of the other. But all will unite in drawing the line this side of a "French-Canadian Nation." The northern half of this continent is British, and must remain so. It must be dominated by British institutions and ideas. Its civilization must remain Anglo-Saxon. Civil and religious freedom are and must continue to be the basal principle of those institutions and that civilization. It would be, we suppose, a thankless and hopeless task to attempt to show such men as Mr. Mercier that the parallelism it is attempted to establish between the toleration of Ontario and that of Quebec does not really exist; that the public schools of the former are unsectarian, those of the latter intensely clerical; and that while toleration has a meaning easily understood as applied to French institutions and ideas in a British Dominion, it is meaningless as applied to Anglo-Saxon ideas and usages in any Province of a British Dominion. English civilization and Christianity are irrevocably pledged to the fullest measure of civil and religious liberty everywhere within British domains, but the logical answer to defiance flung forth in the name of a "French-Canadian Nation" would be the abrogation of Separate schools in Ontario, and of every vestige of connection between State and Church in Quebec, in the name of the equal rights and the individual freedom which are, or should be, the birthright of Anglo-Saxon citizenship everywhere. We should regard it as equally unpatriotic and unchristian to say a word calculated to disturb the harmony that should exist between English and French-speaking Canadians, but it would be recreancy to every high trust to admit, even by silence, the possibility of any other than an Anglo-Saxon nation ever being founded in the northern half of North America, entrusted, as it is, to Canadian keeping.



IT is not necessarily dispraise of Sir Richard Cartwright as an orator or a statesman to say that the burden of one of his public addresses can generally be predicted with tolerable certainty, and that its prevailing note will be pessimistic. These oratorical characteristics are, we suppose, meritorious or otherwise just in proportion to the truth or falsity of the premises from which the speaker reasons. If the Dominion has been and is being so sadly misgoverned as Sir Richard affirms and essays to prove; if its politics have been corrupted, its resources squandered, its population driven away, its present blighted and its future mortgaged to anything like the extent he maintains, his jeremiads are but the measure of his honesty and his patriotism. Leaving the hearers and the readers of his Saturday's speech to settle those questions for themselves in the light of the formidable array of figures and alleged facts laid before them, we turn to another paragraph of his speech which more particularly invites comment just now. We refer to his manly defence of his vote and that of his fellow Liberals on the motion for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act. When he puts it to all honest men throughout the country, How could men of the Liberal party, one of the main planks of whose platform has been that the rights of every Province should be respected, that each Province should be supreme in the sphere which the Constitution had assigned to it, have turned back in their own course, and been false to their own record? he puts a question which has always seemed to us simply unanswerable. It has, no doubt, been a wonder to many that leading members of Sir Richard's party have hitherto been so slow to accept the popular challenge and come forward in defence of their action in this matter. Perhaps now that Sir Richard has broken the ice others will pluck up courage and follow the lead.

THE matter of chief interest in Sir Richard's speech, at the present juncture, is his attempt to formulate a principle, or rule, to guide Dominion Ministries in the right use of the veto power. Opinions on this difficult point have hitherto oscillated between two inadmissible extremes. The theory that the power of disallowance vested in the central Government is virtually unconditional and absolute, and the antithetical theory that it is valid in regard only to measures which are unconstitutional or *ultra vires*, vorge equally on the absurd. The one view would do away with provincial autonomy and place the provinces under an Ottawa despotism to which they would never submit. The other would make the veto power a farce, as being both meaningless and useless for any practical purpose. But if the truth lies between the extremes how and where shall it be located and defined? Sir Richard's speech presents the latest attempt to answer this question, and coming from so high an authority, the answer is at least worthy of respectful consideration. Here it is in his own words: "The veto power of the Dominion Government may be exercised as a right in just such a way and on just such terms as the veto committed by the Constitution to the British Government may be exercised with respect to the Acts of the Federal Parliament. You will not find the British Government interfering with the Acts of the Federal Parliament in any matter whatever which comes fairly within its jurisdiction, and precisely the same language, precisely the same words, identically the same terms are used in the Constitutional Act defining the right of interference by the Dominion Government as are used with respect to the right of interference by the British Government with Federal Acts. I know right well how a Canadian Parliament and how the Canadian people would resent any interference from Downing Street with Acts formally passed by their Legislature. And I say that if our Constitution is to be worked at all you must extend to the Local Legislatures the rights and privileges which you yourselves have claimed and maintained, and which you are prepared to maintain against the British Government should it unfairly interfere with you." This is, so far as we are aware, a new view of the case. The argument certainly has considerable logical cogency. But if this were accepted as the standard of interpretation, we fear it would not settle the difficulty, since the same kind of reasoning which now avails to persuade hundreds of intelligent men that the Federal Government is in duty bound to veto the Jesuits' Estates' Act of Quebec, would be equally cogent to convince them that, *mutatis mutandis*, the British Government would not hesitate, in a parallel case, to veto similar legislation by the Canadian Parliament.

THE elaborate explanation of the working of the Public and Separate Schools Acts, given by the Minister of Education in his speech at the Liberal picnic, on Saturday, fails to remove the inconsistencies in the provisions of those Acts to which we have before adverted. The Minister's statement is in one important respect satisfactory. It commits the Government for whom he speaks to the distinct declaration that the law "presumes every ratepayer to be a Public School supporter," and of course to a distinct denial of the position that the law, as it now stands, presumes every Catholic ratepayer to be a Separate School supporter. This is as it should be, and having laid down this principle it follows, as a matter of course, that the Government will promptly remove or amend any clause of the Acts which seems to be at variance with it. Such a clause is, surely, that which requires the assessor to accept the statement made in behalf of any ratepayer that he is a Roman Catholic as sufficient *prima facie* evidence that he is a Separate School supporter. The merest tyro cannot fail to see that this clause runs counter to the legal presumption above mentioned. And every one who knows anything of the working of such statutes, must know that these *prima facie* assumptions are of very great practical importance. The Minister of Education points out, no doubt with perfect accuracy, that "if any ratepayer goes before the Court of Revision and asks for proof that any Catholic desires to become a Separate School supporter and the proof is not forthcoming in the form of a notice from the Catholic himself or his agent, then such Catholic cannot be assessed as a Separate School supporter." But it makes an immense difference in such cases upon whom the burden of taking the initiative is made to rest. If, as the foregoing statement implies, it rests upon some second party not directly interested, the presumption is that in nine cases out of ten no action will be taken and the proof required will not be demanded. But on the principle laid down by Mr. Ross himself that every ratepayer is legally presumed to be a Public School supporter, nothing can be clearer than that the Catholic ratepayer who wishes to be rated as a Separate School supporter should, in every case, be required to take the initiatory step. The law should be so amended as to leave no doubt or confusion in regard to this matter.

WITH the Government's programme, as laid down by Mr. Ross, for dealing with the schools in the French sections of the Province, no fairminded Canadian can find much fault. There is, indeed, some speciousness in the Minister's careful bracketing of "French" with "German" in all his remarks, on the assumption that every objection that applies to the one applies also to the other. Seeing that the main objections are based on national considerations, and that no one suspects the Germans in Canada of cherishing any distinctive national or race ambitions, or any determined hostility to ultimate assimilation, the essential difference in the two cases is not very hard to discover. But as a defence of his own administration the Minister's historical and political sketch was effective, while his policy in regard to the future, if honestly carried out, should, we think, satisfy any Canadian who has any facility in putting himself in his neighbour's place. To press steadily, prudently and reasonably for the same proficiency in English in the schools of Ontario in which French and German are taught; as in the Public Schools where only English is taught; to carry out at the earliest opportunity measures for training the teachers of French schools in correct methods of teaching English; to see with all convenient and reasonable speed that none but authorized text books are used in these schools in any subject; to refuse permits or new certificates to all teachers unable to teach English, and to do all this in the spirit in which one should deal with fellow citizens, not with aliens, will be, perhaps, to go about as far and as fast in the direction of reform as either a true patriotism or a sound statesmanship would warrant. In one particular, if the *Globe's* report be accepted as accurate, the Minister seems to leave himself open to a charge of using the arts of the politician by paltering with his hearers in a double sense. He states distinctly and with ample arguments that the Government will not prohibit absolutely the study of French or German in any school where the local wants of the population render a knowledge of these languages desirable or necessary, but whether the Government will concede or refuse the demand that English only be made the language of instruction in all state-aided schools, deponent, so far as we are able to discover, saith not, unless, indeed, the affirmative is implied in the promise with regard to the use of none but authorized text books. If by this is meant text-books in English only, we venture to predict

that the "convenient and reasonable speed" will prove a veritable snail's pace. As we have before suggested, the natural solution of the difficulty will, it seems to us, be found only in a bi-lingual series of text-books.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S rejoinder to Vice-Chancellor Mulock has been published, and both sides of the question are now before the public and the Government. To many the question will seem, after all, to be not a very large one, yet it is educationally important. Principal Grant has done wisely in seeking to put aside all irrelevant matter and fix attention directly upon the point at issue. That point is whether the matriculation standards in Ontario are what they ought to be, and, if not, how shall they be improved. If we are not mistaken most of those who have some claim to be reckoned among our educational authorities, including many of the alumni and other warm friends of Toronto University, are agreed that the standards need to be raised and improved so far as the subjects chosen and the amount of work indicated are concerned. Very many, too, will, we believe, agree in the opinion that the choice of examiners by the University Senate is not always of the wisest character, and, especially, that no man, young or old, no matter what his literary attainments, can be qualified to perform the delicate functions of such an office, so long as he has no practical acquaintance with the science and art of teaching. From this point of view it can hardly be doubted that an Examining Board, representing the combined wisdom and experience of all the Universities, should meet the conditions of the problem better than any other arrangement. Would putting the formation of Matriculation standards and the application of Matriculation tests into the hands of such a Board, be equivalent to bringing the secondary education of the country under denominational control, or involve the slightest departure from the present purely secular system? If we thought it would, we should be among the first to object and oppose. Any change involving this effect would be inimical to the best interests of both the Provincial and the voluntary Universities. Dr. Grant ridicules the idea that anything of the kind would be involved, and we confess that with our present light his argument, drawn in part from the fact that at present the Senate of Toronto has on it representatives, not only of denominational institutions but of purely theological colleges, appears conclusive on the point. What is wanted is not a departure from the sound educational principles now established, but a more effective application of these principles, wherever possible. Whatever promises to raise the average of preparation for and of educational training in the Universities, both Provincial and denominational, will tend in this direction, and deserves attentive consideration.

NOT only the graduates and undergraduates of Toronto University, but many other friends and admirers of the late Professor Young, will, we are sure, require no urging to induce them to respond promptly and heartily to the appeal of the large and influential body of gentlemen constituting the "Young Memorial Committee." With regard to the propriety and desirability of establishing some fitting and lasting memorial of the deceased there can be no two opinions: Those especially—and we believe they are many—who are conscious of having received from him such impulse and inspiration as will be helpful to them through all their future lives, will not willingly let the memory of their benefactor perish, but will rather desire to do all in their power to make the good that he has done live after him, in other lives as well as their own. The committee have, after deliberation, thought it best to indicate \$10,000 as the sum to be asked for. They also request contributors to state whether they would prefer that the memorial should take the form of a work of art or a scholarship. Some have suggested both, but the amount named would clearly be inadequate for the two objects. The committee, no doubt acting wisely and on the best information attainable, have decided on what they deem practicable. Were it otherwise, we could have wished that they might have seen their way clear to set their financial mark very much higher and aim at the establishment of a new Chair in some branch of study akin to that to which the lamented professor was so enthusiastically devoted. But assuming that this fittest and most unobjectionable form of memorial is out of the question, we can only hope that the response made to the committee's circular will be such as to enable them to proceed at once to the accomplishment of one or the other of the objects proposed.

THE correspondence recently published between Mr. S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, and the Canadian Minister of Customs, suggests some very interesting and perplexing questions. Mr. Ritchie, speaking on behalf of some of the ablest and best capitalists in the United States, proposes to carry on at Sudbury, in Ontario, mining and manufacturing operations on an immense scale, involving the expenditure of not less than \$25,000 per day, on condition of receiving a liberal bonus in aid of a railway and the free admission of mining machinery and coke. The Government has the question under consideration. So far as the free admission of the machinery and coke are concerned, most persons would think it a most un-national policy that would permit the question of taxes on these articles to prevent the establishment of a great industry. The giving of the railway bonus, too, provided the enterprise can be shown to be safe and *bona fide*, would be quite in accordance with the railway policy of the present Government. To many minds the proposal of such a transaction suggests a much larger question. It is evident that strangers would not come into the country and invest their capital in such an enterprise unless they were tolerably certain of realizing a handsome, probably an immense, profit. This profit, if realized, will come out of the products of Canadian soil—products which belong naturally to the people of the country. It is, of course, vastly better that these natural products should be turned to account, money put into circulation and employment given to many, in the process of enriching a foreign company, than that the resources of the country should remain undeveloped. Nothing better is, we suppose, possible under present circumstances. But may not a higher stage of political development be expected at some future day, in which the natural wealth embedded in the soil shall be drawn forth and utilized for the benefit of the owners of the soil—the people of the country to whom it really belongs—rather than for that of any individuals?

THE New York *Independent*, while referring approvingly to the Weldon Extradition Act, passed by the Canadian Parliament, and now awaiting only the sanction of the Imperial authorities in order to become law, says that the United States cannot reciprocate the compliment by passing a similar law for the delivery of fugitive criminals to Canada, since Congress has no power to legislate on the subject of international extradition treaties, and since the several States, as such, have no power to deal with the question at all. If the *Independent* is correct, this is a singular instance of the manner in which the hands of the Government and people of the United States are tied by the Constitution, with the result of putting it out of the power of the Republic to enact such measures governing its relations to another and friendly people as would clearly be in the interests of justice and morality for both nations. The *Independent* adds: "The true remedy—the one alike needed in both countries—is a new extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain, enlarging the list of extradition crimes. The treaty of 1842, as experience abundantly proves, is entirely inadequate to the demands of justice in modern times; and it is creditable to neither country that this treaty has not long since been revised and improved." It is certainly not creditable to the United States that such action has not been taken, but it might puzzle the *Independent* to show what more Great Britain could have done than she has done to further the arrangements. The *Independent* frankly admits that the Senate made a mistake in refusing to ratify the treaty negotiated under the Cleveland administration, and hopes that President Harrison will renew the effort to secure a suitable treaty between the two countries on the subject.

#### THE ANTI-JESUIT CRUSADE.

WE are not disposed to look unkindly upon the recent uprising in Ontario against the Jesuit incorporation in Quebec. On the whole we regard this effervescence as wholesome, and as indicative of a right determination on the part of our fellow-citizens. The only thing we fear is that it may turn out to be what our neighbours call a fizzle. And a knowledge of history makes us dread that this may be the end of it. The Reformation is not played out. The principles which were enunciated by the leaders in the Reformation movement are eternal; and no State, so far, has ever prospered, which has negatived these principles. But there are different ways of asserting them, and we doubt whether they have been asserted in the best possible way during the last few months. Some of us are old enough to remember the sensation caused in

England by the creation of Roman Catholic Bishoprics in England by Pius the Ninth. Some of us can remember the excited meetings—far more excited than the recent assemblages in Ontario—which were held in all the principal towns and cities of the Mother Country, when the Pope was denounced and the supremacy of the English crown was declared. Some of us can remember the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" of 1851. We can remember it, and we know its results! "The boy who chalked up 'No Popery' and ran away," was Lord John Russell; and the English people made themselves merry over him; but he was their representative. The English people did then chalk up "No Popery" in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and they ran away, for no one was ever called to account for violating that Act of the Imperial Parliament.

We believe that the time is coming when Canadians will be able to consider calmly what some of them have been saying about this incorporation of the Jesuits. We think as they do about this dangerous Order. We think as they do about the Church that is under the rule of this Order. But we hesitate to affirm all their statements as to the best way of dealing with the state of circumstances in which we now find ourselves. We are not quite sure that the Dominion Government and the House of Commons at Ottawa were altogether in the wrong when they refused to negative the action of the Legislature of Quebec. We may be quite sure that, if we had been members of that Legislature, we should have voted against the incorporation of the Jesuits. But are we satisfied that we have the right to negative the action of that Legislature? When we have men like Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Edward Blake refusing to do so, are we certain that they are wrong, and that we should be right in opposing them?

Before we answer that question, we must make some other points more clear. For example, as we have said, we are dead against the Jesuits. We are dead against their theology and their ethics. Moreover, we are quite agreed with those who declare that it is our duty to inquire into the constitutional character of the Act of Incorporation. If it can be proved that the Legislature of Quebec had no right to incorporate this Society, that their doing so was an infringement of the Constitution under which we live, let that be proved, and the "question falls." The Jesuits are not incorporated and there is an end of it. But, when we are asked to go further, and to reverse the action of the Quebec Legislature and the Dominion Government; when we are told that whether the incorporation is legal or not it is our business to quash it, we hesitate to accept this view of our duty. And we do so on the double ground of *right* and *expediency*. Have we a right, then, to interfere with a sister Province, and, even if we have a right, shall we be benefiting the commonwealth by interfering with them in this matter? In answering these questions, we must draw attention to some points which are in danger of being overlooked.

In the first place, it is forgotten by some of those who are taking part in the present agitation that Jesuitism is now Romanism and Romanism is Jesuitism. There was a time when Jesuitism was merely a tolerated party or movement in the Church of Rome. The representatives of that policy were known as Ultramontanes or Curialists. They were simply an extreme Papal party. Now they are the Church of Rome. There is no essential point for which the Jesuits contended which they have not gained. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope has been promulgated by an Ecumenical Council and accepted by the whole Church. Any one who now questions that judgment is not rejecting a tolerated opinion, he is denying part of the faith of the Church, one of her accepted dogmas, he is, in fact, guilty of heresy; and, if he avails himself of any of the sacraments of the Church while holding such opinions, he is guilty of sacrilege.

The Jesuits were great advocates of the *cultus* of the blessed Virgin Mary. They have had their way. That which the Council of Trent refused to do, Pius the Ninth did when he proclaimed the immaculate conception of the Virgin "Mother of God." The great Council refused to formulate the dogma and resolved to leave the denial of it as a tolerated opinion. Although the new doctrine was not put forth by a Council, it was accepted by the whole Roman communion, and so has obtained a place beside the doctrine of the Trinity, as part of the Catholic Faith. Besides, the papal decrees, when spoken *ex cathedra* and addressed to the whole Church, are now declared to be irrefragable and infallible, apart from and without the consent of the Church (*sine consensu Ecclesie*).

On another point the Jesuits have triumphed. We refer to their oft-accused casuistry. Every one has heard

of the wonderful discipline by which the Jesuits have become the greatest directors and confessors in the Church of Rome. They have reduced this part of their sacerdotal work to a science. We do not blame them for this, we applaud them. It is only when any kind of work is done scientifically—that is, methodically and on principle—that it can be done satisfactorily. A casuist is not an enemy of society: he is a necessary appendix to the moralist. Jeremy Taylor, the Anglican, and Richard Baxter, the Presbyterian, have treated at large of "Cases of Conscience." The Jesuit Casuistry cannot be blamed for existing, but only for being what it is. It has been thus condemned by some of the greatest of the sons of the Roman Church. Every one has heard of Pascal's "Provincial Letters"; and, if Pascal was not always fair to the Jesuits, he certainly made out a very damning case against them. But how stands the matter now? We think we may say that, as in other matters, the Jesuits have triumphed here. The Jesuit casuistry is that of the Roman Catholic seminary and confessional.

This last statement is made on no more general grounds. It is susceptible of particular proof. We know what are the manuals and text-books put into the hands of those who are preparing for the Priesthood. There is no secret or mystery about it. Great mistakes are made by some Protestant orators when they speak of people being secret Jesuits and the like. No doubt, Jesuits have been sent on particular missions without being known as such. The Jesuit is not under the ordinary obligation of wearing the clerical habit. He does not, like members of other religious orders, wear the tonsure. But the Jesuit is a priest, and his Order is not a private society. He is also quite explicit in his teaching. Now, the text-books on practical Moral Theology most commonly used in Roman Seminaries at the present time are those of Gury and Scavini. They are, in many respects, works of great ability and excellence. Few persons, called to decide doubtful cases of conscience, will consult either of them without advantage. But on all the points in which the Jesuits are supposed to be distinguished in their casuistry, these books are Jesuit. Gury is himself a Jesuit; and it would be his glory that he follows the great masters of his Society, Suarez, Sanchez, and the rest of them. Scavini founds his treatise mainly upon the principles of Liguori, who was not a Jesuit, but a Redemptorist; but there is no essential difference between the schools. We could give some startling examples of Roman casuistry from either, if that were our design. But this is not our purpose. We have, at present, nothing at all to do with the teaching of the Church of Rome in general, or with the teaching of the Jesuits in particular, except in one way. We are merely pointing out that Roman theory and teaching are Jesuit theory and teaching; that, in attacking the Jesuits, we are attacking the Church of Rome.

Now, we have, of course, no objection to attacking the Church of Rome; but it is just as well that we should know what we are doing and how best to do it. It is a complete mistake to separate Jesuitism and Romanism; for they cannot now be separated. We may suppress the Jesuit order, as is done in France and Germany; but we can suppress Jesuit principles only by suppressing the Roman Church itself. And it seems that, in modern times, we have made up our minds to suppress opinions only by means of arguments. We are not arguing on behalf of the Jesuits. We do not differ from the opinions which have been expressed—often eloquently, almost always loudly—at recent public meetings. But we want it to be known and understood that the principles denounced are not merely those of a particular society, but those of the whole Latin Church.

There is another part of the subject the consideration of which we must defer, namely, the question as to the right of the Province of Ontario to interfere in this matter with the Province of Quebec, and the expediency of so interfering, if the right exists.

#### CONCERNING RELIGION IN JAPAN, AND SOMETHING ABOUT BUDDHA.

THE introduction of Christianity into Japan is like the introduction of a bit of mediæval European furniture into a Japanese room. This means nothing derogatory to the furniture, and no reflection upon the room, but only that the effect of the two together seems highly incongruous. The religion of the Japanese is a natural outcome of the requirements of their hearts, and unless religion is an outcome of the requirements of the heart, it is worthless. The Japanese are by nature gay, free-hearted, superficial. They laugh most of their lives, and go to their grave in a

brightly decorated white wooden box. How are you to get such people to understand, much less to adopt sincerely, a faith that offers consolations of which they do not feel the need, rewards that differ very widely from their ideas of pleasure, and preaches a life of renunciation when they possess already so little. How can the worshippers of the smiling Buddha transfer their allegiance to the Mater Dolorosa? I went to service at one of the Mission Homes. The room was filled with small *O Kiku Sans*. They looked like butterflies in school! I went again to service in the Catholic Church. The *Ok' Sans* there, taught that women must not enter church bareheaded, had thrown white nun-like veils over their fantastic coiffures, and when they tottered up to the altar to receive the sacrament I am very much afraid they made almost a tea-house bow! Taro San, who stood beside me, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

People talk a great deal of nonsense about missionaries in Japan, people who have never been within the doors of a Mission House, and who only listen to yarning sea captains, foreign tradesmen, and foreign teachers unfit for work at home. The missionaries whom we saw were honest and well educated; they lived pure lives and worked hard; but the other European residents were not all honest and well educated, and some of them were anything but exemplary. The consequence is that the latter are always trying to pick out faults in the former, and the former, except the Catholic ones, whose usual tact gains them the good opinion of everybody, not being conciliatory, it makes matters worse. Missionaries ought to be conciliatory, they ought to be people of wide sympathies and large culture, and fine perceptions; but people of wide sympathies and large culture, and fine perceptions, don't always want to exile themselves in Japan. Then, again, they shouldn't begin by teaching jinrikisha men, and such silly little things as Tomi and O Kiku San the Athanasian Creed, or *Pater Nosters*, or the Shorter Catechism, otherwise they will make hypocrites of them. They must first show an example of justice and kindness, and instruct them in matters pertaining to the new civilization generally; the rest will come later. But perhaps it won't come, for the Japanese are sceptical; then they have a great veneration for their ancestors, which is the soul of Shintoism; and again the golden-faced Buddha is fascinating to look upon. What then? Why, the new civilization will progress just the same, and there will be less hypocrisy, that is all. With this new civilization, however, the veneration for their ancestors is bound to decrease eventually, though scepticism may spread, and Buddhism! Japanese Buddhism is so essentially Japanese, so visible a part of that unique, artistic whole, that one hates to see it eradicated, banished.

The golden-faced Buddha is very fascinating. We used to stand staring at little images of him in the wood-carver's shops, and we always lingered longest in the temples that were his. You cannot be long in Japan without loving Buddha. At first, as he sits enthroned on the lotus with crossed limbs and folded hands, indifferent eyes and incomprehensible smile, you look at him despairing. He seems so cold, so oblivious of you and your world, so filled with the concerns of a universe of which you know nothing. And then you change; you begin slowly, gradually, to understand. His smile is the smile of eternal sunshine, his eyes are fixed upon those things alone worth contemplating, and if he is indifferent to the foibles that distress you, it is because he would have you indifferent, too. The pale saints of Christianity have come down to suffer with men on the earth; Buddha lifts men up to smile with him above the world's sorrows.

Buddha's two loveliest temples are at Nikko, and Asakusa near Tokyo. At Asakusa what crowds! What hideous splendour! What exuberance of life! From the entrance to the Temple Grounds far up to the Temple steps, a vast picturesque multitude swayed constantly hither and thither. We joined it, and we entered an immense chamber decorated with fantastic pictures, huge paper lanterns swinging from the roof, and many tiny shrines. Men were emptying the wooden coffers before each of these of their mountains of copper coin. Men were selling charms. Men and women and children, young girls and boys, stood before a great open-work screen veiling the inner glory of the Temple, and bowed their heads, clapped their hands, and murmured their prayers, while people about them talked and walked, and the money offerings to the gods flew whizzing past their heads and went clattering into the money boxes.

We were permitted to see behind the screen. We found a high altar covered with palely burning lights, exquisite embroideries, delicate wood work, and offerings of food; smaller shrines with gods infuriated, gods indifferent, lacquered floors, dim chambers, mysterious pictures and misty incense, and alone, seemingly above all even here Buddha smiling in gold.

At Nikko, Buddha's home is among the other temples there where it is very still and always green and very beautiful, where the only sound is that of the bells every now and again like little wails, and the eternal murmurings of the pines, murmuring over and over and over an echo of unanswered prayers. Buddha sits in the sanctum sanctorum, a colossal figure rising from the floor to the roof, most majestic, most beautiful, most worshipful in the dim light of the inner chamber.

All I brought away from Nikko was a tiny sort of cardboard tryptich having on its three outer sides a bit of

rich brocade, and Buddha painted on a gold background within. Buddha sat, as ever, with crossed limbs, upraised hand, strangely smiling lips, and downcast eyes, sits enthroned on his lotus that rises with a number of smaller lotuses from what is meant to be a turbid miry pool, although it is painted blue. I find my little work of art very beautiful and I love to ponder over it, and while I ponder I think this,—that our lives must be like the lotus, beautiful and pure though standing in the mire; that our souls must be like Buddha.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### LONGINGS.

THEY'VE perished, the blossoms of May-time  
That burdened the air with perfume,  
The lilacs, that rivalled the day-time  
In brightness, and filled all the room;  
In the garden I muse, where the roses  
Distil all their fragrance to air,  
By the vine-covered wall that discloses  
A scene passing fair.

I muse, and I long for the ocean  
That bears the white ships on their way,  
That pulses and throbs with emotion,  
And scatters its fume and its spray—  
The ocean that sleeps in the gloaming  
And basks in the sunshine of June,  
That for ever is laughing or moaning,  
At midnight or noon.

The sea, where the white ships are winging  
Their way to some tropical strand,  
Or the sweet breath of spices are bringing  
To float through our cold northern land;  
The sea, its weird symphonies sounding  
On headland and wide reaching bay,  
With deep voice its riddles propounding,  
For ever and aye.

Crows quarrel around me and bluster  
From their family tree on the height,  
Then cease their debating and cluster  
Together, all ready for flight;  
The garden is full of rejoicing  
With song of the bird and the bee,  
But, amid their gay carols and voicing,  
I long for the sea.

Kingston, July, 1889.

K. L. JONES.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

A MATTER of much general interest has just been discussed in the Board of Trade. After taking steps to aid the City Council to procure from the Government adequate wharf accommodation for the arrival of immigrants, and also the substitution of arc for incandescent lights on the canals, the report was received from the special committee appointed to consider the protest of the Dominion Live Stock Association against the agreement entered into by the Allen, Dominion, and Beaver Line Steamship Companies by which they could effect independent insurance. The committee objected strongly to combinations of all kinds, but in this case found the action of the steamship lines partly justified by the insurance pools; that the arrangement does not appear to have been unfavourable to the live stock export trade, and that the grievance of the Stock Association was mainly one of feeling, and arose largely from lack of information regarding the constitution and regulations of the Lloyds. The committee, nevertheless, admitted the existence of three serious causes of complaint: 1. That shippers are compelled to take out their insurance policies of the three steamship lines. 2. That while ships are compelled to carry 10 per cent. of the insurance themselves, they are not allowed to carry more. 3. That while in case of partial loss a shipper may claim a certain amount, the steamship lines refuse to modify their policies so that a shipper may claim full value for total loss, an event over which the shipper has evidently no control. The Board recorded its opinion that the practice of ship-owners forcing shippers to include insurance in the rate of freight is wrong in principle and opposed to free competition and the best interests of trade.

The Reading Room of the Board was the scene of an event of quite a different nature a day or two before, when Mr. A. P. Watt was honoured by his confreres in commerce with an address and testimonial of a very substantial description. The address explained that the courtesy was on account of Mr. Watt's great ability and untiring exertions in the service of the trade of the city. Mr. Watt is a gentleman, broad and liberal-minded, who has been unflinching in zeal for our harbour improvements, the deepening of our river, the removal of canal restrictions, hospital efficiency, and our trade and civic welfare in general.

In connection with the sittings of the Episcopal Synod last week, a question came up which led the reverend fathers of that august body a little beyond their depth. The ground of voting at vestry meetings was gone over, and caused a long discussion on the expediency of extending to non-members the power to vote. The motion excluding non-members from that privilege was adopted, though not without some staunch opposition, and as there still existed some ambiguity of expression, a further motion

was brought up to restrict the vestry vote to *men*. The arguments in favour of this made an unwitting revelation regarding the Apostolic bear and forbear of these deliberative meetings. There are "wranglings in vestries," at which "the refinement of women would be out of place." Their admission would "destroy their holy influence and produce discord at home." "Women ought to be revered." "It would be a degradation to introduce them." "Home is their sphere." "Their influence is there." "Because of men's respect for women they should support the motion." "Women's beautiful and sacred sphere was outside of vestries." "Men should deplore the necessity for women to compete with men for bread," "Should shield them from the responsibility." "They did not *deserve* the position." "Their admission to vestries would produce discord in their homes, and would array women against their relatives."

One fence-rider would not exclude them at one sweep, but would be inclined to extend some leniency to "widows and spinsters." The opposition contended that the presence of women would have a "softening effect upon the wrangling." "Women were often better churchmen than men." "If women attended, the cabals would cease." "What would the world do without the admirable work of women in the church?" "How could we raise money without them?" "All who contribute should be represented, and women often give more than men." "In heathen temples women were nowhere, but in Christianity there is neither male nor female." One holy father hoped that neither the motion to exclude women at one sweep nor the amendment to exclude them by degrees should pass, and advocated letting women decide it for themselves.

Without touching on the affecting scenes from which the reverence for womanhood would exclude her refining and ennobling influence, or the necessity for reform therein, the Synod proceeded to take its vote on the question. The motion was carried by a majority of about ten per cent., almost equally divided between the clergy and the laity—which means that in matters of disability and punishment, of disgrace and sin, of the terrors of the law for evil-doers, woman is included in mankind; and in any question of equality or privilege, a statutory disqualification must be imposed defining mankind as applying exclusively to men. Seldom has a body of men made themselves more supremely ridiculous. Time enough to exclude women when they ask for admission, and then it will naturally, in this as in most things, be capacity and not sex which will constitute the qualification, and incapacity the disqualification. Natural aptitude is a law which the reverend gentlemen seem to have overlooked, but which is nevertheless as irresistible in its power as it is secret and silent in operation.

The scheme for the amalgamation of the General Hospital with the proposed Royal Victoria (the gift of Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen) has been under consideration of special committees of the respective institutions for some months. Thus far the practical advance towards such a desirable end has not been great. The General is naturally solicitous about maintaining its identity, and while the Victoria must be more or less influenced by the actual and prior existence of the General, its prime duty is evidently to secure one grand and harmonious institution. The committee for the General Hospital has reported that before proceeding further with negotiations, it is expedient to test the sense of the Board of Governors upon points which appear to be essential conditions for the carrying out of the proposed union:—1. That the site chosen for the Royal Victoria Hospital shall be accepted and forthwith built upon, and that all indoor work shall be ultimately carried on there; and 2. That the proposed amalgamation shall be of the nature of an absolute fusion of the two institutions into one corporation, to take effect as soon as the building of the new hospital is completed. The special committee gave no collective deliverance upon these conditions, but, after full discussion, the Board reviewed the entire negotiations, and a motion to the effect that the site for the proposed Victoria is unsuited to a general hospital, and that the Montreal General Hospital should continue as heretofore to do its own work in all its departments and on its present site, was merely postponed.

In connection with these medical matters comes in the report of the Medical Faculty of McGill University anent Women's Medical Education, which is in favour of a separate college, to be incorporated and affiliated when in full and successful operation.

VILLE MARIE.

### LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS.—I.

TO MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

YOUR countryman, Carlyle, has said in one of his memorable essays that, "could ambition always choose its own path, and were will in human undertakings synonymous with faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters." That you are an ambitious man is proved on your own evidence, and that you are not without faculty might seem to be demonstrated by your triumphs in a comparatively high and difficult realm of literature. There can be no question regarding the genuineness of your success. A very wide circle of readers is waiting impatient to catch every sentence it may please you to utter, if not quite as though you were a Delphic Oracle pouring out words of celestial wisdom, at all events as if you were a wizard who could charm an audience into momentary forgetfulness of the fret and fume of this feverish life. Moreover, the critics are almost unanimously



with you, more unanimously perhaps than with any other novelist of the day, certainly far more unanimously than with any of the younger authors; so that it may be justly said you have conquered, and are fairly entitled to the spoils of the victor; to the golden guineas and the laurel crown, or, as the vulgar might say, to the pudding and the praise.

It is no mean achievement to make a name in English letters even to day: for despite the dolorous croaking of pessimists, the wailing of octogenarians over a fabled past and a decadent present, there is really a good deal of literary talent in England just now. If there are no "Hamlets," or "Tom Joneses" or "Kenilworths" being produced, we have production in every respect superior to the "Oliver Twists" and the "Pelhams" of a preceding generation. So long as we have men like yourself labouring in the realm of fiction we may hold up our heads with self-respect, feeling that our appearance, if neither very grand nor very imposing, is at least eminently respectable. If we cannot aspire to the dignity of riding in a chariot, we may with perfect congruity keep our gig.

Public men, it was long ago observed, are public property, and none is more peculiarly the people's thrall than an author. I will not, therefore, be exceeding the right conferred by my infinitesimal proprietary interest in you if I glance briefly at the grounds whereon your fame rests. I shall be very frank, withholding neither praise nor blame where it seems to me to be deserved; and I am sure you will not take offence at anything said in justice and sincerity.

You have done something on many lines of intellectual activity. According to your own account you have written innumerable dramas which have never seen the light. Presumably because they were not worth publishing; for it is not your habit to withhold anything that can be of the least possible interest to your literary admirers. So considerate are you in this respect, indeed, that at an early age you have given to the world personal memoirs which most authors reserve either for the very close of their careers or for posthumous publication. There is no reason at all why an author should not admit the public to his inner sanctuary early instead of late, if it shall so please him. Indeed the time may be at hand when a writer will begin with a volume of personal gossip; and I make no doubt that the world would be charmed with a description of a great man's struggles in teething, and his delight on first taking a rattle into his baby hand. Your volume of memoirs is so interesting that we shall be glad to have more as soon as leisure or inclination may prompt you to be gracious. But memoir writing is only your amusement; your proper work lies in the realms of poetry, criticism and romance.

It is a fact of which you are doubtless conscious that if you had not been first favourably known as a prose writer your poetry would not have gained your recognition. You are modest enough to attribute all your success to your "dire industry"; and it is in reading your poetry rather than your prose that we see how accurately you have appraised your own endowments. You are one of the great order of poets that are made subsequent to their arrival on this terrestrial scene. In your "A Child's Garden of Verses" there are many pleasing and happy little things suited to the tender age of childhood, but hardly anything that would prove nutritious at a maturer period of life. I do not mean to imply that that book is anything else than what it ought to be. It is excellent of its kind, only that kind is by no means a high one. In "Underwoods," you take a more ambitious flight; and as ambition, while carrying a man triumphantly over many obstacles which would block the way of the timorous, exhibits his weaknesses no less than his strength, so in this book the limitations of your genius are sharply emphasized. In it you have more of the aspect of a tyro than in your other works, for "dire industry" does not succeed so well in poetry as in prose. Perhaps the chief defect is the imitative character of the book. The mighty impress of Burns, to quote a phrase from Mr. Lowell, is quite too distinctly visible. Like Shakespeare, Burns is so exceedingly natural, so lurid-like and spontaneous in his trilling, that students are often betrayed into the self-delusion of imagining that what he does with so little trouble they also can do. The number of amateur dramatists that the Stratford poacher has made is positively beyond comprehension, and Scotland is overrun with minor poets who would never have sung a note but for the Ayrshire ploughboy. You are, of course, too widely read to depend exclusively on a single model, nor would your sense of fitness permit you to go wholly on the lines of one who must ever remain more or less an alien to the great mass of the English people. Burns can never be thoroughly appreciated by Englishmen, and it is to Englishmen that you desire especially to appeal. Still in "Underwoods" the influence of Burns is paramount, particularly in the personal section of the book. If the Epistles to James Smith and John Rankine had not been written, we should never have had the pleasure of smiling over the rather ridiculous verses to "Andrew with the brindled hair" and others like them. Whatever may be said of your prose, there is certainly little originality in your poetry; for your highest achievement in that line has not gone beyond the paying a commonplace compliment.

In criticism you show to more advantage. To be sure you have called "Tom Jones" dull, and thereby drawn on yourself the solemn admonitions of Mr. Augustine Birrell and the partial indignation of your friend, Mr. Andrew Lang. We cannot let you call the works of Fielding dull, and rank you as a great critic. But you have made some

amends for this little fantasy in criticising other writers. Your remarks on Scott and Dumas and Hawthorne are in the main just. You have sufficient candour to acknowledge that Zola is not a blockhead; and you have courageously condemned the moral delinquencies of your poetic model, Burns. In dealing with living English and American writers, however, your judgments are not so independent. There might be grounds for supposing that in giving your estimate of Henry James, for example, you were not unmindful of certain passages in "Partial Portraits." But it is an old and worthy axiom that one good turn deserves another; and you have shown that you know how to be grateful.

But, while you have dabbled in poetry, and done something creditable in criticism, your true sphere is fiction. It is on your romances that you would yourself rest your claims to fame; and it is as a writer of romance that you are most widely known and most warmly admired. My letter would be incomplete, then, if I omitted to notice your performances as a novelist.

When "Kidnapped," which I understand you consider your "best, and, indeed, your only good story," was published, some of the critics wrote of it with rather more fervour than discrimination, or as if they had forgotten the achievements of Swift and Defoe. One journal declared it was as good as anything in Carlyle, and far truer. I confess that, on coming to peruse your book, the aptness of the remark did not strike me; but that is of no consequence. Another journal, not to be outdone in generosity, pronounces it as good as "Rob Roy." This was very high praise indeed; and must have been gratifying to you for three reasons—first, because the journal which gave the verdict was one of weight and influence; second, because you consider Scott the greatest of all writers of romance, and third, because "Rob Roy" is an especial favourite of yours. For myself, I may say that I read "Kidnapped" with very keen pleasure indeed. "Here," I said to myself, thinking of Alan Breck Stewart, and, curiously enough, anticipating Mr. Augustine Birrell, "here we have another splendid portrait added to the already considerable gallery of Scottish heroes of fiction." That was my first impression, having no regard to what the reviewers said. Further reflection, however, brought an ugly suspicion that the portrait, which I had admired so much, was hardly original after all. That, in fact, it had only been taken down from its place to be ingeniously "touched up" according to the latest canons in art. I felt as if I had met the redoubtable Alan Breck somewhere before, in other vestments it is true, and following other pursuits, but still the same. Where had I seen him? was it in some pre-natal state of existence, or merely in a dream of the night? Sudden as a flash came the revelation. It was once when he was engaged in surreptitiously "lifting" his neighbour's cattle, and again when he was holding complacent argument, like the daring rascal that he was, with a magistrate in the tolbooth of Glasgow.

"Ah, eh, oh," I exclaimed, unconsciously falling into the manner and dialect of the worthy bailie Nicol Jarvie. "My conscience! it's impossible—and yet—no; conscience it canna be; and yet again—Deil hae me! that I suld say sae ye robber—ye cateran—ye born deevil that ye are to a' bad ends and nae guid ane can this be you?" And calmly and laconically came the old rejoinder. "E'en as ye see."

I may be mistaken, but it certainly seems to me that the lineaments of Mr. Stewart too distinctly suggest those of Mr. MacGregor; and if that be so it was hardly kind in your adoring Critic to compare your book and Scott's. "Kidnapped" may seem a meritorious performance when viewed by itself, but set beside "Rob Roy" it does not seem so near perfection. Nor is your larger and more ambitious "Prince Otto" entirely satisfactory. True, it is full of charming writing, but the characters are shadowy; and no amount of literary decoration will make a work of fiction great when its characters do not lie. In the case of your principal romance the reader never quite succeeds in getting into sympathy either with the fantastic uxorious prince or with his scheming wife. There is one part of the book, however, which could scarcely be improved, and that is the description of the flight of the Princess Seraphina when she finds the palace on fire. There is something like real inspiration in that passage, something deeper than the mere artistic arrangement of words.

Of "The Black Arrow" it is better I should not speak, inasmuch as it is distinctly unworthy of you; and I hold that an author should be judged by his best, not by his worst, performances.

In addition to your larger work you have essayed the writing of short stories; and on the whole your efforts are very creditable. With the single exception of Mr. Thomas Hardy, no living British writer so well understands this extremely difficult branch of fiction as yourself. But it should not be forgotten that the British standard of short stories is not a high one. They do those things better, not only in France and Russia, but likewise in America. Dogberry assures us that comparisons are odorous, indeed they are often malodorous, and I will not mention names; but I dare say you would be one of the first to acknowledge that the best of English short stories do not compare favourably with the best of the same class in America; so that when we say that your stories are first rate, we mean that they are so according to the British standard.

There is just one other point that demands a passing notice. Mr. Andrew Lang has said, that since Thackeray no Englishman of letters has been gifted with or has

acquired a style so good or so original as yours. I believe the majority of critics would coincide in this verdict. If your style is neither brilliant nor condensed, if it lacks the suggestiveness of Mr. George Meredith's, the intensity and conciseness of Mr. Hardy's, and the glitter of Mr. W. Clark Russell's, it is still an excellent style for narrative. In drilling yourself in the conventions of your art you have studied widely, and one sees in your work the influence of many masters, but your chief model should seem to have been Nathaniel Hawthorne; the best stylist, to my mind, who has ever wielded a pen in the domain of fiction. To say that your style resembles his is no more than the truth. There are parts of "Prince Otto"—particularly that part already referred to, where the Princess, finding her political game up and the palace on fire, flees into the forest—which the author of "The Scarlet Letter" might have written. You are, however, seldom so happy as in that passage. Seldom do you approach so close to your master. Hawthorne has a quaintness as delightful in its way as that of Lamb or Sir Thomas Browne; your quaintness is frequently pushed to the verge of affectation; and your constant and painful effort to be original in expression is decidedly harassing to the observant reader. It is this itch for originality that leads you to introduce so many archaisms and obsolete words where modern phraseology would be in every way better. Uncouth neologisms are by all means to be avoided; but the modern English of educated men and women is, one would imagine, better than the resurrected and rather ghostly forms of centuries ago. Yet, notwithstanding these defects, I think you are entitled to the praise which Mr. Lang has given you. And who knows but added experience will enable you to throw off even the blemishes I have mentioned. Yours,

RODERICK RANDOM.

### ON CONQUEST BENT.

BEAR me! my bark, where hides the water-sprite  
In shadowed deeps, whose crystal ripples lave  
The pebbled shore, and fringing rushes wave  
Their arrowy stems above the gold and white  
Of lilies floating on their cushions light.  
The crested halcyon starts—gay, thieving knave—  
From some o'er-hanging branch, that vantage gave.  
With harsh, discordant note, and errant flight,  
He seeks a favoured haunt, where you cool rill  
Its sweetness merges in the shady pool;  
'Tis here the nymph disports in wanton glee.  
My witching lure I cast with artful skill;  
Fling, too, my heart, nor doubt the olden rule  
Shall win my love that yielding, hies to me.

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

### PRESTON DARKIES.

AMONG other relics of more primitive days, Halifax, the Capital of the Province of Nova Scotia, boasts an open-air market which is as individual an institution as that of any continental city. It is held every Saturday morning in the open space adjoining the Post Office and the Municipal buildings, and when at its full glory in the warm bright mornings of late summer presents a most picturesque and entertaining scene. All along both sides of Bedford Row from Prince to George Streets, up and down the short thoroughfare called the Haymarket, completely encircling the tall brown many-windowed pile of the Post Office, and fringing the whole front of the Board of Works offices, stand waggons piled high with everything imaginable in the way of "garden truck," and product of field and orchard, that could reasonably be expected of the northern half of the temperate zone. Cabbages so portly that they have burst their outer jackets; cauliflowers as round and as white as the moon; pumpkins shining like suns, and squashes twisted, gnarled, and mottled, as though Dame Nature had been diverting herself inventing "freaks;" plethoric potatoes with smooth brown coats speaking well for snowy interiors; celery in white and green; and apples in green and gold; fresh herbs as spinach and brussel sprouts tempting the eye, and dried herbs, as sweet marjoran, sage and thyme, tempting the nose with succulent or savoury suggestions; while on every hand the cluck of poultry, the quack of ducks, the shrill squealing of piggies imprisoned in straitened cages mingle with the chaffering of buyer and seller, as the thrifty house-wife and the fore-handed paterfamilias, who have left their beds an hour earlier than usual for the purpose, give personal attention to the purchase of domestic supplies.

Besides the ordinary uninteresting Nova Scotian form distinct varieties of humanity may be noticed among those come to sell. There are the Dutch market-gardeners from Cow Bay and thereabouts, their waggons piled high with the best of vegetables. The French folk from Chez-zetcook, the women strongly suggesting Evangeline with their antique kirtles, and picturesque petticoats, a blue and white kerchief quaintly tied over the head in lieu of a bonnet, while another is neatly draped about the neck. Although they have come on foot full twenty miles they have little to sell save a few dozen eggs, or a couple of pairs of well-knitted woollen stockings. Still more picturesque, albeit the very antipodes as to the matter of personal cleanliness, are the Indians the pathetic remnants of a fast-vanishing race, for the mild Mic-Mac will ere long be little more than a memory in the land that once was his from

Cape North to Cape Sable. The men offer you bows and arrows for your boys, the women, dainty-adorned moccasins for your girls, that prove their hands have not yet forgotten their aboriginal cunning. Silent and patient they squat upon the curb-stone, making no effort to force their wares upon your attention. Fourthly, there are the Preston darkies that form the subject of this article.

The darkies have a prominent position in this open-air market all to themselves, not because of any ordinance to that effect, but simply by force of the prescription that follows upon long usage. The narrow strip of brick pavement in front of the Board of Works offices constitutes their peculiar province, and there they gather in force every market day all summer long, laughing, chatting, joking among themselves, as true types of the negro as could be found on any Southern plantation.

Behind those fat, jolly, ragged, "coloured folk" lies an interesting history that is quite worth the telling. In the early part of the century they were called the "Chesapeake Blacks" in allusion to the place whence they had come to Nova Scotia. Considering their unhappy experience with the loyalist negroes who made their way thither at the close of the American Revolution, and with the Maroons of Jamaica, who had been banished to this cooler climate after their long and stubborn rebellion had been finally overcome, an experience entailing a tremendous expenditure, and no good results, one would naturally suppose that the authorities in Nova Scotia would be in no hurry to repeat the experiment of settling these warmth-loving people in a country to which they were constitutionally averse. Yet at the conclusion of the war of 1815 a large number of blacks were permitted to take refuge on board the British squadron blockading the Chesapeake, and were ultimately transported to Halifax. They proved very troublesome and perplexing charges. Unaccustomed to provide for their own necessities, or to put to good account the produce of their own labour, some wandered through the country as mendicants levying contributions upon the people, who, moved by pity or by fear, ministered to their necessities, while others threw themselves on the Government for support and subsisted on scanty rations. At Preston, about ten miles from Halifax, a settlement was formed for these and they were helped to build little houses, and to cultivate garden patches for themselves, and there they have been ever since.

In view of the vital interest now attaching to the question of excluding undesirable immigrants, and protecting labour against undue competition, it is amusing to stumble upon an entry like this in Murdoch's matter-of-fact annals of Nova Scotia. "On Saturday 1st April (1815) the House (of Assembly) addressed His Excellency on the subject of the coloured people brought here from the Chesapeake. They say that they 'observe with concern and alarm the frequent arrival in this province of bodies of negroes and mulattoes, of whom many have already become burthensome to the public.' They express unwillingness to aid in bringing settlers into the province 'whose character, principles and habits are not previously ascertained.' The Africans already here 'cause many inconveniences' and 'more brought in would discourage white labourers and servants,' and would tend 'to the establishment of a separate and marked class of people, unfitted by nature to this climate or to association with the rest of His Majesty's colonists.' They then begged His Excellency to hinder such people being introduced, which he agreed to do." Nearly all of which has a strikingly familiar sound, particularly what I have italicized, and with some slight changes in phraseology might be an utterance of to-day, instead of being more than half-a-century old. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

Gathered together at Preston, and encouraged to make a definite start for themselves, the darkies got as far as putting forth some pretence to cultivate the soil, and there they stopped. The pretence has never developed into a reality. They are as indolent, shiftless and improvident to-day as were their slave ancestors, and as much dependent upon their white brethren for assistance and support. They have two specialties from which they derive a precarious income, to wit, brooms and berries. They are the berry-pickers *par excellence* for the city of Halifax. All through the season of such wild fruits, which beginning with strawberries proceed through raspberries, blueberries, brambleberries and blackberries to huckleberries, the Preston darkies line the side-walk at the market with their baskets temptingly full of nature's juicy offerings. This is the time of their prosperity when they wax fat like Jeshurun, and like him become impudent. The demand for berries is always far in excess of the supply and they find no difficulty in dispensing of their toothsome stock-in-trade when the soldiers from the garrison, the sailors from the ships, and the citizens from their homes, are all eager purchasers.

Not only do these berry magnates sit in the market place for customers to come to them, they go out through the city streets in search of the buyers, who, being too lazy to get up early, and hie to the market, are willing to pay a larger price because of their lack of enterprise. A familiar sight in Halifax is a round-faced "lady of colour" stepping lightly over the pavement although balanced with unflinching skill upon her head is a long narrow basket heavy with luscious globes and cones. The weight that the women, for the men never seem to attempt it, can carry in these baskets, and yet move as freely as though they were no more burdensome than a fashionable spring bonnet, is almost incredible, and the fact that despite their long severance from their ancestral home they still preserve this

primitive mode of burden-bearing is a striking illustration of the wonderful power of heredity.

When the berries fail, and they last but a few months, the darkies resort to brooms and begging. Of these brooms they have a monopoly, although I greatly doubt if they are protected by any patent. They are very simple affairs, the mere germ, so to speak, from which the modern parlour broom has been evolved. Birch brooms they call them, they being nothing more than a bundle of black birch twigs tied tightly with withes about a stout stake which forms the handle. They are very useful things for stables, side-walks, warehouse floors, and such rough work, and many thousands are sold at the moderate price of a "quarter" apiece the year through.

In the art of begging the Preston folks have pretty well attained perfection. Their very appearance in mid-winter, when their needs are greatest, "pleads trumpet-tongued" in their behalf; so irresistibly does it illustrate both the ludicrous and pathetic in humanity only the pencil of a Porte Crayon or a W. L. Sheppard could do justice to the animated scare-crow that presents itself at your door with basket, gaping most suggestively for the alms you would have to be granite-hearted to refuse. Where those wonderful apologies for garments which in tattered layer upon layer imperfectly cover their shivering limbs could have come from, and what kind of people could have been their original owners, it would certainly puzzle the appalling author of "Oh, my lungs and liver!—will you go for three pence?" to determine. Bare feet being vetoed by the icy side-walks, and boots being luxuries beyond their reach, they encase their lower extremities in folds of old carpet, which they sometimes also stuff with straw, making them look as though they were sufferers from that form of disease which is generally supposed to be reserved for the wearers of purple and fine linen—to wit, the gout.

If you were to follow them to their homes at Preston, you would find yourself in the midst of a cluster of as absurd apologies for dwellings as could be well imagined. Not very much larger than dog-kennels, put together in the most hap-hazard fashion, every second pane in the tiny windows broken, and the apertures stuffed with dirty rags, the chimneys all apparently nodding to their fall, and the roofs betraying many a gap in their shingling, these huts lie scattered about a rocky, barren tract after no discernible plan, constituting the merest caricature of a village. Here the darkies bask and feast in summer, and starve and shiver in winter, each diminutive dwelling housing a swarm of inmates that seems altogether out of proportion to its capacity.

It would not be just to the people of Preston, however, to leave the impression that they are all ragged, improvident berry-pickers and broom-makers. From their ranks come many excellent servants, porters, coachmen, and char-women, who find it easy to obtain employment in the city at good wages, and are often preferred to white-skinned workers of the same class. If kindly treated they will attach themselves to households with the same simple fidelity as distinguished their slave ancestors. A family with which I was intimately acquainted had such a dependent in the person of a Mrs. Smithers, a very reliable char-woman. The eldest daughter of the house, who was very kind to this hard-working creature, had a curious proof of her attachment. Mrs. Smithers was sometimes permitted to stay over night, sleeping in a room in the basement. The young lady's room was at the top of the house. One night, long after every body had gone to sleep, she happened to awake, and was at once made aware of a strange sound just outside her door. She listened intently, and with no small perturbation, and soon came to the conclusion that the mysterious noise was that of heavy breathing at the threshold. Naturally enough, she was much frightened, for it was impossible to tell whether the breathing was that of an animal or a human being. For some time she lay in bed uncertain how to act, and then, unable to stand it any longer, mustered up sufficient courage to creep out of bed and reconnoitre. What was her surprise on peeping cautiously through the half-open door to find a form that she readily recognized as Mrs. Smithers stretched upon the mat in profound slumber. It was a wild stormy night, and she had grown lonely away down in the dark basement, and had crept quietly up to the third story to finish her sleep on the hard floor at the young lady's door, not thinking how startling her presence might prove.

If you ask me what is to become of the Preston darkies, I hardly know how to answer you, except by saying that that which hath been shall be. They show no signs of finding anywhere a stepping-stone to higher things, and, so far as one may judge, they seem to be destined to continue berry-pickers and broom-makers unto the end.

Ottawa.

WHY should men leave great fortunes to their children? If this is done from affection, is it not misguided affection? Observation teaches that, generally speaking, it is not well for the children that they should be so burdened. Neither is it well for the state. Beyond providing for the wife and daughters moderate sources of income, and very moderate allowances indeed, if any, for the sons, men may well hesitate, for it is no longer questionable that great sums bequeathed oftener work more for the injury than for the good of the recipients. Wise men will soon conclude that, for the best interests of members of their families and of the state, such bequests are an improper use of their means.—Andrew Carnegie in *North American Review* for June.

## ABOVE THE GUNS.

On the cliff at the western end of the Isle of Tanti, commanding the strait which unites Lake Ontario with the Bay of Quinté, is a well-preserved, grass-grown breastwork, still known as "The Battery," within which are said to be buried the guns planted there during the war of 1812.

WHERE the waters of Quinté surge and sigh  
With a sweet, mysterious minstrelsy,  
O'er silver shingle, through whispering sedge,  
And murmurous spaces of cave and ledge,  
Where the blue-bells nod from each mossy edge;  
Where over Ontario's field of blue  
Lies such calm as reigned when the earth was new;  
Where on lovely Quinté's breast imperaled  
The passing stain of a smoke-wreath curled  
Is all that tells of the living world;  
Where the cliff hangs over the flood below,  
A sombre shadow above the glow,  
I, with my face to the shining west,  
In a restful mood in a world at rest,  
Lie at my length on the grassy crest.

Back from the edge a fathom's space,  
Clasping the cliff in a close embrace,  
Binding the curve, like a fillet found  
On a maiden's tresses, a grass-grown mound  
Guards from the verge's utmost bound.  
What is it? A midnight haunt of elves  
Who make their home in the rocky shelves?  
A witch's circle? Or Nature's way  
To keep from danger her lambs that stray  
On the slippery slope in the summer day?  
Far other. Here, so the legend runs,  
Lie buried two of old England's guns;  
And the circlet that crowns the lifted crest,  
In its emerald bravery softly dressed,  
Was a rampart once for her soldier's breast.

The zephyrs wander, the blue-bells blow  
O'er the muzzled watch-dogs that sleep below.  
In the years gone by did they show their teeth?  
Belched they their fiery, sulphurous breath,  
With a blast of flame and a bolt of death?  
Was there a day when the silence broke,  
And the echoes of headland and inlet woke,  
Not to the nesting wood-bird's note,  
Or the dipping oars of a fisher's boat,  
But the hoarse, harsh bay of an iron throat?  
Story tells not. Their work was done  
When the peace that wraps us was earned and won;  
All but forgotten they quiet lie;  
But from under the sod, as the years go by,  
They send us a message that may not die.

Oh! land of promise, that front'st the sun!  
With untried feet set to a course unrun,  
Out to the future thy fair hands reach,  
But bend thine ear to the silent speech  
And heed the lesson the guns would teach.  
The strength and the spirit that forged those guns  
Live and burn anew in the souls of thy sons.  
Keep them, Canadians! deep, though dumb,  
In prairie, and valley, and city's hum,  
For a need that—God grant it!—may never come.  
But as blossoms whiten and grasses wave  
From the cannon's scarce-remembered grave,  
So from your buried strifes must rise  
Love's infinite possibilities,  
And the flower of the nation's destinies.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

## PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXVII.

SKETCHES of the following prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapeau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sanford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Faxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., and Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G.

JOHN MACDONALD, SENATOR.

SUCCESS in life has been variously defined and attributed to various causes. With some, it has been achieved on securing a certain pecuniary independence, with the assurance that it will continue to improve; while the methods that have been adopted towards the end in view would scarcely bear inspection. With others, success is not accomplished by stages of progress, but by the final outcome of concentrated efforts, and the means used have been in strict accordance with certain moral principles that should obtain between man and man in all mundane transactions. In the one case, success is precarious, ephemeral, at best unsatisfactory; in the other it is pre-eminently the attainment of the end of one's existence here, the mastery of oneself, and the recognition of Providence as a factor in the affairs of life. The gentleman whose name heads this article takes prominent rank among those who come under the second class.

John Macdonald was born on the 27th of December, 1824, in the fair city of Perth, Scotland, where his father was serving with his regiment, the 93rd Sutherland High-



landers. During the earliest years of his life the subject of this sketch not only breathed a military atmosphere, but these years were marked by that constant change which usually falls to the lot of those who reside in garrisons or bear Her Majesty's colours. Before he was fourteen years of age his father's regiment had been in all the garrison towns of England, Scotland and Ireland, including Dominica and Barbadoes, then an important military station in the West Indies, so that our future Senator had seen much, even at this early period, to awaken interest and curiosity in his young mind. He received his education, first at the regimental school of the 93rd Highlanders, and upon the regiment coming out to Canada in 1838, in connection with the outbreak, it was continued at Dalhousie College, Halifax, and completed at the Bay Street Academy, Toronto, he having removed to this city in the fall of 1838. He remained at this institution until 1840, carrying away with him the medal for classics. The Academy was presided over by John Boyd, the father of Chancellor Boyd of Ontario, and John Macdonald left the school as the head boy about the time the future Chancellor entered it as the youngest pupil. Having finished his education, as far as the schoolmaster was concerned, the next step was the business or profession in which he would engage. His choice of mercantile pursuits has long since been justified by results, although he would, no doubt, have succeeded equally well in other walks of life. He began his business training in the village of Gananoque, with the firm of C. and J. Macdonald & Co., the senior partner at the time being Hon. John Macdonald, who was a member of the old Legislative Council, and the junior member William Stone Macdonald, who is still living. This firm conducted an immense trade in lumber, milling and general merchandise. The members were of the highest business rectitude, and their young assistant received an inspiration from the method in which business was carried on which has since proved of service to him. After serving here for about two years he returned to Toronto, and took a position in the mercantile establishment of the late Walter McFarlane on King Street, who at that time was doing one of the largest trades in Upper Canada. After being here for about six years he was obliged, through failing health, to resign his situation and seek change of climate. He sailed for Jamaica in 1847, and after resting for some time, entered the business house of Nethersoll & Co., the largest on the island. He remained here for about nine months, when he again returned to Toronto, bringing back with him a spirit of business enthusiasm begotten by the wondrous system and energy which he saw displayed in that concern. With renewed energy he applied himself to work again, and in 1849 we find him beginning business for himself, in an unpretentious store on Yonge Street, near Richmond. The first step accomplished in business, viz., the training, the second was now reached. Before passing, it may be well to note that mercantile clerks in those days did not enjoy the advantages conferred on them to-day. Besides, the hours of business then had practically no limit in summer. They began at six o'clock in the morning and continued until eight o'clock in the evening, or up to ten or twelve o'clock as circumstances demanded. This, however, was perhaps a blessing in disguise, for it turned one's attention more exclusively to practical concerns, and encouraged industry and perseverance in the right sort of young men. When Mr. Macdonald launched out in business as his own master, his first move was characteristic of the man. He made the bold attempt to establish an exclusively dry goods trade, which at the time was an extremely precarious venture, particularly for a beginner to make. He, however, succeeded, and his establishment became an institution in the mercantile community.

In 1853 he moved to larger premises on Wellington Street, not far from his present warehouse, and here he laid the foundation of the present large wholesale importing house of John Macdonald & Co. In 1862, his trade in the meantime having constantly increased, he removed to larger premises on the south side of Wellington Street which he erected; these again, speedily becoming too small, he greatly enlarged by adding another pile of buildings, which now occupies the ground formerly covered by the North American Hotel and the Newbigging House on Front Street. They have a frontage of 100 feet with 140 in depth, and are six stories high. Employment is furnished to about 100 men, including the buyers in the British and American markets, and while the establishment is without doubt, the largest of its kind in Canada, it will compare most favourably with any of the wholesale houses in the largest cities in the United States. The business interests of this city have made amazing strides since Mr. Macdonald first embarked upon his responsible career, and during the period that has elapsed, he has contributed in no small measure to their advancement, and to the condition of things which we find in Toronto to-day, from a commercial standpoint. He has been long connected with the Board of Trade, and his voice has not unfrequently been heard in its councils. On the appointment by the Board of a Trustee to the General Hospital he was its representative for many years, during which time he held the office of Chairman of the Hospital Trust. He is at present a member of the Executive Council of the Board of Trade.

Although Mr. Macdonald had never taken any active part in political matters, in the beginning of June, 1863, he was asked to come forward as a candidate for the Western Division of the city. The gentlemen who waited upon him, about 100 in number, headed by Dr. J. T.

Agnew, and the requisition they presented to him containing nearly 1,000 names of the most prominent electors in the division, and obtained without any systematic canvassing having been made, must be taken as proof of the high regard in which Mr. Macdonald was then held by the public. In his reply to the deputation who waited upon him he said, after signifying his willingness to stand: "I will advocate the removal of the seat of Government to this city, as also representation by population, as the just and honest rights of Upper Canada. I will support every measure which will tend to develop the agricultural and commercial interests of this magnificent Province, and I will oppose every effort that would have the effect of impairing in any degree either of these sources of our country's prosperity. I will oppose a wasteful or an extravagant expenditure of the public money. I am opposed to the division of the University funds. I am opposed to grants for religious purposes, and to every species of religious oppression." Mr. Macdonald had for his opponent Mr. John Beverley Robinson, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of this Province. The contest proved a very hot one. As the anxious time approached, the excitement in this city was intense, and made the election of 1863 memorable in the history of Toronto. The result showed a majority in favour of Mr. Macdonald of 462. No sooner had the vote been announced, than a grand triumphal procession was formed on Elizabeth Street to escort the member elect to his General Committee Rooms in the Montreal House. It was under the direction of Mr. Wm. Hodson, the Marshal for the day. First came a carriage drawn by four white horses, with four Union Jacks flying aloft. In this carriage was seated the band of the 10th Battalion playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes." This was followed by a handsome barouche, drawn by six beautiful grey horses, gaily caparisoned. In the barouche were seated Mr. Macdonald, the member elect, Dr. L. W. Smith and Mr. D. Mathews his proposer and seconder; Dr. Agnew, Chairman of the Central Committee, and Mr. Samuel Alcorn. A long line of vehicles of various descriptions containing the Ward Committees and Mr. Macdonald's supporters followed, many of them being decorated with Union Jacks. As the procession passed along, it was witnessed by thousands of enthusiastic citizens. "The band made the streets resound with martial airs, and the cheers of the populace made the welkin ring." Thus were Parliamentary elections celebrated, two decades and a-half ago. In his speech at the Montreal House Mr. Macdonald said: "I have been elected by the independent honest vote of the people, and therefore I will know no one as Reformer or Conservative, Protestant or Catholic." He was as good as his word. It would be better for Canada to-day, if there were more of such men in Parliament, and particularly in office. The *Globe*, commenting on the result of this contest, which had surprised many persons said: "Ten years ago, the idea of any one but a member of the Family Compact contemplating the idea of becoming a member for the city would have been considered evidence of insanity. But the influence of the Compact has been constantly declining, from causes known to every one, while the merchants and mechanics of the city have grown in a corresponding ratio in numbers, wealth and influence. The election of Mr. Brown in 1857, and again in 1858 broke the solid phalanx of Toronto Toryism, and showed that when circumstances were favourable, a Liberal could be returned in spite of all the efforts of the Compact." Referring to the two candidates returned (Mr. Macdonald and Mr. A. M. Smith) the same journal said: "Nothing could be said against them, except that they had been brought up on oatmeal and brimstone, and those who tried to raise the anti-Scotch cry found that it was of no force. . . . The idea, that Mr. Macdonald, because he happened to be born in Scotland, although brought up from a child in Toronto, was unfit to become a member of Parliament, was at once rejected, even by the most ignorant and prejudiced."

Mr. Macdonald sat in Parliament until Confederation was brought about. At the next general election he was defeated for the House of Commons by the late Robert A. Harrison, who afterwards became Chief Justice of Ontario. In 1875, a vacancy having occurred in Centre Toronto, a constituency established in 1872, Mr. Macdonald was invited to become a candidate, and having consented, he was returned by acclamation. In 1878, when the National Policy was sprung on the public, whose adherence it largely secured, Mr. Macdonald was defeated by Mr. Robert Hay by a majority of 490 votes. In politics Mr. Macdonald has always been an independent Liberal, discarding entirely party views whenever they appeared to clash with his settled convictions. He opposed the coalition of 1864, and voted against the Confederation of the Provinces. His attitude towards party, when its claims conflicted with duty, he clearly explained in his reply to a request asking him to be a candidate in 1875. He promised to give the Government a cheerful support, but nothing more; and to the credit of the requisitionists, they conceded to him in advance perfect freedom of judgment in deciding upon all questions. For a number of years Mr. Macdonald had been entirely out of politics, until November, 1887, when he was made a Senator of the Dominion.

Mr. Macdonald takes a keen interest in all public questions, and with several, of great moment to the country, his name will ever be prominently associated. During the exciting debates that took place in the Board of Trade in 1887 on the subject of Commercial Reciprocity with the United States, he took an important part. He is the author of the resolution that was adopted, and was the

means of dissipating the political feeling that was beginning to manifest itself in that body. The resolution reads as follows:

"That this Board desires to place on record the conviction that the largest possible freedom of commercial intercourse between our country and the United States, compatible with our relation to Great Britain, is desirable.

"That this Board will do everything in its power to bring about the consummation of such a result.

"That, in its estimation, a treaty which ignored any of the interests of our own country, or which gave undue prominence to any one to the neglect or injury of any other, is one that could not be entertained.

"That in our agricultural, mineral, manufacturing, and our diversified mercantile interests, in our fisheries, forests, and other products we possess in a rare and an extraordinary degree all the elements which go to make a people great, prosperous and self-reliant.

"That these are fitting inducements to any nation to render reciprocity with Canada a thing to be desired, and such as should secure for us a reciprocal treaty with the United States of the broadest and most generous character, which, while fully recognizing these conditions, would contain guarantees which would prove of mutual and abiding advantage to both nations; but that this Board cannot entertain any proposal which would place Great Britain at any disadvantage as compared with the United States, or which would tend in any measure, however small, to weaken the bonds which bind us to the Empire."

In 1888 Mr. Macdonald visited the West Indies and British Guiana for pleasure and to learn what openings they offered for an extended trade with Canada. In January of this year he laid before the Toronto Board of Trade the result of his enquiries, in a paper entitled "The Present and Possible Commercial Relations between the Dominion of Canada, the West Indies, and British Guiana." It contained much instruction for the commercial community, and, indeed, for all who take an interest in the commercial development of Canada, which is synonymous with its general advancement; and it showed that Mr. Macdonald had spared no pains to furnish himself fully with the facts concerning the subject which he had so much at heart. He assured his hearers of the general desire that prevailed in the West Indies for closer business relations with Canada. He entered into a comparison with the West Indian trade done in Canada with that done in the United States, pointing out that Canada did not receive its fair share. In Grenada, for instance, the United States, as compared with Canada, appeared to have a monopoly; for while they sent quantities of bread, butter, candles, flour, and fish, all of which Canada could supply on terms as favourable as they could, and, in some instances, upon terms even more favourable, the market, so far as Canada was concerned, had been neglected. "Go and get your fullest share of this West India trade," he said; "the share that is yours by proximity to them, the share that is yours by affinity with them, the share that is yours by interest and yours they desire you to have." While he gave an emphatic affirmative to the question, "Is it possible to increase the West India trade?" he stated that this could only be brought about under certain conditions. It would be necessary to secure, (1) a rapid and regular steam communication, (2) a direct and inexpensive cable service, (3) a regular and prompt postal service, (4) an efficient lighthouse service, and (5) a new departure, bringing our merchants, millers, lumber dealers, and manufacturers into direct contact with the great leaders in trade in the various islands and British Guiana. At the close of the paper two resolutions were passed by the Board, the first thanking Mr. Macdonald "for his able, interesting, and instructive report of his recent investigations in the West Indies and British Guiana," and ordering the same to be printed and issued to the members of the Board and to the Boards of Trade of the Dominion; and, secondly, instructing the Council of the Board to take into consideration the many matters referred to in the report, as to the best methods of opening up an extended trade with the West India Islands, and at the same time to indicate what steps would be deemed best in approaching the Government in order to secure these ends. In March last, Mr. Macdonald, in his place in the Senate, rose and called the attention of the House to the present condition of the trade of the country, import and export, in view of and in connection with the proposal of the Government to open up extended commercial relations between Australia, South America, and the West Indies; and enquired when the Government proposed to introduce any measure in relation to the same. The speech he delivered on this occasion was long and exhaustive. It showed a complete mastery of the facts, and was well received throughout the country. He reviewed the Government's intention to provide subsidies for the improvement of the Atlantic mail service, and for the establishment in connection with Her Majesty's Government of a line of fast steamers between British Columbia and China and Japan, and its request to the Senate to consider the best mode of developing our trade, and securing direct communication by steam with Australasia, the West Indies, and South America. He pointed out the disadvantages of attempting to develop our trade with Australia—among other reasons, its distance from this country and the little need it had for our manufactures; he traversed again in a large measure the ground covered by the paper which he read before the Board of Trade in Toronto, and reiterated the advantages held out, and the prospects offered by extended trade relations with the West Indies. The closing sentences in his speech can well bear repetition here: "I have already stated that Governments

may open the way to new markets, may remove obstacles, may subsidise steamers, but cannot compel the people to avail themselves of these advantages. In the case of our people there is little fear. Let the Government set about its work earnestly; let it prosecute it diligently; let it watch over it faithfully. Our people will do the rest."

The cause of education finds in Mr. Macdonald a warm friend, and has claimed a large portion of his time. For some years past he has been on the Senate of the Toronto University; a visitor of the Victoria College, Cobourg, and a member of the High School Board, and his connection with these institutions has not been merely nominal. He is ever ready to help a good cause, and has done much to elevate humanity, by various means. He is a member of the Methodist Church, and had it not been that his health failed him when a young man, and by the advice of his physician, he would have entered the Methodist Church ministry. He has long been a member of the Executive Committee of the Methodist General Conference, and Treasurer of the Missionary Society; and few lay members of the Methodist Church in Canada have taken a more active part than he has in all matters connected with its welfare. Outside of his own denomination he has taken a conspicuous part in the work of the Bible Society, Temperance Reform, the General Hospital, and of the Young Men's Christian Association, and he has been twice elected President at the United Convention of Ontario and Quebec. On the formation of the Evangelical Alliance of the Dominion in affiliation with Great Britain and the United States, the Convention at Montreal in 1888 elected him President. This position he felt called upon to resign early this year owing to certain differences he had—not of an unpleasant kind—with the Board, in connection with the anti-Jesuit agitation, but so far the public has not gained access to any reliable information as to the real cause.

Mr. Macdonald is fond of books and travelling and to both he gives, notwithstanding the claims of his business, a fair measure of his time. He is a constant contributor to the magazines, including the *Methodist Magazine*, and the *Presbyterian College Journal*. He has also contributed to the columns of *THE WEEK* and other local publications. In the summer of 1888 he paid a visit to Newfoundland and Labrador, and after returning home, he wrote a series of letters on what he saw which were published in the *Globe*. These were favourably noticed by the English press. And Mr. Harvey, the well-known historian of Newfoundland, published the following comments on these letters in the *Evening Mercury*, of St. John's, Newfoundland, September 20, '88:

"They are the production of a shrewd, intelligent observer, a keen business man, of matured experience, who is abreast of the times. . . . Mr. Macdonald has written in a thoroughly impartial spirit. He has evidently been able to divest himself of prejudices and party feelings, if he had such, before leaving home, and to look at our country and people, as an intelligent traveller, who sees things for himself, and wishes to collect information and to present it without fear or favour to the minds of other men. He has gone to the most reliable sources for information regarding the past history of the Island, and has thus been able to form a clear idea as to how things have come to be as we now find them. He has obtained correct information as to our natural resources—our fisheries, agricultural and mineral lands and forests and . . . has presented to the world what we believe is, on the whole, as true and faithful an account of our country and people, as could be compassed in a short series of newspaper articles, by one who had only spent a few weeks on the island. . . . He has given us his views as to the right way of improving our condition, and getting rid of present retarding influences—and all this in a quiet, modest, non-egotistical way." But one of the most valuable productions that has come from the pen of Mr. Macdonald is the lecture he delivered before the students of the British American Commercial College of this city in March 1886, and which has since been put into permanent form, entitled "Elements Necessary to the Formation of Business Character." Apart from its literary merits, which are of no mean order, it is brimful of instruction and suggestion for the young man who aspires to win success in the Commercial world. Indeed no young man should be without it, no matter what his business or profession may be, because the principles and conditions laid down are so broad in their application, that they are of equal force and pertinency, in every department of serious pursuit, and particularly in the case of young men who must rely upon themselves for what success their business or calling may hold out for them. The main qualities essential to success, he states to be, truth, honesty, thoroughness, and diligence. Fidelity to one's employer, ability to execute his orders, and enthusiasm in one's work, should place any young man on the last round of the ladder. The author says "Whatsoever is true, whatsoever is honest, do; but do it with your might. Throw your being into it; be in earnest. . . . Now observe, a man may be true; a man may be honest; he may perfectly understand his business; but these principles must be brought into active service, and presented with unflinching energy." He condemns the belief entertained by some that business success can be achieved by half-heartedness, or by energy which is performed by fits and starts. "There is in business," says he, "as in everything else, no royal road to success. It is work, work—hard work. It is at it, and always at it. . . . Be assured that unless there is diligence, there cannot be prosperity. There is no matter of detail too insignificant to be overlooked. The smallest amounts steadily added to

capital, will in time amount to a sum that will simply astonish you. . . . Be assured, that if you want to have a competency, you must be careful and diligent when you are young."

Mr. Macdonald has been twice married; first to Eliza, daughter of Alexander Hamilton of this city, by whom he had two children, both of whom are dead, and secondly to Anne, only daughter of Samuel Alcorn, J.P. The fruit of this marriage has been ten children, five sons and five daughters, all of whom are living.

Mr. Macdonald, who enjoys the full vigour of all his faculties, affords another proof that hard work never kills. Some writer has said that long life is the reward of philosophy. And philosophical living, if we understand it rightly, is full occupation for both mind and body, with due regard to the laws of nature. At all events, Mr. Macdonald's life has been a singularly busy one, if it has not borne more than its own measure. He has not only done much to improve and develop the trade of this city; he has conferred lasting benefits on this country.

G. S. A.

#### IN APRIL WEATHER.

LONG ago, in April weather,  
When my heart and I were young,  
When the bending skies were clearer,  
And the bending heavens nearer,  
Laughed my heart and I together  
With the song the robin sung;  
Childhood's heart of innocence,  
Childhood's keener, subtler sense,  
Linked the meaning with the music,  
Grasped, untaught, the eloquence.

Ah! the curse of Eve's transgression!  
Duller pulses than the child,  
Fewer heart-throbs, senses colder,  
Tell my heart and I are older,  
Tell of years of slow repression,  
Since in dreams the angels smiled.  
O! to hear again each note,  
By enchantment set afloat,  
Like linked pearls of music  
From thy palpitating throat!  
But my yearning nought avails me,  
Still a subtle something fails me,  
Haunts, eludes, bewilders, fails me—  
The lost heaven of a child.

EMILY McMANUS.

#### AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

CANADIAN anthropologists will naturally be deeply interested in a race which is rapidly being pressed out of existence, on the Australian island continent, in that struggle, ever increasing in intensity, for the survival of the fittest. This lowest type of man, possessing no written language, and being devoid of picture writing, even in its most primitive form, can leave no traditional records, and but few legends or myths, by which the former career of the race can be preserved. Over vast areas of "The Land of the Golden Fleece," where once the Aborigines held undisputed sway, there now remain but slight traces and a dim recollection of this dying-out people. In the northern portion of South Australia, West Australia, and in Queensland, the blacks are still to be met with in considerable numbers, but the investigator and student finds that in the vicinity of the large towns the remnants of this people have lost their destructive individuality and become but a reflex of their white neighbours. That the total extinction of these people is certain no one conversant with their history can for a moment doubt. The process is at work by which the lowest link in the chain of mankind is being cut off from the progressive types of civilization. The inferior is being trampled out of existence by the superior, and all traces of the unity of the organic chain are rapidly disappearing. Professor Tyn-dall, in his celebrated Birmingham address, said: "We who are foremost in the files of the time have come to the front through almost endless stages of progress," but as Australia is admittedly the youngest continent, it is in consonance with the theory of Evolution that sufficient time had not elapsed to raise the Australian Aborigines, in any appreciable degree, above many domesticated animals ere he found himself confronted by the highest civilization. All that remained for him was to die, thus following, with accelerated rapidity, in the footsteps of the North American Indian, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Fijians, and other natives of the islands of the Pacific. During a recent visit to northern Queensland, where the blacks are found in nearly their primitive state, I collected a number of facts, which I consider worthy of preservation.

#### RELIGION.

Considered as a race, it cannot be said that they possess in any sense either a religion or any form of worship. Isolated tribes have been met with who have a vague fear of a "Bunyip," or "Big Fellow," but whether this unseen refers to an evil or good spirit or to a powerful animal inhabiting the country, the most painstaking observers have been unable to decide. No general idea or myth as to the creation of the world exists. Folk-lore is not found, though certain traditions have been handed down from father to son in the poetical form which are of a remarkable character, but this only applies to tribes, who appear to have ad-

vanced beyond the narrow limits which hedged in the great mass of their fellow countrymen. The belief is prevalent that anterior to the blacks the land was inhabited by a race very different from the natives themselves. In Western Australia, when the whites first made their appearance they were looked upon as returned black-fellows, who having died once and being transported over the seas, had in some mysterious manner been coated with a white enamel and had finally returned to their native lands in big canoes. So deeply rooted was this idea, that in many instances when permitted, they carefully examined the bodies of their new visitors in the hope of finding scars or other distinctive marks, by which they would be able to recognise former members of the tribe. They also attempted to rub off the white, firmly believing that beneath would be found the original coat of black, and great was their astonishment when they discovered that all their efforts were futile. In some tribes the belief was prevalent that the spirits of the deceased were removed to some particular star, the milky way being regarded as a favourite destination, though it must be carefully borne in mind that a future life, when conceived, differed in no sense from the one which they led in Australia. In no instance have I heard that they entertained any idea of future rewards or punishments. Among the Murray blacks, the idea was current that death was due to man having at an early date disobeyed the great Norralie. The legend, as furnished by the Rev. Mr. Bulmer, runs as follows: "It appears that a bat slept in a tree during the day, and man was told not to disturb its slumbers on pain of death. A woman gathering firewood, accidentally hit the tree, and the bat flew away, whereupon Norralie is said to have addressed man in the following terms: 'Die you, bones wither, bones turn to dust.'" This black man's interpretation is not the result of missionary teaching, as it was current among several tribes a quarter of a century before any teachers went among them with the Mosaic account of the creation. In the Loddon and Riverina districts there are traditions of a great flood in which the earth was drowned, all the people that were saved being "turned into ducks." This however, is probably referable to some great overflow of the banks of the rivers and appears to have been of a local character. In Gipps Land, the idea of a flood runs as follows: "At one time there was no water in the world except what was contained in a large frog. It appears that his frogship would not allow the water to flow for the use of the world. The animals held a meeting at which it was discovered that unless the frog could be made to laugh the water would not flow. Many futile attempts were made, but it was not until an eel came dancing upon his tail that the frog laughed outright, and the water began to flow in a continuous stream. But once that frog began to laugh he could not stop, and only such nations were saved as succeeded in getting into a big canoe, which in some cases is said to have been manned by white men." The latter clause in the legend indicates that it is of recent origin, having, in all probability, been attached to the original myth since the advent of the whites. The natives possess no word which can be translated "soul," the nearest approach being "marat" which signifies a "shadow," or "double self." A few tribes hold the belief that this shadow does not die but has a habitation near the rising or setting sun, but never north or south. Life in the hereafter was to be transitory, but upon all such questions their ideas were ill defined. The Rev. Mr. Ridley states that the natives of the Darling, believed in Baimac, whom they regarded as the creator, and in the divinity of Mudjee. Mr. Gunther found men who enjoyed a lively hope of a future life with great happiness, that is plenty of food without toil.

#### CANNIBALISM.

During my visit to Queensland several well authenticated cases of cannibalism were known to have occurred, the victims in each case being Chinese gold-diggers, who had ventured beyond the protection of the mounted police. The opinion is prevalent in that colony, for some reason which has not been explained, that the blacks consider the Mongolians much more succulent and toothsome than the Caucasians. The most careful investigation proves that cannibalism was never a common practice, and was only resorted to when food was very scarce. Experience proves that given a race which has not developed sufficient forethought to provide any food for to-morrow, we may confidently expect isolated cases of man-eating. In New Zealand, where the practice was universal, the rat was the largest quadruped, while the birds were small and difficult of capture. There are not wanting philosophers who hold that it was the introduction of the pig in Fiji and many islands of the Pacific which put an end to the horrible practice. When D'Albertis, the celebrated Italian traveller, visited the Arfak Mountains in New Guinea he found no traces of cannibalism; the supply of vegetable food being bountiful, while the sea furnished fish in abundance; the land supplying many animals of the marsupial variety. On the contrary, when he ascended the Fly River, where the country is less productive and where the natives have not the riches of the sea to draw upon, he found that they invariably regarded a dead enemy as the material for an excellent dinner.

#### TRIBAL CUSTOMS.

The aborigines consisted of tribes of the patriarchal type, governed on a kingly basis. The chief warrior became king. The office was hereditary only when the son proved himself the superior or equal of any competitors, but fighting among the members of the same tribe was the rule rather than the exception, changes in the governing power were very frequent, and instances were not wanting



NAMES AND WORDS.

It is with the greatest reluctance that a black fellow will mention his own name. They have a peculiar horror of mentioning the name of a dead person, and even the name of a person absent from the tribe is carefully avoided. Accurately speaking, the blacks never arrive at the thinking stage; they are animals with no higher stimulus than that of hunger, revenge, and fear. Hence, I am not surprised to find that they were incapable of inventing names for the most common objects. It therefore followed that when the name of a deceased member of the tribe was also the name of an animal, to avoid mentioning the same the name of the animal had to be changed. As they could not invent, they added one or two other names to the original one, thus giving rise to dialects only understood by the particular tribe in which the change took place. The natives along the Murray River believe that the sun is simply a great fire, and that at one time it burned both day and night until a certain song was sung, but that since the utterance of the following mystic words, it has gone out at night only to be rekindled in the morning. The Rev. Mr. Bulmer furnishes the translation:—

|                           |                                      |                                 |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| YHUKO,<br><i>Sun.</i>     | WARRY,<br><i>You.</i>                | YHUKO WARRY,<br><i>Sun You.</i> |
| YARRA,<br><i>Wood.</i>    | YARROMA,<br><i>Wood of yours.</i>    | WARREDILYEE,<br><i>Burn.</i>    |
| YUNTHO,<br><i>Bowels.</i> | YUNTHOMA,<br><i>Bowels of yours.</i> | WARREDILYE,<br><i>Burn.</i>     |
| TULE,<br><i>Go down!</i>  | TULE,<br><i>Go down!</i>             |                                 |

Every new moon is said to be young and weak, and is therefore shaded and shielded by the clouds from its foes until it gains strength sufficient to defend itself.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The natives are unanimous in the opinion that there was a time when they did not possess fire, and although they are at present able to produce one by rubbing a pointed stick in a groove, the labour is very exhausting, and when travelling from one point to another they invariably depute one of the lubras to carry a burning brand. In judging of this remarkable race it must constantly be borne in mind that they are the very lowest savages in the scale ever discovered; that they are incapable of abstract ideas and that, after years of careful training, they can form no conception of such things as are implied in goodness, faith, immortality, etc. They never built a house or even a hut of a permanent character; they did not possess sufficient intelligence to adapt their clothing to the change of climate; they were strangers to the art of cooking; they never provided for a meal in advance. They belong to the genus man, and yet they are but slightly superior to the higher branches of the Anthropoid family. Testimony is united that they are incapable of being civilized or of existing under the changed conditions imposed by civilization. The fiat has gone forth, and their extinction is only the matter of a few brief years.

THAD. W. H. LEAVITT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN LITERATURE AND THE ALLEGED PREPONDERANCE OF VERSE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I observe in your last issue that a contributor, who evidently fears that Canada intellectually is becoming a nest of singing-birds, calls upon our native writers to give more attention to prose composition. In the literary out-put of the Dominion he seems to think there is a preponderance of poetry; and he forms this opinion, he tells us, after perusing the bibliographical notes appended to Mr. Lighthall's recent collection of native verse, and in view, no doubt, of the appearance of the volume itself, with its singularly good examples of Canadian achievement in this department of literary effort. Pray, may I ask space in your columns for a few comments on the interesting topic which your contributor has raised? I ask this in no spirit of contention, but with the desire to get at facts. I may say, however, that I am not a little impressed by the idea that your contributor has been carried away by his speculative interest in figures, which it seems to me has somewhat misled him, and that he has overlooked the mass of prose writers, whose work is not so obtrusive as that of our poets, and, moreover, has not had the honour to be collected into a prose anthology, or by whatever name it may be proper to call a representative volume of Canadian prose. Here is what your contributor says:—

But a thought strikes us as we read the "Notes Bibliographical and Biographical" appended to Mr. Lighthall's collection of the "Songs of the Great Dominion". How is it that Canada seems to have produced and to be producing such a preponderance of poetry over prose? In the list of sixty-seven poets represented, seventeen only, or twenty-five per cent., are described as having written prose also; and we are told that the number of those who have "at various times produced really good poetry might be roughly placed at three hundred," so that if we suppose the average of these latter to be the same as that of the former, we shall have only seventy-five producers of combined prose and poetry.

Now the fallacy (no doubt unintentional) underlying these remarks is this, that it limits the native writers of prose to those who have written verse; and the error is far from being corrected by the citation of only five names—not, it will be conceded, the most eminent that might have been selected—afterwards referred to in the article as representing the Canadian writers of prose. Your contributor, it is true, may reply that in the calculation made in the above extract he is merely estimating, among the

in which a member of another tribe, in consideration of his prowess, was made the chief ruler. Their most complicated tribal usages related to marriage. The Rev. Mr. Ridley and other careful observers hold that no man could marry a woman of the same totum as himself, while in some districts a man could not marry a woman of the same name as his sister, though belonging to another totum; hence great care was taken to give each female child a different name. The lubras (women) were sold by their nearest relations, but the consent of the king had also to be obtained, lest he should covet the woman. In some instances the man was compelled to give his sister in exchange for his wife, and should the latter prove unsatisfactory, he possessed the privilege of returning her and demanding the restoration of his sister. Marriage by capture also existed, and even in cases where the bargain had been struck a semblance of capture was always practised, in which the lubra made a show of resistance, but finally consented to be led away to the gunyah, where she lighted a fire and by so doing sealed the contract. Women are regarded as man's inferior and treated as beasts of burden. It is by no means uncommon to meet a lubra, with an infant on her back, carrying in addition all the moveable property of the family, while the lord of the household marches along swinging a war club and looking down with supreme contempt upon his *best* half. The lubras are in no sense destitute of the maternal instinct, but in times of excessive hardship, when the struggle for existence becomes excessively keen, female infanticide is generally practised. Female infants are undoubtedly chosen as the victims because they are regarded as of less value to the tribe than males. Macalister gives the following in reference to the capturing of wives: "The young man who desires to procure a wife (usually there are several young men banded together for wife-capturing) reconnoitres the position of a neighbouring tribe, and ascertains the position in the camp of the beauty whom he is desirous of securing. Armed with his nulla-nulla and spear, he steals on some dark night, perfectly nude to the side of the object of his search, and then places the point of his spear against her throat. Being thus disturbed in her dreams and fully understanding what is meant, she in most instances, rises quietly and follows her captor; should she make any resistance a blow from the nulla-nulla silences her on the spot." Amid this prosaic tale of barter and sale as well as captures it is satisfactory to find a tinge of sentiment. Even the Aborigines, on rare occasions indulged in love marriages and elopements. The game was a dangerous one, much more so than a trip to Greta Green.

When the elopement becomes known there is no "mounting in hot haste the stud;" on the contrary the relations who have been robbed, together with the allotted husband, who has also been spoiled of his treasure (nearly all girls are allotted at an early age), set out in pursuit of the fugitives, and invariably succeed in coming up with them. Then the young man has to fight, not only for his wife, but also for his life. The mode is that the abductor should stand in a certain position and at a given distance, and receive from each of his pursuers a shot from either a spear or a boomerang, defending himself with a shield. If he escapes death he is permitted one shot at one of his assailants whom he is permitted to select. It is unnecessary to state that he invariably chooses the man to whom the bride was affianced. The young couple are then free to set up house-keeping under the nearest gum tree; but from this date all intercourse with the parents of his lubra must cease; they must not go near him—nor must he look upon them—in particular he must abstain from seeing his mother-in-law, though he must furnish food for her support when required. Should he fail in the last particular she is privileged to come at night and make herself heard, if not seen.

Polygamy is universally practised where there are sufficient lubras. It is significant that in each tribe certain ceremonies, which inflicted severe suffering, were practised upon the young men before they were admitted to the council meetings; that is, they were made men by an initiatory service as civilized communities make Masons

EVIL SPIRITS.

The aborigines are beyond doubt the greatest cowards in the world after the sun sets. They huddle around their camp fires, and are in constant dread of being seized and carried off by an evil spirit, which they suppose to wander about the bush at night in great numbers. A strange idea obtains that should they lose some relic of themselves, and it should fall into the hands of an enemy, then their fate is sealed. Not only will the possessor of the relic be able to work them every species of bodily harm, but he may at pleasure terminate their existence. It is a universal belief that death is always occasioned by witchcraft. Illustrating their belief in magic, I cull the following from the *South Australian Advertiser*:—"Chunkey, a well-to-do black fellow, and his mate made an incursion upon the Bimbowrie tribe of aborigines, and carried off three women for wives. . . . One of the Bimbowrie men, in trying to rescue the women, was put under a spell by Chunkey, by means of a human bone pointed at one end of a ball of fat and ochre rolled together. The blacks believe that when this is pointed at any member of a tribe no power on earth can save the victim from death; and their fears so play upon their imagination that their spirits sink, they lose their appetites, waste away and die. . . . For nearly two years Chunkey was pursued, . . . and when a favourable opportunity occurred he was murdered. Among the tribes further north they will pursue for five hundred miles any member of a tribe who has pointed the ochred greasy bone at another black fellow."

number of writers of verse, the proportion of those who have done something in the other branch of literary composition. This rejoinder would be valid did your contributor not go on to urge the necessity for more prose writers, essayists, novelists, and contributors to our magazines and newspapers "of articles on domestic, moral, social, religious and educational matters," without regard, seemingly, to what has been and what currently is being written, and, above all, without indicating how these additional writers are to find in Canada either the field or an adequate remuneration for their work. Without knowing precisely the writer's object in estimating, after his own fashion, the relative number of Canadian authors who use prose and verse, it is obviously difficult to deal with his contribution. How far, I am inclined to ask, does his knowledge extend of native authors who use either? Is his acquaintance with Canadian literature wide enough to make him familiar with all our contemporary writers of prose? And among these does he reckon, not only the writers whose contributions appear in such native periodicals as are open to them, but those who currently write for English and American reviews and magazines, and who do literary work which is published outside of the Dominion? Does he count in the list the more notable men who write for our newspaper press; the editors of and contributors to our legal, medical, educational and religious journals, and the authors of text-books, treatises and works of practice in the various professions? The list of those even who have written and are writing books in Canada is now an extensive one; while the contributors to our periodical press, including those engaged in one or other of the professions, who, were it made worth their while, are capable of writing excellent prose, may be said to be legion. Is it this extensive list of native prose writers your contributor desires to augment, or does he wish simply that, of our writers of verse, there were more who turned their attention to prose? If the former, it would be a kindness first to show how these additional writers are to be employed and remunerated, before disengaging them from their present presumably profitable occupations. If the latter, the same obligation exists and applies, coupled with the expediency of showing cause for diverting from the higher work of verse to the lower work of prose some of the best creative and imaginative minds in the country. Poetic speech must be golden; not necessarily so should be that of prose—should we be doing well, therefore, by debasing the coinage, even if we preserved the equilibrium in the demand between the higher and the lower metals? The singing is of more value than the talking voice; would our people be gainers, it may be asked, by making parrots of the larks? The question, presumably, is not between a good prose writer and an indifferent poet. Were that the issue the case would be different. But, as I read your contributor, he has no quarrel with the quality of the work of our poets, unless he believes the foolish dictum which he cites, that "poetry is much easier to write than prose."

Your contributor concludes his brief paper by re-iterating the counsel that "we have need of prose." If by that he means a sounder, a more strenuous and inspiring—in short, a higher character and quality of prose, I readily agree with him. If in the writing of the time, there seems to him to have come a lull in its force and efficacy, and that there is need of a quickening spirit to breathe anew both upon the nation's conscience and upon its intellect, I still more readily agree with him. If what he seeks is an increase in quality rather than an increase in quantity, and if his desire is that our writers shall not only acquire and disseminate a contagious passion for a loftier patriotism and a higher tone in our public life, but shall grow in power for the utterance of the greatest good that is in them, then again, and heartily, I am with him. These are desires and aspirations, however, for poet and prose writer alike; and through both poet and prose writer, if accepted and acted upon, the nation will gain by the exercise of the higher motives and impulse. In labouring for these worthy and patriotic ends each can do his part, and having done it, each will share in the increased benefit to the country and the enhanced honour to the country's literature. Yours very truly,

Toronto, July 1.

G. MERCER ADAM.

"MORE PROSE WANTED."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The remarks of your contributor, Erol Gervase, in your last issue, under the heading, "More Prose Wanted," are worthy every consideration, since they indicate an outline for a literary future in Canada, both timely in its appearance and correct in its aim.

I am not sure, however, that Canada could not make a splendid showing of achievements already wrought, as well in the matter of essay, philosophy, and history, as in poetry. Taking it for granted that she has not done so, I think it necessary to challenge the extraordinary reason given, as quoted by Erol Gervase, that "it is so much easier to write poetry." He says that one of our poets recently said so, and in common with myself I am sure a good many of our poets are ready to exclaim "Name?" Does your contributor gravely believe that Heavysage found "Saul" easy to write? Or that William Kirby gave us his "Idylls" easily? Or that Roberts wrote his splendid poem "Orion" because it was so much easier to paint his thought in poetry than prose? To the poet, poetic expression comes naturally, but it is no product of that indolent ease which the remark quoted would imply.

Taken as a remark the statement really means nothing,



since it appeals to no standard either of ease or difficulty, it defines nothing, and cannot be used as a rule of judgment in the case of prose as against poetry. It is true that occasionally poetic expression springs in full panoply from the strong full brain, like Minerva from the head of Jove. But poets are mortal; subject to the pains and penalties of mortality, and, as a rule, the best work has to see the hottest fires of the assayer's furnace before it comes before the world in the shape of sterling currency.

So, indeed, it has to be with the prose that lives and guides humanity.

I would further say, that the statement, extraordinary in my eyes, that Mr. Kirby's "Chien d'Or" has no claims for your contributor, only goes to show that one cannot judge for all. For myself, and I know I have a large assemblage of cultivated readers on my side, "Le Chien d'Or" had so absorbing an interest, not only in the matter of the times depicted, but also in the vivid portrayal of the characters of the story, that the time seemed a blank that had to elapse between one reading and another, and I look to a cultivated future to lift the so little known book into the eminence it is deserving of. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

S. A. C.

### NANSEN'S EXPEDITION ACROSS GREENLAND.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, whose daring expedition across the inland ice of Greenland excites so much well-merited admiration, gives the following description of his dangerous trip:—

"In the beginning of May, 1888, myself and the companions whom I had selected, Lieut. Dietrichson, Capt. Sverdrup, Mr. Christiansen, and the Lapps, Samuel Balto and Ole Ravno, were ready to leave Christiania. After having reached Scotland, we sailed on the Danish steamer *Thyra* for Iceland, whence the Norwegian sealer *Jason* took us across Danmark Strait to the east coast of Greenland. The *Jason* is a wooden steamer with full rigging. She is built for navigation in the ice-covered polar seas. Her bow is strengthened in order to withstand the heavy pressure of the ice setting along the east coast of Greenland. I hoped to find the ice sufficiently loose to permit us to reach the mainland by means of boats in the beginning of June. On June 11 we sighted the coast north of Angnagsalik, where Capt. Holm's expedition wintered in 1884-85. We approached the land to within forty miles, but here our progress was stopped by the ice. As it seemed to fill the sea as far as the coast, I did not feel justified in an attempt to force a landing. For this reason we stayed on the *Jason*, which went sealing in Danmark Strait. After the sealing was finished—about the middle of July—we approached the coast of Greenland for a second time. At this season the belt of ice was not by any means as extensive as it had been in June. On July 17 we approached Angnagsalik to within twelve miles, but we were again arrested by a heavy pack. As I supposed that we should be unable to approach any nearer the coast, I resolved to leave the steamer, and to attempt a landing. We left the *Jason* with two boats, which were about twenty feet in length. Besides the boats, we carried a tent, two sleeping-bags made of deer-skin, and five long and narrow sledges for carrying provisions, ammunition, instruments, etc.

"In the beginning we made fair progress, as the ice was sufficiently loose to permit our boats to pass between the floes. Eventually we had to cut off a projecting point, but no serious obstacles were met with. At a few places we had to drag the boats over a floe, but our progress warranted the hope that we would reach the mainland on the following day. The farther we progressed, however, the closer the ice was packed, and the oftener the boats had to be dragged over the ice. On one such occasion one of our boats was stove. She was unloaded as quickly as possible, and the necessary repairs were made. Thus four hours were lost. When we were ready to start, we found the ice so closely packed that we had to drag the boats continually. Travelling was made still more difficult when heavy showers of rain set in. We were thoroughly tired out, and it was necessary to encamp on the ice in order to regain strength to await the loosening of the pack. While we were encamped, the current carried the ice rapidly southward, and the distance to the coast was rapidly increasing. When it cleared up again, we discovered that we were about fifteen miles south of Sermilik Fiord. We endeavoured to reach the coast; but travelling was extremely difficult, as the ice consisted of small and closely packed floes. Besides this, the current continued to carry us southward, and it seemed that the distance which separated us from the coast was continually increasing. Thus the day was spent. The weather was fair, but the current thwarted all our endeavours. At one time we were close to the shore; then the current carried us far out into the sea, and we felt the heavy swell of the ocean. One night, when sleeping in our tent, we felt a heavy swell, and the small floe on which we had pitched our tent was subjected to heavy pressure. On the next morning we saw that the floe was cracked near our camp, and that we were close to the edge of the pack near the open sea. The boats were made ready, and preparations were made to leave the ice. At night we had approached the edge of the pack still more closely. The sea washed over our floe, the size of which was rapidly decreasing. We knew what was before us. In order to be ready to take up the struggle with full strength, I ordered everybody to turn in. Sverdrup was ordered to watch, and to call all hands when

it should be necessary to leave the floe. Sverdrup, however, did not call us, and when we arose on the next morning we heard the breakers at a long distance. During the night our floe had been so close to the sea that one of our boats was threatened by the waves; but all of a sudden it was drawn towards the land, and entered the pack-ice.

"After a few days the current carried us so close to the land that we were able to reach the coast. On July 29 we went ashore near Anoritok in 61° 30' north latitude. During our twelve days' stay on the ice, we were carried southward sixty-four miles. On the whole the weather had been fair. Now we were on shore, but far southward from the point where I had hoped to reach Greenland, and where I intended to begin my journey inland. Therefore we had to go northward along the coast, as I was unwilling to change my plans.

"We started on the journey along the coast in the best of spirits. Whenever the ice was too close to the shore, we had to cut our way by means of axes, and we succeeded in making slow progress. On July 30 we passed the glacier Puisortok, which is so much feared by the East Greenlanders. On a point at the north side of the glacier we fell in with a party of natives who had visited the west coast on a trading excursion. This party, who were travelling in two women's boats, had met another party travelling in two boats, who were going southward on a visit to the west coast. We pitched our tent alongside their camp, paid them a visit, and were kindly received. On the next day we travelled in company with the first party northward, and reached the island of Ruds. The Greenlanders let us take the lead, in order to make use of the clear water made by our boats. In the afternoon rain set in. The Eskimo pitched their tents, while we continued our journey. Everywhere the ice lay close to the shore, and huge icebergs were pushed into the sea by the glaciers. At Tingmiarmiut we heard the dogs of the Greenlanders howling; but we had no time to spare, and continued our journey. On Griffenfeldt's Island we were overtaken by a northerly gale. At Akornarmiut we fell in with a new party of natives. They, however, were extremely timid, and as soon as they saw us they took to their heels, leaving behind their tents and one dog. We succeeded, however, in making friends with them by giving them a number of trinkets as presents, and on parting we were sincere friends. Numerous kayaks accompanied us when we continued our journey.

"Finally, on Aug. 12, we reached Umivik, whence, under the existing circumstances, I intended to start on my trip across the inland ice. At this place the ice reaches the sea. Only a few *nunataks* (summits of mountains) emerge from the ice, while there are no extensive stretches of land. A few days were spent in necessary preparations. Our boats were hauled on shore, turned upside down, and in one of them our spare ammunition was stored, in case we should be compelled to retrace our steps and winter on the east coast.

"On Aug. 15 we started inland. Our baggage was packed on five sledges, of which Sverdrup and myself dragged the heaviest one, while the others dragged one each. Every one had to drag a load of two hundred pounds—a task which was made very difficult by the comparatively steep ascent of the ice, which was crossed by numerous deep fissures. During the first and second days we made fair progress, particularly as we slept during the day time, and travelled at night on harder and better ice. On the third day we were overtaken by a terrible rain-storm, which detained us for three days. Then we proceeded in regular marches without meeting with any serious obstacles. The ground rose continually. The snow was hard but uneven. Thus we had proceeded for nine days in the direction of Christianshaab, the colony on the west coast which we tried to reach. Then, all of a sudden, a strong and continuous snow-storm set in. The road began to be bad, and we made slow progress. I saw, that, under these circumstances, it would take a long time to reach Christianshaab. It was near the end of August, and I expected that it would be extremely difficult to travel on the inland ice as late as September. On Aug. 27 I resolved to change my course, and to attempt to reach Godhaab. Thus we shortened the distance to be traversed; and the snow-storm, which for several days had blown right into our teeth, was more favourable to us, and helped us to drag our sledges. On the other hand, I knew that the descent from the inland ice to Godhaab would be much more difficult than at Christianshaab; but we resolved to make a boat, in case the land near Godhaab should prove too difficult.

"We were in about 67° 50' north latitude, and about forty miles distant from Godhaab Fiord, when we changed our course. Our sledges were provided with sails, for which purpose we used pieces of cloth. For three days we travelled on in this way; then the wind calmed down. Travelling became very difficult, and we had to use snow-shoes in order to prevent sinking into the snow. The surface was level and without fissures, but the ground was rising continually. It was not until the beginning of September, when we had reached a height of nine thousand or ten thousand feet, that we had reached the top of the plateau. We were on an enormous plain, level as a floor, and like a vast frozen sea. The snow was loose and fine. Small needles of ice were falling continually, and the temperature was so low that the mercury became solid. Unfortunately, I had no alcohol thermometer to show the lowest temperature, which must have been between 40° and 50° below zero. One night the minimum next to my pillow was—31° F. We did not suffer, however, with the cold, except during a snow-storm.

"At last, on Sept. 19, a favourable easterly wind began to blow. We tied the sledges together, set sail, and made rapid progress westward. We were descending at the same time. In the afternoon we discovered the first mountain of the west coast. At night I suddenly discovered through falling snow a dark spot, which we approached without fear of any danger. When we were at only a few steps distance, I discovered that the dark spot was a fissure. We succeeded in stopping the sledges at a few feet distance, but thereafter we proceeded more cautiously.

"The ice grew more impassable the more closely we approached the coast. Besides this, we had to change our course, as we had entered the great glacier emptying into Godhaab Fiord. On Sept. 24, at a small lake south of Kangersunek, we finally reached the land. Here we left part of our sledges and provisions, and went along the river Kukasik toward Ameragola, where we arrived on Sept. 26.

"Thus the inland ice was crossed; but we had to reach an inhabited place as soon as possible, as our provisions began to be exhausted. Besides this, our throats and mouths were swollen and sore by the long-continued use of pemmican. It was impossible to reach Godhaab by land, and we turned to building a small boat. The felt floor of our tent was used as a cover of a frail frame which was built of willows and of a few poles. On Sept. 29, Sverdrup and myself started for Godhaab, while the others went to fetch the rest of our baggage from the edge of the inland ice. With great difficulty we succeeded in reaching New Herrnhut, a missionary station, on Oct. 3. After a visit to the missionary we proceeded to Godhaab, which lies a short distance off. We were received very kindly. Two kayaks, with the necessary implements, were despatched at once to Ameragola to fetch the rest of our party. Unfortunately they were delayed by stormy weather, and we did not meet at Godhaab until Oct. 12. An attempt to return to Norway on the steamer *Fox* from Ivigtut failed; but I must confess that I do not regret the necessity of having wintered in Greenland, as I had thus an opportunity to make a thorough acquaintance with the Greenlanders."

Thus Dr. Nansen concludes his preliminary report, which is soon to be followed by a scientific report. On April 16 the ship *Heidbjörnen* arrived at Godhaab, and on April 25 Dr. Nansen and his party left this place. After a brief stay at Sukkertoppen, which is situated a little more to the northward, and an unsuccessful attempt to cross the ice-pack of Davis Strait, the ship returned home. On May 19 the land of Norway was sighted, the next day Cape Skagen was reached, and on May 21 the steamer arrived at Copenhagen.

### ART NOTES.

FROM one of our art lovers in Toronto, and from other sources, we learn that the Royal Academy Exhibition of London is above the average. Among the pictures of note this year are those by Herkomer, Fildes, Tadema, Watts, and Orchardson. Homer Watson also has a picture in this Exhibition.

Sculpture is receiving more attention in the English art world of late, and H. Bates' "Hounds in Leash" has been highly spoken of in the present Exhibition; also a bust of G. T. Watts, by Worth; and one of Browning, by Henrietta Montalba.

Nearly three thousand people visit the National Gallery of England, in Trafalgar Square, every day; and forty-six valuable paintings have been given or bequeathed to the collection during the past year.

The sum of five hundred thousand dollars has been given by a wealthy private English gentleman, who desires to be anonymous, for the purpose of building a gallery to contain a national collection of portraits of Englishmen. In this connection could not something be done in Canada to preserve the presentment of our foremost citizens for the future nation, along with the collection of speakers and dignitaries of the Dominion Parliament which are so badly lighted in the galleries and passages at Ottawa?

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A SAGE OF SIXTEEN. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Moment Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In the character of Elma Alfreton, the heroine of this charming tale, the author has shown the power of purity, and the charm of innocence and candour, even when grown in the uncongenial soil of aristocratic wealth, worldliness and fashion. Would that we had a larger supply of such healthful, wholesome tales.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CLEMENT KER. By George Fleming. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This thrilling story forcibly illustrates the sad and sometimes tragic ending of the somewhat fashionable, but always despicable, marriage for money. The golden glamour of wealth proves to Eleanor Macalister as truly deceptive as do the apples of Sodom to the famished traveller in the desert when seized and tasted. This last work of the rising author—or shall we say authoress—fully sustains the reputation gained by "Kismet," "Mirage," and kindred tales. The characters are well and powerfully drawn, and the interest of the reader is sustained throughout.

**THE ART OF BREATHING** as the Basis of Tone Production. By Leo Kofler, organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York City. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

This admirable work should be in the hands of every instructor of singing. Early in life we had the good fortune to receive some hints on the art of breathing with a view to expanding, exercising and strengthening the lungs from a wise friend, and the habit then acquired has been a lifelong source of health and strength. The above treatise is based on personal practice and knowledge gained by experience and culture; and we may venture to say that in practical utility it has not been surpassed by any similar work. Not only should it be a *vade mecum* for the singer, but all who desire to develop the powers of that grand organ, the human voice, to acquire strength of lung and scope of expansion—whether in pulpit, platform or court room—or wherever in the varied callings of life speech is a factor of success—will find here what they need clearly, comprehensively and ably presented. The full table of contents and index are commendable features. It is said of the author that "he is a firm believer in the old Italian school, and has by visits to Italy and deep research sought to revive the method that has produced the world's greatest singers."

**THE PROPHET AND OTHER POEMS.** By Isaac R. Baxley. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888.

We cannot accord to the author of these poems the merit of clearness. It is true that in some instances both thought and expression are lucid, but in the main we feel that in aiming at the sublime and profound in the spiritual, mental and material world, the writer has too often exemplified the thought conveyed in the lines of the opening poem, "The Prophet":

'Tis the dark curse of vision cast afar  
To fail thro' noisome vapours rising near.

Some of the poems are sprightly and animated, such as "The Manikin," though it contains passages which we cannot help thinking are somewhat too sensuous for refined nineteenth century readers. From this poem, however, we make the following pleasing quotation:

*The maiden to the youth.*  
Constant to thee as fire and flame;  
Constant as waves to windy seas;  
Constant as daily suns remain  
Heirs to their desert boundaries:  
More constant than to drowsy theme  
Are summer bees, and more than dips  
The constant swallow in the stream—  
More than the honey to thy lips.

*Temple Bar* for July is excellent. To say nothing of the continued stories, the tart critique by a woman on "George Meredith's Views of Women," the terse selections from "The Wit and Wisdom of Schopenhauer," the womanly friend of the illustrious Goethe, the chief charm for literary readers lies in the fascinating articles, "Macaulay at Home," by W. Fraser Rae, and "Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb," a parallel, by P. W. Roose.

**LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.**

HARPER AND BROTHERS publish this week a new novel by Miss Braddon, called "The Day Will Come."

A. D. F. RANDOLPH AND Co. will publish at once the Duke of Argyll's work, entitled "What is Truth?"

In *Harper's Bazar*, of July 12, will begin a serial by William Black, the title of which is "Prince Fortunatus."

THOMAS NAST, the cartoonist, will draw hereafter for *Time*. Social and general topics, as well as politics, will engage his attention.

MISS MAY KENDALL, a young English poet, has written a novel, "Such is Life," which is to be issued both in London and New York by the Longmans.

A GERMAN translation of Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and His Continent" has just appeared in Stuttgart, and a Danish one is in preparation in Copenhagen.

MACMILLAN AND Co. will issue very shortly a popular life of Father Damien, by his friend and correspondent, Mr. Edward Clifford, who visited him within a few months of his death.

LITTLE, BROWN AND Co. are to publish in the autumn a popular edition of Dr. Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Their fine edition of this book was sold out in advance of publication.

An edition *de luxe* of the works of Dean Swift, in nineteen volumes, is in preparation by Bickers and Son in London. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. will have charge of the distribution on this side of the Atlantic.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS are preparing an Encyclopædia of Missions, giving the history, geography, ethnology, biography, and statistics of missions, from apostolic times to the present, with maps, diagrams, and a copious index.

A FEW summers ago Allen Thorndike Rice and William Waldorf Astor rode on horseback up the banks of the Hudson to Albany, and Mr. Astor will contribute some reminiscences of his friend to the *July North American Review*.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. are preparing a new edition of their catalogue, including the new names transferred from the list of Ticknor and Co. The new catalogue will

embrace 600 additional volumes; it will also include many new portraits.

THE *Andover Review* for July will contain, from A. Taylor Innes, Esq., of Edinburgh, Scotland, a full account of the remarkable movement in favour of Creed Revision, which has received so great an impulse from the action of the Presbyterian Assemblies at their recent sessions in Edinburgh.

THE last of the "Ticknor Paper Series" of novels was No. 58, Mrs. Kirk's lively and entertaining "Queen Money." Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. now intend to continue the series as the "Riverside Paper Series," and promise several excellent copyright novels during the summer months.

MRS. S. J. HIGGINSON, author of "A Princess of Java," published two years ago, is writing a book on Java for the Riverside Library for Young People. Prof. A. V. G. Allen's book on Jonathan Edwards will appear in the early autumn as the initial volume in Houghton, Mifflin and Co.'s series of American Religious Leaders.

A COMPLETE bibliography of the works of Ruskin is being compiled by Thomas J. Wise, Honorary Secretary of the Shelley Society. It will be accompanied by a full list of Ruskiniana, and will form a quarto volume, issued to subscribers only, in about eight parts, periodically. Each part will contain not less than thirty-two pages, and will cost half a crown.

**READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE**

JOHN EVELYN.

WE can imagine no one whom it would have been more delightful to have had for a friend or relation than the accomplished Christian gentleman, philanthropist, scholar, artist, author, and scientist who wrote "Evelyn's Diary." Living in a corrupt yet bigoted and superstitious age, he is our ideal of all that is pure, liberal, charitable, lovely, and of good report. He was, as Horace Walpole said, a Christian who "adored from examination; was a courtier that flattered only by informing his prince, and by pointing out what was worthy for him to countenance; and really was the neighbour of the gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him." He abhorred both profanity and dissipation and severe and affected austerity of manners; equally shunning Cavalier and Puritan extravagances and excesses. Yet when Charles II. and his reckless minions brought "deep and prodigious gaming" and foolish and licentious plays into fashion, he grew to feel an almost Puritan detestation of the card-table and the theatre, which in better days he had approved, and expressed his condemnation in strong language. It does one good to live in his society even now, when we can come no nearer to him than the daily record in his journal of his wise, happy, useful life. "God blessed him," as his affectionate friend the poet Cowley said, with "the choice of his own happiness," and "with prudence how to choose the best;" and he placed his "noble and innocent delights" in gardens and books, and in his lovely wife, in whom he found "both pleasures more refined and sweet:"—

The fairest garden in her looks,  
And in her mind the wisest books.

Another of his dear friends, Bishop Burnet, calls him "this ingenious and virtuous gentleman," and tells us that, not content to have advanced the knowledge of the age by his own labours, he was ready "to contribute everything in his power to perfect other men's endeavours." He was equally "the patron of the ingenious and the indigent." The chivalrous Sir Walter Scott, who found in Evelyn, in some respects, a kindred soul, thought that "his life, principles, and manners" as illustrated in his Memoirs ought to be "the manual of English gentlemen." He entirely escaped depreciation and satire in a day and generation which was in the habit of making jest of goodness, and was loved and revered even by those who were too evil or too weak to follow his example of holy living and dying.—*Mary D. Steele in July Atlantic.*

**FRENCH-CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENTS IN LITERATURE.**

It is a generally-recognized aphorism now-a-days that the literature of a nation forms a good criterion of its state of civilization. What is, therefore, the position occupied by the French Canadians in the field of a purely indigenous literature, compared with that of our English-speaking fellow-Canadians? We do not form one-third of the population of the Dominion; and can Prof. Goldwin Smith pretend with any shadow of proof that we are not on a level—to say the least—with our more numerous compatriots of the English-speaking provinces? What are the names in historical researches and writings that he can place above those of Garneau, Sulte, Ferland, the two Bibauds, l'abbé Casgrain, l'abbé Tanguay, l'abbé Verreau, Rameau, and others? Are not Fréchette's poetical works, which have obtained European fame, and the unquestionable eulogium of the French Academy, on a par with anything written in English by any Canadian poet; and are not Crémazie, Legendre, and Lemay names that can be compared favourably with those of the best-known among their compeers of either nationality? Have we not in the field of fiction such men as Marmette, Chauveau, Faucher de St. Maurice, Lésperance, and others whose names would form a long list of well-known *littérateurs*? Compare, if you will, the annual

proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada, and tell me whether the French section is inferior in any way to the others. And as to parliamentary eloquence, has not the English press of both political parties acknowledged the superiority at the present date of such men as the Hon. W. Laurier, leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State, and the Hon. H. Mercier, Premier of Quebec; and in the past can we not boast of orators like Papineau, Morin, Lafontaine, Papin, Cartier, Dorion, and a score of others who could at any moment take up the cudgels, in English or in French, so as to command the attention and the respect of their colleagues on the benches of the Canadian Parliament? The comparison need go no further for any one who is at all familiar with Canadian literature, and this is not the place to attempt documentary proof of my assertion. Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Comments on Canada," in *Harper's Magazine* for last March, writes as follows: "There is a great charm about Quebec—its language, its social life, the military remains of the last century. It is a Protestant writer who speaks of the volume and wealth of the French-Canadian literature as too little known to English-speaking Canada. And it is true that literary men have not realized the richness of the French material, nor the work accomplished by French writers in history, poetry, essays, and romances. . . . And even in the highest education, where modern science has a large place, what we may call the literary side is very much emphasized. Indeed, the French students are rather inclined to rhetoric, and in public life the French are distinguished for the graces and charm of oratory."—*Honoré Beaugrand in the July Forum*

**FROUDE'S EPIGRAMS.**

THE following epigrammatic sentences are taken from Mr. Froude's new book, entitled "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy":—

Irish society grew up in happy recklessness. Insecurity added zest to enjoyment.

We Irish must either laugh or cry, and if we went in for crying, we should all hang ourselves.

Too close a union with the Irish had produced degeneracy both of character and creed in all the settlements of the English.

We age quickly in Ireland with the whiskey and the broken heads.

The Irish leaders cannot fight. They can make the country ungovernable, and keep an English army occupied in watching them.

No nation can ever achieve a liberty that will not be a curse to it, except by arms in the field.

Patriotism? Yes! Patriotism of the Hibernian order. That the country has been badly treated, and is poor and miserable. This is the patriot's stock-in-trade. Does he want it mended? Not he. His own occupation would be gone.

Irish corruption is the twin brother of Irish eloquence. England will not let us break the heads of our scoundrels; she will not break them herself; we are a free country, and, must take the consequence.

The functions of the Anglo-Irish Government were to do what ought not to have been done, and to leave undone what ought to be done.

The Irish are the best actors in the world.

Order is an exotic in Ireland. It has been imported from England, but it will not grow. It suits neither soil nor climate.

Nature keeps an accurate account. The longer the bill is left unpaid, the heavier the accumulation of interest.

You cannot live in Ireland without breaking laws on one side or another. *Pecca fortiter*, therefore, as Luther says.

The annual spirits of the Irish remained when all else was gone, and if there was no purpose in their lives they could at least enjoy themselves.

**WRITING.**

It is a remarkable fact that while the Hebrews have assigned the honour of the discovery of music and metal working to remote antiquity, that there is no trace or tradition of the origin of letters. Throughout the book of Genesis there is no allusion, even directly, to the practice of writing. The Greek word for "to write" does not once occur; even the word for "a book" is found only in a single passage, Gen. v. 1; but there is nothing to show that writing was known at that time.

The signet of Judah, and the ring with which Pharaoh invested Joseph, had probably emblematic characters upon them. The Egyptians had at that time writing of a certain kind, it is supposed; but there is nothing to prove that it extended to the Hebrews. In Exodus we read, "And they made the plate of the holy crown of pure gold, and wrote upon it a writing of the engraving of a signet, 'Holiness to the Lord.'" But that is thought to be as the work of an intaglio. Writing is first distinctly mentioned in Ex. xviii. 14, where God commanded Moses to write this in a book and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua. The tables of the testimony are said to be "written by the finger of God." The second tables were written either by Moses or by God himself. The engraving of the gems of the high priest's breastplate, and the inscription upon the mitre were not probably written, but imply a knowledge of alphabetical characters.



Kings were enjoined to write the law in a book from that used by the priests, that they might study it. Moses' song was written in a book to be placed with that of the law in the ark. As soon as the Israelites had entered the Promised Land, Joshua inscribed a copy of the Law upon the stones of the altar.

In Judges we first find mention of the pen of the writer. Samuel wrote in the book the manner of the kingdom; but it was not until the reign of David that writing is mentioned as a means of ordinary communication. He wrote Uriah's death-warrant to Joab; so the latter must have understood the art. In the Pentateuch the art was known to Moses, Joshua, and the priest alone. Samuel could write, because he was educated by the high priest, and he was one of the earliest historians. After that the art became more familiar. The prophets, Jezebel (who wrote letters in Ahab's name and sealed them), Haman, Esther, Mordecai, the scribes, the false prophet, Shemaiah, and so on to later years.

Tradition tells us that the Egyptians invented letters, and that they were passed along to the Phoenicians; but it is difficult to decide what where the characters first used. Letters and books were in the form of cylindrical rolls, sometimes transcribed upon papyrus, sometimes upon parchment; were without capitals or punctuation, or indeed any separation between words or sentences.

Inscriptions were also made upon lead, brass, clay, tiles, wax tablets, plaster, stone and gems; the letters being formed by hand, with the reed pen or hair pencil and ink, the metallic stylus and graving tools.—*Christian-at-Work.*

HENRY VII. AND THE IRISH.

HENRY, however, had a way of his own of bringing the Irish to repentance for their rebellion. Just after the battle of Stoke he sent for Kildare and the other Irish lords who had been taken prisoners fighting in behalf of the Pretender, and they appeared together before the Council. He had a long talk with them about their rebellion, in the end of which he said to them: "My masters of Ireland, you will crown apes at length!" They were dismissed from their examination, and being led away in the procession were not a little comforted to perceive that the face of the axe which was borne before them was turned away from them—a sign that their lives were spared. Nor was this all. They were ordered to dine that day in court, where Lambert Simnel waited upon them in the character of a cupbearer. This was the most galling indignity to which they could have been exposed. "None would have taken the cup out of his hands," says a lively Irish writer of the next generation, "but bade the great devil of hell him take before that ever they saw him." Only one man of the company felt quite at ease—the Lord of Howth, who had sent the king private notice of all that was done in Ireland, and enabled him the better to meet the rebels in England. "Bring me the cup," he said, "if the wine be good, and I shall drink it off for the wine's sake and mine own also. And as for thee," he added, addressing Simnel, "as thou art so I leave thee, a poor innocent."

The Bishop of Meath, whom he had arrested in a church into which he had pursued him with a drawn sword, was his principal accuser, and charged him with a number of misdemeanours. He replied that he could make no answer for lack of learned counsel. The king desired him to choose any counsel in England, and he should have time to instruct him. "Then," said the earl, "I shall make answer to-morrow; but I doubt I shall not have that good fellow that I choose." "By my truth thou shalt," replied the king. "Give me your hand," said the earl with a freedom altogether ignorant of court manners. "Here it is," replied Henry, amused at the *naïveté* of his demeanour. The earl, in fact, treated the king quite on equal terms, addressing him with the familiar "thou," as he did several other members of the council, who, seeing the king's disposition, took the matter in good part also. "Well," said the king to him, "when will you choose your counsel?" "Never if he be put to his choice," interposed the bishop. "Thou liest, bald bishop," replied the earl, "as soon as thou wouldst choose a fair wench if thou hadst thy wish;" and turning to the king, declared he had three stories to tell against his accuser. "Well," said the king, "you had better make a careful choice as to your counsel, for I think he will have enough to do for you." "Shall I choose now?" said the earl. "If you think good," replied Henry. "Well," said the earl, "I can see no better man than you, and by St. Bride I will choose none other." "A wiser man might have chosen worse," said the king laughing.

"You see the sort of man he is," said the bishop at length; "all Ireland cannot rule him." "No?" said the king, "then he must be the man to rule all Ireland;" and accordingly, the writer adds, the king made him deputy again, and sent him back to Ireland with great gifts.—*Twelve English Statesmen: Henry VII. By James Gardner.*

HARD ON THE MAN.

A LAUGHABLE but rather embarrassing case of mistaken identity occurred the other day in one of Montreal's largest retail stores. A gentleman, who is a little too fond of joking, entered the store for the purpose of meeting his wife at a certain counter. Sure enough, there stood a lady dressed, to his eye, at least just like the woman he was after.

Her back was turned and no one was near her, so he quietly approached, took her by the arm, and said in a voice of simulated severity: "Well, here you are, spending my money, as usual, eh?"

The face turned quickly toward him was not his wife's; it was that of an acrid, angry, keen-eyed woman of about fifty years, who attracted the attention of everybody in that part of the store by saying in a loud, shrill voice:

"No, I ain't spending your money or no other man's money, and I'll—"

"I beg your pardon, madam," cried the confused gentleman; "I supposed you were my wife, and—"

"Well, I just ain't your wife, nor no other man's wife, thank fortune, to be jawed at every time I buy a yard of ribbon! I pity your wife if you go around shaking her like you did me. If I was her, I'd—"

The chagrined joker waited to hear no more, but made his way out of the shop amid the titters and sly chuckles of those who had witnessed his confusion.

ABOUT WATCHES.

THE accuracy and cheapness of the watch of our day is one of the triumphs of skilled labour, and is hardly suggested by the first time-pieces of the name. It is said that Robert King, of Scotland, had a watch about the year 1310, but the first time-piece worthy of mention appears to have been owned by Edward VI, in 1552. This watch had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with the plummets of lead." Evidently this was more like the modern clock than watch. Spring pocket-watches have had their invention credited to Dr. Hooke by the English, and to N. Huygens by the Dutch. One of the watches made by Dr. Hooke had a double-balance, and was presented to Charles II, with this inscription: "Rob. Hooke inven. 1658. T. Torpion fecit, 1675." Chronometer watches are now made of the most marvellous accuracy and are as reliable for determining longitude as the most careful calculation. The originator of this great boon to the navigator was Harrison, who, in 1759, after many trial and failures, made the time-piece which procured him the reward of £20,000, offered by the Board of Longitude. A watch can now be purchased for two or three dollars, which is a better timekeeper than the one formerly costing \$1,500.

PRESENTIMENTS.

"SINCE that experience, in many voyages I have made it an object to inquire of travellers and others concerning presentiments and have found that they are very common, occasionally fulfilled, generally not so; and that it is the tendency with practically all persons who have had one presentiment come true to force themselves into all, and to become tyrants over those dependent upon them or those travelling with them. It is to be frankly admitted that no matter how vivid the supposed presentiment might be, its non-fulfilment would not demonstrate that there are no presentiments which must have originated externally to the mind of the subject; but having been led by my experience to induce many persons to defy such feelings without a single instance of reported evil results, it confirms strongly the hypothesis of their subjective origin.

"That presentiments are governed by no moral principle in the character of the subjects to which they are applied, the persons who receive them, the occasions upon which they are given, and their effects, is apparent. The most immoral have claimed to have them, have communicated them to others, and they have sometimes been fulfilled by events from which the persons having them have derived great personal advantages. The best of men have had presentiments, but the great majority of good people have not; and the greatest calamities which have befallen most persons have come without any warning whatsoever, except such as could be inferred from existing situations. Experience, foresight, and guidance by ordinary sagacity have been all that mankind have had to rely upon; and to be governed only by these, combating or disregarding presentiments, impressions, and powerful impulses, for which no foundation can be found in the nature of things, is the only safe and stable rule."—*J. M. Buckley in July Century.*

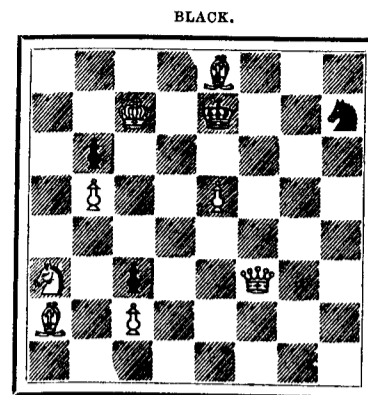
MR. JOHN WALLACE, a gentleman who appears to be well known in Tasmania and Victoria, has just met with an unpleasant misfortune in the capital of the latter Colony. He was making money rapidly when he was rudely interrupted in his labours by an inquisitive party of police, who insinuated that Mr. Wallace was putting an abnormal quantity of alloy into the coins he was engaged in manufacturing, and who also displayed some anxiety to see his license for carrying on a mint on his own account. Failing to satisfactorily explain these things, Mr. Wallace was placed in durance vile, where it now seems he has already spent some thirty-nine years. This, out of a total age of fifty-nine, amply shows that this gentleman has devoted a considerable amount of his time to Her Majesty's service. It appears that Mr. Wallace's talent was early recognized, for, at seventeen years of age, the Government of the day thoughtfully provided him with a free passage to Tasmania, where he was engaged in geological researches for some years. He has followed various professions since, and at one time, it is said, some attempt was made to induce him to stand for a New South Wales constituency. His self-respect, however, came to his rescue, and saved him from this humiliation.—*"Imperialist," in Colonies and India.*

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 371.

By M. E. ROCHE.

From *Le Monde Illustré.*

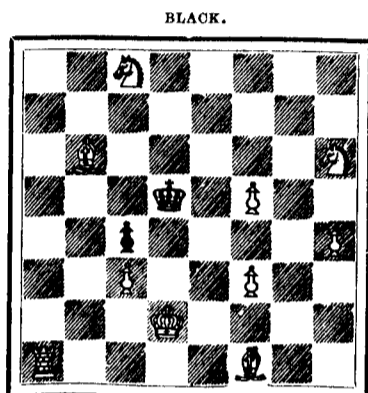


WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 372.

By A. E. STUDD.

From *Vanity Fair.*



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- |                |                        |             |                        |
|----------------|------------------------|-------------|------------------------|
| No. 365.       |                        | No. 366.    |                        |
| White.         | Black.                 | White.      | Black.                 |
| 1. Q-R1        | K x Kt                 | 1. P-R5     | K-K4                   |
| 2. B-B6        | moves                  | 2. Q x P    | P-Q3                   |
| 3. Q mates.    |                        | 3. Q-Kt2 +  |                        |
|                | If 1. K-B6             |             | If 1. P-Q3             |
| 2. Q-KR1 +     | K-B7                   | 2. Q-B3 +   | moves                  |
| 3. P-Kt4 mate. |                        | 3. P mates. |                        |
|                | With other variations. |             | With other variations. |

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. H., Brooklyn.—Your solutions of Problems 365 and 366 are wrong. See solutions above.

GAME PLAYED IN THE SIXTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS

Between Messrs. Burille and Showalter.

- |              |                |              |                    |
|--------------|----------------|--------------|--------------------|
| White.       | Black.         | White.       | Black.             |
| MR. BURILLE. | MR. SHOWALTER. | MR. BURILLE. | MR. SHOWALTER.     |
| 1. P-K4      | P-K4           | 12. B x P    | Q-Kt3              |
| 2. Kt-QB3    | Kt-QB3         | 13. P-B3     | Kt-B3              |
| 3. P-B4      | P x P          | 14. Q-R4 (a) | R-Kt1              |
| 4. Kt-B3     | P-K Kt4        | 15. Kt-K3    | Kt-KR4             |
| 5. B-B4      | P-Kt5          | 16. P-Q5     | Kt x B             |
| 6. Castles   | P x Kt         | 17. P x Kt   | B-QB4              |
| 7. P-Q4      | P-Q4           | 18. Q-Kt5    | B-Kt3              |
| 8. Kt x P    | B-K Kt5        | 19. P-R4     | R-Q3               |
| 9. P x P     | B-R6           | 20. P-R5     | R-Kt3              |
| 10. R-B2     | Q-Kt5 +        | 21. Kt-Kt4   | B x Kt             |
| 11. K-R1     | Castles        |              | And White resigns. |

NOTES.

(a) Q-K Kt1 appears to be the better move, as White could exchange Queens and have a safe game.

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### Chronic

Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, and, unless properly treated, hastens its victim into Consumption. It usually indicates a scrofulous condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. The most obstinate and dangerous forms of this disagreeable disease

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \*\*I have always been more or less troubled with Scrofula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold in my head, which, notwithstanding all efforts to cure grew worse, and finally became a chronic Catarrh. It was accompanied with terrible headaches, deafness, a continual coughing, and with great soreness of the lungs. My throat and stomach were so polluted with the mass of corruption from my head that Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and Emaciation totally unfitted me for business. I tried many of the so-called specifics for this disease, but obtained no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using two bottles of this medicine, I noticed an improvement in my condition. When I had taken six bottles all traces of Catarrh disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—A. B. Cornell, Fairfield, Iowa.

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### Catarrh

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Cured

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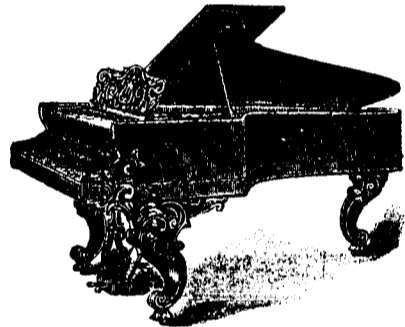
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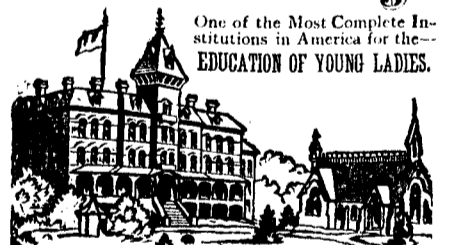
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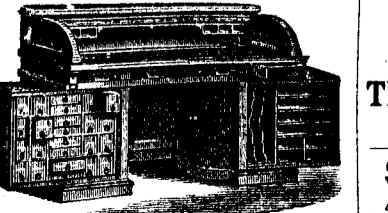
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