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THE Dominion Franchise Act is either a sad reflection upon the political genius of Canadians, or a stinging reproach to the party spirit which dominates them. That a young country, not abounding in wealth, having scarcely five millions of inhabitants, and carrying a very heavy public debt, should have found it necessary to adopt an electoral system under which it costs about half a million of dollars to prepare the lists of voters, is simply preposterous. There must be some better way. If Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues could not trust to the lists prepared by the local officials, why could not they and the Local Governments have agreed upon some common system or agency upon the fairness and neutrality of which both could rely? It seems absurd to suppose that such could not have been found or devised, or failing that, and considering by how narrow a margin the present Dominion franchise is separated from simple manhood suffrage; considering, too, how certain it is that the method now adopted of having the lists printed and revised at Ottawa will lead to endless errors and disputes, what justification can there be for preserving a set of machinery so costly and complicated? The people must be patient tax-payers indeed to be content with paying so much for so unmusical a whistle.

It is now said that the Maritime nations are conferring with a view to the adoption of some uniform policy for preserving the fur seal from extirpation, and that this in part accounts for the delay in the settlement of the Behring Sea Question. It is not easy to see any necessary connection between the two things. It is possible that the perpetuation of the seal fishery is a matter of sufficient importance to be made the subject of international agreement, and that the danger of the extermination of these helpless fur-bearers by the rapacious hunters is so great as to demand immediate action. But this fact surely would not warrant any one nation in usurping for an hour an unwarranted jurisdiction over a portion of the high seas, and taking it upon herself to capture and confiscate the vessels of other nations. Conduct so arbitrary cannot fail to retard rather than help a mutual understanding, and in the end the question of jurisdiction will have to be settled, before a basis can be had for agreement and

concerted action, if such be found necessary. The real cause of the delay is probably the Fabian tactics of the United States diplomatists,—tactics dictated, no doubt, by the exigencies of the political situation, as affected by the nearness of the Presidential election and the terms of the bargain with the Alaskan Fur Company.

WHEN two prominent United States Senators explore the darkest depths of their respective vocabularies for offensive epithets to hurl at each other's heads across the Senate Chamber at Washington Canadians are inclined to feel thankful that such scenes are not enacted in their own more dignified Parliament. But when two of the most prominent of Canadian statesmen, the venerable Premier and an ex-Minister of Finance, give the lie to each other in shockingly plain Anglo-Saxon on the floor of our own House of Commons, a sense of shame and danger compels us to quickly drop the stone we had taken up to throw at our neighbours. Such scenes are surely not the legitimate outcome of democratic institutions, but they reflect not a little discredit upon such institutions.

IF the facts be as stated by Mr. Foulke, of Indiana, in a letter to the *New York Nation*, President Cleveland has fallen off sadly from his early record in the matter of Civil Service reform. Mr. Foulke states that he sent 193 letters to suspended postmasters and 102 to Presidential postmasters elsewhere, asking in each case what was the cause of suspension, whether any charge had been made, and whether any opportunity for investigation had been given. He received 158 answers, containing in 136 cases categorical replies to the questions. In only two instances, according to these replies, had there been any investigation of charges. In every other of the cases there had been neither notice of charges nor opportunity for explanation or defence. The President's defence to Mr. Foulke seems, as given by the latter, surprisingly weak. The President considered it impracticable to inform the postmasters of the charges against them, as the effect would be to make removals a series of judicial investigations. He is further represented as saying that the department had done the best it could, that he had great difficulty in bringing many of his party friends up to his ideas of Civil Service reform, and that Indiana was a particularly bad State. If all this be so, Mr. Foulke may well declare that this method of receiving charges against a man, and removing him without letting him know what the charges are, is worse than the open application of the spoils system itself. To declare that an official shall be removed only for cause, and then deny him an opportunity to know the charges or defend himself, is worse than a farce. It is gross injustice, inasmuch as, instead of simply dismissing the man for his political opinions, it sends him adrift under a shadow of suspicion, from which he cannot free himself, because he does not know its nature or source. If the President has really no better defence, it will hardly be safe for him to count on the allegiance of his old friends the Independents.

BUT we do not accept the statements in Mr. Foulke's letter as trustworthy; and we have a strong suspicion that they are exaggerated and distorted to damage the President's chances of re-election. Mr. Cleveland has made an exceptionally good President. He was the heir to a bad system, and he has, doubtless, been often obliged to yield against his better judgment to the clamour of his party friends. That he will be nominated for a second term is certain; that he will be re-elected all the signs of the times seem to indicate. Even Independents will prefer to put their trust in his past record, and his well-known honesty of purpose, than in the choice of a party that so long existed on the spoils system, and is still wedded to it. If the condition of his health is not an insuperable obstacle to his candidature Mr. Blaine is certain to be the unanimous nominee of the Republicans. The others who are mentioned are in the field only for a purpose, and without any hope of securing the nomination of their party. Even Mr. Chauncey Depew, notwithstanding his disclaimer, has possibly some high office, if not the Presidency, in view. The Presidential contest will undoubtedly be fought almost exclusively on the question of Tariff Reform, and the result of it cannot fail to be of the greatest moment not only to the citizens of the United States but to Canada also.

THE last report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States sets in a very clear light the suicidal character of the policy which forbids registration to foreign-built vessels. After pointing out that the foreign commerce carried in vessels of the United States has steadily declined from seventy-five per cent. in 1856 to less than fourteen per cent. in 1887, and that of this small percentage less than one-half was carried in steam vessels bearing the flag of the Union, the report proceeds: "A citizen of the United States may buy a foreign-built vessel in a foreign port; he may put the United States flag upon it and trade with all the countries of the world except his own. Our Government will protect him with all its power in such trade; but if he brings his ship with our flag upon it to one of our ports, our Government will confiscate it or impose prohibitory duties. He may, however, put the flag of any other country on that same ship and bring it to his home without molestation by our Government; it is then protected by the power of a foreign country." It is certainly difficult to understand why it would not be advantageous to the Republic to so change its navigation laws as to allow foreign-built ships owned by its citizens to come and go between it and foreign countries while bearing the flag of the country of their owners. The primary object of the law forbidding American citizens from importing and naturalizing foreign-built vessels was to compel them to build them at home. But this it has signally failed to do. The question now seems to be, not, as an exchange puts it, whether the making of ships is more useful than the possession and use of them, but whether, since it is found impracticable to make them, it is wise to determine that they shall not be possessed and used for purposes of home and foreign commerce.

It is perhaps only what might have been expected, that the opposition to the Local Government Bill in the British Commons should gather strength as the Bill is more closely scrutinized in its principles and details. The mastery of a document so formidable in its length and the multiplicity of its clauses is a work of time. The lengthening lists of amendments, already counting up into the hundreds, of which notice has been given, foreshadows a prolonged contest before the details are finally settled. The main features of the Bill are, no doubt, as good as accepted. It is noticeable that the strongest objections are directed not so much against what the Bill contains, as against what it does not contain. One of the chief defects with which it is charged is its refusal to entrust the City Councils with the administration of the Poor Laws. Other features to which much exception is taken are its provision for "Selected Councillors," or aldermen; and its requiring the whole council to vacate their seats together every third year, instead of having them gradually renewed and continuity of policy secured by the retirement of one-third of the number each year. The temperance party, too, are determinedly hostile to the clause compelling the councils to compensate the publicans whose licenses they may cancel. This Sir Wilfrid Lawson declares is fining a district for the offence of trying to make itself pure, though to more dispassionate minds it seems but the dictate of the simplest justice.

PERHAPS the most philosophical criticism of the Bill, though it was by no means the most telling—the House of Commons not being a body of philosophers—was that of Mr. Leonard Courtney. Mr. Courtney will be remembered as the man who relinquished office in 1884 rather than support a Redistribution Bill which ignored the principle of proportional representation in Parliament. He now regards the absence of some provision for the representation of minorities as a radical defect in the Local Government Bill. The system of single-member constituencies will, he contends, cause the minority, no matter how large in every constituency, to be left entirely unrepresented. As a result not only will the council in no case represent the county as a whole but only the majorities in the several districts, but it is, moreover, conceivable that the minority in the county may have a majority in the council. This might occur in a case in which the majority party in the council have won all their seats by close votes, while the minority may represent constituencies that gave them a nearly solid vote. Substantially the same criticism was, it will be remembered, made by Mr. Blake some years ago, in reference to our mode of electing representatives to Parliament. Sir Richard Cartwright also, but the other day, presented some statistics in the House, which place this defect in the working of the system in a very striking light, showing as they do that the party which has a majority of some fifty members in Parliament received in the aggregate but 5,000 or 6,000 more votes than the Opposition, and that by a change of one-third of one per cent. the proportionate strength of the two parties might have been reversed. It is evident that our representative system is yet very far from being either philosophical or ideally democratic.

THE uncertainties of the European situation seem to be increasing rather than diminishing. The rupture of diplomatic relations between Greece and Turkey has brought in a new element of complication. To the onlooker, noting from a distance the persistent intrigues carried on under Russian influence to bring about disturbances in Bulgaria and Roumania, it would seem to indicate that the long-predicted convulsion is inevitable, and its outbreak simply a question of time. The unmistakable tension of feeling in Austria points to the same conclusion. On the other hand, Prince Bismarck, whose opportunities for taking in the whole situation are probably unequalled, and whose position makes him in a manner the arbiter in all European disputes, is represented as sanguine that peace will not be broken. It is possible that his knowledge of the insufficiency of Russia's preparations may give warrant and confidence to his opinions, or it may be that he has some inscrutable objects in view that are best promoted by maintaining his characteristic attitude of imperturbability. It is very likely that if Russia can manage by any course of diplomacy and intrigue to have her chestnuts pulled from the fire by some other means she will prefer to avoid the tremendous risks of a great war. But that she will ever conclude, save under constraint of the direst necessity, to abandon her cherished objects, and especially to leave Ferdinand in peaceful possession of the Bulgarian throne, is incredible. To relinquish a purpose once formed and attempted, would be to break the historical record of the most pertinacious of monarchies.

A SCORE of years ago the exploits of the *Monitor*, an experimental war-craft designed and built in the United States, drew the attention of the maritime world, and did much to inaugurate the revolution which has since been wrought in the construction and equipment of navies. Another experimental vessel, the *Vesuvius*, was launched the other day from the American Navy Yard, which bids fair to attract no less attention, and, should opportunity occur, to outdo the feats of its short-lived predecessor. The two chief novelties in regard to the *Vesuvius* are the high rate of speed anticipated, twenty knots an hour, and the unique character of her offensive armament. The latter is to consist of three guns, each fifty-four feet in length, and adapted to throw a dynamite shell of two hundred pounds weight a distance of one mile with precision. If this can be accomplished, and the dynamite cartridge made to explode on striking, it is evident that no ironclad could withstand the shock. Whether, however, the long range guns, now so much in vogue in naval warfare, would leave the little slumbering volcano many chances of coming within striking range of its intended victim is one of the uncertainties of the experiment.

THE fatalities which have lately resulted both in the United States and in Canada from contact with electric light wires show the necessity of prompt and stringent legislation to protect the public from this new source of danger. If, as is insinuated in some quarters, the danger is chiefly caused by the use of an unreliable insulating material, because of its cheapness, it is time the fact were known. Certainly a strict enquiry should be had in every case of serious injury or loss of life, in order that the facts may be clearly set forth, and the authorities and the public enabled to judge whether and to what extent the catastrophe was due to negligence or other preventible cause. It may be going too far to say, as the *New York Herald* does, that in every case "somebody is guilty of murder, and should be held responsible therefor," but there is certainly sufficient room for suspicion to warrant the strictest investigation. It is not so clear that the remedy proposed by the *Herald* and others—putting the wires underground—would afford the desired security, since it would still be necessary for employees to have access to them at certain points, and employees seem hitherto to have supplied most of the victims. But there is little doubt that science and money combined can solve the problem, and both should be used freely and without delay.

THE action of a Committee of Harvard's Board of Overseers in recommending the abolition of intercollegiate competitive sports, so far as Harvard undergraduates are concerned, has called forth a good deal of surprised and deprecatory criticism. The Committee are probably right. There can be no doubt that the influence of such contests is decidedly hostile to the higher objects of college life. The tendency of the time to convert field sports into a regular profession, and to transform what should be friendly trials of skill and muscle not only into life and death struggles for money and fame, but into nurseries of vice and gambling, cannot fail to be demoralizing. The young men at our colleges and universities should set better examples and cherish higher ambitions. The fancied benefits to health and physique are worse than illusory. The contests are taken part

in by only a select few who are usually athletes to begin with, and who are much more likely to reap serious and permanent injury from over-exertion than benefit from healthful exercise, while many share only in the baneful excitements. The whole system must tend to degrade the ideals of college life, and to distract attention from that earnest pursuit of knowledge and truth which should be its prime characteristic.

THOSE who have been at any time students of the ancient philosophies will remember the strange doctrine of Heraclitus, the foundation principle of which was embodied in his aphorism, "War is the father and king of all things." This old law has now been, so to speak, rediscovered, and elevated to a high place among scientific generalizations, by no less an authority than Sir William Grove. To Sir William, it will be remembered, Modern Science is indebted for the phrase "convertibility of forces," which it has of late years put to so good service. At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution in London he supplemented the expression with another which, there is good reason to believe, will become equally useful in the scientific vocabulary, as crystallizing into a law another set of phenomena much more easily observed and equally universal. The new word is "Antagonism." In the course of a very learned address Sir William traced the operation of this principle or law through all the kingdoms of the natural world, not as the baneful thing which many deem it, but as a necessity of existence and of the organism of the universe, and as a tendency which is productive of at least as much good as evil. He pointed out how, in the solar system and the stellar universe, each sun or planet is kept in its place and orbit by the antagonistic forces operating upon it; how light is affected by antagonism through the troubling of the so-called ether, how antagonism reigns in the neutralization of chemical affinity, in the blades of grass which rob each other of nutriment, in the animals which prey upon each other, in the battles in the blood between the white corpuscles and the unwholesome *bacteria*, in the competitions, games, feuds, and terrible wars of human beings, and finally in the collisions which are so potent a means of regenerating life and heat in the regions of space, by replenishing suns, etc., with nebulous matter. No doubt the word will take its place in the language of science, and we shall hear much of the great principle of "antagonism" in philosophical discussions for some time to come.

THE progress of the anti-slavery movement in Brazil seems to be becoming accelerated by the rapid growth of hostile public sentiment. The scheme of gradual manumission adopted by that country carefully guards the rights of the slaveowners. All children of slaves born since 1871 are free by law. No date is fixed for the final emancipation of the others, but the owners have an indefinite time within which to take advantage of certain provisions. Some provinces have entirely abolished slavery within their limits, and very large numbers of slaves have been set free by individuals and families. Recent advices from Rio Janeiro and other places give accounts of the frequent mobbing and maltreating of slave-catchers while seeking to seize runaways. The result will probably be the development of a state of feeling which will before long compel definite action to complete the work of manumission either at once or at a fixed date in the early future.

In the May number of the *North American Review* Mr. Gladstone, with his well-known versatility, turns aside from the labours and trials of Parliamentary life to enter the field of religious controversy as an opponent of Col. Ingersoll's Agnosticism. No one can read Mr. Gladstone's article without admiration of its sustained courtesy, as well as of its profound ability. Col. Ingersoll, notwithstanding the keenness of his thrusts and the exceeding brilliancy of his rhetorical fencing, exposes himself at many points to the deadly strokes of a logical adversary. Mr. Gladstone uses his advantage unsparingly. By a series of carefully selected instances, he convicts his opponent of glaring misquotations, of gratuitous assumptions, of philosophical inconsistencies, and of astounding recklessness and dogmatism in assertion. His paper, apart altogether from its immediate object, affords an excellent study of logical methods in controversy, and an excellent example of the skilful combination of telling argument and keen irony with perfect candour and unflinching courtesy.

Is modern science about entering on a new phase, having nearly reached the limit of its resources in the attempt to explain natural phenomena on a basis of purely physical conceptions? The question is suggested by the Duke of Argyll's trenchant critique in the *Nineteenth Century* of a couple of articles by Mr. Herbert Spencer in previous numbers of that review. The paper is, in the main, an attempt, and it must be admitted a pretty

successful attempt, to evolve the gist of what the critic styles "a great confession," contained in the articles referred to. The critic first emphasizes the truth of Mr. Herbert Spencer's demonstration of the unsuitableness of Mr. Darwin's famous phrase "natural selection," to describe the processes of organic evolution, as conceived on a basis of purely physical causation, inasmuch as "the words 'natural selection' do not express a cause in the physical sense," but are a "mere convenient figure of speech," and contain, moreover, teleological "implications" which are "misleading." He further elaborates Mr. Herbert Spencer's own confession that the phrase, "survival of the fittest," which he himself invented as a supplement, if not a substitute for Mr. Darwin's phrase, is found, on close analysis, to be open to kindred objections, since these words vaguely, and the last clearly, calls up an idea which must be admitted to be "anthropocentric," the very thing which it is essential to the system to avoid. But the strength of the Duke of Argyll's criticism is concentrated in an attempt to show that Mr. Herbert Spencer's most strenuous efforts to avoid this fatal philosophical defect in the use of terms—efforts which result in such lucid sentences as the following: "So that while the composite atoms of which organic tissues are built up possess that low molecular mobility fitting them for plastic purposes, it results from the extreme molecular mobilities of their constituents, that the waste products of vital activity escape as fast as they are formed"—are unavailing, inasmuch as these sentences are "charged with teleological phraseology," as illustrated by such words as "built up," "purposes," etc., in the sentence quoted. The whole article is in the Duke of Argyll's most vigorous vein, and the question raised is one worthy of the closest attention on the part of the student of modern science generally, and of the Spencerian philosophy in particular.

IRELAND AND THE VATICAN.

Roma locuta est: causa finita est. Will this decision be accepted? If it is not accepted in the condemnation of the Plan of Campaign it is difficult to see how any theory of papal supremacy can be worked. If the Pope has jurisdiction in matters affecting faith and morals, then he has authority in this case. The dictum of the great O'Connell, and so often quoted by the not so great Dr. McGlynn, "As much religion as you like from Rome, but no politics," is here inapplicable. It is misleading to represent the question as political. It is distinctly moral; and in saying this we are not prejudging the case. In saying, for example, that Socialism involves moral as well as political considerations, we do not condemn Socialism. On the contrary, we might start from such a statement and land in the conclusion of Proudhon, that "property is theft." Certainly, either property is theft, or else the invasion of the rights of property is robbery. These are the two alternatives; there is no third judgment conceivable. The law of excluded middle is absolute.

To us the wonder is that any one should wonder at the papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign. It is all very well to say that the action of the Pope has been brought about by the influence of the Duke of Norfolk. It is quite possible that the Roman Catholic Duke obtained an earlier consideration of the question than would otherwise have been accorded. It is not improbable that the papal utterances might have been for a season deferred. We can even imagine that from ignorance of the facts the Pope should never have spoken at all. It is well known that the papal claim to infallibility does not extend to the knowledge of facts. Indeed, it is on the ground of imperfect or erroneous information that the advocates of papal infallibility rebut some of the objections to that doctrine which are drawn from certain papal judgments in the past. It is quite true, they say, that the Pope gave a wrong decision (the case of Honorius is an example), but the Pope himself was right enough; it was his information that was wrong.

On these principles we can quite see that the Pope might have abstained from interference, simply because he was not satisfied that there was a sufficient reason; but it is entirely out of the question that he should have given a different decision when the facts were before him. And there was really no difficulty about the facts. They had not to be gathered from the accusations of the adversary, or from the witnesses for the prosecution: the accused themselves had published them openly, fully, boldly. The Plan of Campaign and the Boycott were the chief points in the programme of the Home Rule party.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone is preparing a criticism of the papal decree; and it will be interesting to know what the great Sophist has to say on this subject. It will not be the first time that he has appeared as the opponent of papal doctrines. In former times, he protested against theories which involved all modern society and government in condemnation. If he now assails the papal decree, he will be attacking the very

foundations of social existence. It can never be too often pointed out that we must make our choice between Socialism and the legalizing of private or individual property. Either all things belong to the community or else certain things may be appropriated to individuals; and if this is done, then the limits within which such property is to be enjoyed, the conditions upon which it is to be held, must be defined by law, and, these limits and conditions being observed, the proprietor must be protected in the enjoyment of that which the law has awarded to him.

With regard, first, to the Plan of Campaign, it seems clear enough that if a tenant is dissatisfied with his contract he should relinquish the holding which was let to him by such contract. It is quite admitted that there is a wide difference between the state of tenant farmers in England and many other countries, and that of the farmers in Ireland. In the latter country, in very many cases, a considerable portion of the value of the farm has been created by the tenant, so that equitably a portion of the freehold is his own. Let it, however, be here noted with emphasis that there are few indeed, either landlords or political economists, in Ireland or out of it, who cast any doubt upon this principle. It has not only been recognized in words, but it has also been embodied in legislation.

We fully grant that the Irish farmer or cottier had, in former times insufficient protection. In practice, there were probably few cases of much difficulty or grievance, except such as resulted from the circumstances of the people, and were incapable of alleviation until these circumstances were altered. But many of the tenants were certainly at the mercy of the landlords. This reproach is now wiped away. A tenant may surrender his lease, if he is discontented with his position, and he will receive compensation for any improvements he may have made in his farm; or he may go to the court and have the value of his holding ascertained and the rent fixed in accordance with this estimate. What could be more just or reasonable, unless we would lay down the principle that a proprietor has no rights, in other words, that there is no such thing as property?

The defence of the papal condemnation of the "Plan of Campaign" is so simple, so self-evident, that only political or national passion could blind any one to its truth. "The justice of the decision [of the Supreme Congregation of the Inquisition]," says the decree, "will be readily seen by any one who applies his mind to consider that a rent agreed upon by mutual consent cannot, without violation of a contract, be diminished at the mere will of the tenants, especially when there are tribunals appointed for settling such controversies, and reducing unjust rents within the bounds of equity after taking into account the causes which diminish the value of land, neither can it be considered permissible that rents be extorted from tenants and deposited in the hands of unknown persons to the detriment of landowners." This is plain and square, without equivocation or beating about the bush. But surely it did not require a revelation from heaven, or a papal conclave, with or without infallibility behind it, to settle a question like this, or to assert a principle which could be denied by no reasonable person, unless he were merely "maintaining a thesis."

It is not true that most of those who now refuse to pay their rents are unable to do so. It has been proved, in innumerable cases, that tenants who have pleaded inability to pay had ample means to meet the legal demands made upon them. They did not pay, because they would not, or because they were afraid that they would be persecuted by their neighbours for doing so. Numerous cases of this kind have been reported in the Irish Unionist papers. In one case, a farmer pleaded that he could pay only a part of the rent, but accidentally paid the whole of it, his wife having given him a five pound note, instead of a one pound note—to his own great grief as it turned out, although he had previously been lamenting his inability to fulfil his contract. In many cases, farmers have told their landlords that they did not dare to pay their rents, as they would willingly have done, and as they were able to do, because such a step would certainly expose them to persecution, and might cost them their lives. In some cases they have paid, on condition of the landlord not letting it be known. We are coming here to the practical aspect of the subject. Even if we professed our inability to give a judgment on the Plan of Campaign, considered merely as a theory, we could certainly have no difficulty in forming an opinion as to the manner in which it is worked. We can quite understand that pleas may be urged in defence of civil war. There are times when no general rules can govern the conduct of communities or individuals. But under the Plan of Campaign, we have civil war of the worst and basest and cruellest kind. The protection of the vicious and criminal, and the annoyance, the persecution, the murder of innocent, inoffensive, law-abiding men, can surely be justified by no human being in his senses. To these points the second utterance of the papal decree has reference; and we hope to return to it, and illustrate, by means of undoubted facts, the necessity for such a declaration.

OTTAWA LETTER.

SPRING has broken late over the valley of the Ottawa; the oldest Senator of them all declares that he has never known it so late. The lilac twigs are just beginning to put forth their little brown-hooded children of the sun, the willows decided upon a similar course of action only a few days ago, gladness and the heart of the early robin were strangers until last Friday. The fickle season is surely here at last, however, coquetting with us like any *belle dame sans merci*. Any one who doubts it has only to walk from the Library to the pavilion on the top of Parliament Hill, and count the crocuses showing shyly along the path, and watch the shining, evanescent mist that rises above the Chaudière, and follow the flying movements of the cloud-fleet in the river, and trace the faint, blue line of the Chelsea hills as it wanders along the sky ten miles away. Sometimes they are deeply purple, those hills, sometimes puritan gray, again as royal a blue as ever came out of Nature's dye-pot. The trout brooks are spinning along very merrily among them to-day, but for all their tender colour they are still discussing January rigours between themselves over considerable snowdrifts, and the premature picnic party will find the discussion fraught with pneumonia. The conversation of the hills is inaudible from the pavilion; one can only guess its substance, and note the pleasant details of the broad, fair picture, in which the blue of the sky and the ridge is taken up and "exploded," as a Boston art critic would say, in the vivid colour of the barges moored along the river. It is a favourite resort, this pavilion. The nurses come here and the children, to watch in ecstasy the venturesome little skiffs going piratically forth to capture the stray logs from the rafts that come drifting down stream; there is usually a bride or so, sitting in that happy Parliament of two in which the Government for the time being finds no Opposition, and the budget estimates are all undisputed; an occasional Senator clasps his hand over his cane, and basks in the warm sunshine that enwraps the last of his services to his country.

"How every prospect pleases and only man is vile," said one of these venerable gentlemen the other day, with a meditative wave of his arm which included most of the Province of Quebec.

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" replied his gray-whiskered companion testily. "If man were so totally depraved, how could the prospect please him?" According to this argument the Canadian politician finds at least one apology in his surroundings.

Socially, the heaviness which fell upon Ottawa with the death of the late Minister and was not lifted for a week, during which several official dinners and the ball were postponed, and invitations of all kinds very generally refused by members of the Cabinet, has been partially dispelled. The ball occurred last Wednesday, and a very delightful ball, in the softly-lighted, flower-decked rambling old rooms of Rideau Hall, it was. The Dominion's Government House is probably unique among the gubernatorial mansions of the world, with more or less of a bad eminence. Yet if we had the alternative of a huge many-sided, pillared and balconied new stone residence within a pebble's throw of the Parliament buildings, it would be with a pang, I think, that we would change. Doubtless the domestic arrangements of their future Excellencies might be greatly facilitated by an entirely new and modern habitation, but the colonial flavour of living in Canada as the Queen's representative would be lost forever in it. So, moreover, would the opportunity of criticising the tastes of gubernatorial predecessors, of which Rideau Hall is an entertaining epitome, and so would the pleasant little old-world episode of the Viceregal carriage, rolling dustily along the Queen's highway to and from "Rideau," the nudges and doffed hats, and affectionate, if not too reverent, "There goes his Ex."

The necessity of hastening the business of the Session, which is expected on all hands to last only a fortnight longer, cut short, since I wrote last, what promised to be one of the most interesting debates of the year, that upon Mr. Marshall's amendment in favour of British and Colonial reciprocity. It had very little more than reached the stage where Mr. Dalton McCarthy had explained the value of a British market without competition to our farmers, which was so pleasing and satisfying a vision that we were naturally anxious to hear about the possibility of its realization. It was natural to reflect that if it is so hopeless a task to preach the gospel of free trade with one country to fifty millions of protectionists, how much more or less hopeless is it to make protection against all foreign nations effectual to the economic salvation of thirty-seven millions of free traders. This is a problem in the double rule of three, which Mr. McCarthy was doubtless ready to solve for us, but for the fact that Parliament must be prorogued before May 23rd. *La Justice* went very subtly to work, by the way, in a recent number, to prove that the Premier was not only an Imperial Federationist but strongly opposed to any making of bonds between Canada and the United States, commercial or political, and that he would favour the one and oppose the other secretly, if not openly, but at all events constantly. This seems taking an extraordinary amount of trouble to discern what Sir John Macdonald's whole political career makes very patent. His aim, whatever is believed of his methods, has been from the beginning the welding together of the Canadian people, the establishment of a Canadian nationality, and the fostering of the connection between that nationality and the British Crown. Confederation, the National Policy, the Canadian Pacific Railway, are striking illustrations of Sir John's theories for Canada's future. It is not to be supposed that a statesman who, inspired by certain beliefs, has devoted his whole life to the accomplishment of certain results is exactly prone to the adoption of measures which would to a large extent nullify his efforts in the past, and destroy his predictions for the future. The Premier, having laid one

MONTREAL LETTER.

foundation for Canada's coming greatness, naturally desires to see no change of base.

The Parliamentarians have had the last of their Saturday holidays, it is proclaimed, so that the legislator will hardly appear in such numbers after this, to pay his respects either to Lady Macdonald on Saturday afternoon, or to Madame Laurier on Saturday evening. The weekly reception at Earncliffe is an interesting feature of Ottawa's social life. The house itself, of gray stone, quaintly-gabled with dark red wood and standing back among the firs and maples, on the edge of the steep declivity of the river bank, has an individuality quite its own. A big good-natured mastiff, evidently accustomed to the approval of friends rather than foes, suns himself before the door, which admits one to a hall of the comfortable old-fashioned hospitable sort. At the end of this, looking out through the arms of the pines and the branches of the birches upon the racing Ottawa, is the drawing room, sunlit and full of pleasant things. Here Lady Macdonald's strong personality and ready sympathy with aims that are in any way outside the achievement of the commonplace, gather weekly a little company of Canadians—some of whom for one reason or another are sure to be eminently worth knowing. At five o'clock the stimulating urn comes in; and occasionally the Premier leaves the affairs of state long enough to cross the threshold of his wife's drawing room and chat with her visitors in the jocund fashion that brings, with his name, so ready a smile to the lips of his friends. I am bound to say that not many Liberal foes are to be seen within the portals of Earncliffe. It is not in the spirit of Canadian political parties to discuss even the weather without animosity.

The Session is not, however, without a social muster of the Opposition. It is held in the Grand Union Hotel, and when it is understood that Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie and Madame Laurier lend it their joint patronage its success will go without further saying. Mrs. Mackenzie's popularity in Ottawa when her husband was at the helm of public affairs has clung to her through all the vicissitudes of the party; and this Saturday night re-union brings her gentle tactful qualities of the hostess into play as nothing less general in its character could. The gathering is very informal. The invaluable French members sing, the irrepressible scribes of the Opposition and independent "organs" make merry, the solemnest-visaged honourable gentleman of all the serious ranks to the Speaker's left goes hilariously in pursuit of innumerable cups of coffee. This departure, for it is a departure, is very enthusiastically supported by the Liberals, who feel the lack of the social opportunities enjoyed by the party in power. Their chieftains are nearly always present; even Sir Richard relaxes the austerities of the Parliamentary campaign to show himself occasionally a knight of the drawing-room also.

The Library's attractions have received the addition lately of a picture in oils, by Captain Rutherford, "The Surrender of Poundmaker." The canvas is placed on exhibition here, and it is understood that the artist wishes to sell it to the Government for the National Gallery. As an accurate representation of the scene, and a subject of no small historic interest, the picture should become the property of the Government; the propriety of hanging it in the National Gallery of Art is not quite the same thing, however. The picture has a number of virtues, and a number of defects; it is the work of a clever amateur, who saw what he painted. The captured chief is squatted in the midst of a semi-circle of braves, squaws, and Canadian officers, General Middleton sitting on a chair in the foreground. The Indian characteristics are well caught, the grouping spirited and interesting, and the rendering of the sky and prairie truthful. It would be difficult to say more, and unfair to say less in praise of the picture. These qualities are enough to give it a national interest, but are somewhat inadequate to make it a matter of national pride on its intrinsic merits.

The American Senate, in this connection, have recently passed a bill providing for the appointment of an Art Commission, to be composed of fifteen of the leading painters, sculptors, architects, and art critics in the country, whose judgment will facilitate the decisions of Committees of Congress harassed by the responsibility of spending \$10,000 a year, appropriated for art purchases, of advising grants for special purposes of this sort, and of inspecting plans for public buildings, designs for monuments, and so forth. The members of the Commission are to serve for nothing, their expenses being paid. The idea is borrowed from France, and seems a good one. We think we have testimony enough that the honourable gentlemen we send to represent us in Parliament should stick to their Parliamentary lasts, yet the wonder is that there should be so little. The average practical politician is not usually a *connoisseur* in anything but practical politics. That he makes no more blunders than he does in educating the artistic sense of the public is surprising. There is no reason, however, that he should make any; and we have quite enough knowledge and experience in art matters in Canada to render it practicable to follow our cousins' example in this matter. The idea moreover has the very appreciable virtue to Canadians, in view of the recent utterances of the Minister of Finance, of cheapness.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

BARON TAUCHNITZ desires the London *Athenæum* to say that, though Canada allows American reprints of English works to be imported, he has never deviated from his uniform rule of declining to execute orders coming from any British Colony.

ROBERT BROWNING is certainly a man of many nations. Through his four grandparents he can claim kindred with the Scotch, the Germans, the Creoles, and the English. The poet was educated at the University of London. Mr. Browning is said to look very like a successful merchant, or a bank president, a fact that causes great sorrow to his many admirers who would have him more dreamy and generally melancholy in appearance.

THEY had issued invitations for about three hundred persons more than the Molson Hall could comfortably hold, so that the circumstances under which Monday's convocation was witnessed by any one not installed some hours in advance, were scarcely conducive to very chivalrous enthusiasm. Theatrical crowds are bad, but if you have any desire to study humanity under its supremely selfish aspect, mingle your ill-suppressed comments with those of other unfortunate males when they find themselves surrounded by a mass of individuals instinct with motherly, sisterly, and grandmotherly affection, pride, and curiosity. "Humph! I should think there is need for woman's higher education," exclaimed my irate neighbour as he tried to catch a glimpse of the proceedings on the platform hidden hopelessly by thoughtless dames standing everywhere upon the benches.

Whether it was owing to the presence of their Excellencies, or to that of the lady students, we cannot determine, but every one remarked how much less poignant were the witticisms from undergraduates than in former years. The young gentlemen appeared very gallant, very loyal, and behaved altogether after a most exemplary fashion. Of course their fair sisters triumphed, and as they tripped up the hall, they were applauded to the echo. Nothing could have been a stronger protest against the opinion that higher education has the effect of eradicating those feminine weaknesses men are so anxious to keep alive, than the presence of the corsage bouquet adding lustre to the academic gown. You may judge how entirely the Oscaloosian performances in this city took possession of our minds, when I tell you a daily paper apologized to one of the men medallists for having over-looked his name.

Most prominent among the young ladies were Georgina Hunter, B.A., who won the Shakespeare gold medal for English language and literature, and Octavia G. Ritchie, B.A., the valedictorian.

Does anybody know what a University valedictory should be? Every one seemed pleased with Mr. Macallum's performance, in which were a great many words, happily strung together, with here and there long-sanctioned witticisms. Miss Ritchie gave us an account of the manner in which some eight young girls "got round" the wise men and the wealthy, who opened the doors of McGill to women four years ago. She then asked very feelingly when they would enjoy the privilege of attending medical lectures here, to which query several ill-advised individuals answered "never." Miss Ritchie's common sense and unaffected manner have been universally praised.

The address of the Principal, Sir William Dawson, was characterized by the refinement of sentiment and expression peculiar to him. Dr. Heneker, a newly-created LL.D., spoke for an unconscionably long time, and notwithstanding ironical encores and bravos, continued his march through the ages unperturbed. Lord Lansdowne's remarks were of course most happy. He found that the visitorship of McGill added great lustre to the Governor-Generalship. The lady students were pleasantly congratulated. There was an opportune allusion to the "unity of the great Empire," and how we should all bring our stone to help the building of it. Finally, His Excellency alluded to Lady Dufferin—whose name was greeted with frantic cheers,—and her work in India, hoping Lady Lansdowne [another explosion] would be able to carry it on.

After the benediction, "Trip Along, Sister Mary," was sung by the men as the girl graduates left the Hall.

At the University dinner, Prof. Murray's speech dealt, among other things, with the vexed and vexing question of co-education. The theme was again taken up by Dr. Anderson, Principal of the Prince of Wales' College, in Charlottetown, P.E.I. For nine years, it appears, have boys and girls met together in the same room, walked through the same corridor, and passed out of the same door at this model institution, without the slightest unpleasantness. In conversation afterwards with the Doctor, he informed me that loud were the prophecies of failure when he first introduced co-education among these islanders.

"I never make any rules, but simply put them upon their honour. The rough country lads are wonderfully refined by the presence of young girls in the class-room."

Dr. Anderson's twenty years' experience as a professor, apart from many better reasons, would give weight to his opinion. One can readily understand Prof. Shurman's enthusiastic words about him. He is an "ideal teacher" because his seemingly inexhaustible knowledge any one may taste of and welcome; "his heart's in his vocation"; and, best of all, he possesses a most enviable amount of liberality.

Of course as matters stand now, anything other than co-education at McGill seems ridiculous; but why not build a college for women like unto Wellesley near Boston? Surely an educational establishment resembling this admirable American one, where the girls can have their rooms, instead of living in a distracting boarding-house, and where library, gymnasium, and laboratory are for them alone, would satisfy all parties. I can imagine with what horror the students of either Harvard or Wellesley would look upon the intrusion of the opposite sex, yet the best specimen of a Harvard man shines very brilliantly in a drawing-room, and few women, I suppose, expect to surpass her who was once Miss Freeman.

The opening of the month of Mary was duly celebrated in the interesting old church, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, whose history begins with that of Montreal. I have before me a curious little manual for pilgrims to this sacred edifice. It gives over thirty-four pages of history, and a hundred and forty-four of prayers. From this volume you can learn that it was La Sœur Bourgeois who received from M. de Maisonneuve, governor of Montreal, in 1657, a grant of land on which to build a chapel where stands the present Bon-Secours. Two rich and virtuous gentlemen, accord-

ing to my guide, MM. Le Prêtre, Seigneurs of the Company of Notre Dame de Montreal, which had been formed in Paris some thirty-one years before with a view to establishing affairs in Montreal on essentially religious principles, presented the new church with an image of the Virgin, wonderfully carved, and standing in a bejewelled niche. To hold this statue, far too beautiful for any wooden edifice, they built the first stone church erected on the island, where the chapel had stood till then. Notre Dame de Bon Secours became a shrine to which numbers of pilgrims directed their steps, and a refuge for the weak-hearted generally. Owing, it is believed, to subsequent lukewarmness on the part of the faithful, a fire destroyed the church in 1754, and it was not rebuilt till 1773. Too thorough renovations have deprived the present edifice of much interest; though the walls are old, some ghastly modern decorations disfigure them. The precious little statue, too, which had been venerated for a hundred and sixty years, was stolen in 1831. The sexton told me the Virgin which now replaces it is partly solid gold, and, while being comparatively new, seems to possess all the marvellous power of the former one. A little silver ship suspended in the centre of the church, Mr. Sexton said, had been presented by the Zouaves who went over, thirteen years ago, to help the Pope, and on their return were almost wrecked.

It would indeed have been a sorry affair if the Archbishop had not interfered to prevent the erecting of the projected statue upon our mountain. Some persons propose that if the Virgin is not to be honoured, Champlain, or Maisonneuve, or Jacques Cartier we might glorify instead. But why think of statues at all when we can't keep our streets clean? There is another point people are apt to forget, viz.: That our city we call no longer Ville-Marie, but Montreal.

LOUIS LLOYD.

PARIS LETTER.

THOUGH winter and Lent are now over, Paris, looked at from a social point of view, is as dull as ever; no balls, receptions, or dinners of any importance. No, we are *tout à la politique*, even the great personages who come for a few days on amusement intent are suspected of sinister designs. Thus Princess Clementine, mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is said to have spent a week here trying to negotiate a large loan for her son; and Queen Isabella of Spain, who has come back to the Palais de Castille, her Paris house, for the spring, is affirmed to have been sent there as a place of honourable semi-captivity, where her proceedings can be watched by her daughter-in-law's, Queen Christina, political spies.

Then again, Boulanger's name is in all men's mouths. Will he be Dictator? when? and if so, will he precipitate France into a disastrous war in order to make his own place more secure? The *peuple* would certainly welcome him on the principle of "anything for a change," but the *bourgeoisie* and old *noblesse* intensely despise and dislike him, principally on account of the Duc d'Aumale affair, in which he certainly played a shabby and ungentlemanly part. I heard lately the following version given as the only correct one. As far as I know, it has never yet appeared in print:

In the same way that every Frenchman and woman's *dossier* (personal account of the individual, including profession, habits, friends, etc.) is said, with more or less truth, to be kept at the Prefecture de Police, so every officer's *dossier* is really kept at the Ministère de la Guerre. These *dossiers* are compiled from the personal, very personal reports, which every superior officer has to send, once in a way, of his subs. These *dossiers* are kept in pigeon-holes to which the Minister has alone access, when a court martial, etc., demands that the record of an officer's past life should be known. As soon as General Boulanger became Minister of War he naturally went to the pigeon-hole where his own record was kept. On the whole he had cause to be satisfied; all agreed as to his bravery and intelligence, but among the reports was one signed "D'Aumale," and thus worded, "Bon officier, mais bien mal élevé." A month after, the famous decree of expulsion was sent to Chantilly from the Elysée.

Among the most interesting sights of Paris must be classed the sales at the Hotel Drouot; and curious it is to reflect on the instinct which makes men collect treasures, of which they must foresee the ultimate dispersion. To buy pictures, etc., for the adornment of the ancestral hall, or for the eyes to rest upon in daily life, seems a natural and pardonable manner of laying up treasures, even though metals rust and moths and dust corrupt; but to purchase a mass of beautiful objects which cannot, in the nature of things, be kept together beyond one lifetime, is a regular phase of modern life. This did M. Albert Goupil, who died about five years ago. His father, himself a great collector, who founded years ago the well-known art firm of that name, is still living; his son spent many years and a large fortune in travelling through the East, buying as he went rare and splendid carpets, Arabian glass, curios in copper, and any good specimen of Oriental art he came across. One copper basin, adorned with arabesques, is signed by the maker, "Daoud ben Salamek de Mossoul," and dated 1252. Four years earlier this same man, a noted copper worker, made some candlebrasses, which also appear at this sale.

M. Albert Goupil dwelt so familiarly with so many centuries and nations embodied in his marvellous collection that one wonders he was not overwhelmed with the incongruity of the associations. A white silk doublet with Oriental embroidery belonged to Charles de Blois, killed at the Battle of Auray, in thirteen hundred and odd; a wonderfully well preserved costume of red satin was worn on several occasions by the Earl of Essex at Queen Elizabeth's court, and perhaps—as she was certainly fond of fine clothes—may have contributed to the affection she at one time entertained for him. A century later comes a delicately painted miniature

of a seigneur who lived, loved, and died at the court of the Grand Monarque.

Among the collection of modern painters are many fine examples of Ingres and his pupils' work; this painter was evidently much admired by M. Goupil; for in addition to the above-mentioned works there is also a fine portrait of Ingres by David, and another of the same painter by himself. Edouard Detaille is represented by a Military Charge which can vie with his best known works, and the well known Spanish painter, Fortuny—whose early death was such a loss to Spanish art—by numberless sketches and pictures presented by the artist "à mon ami Albert Goupil."

A sale will also be held in the late collector's own house, some of the statues, wrought-iron screens, lamps, etc., being too heavy and large to be well shown and placed in the Hotel Drouot sale rooms.

As they came from the ends of the earth, so they will now be scattered again, and the mere long list touches one with a feeling of melancholy for these nomad things of beauty.

Some years ago an enterprising person proposed to the French Government the removal of the Golden Horse of Nimes to the Champs Elysées! He wanted to remove the exquisite little Roman temple—the one perfect Roman building in Europe—stone by stone, and set it up where more people could enjoy it! It seems to me that for a thing of beauty to be a joy for ever it must be seen in its own home, amid the original surroundings for which it was created.

The personal reminiscences of Alphonse Daudet which have appeared under the title of *Trente Ans de Paris*, have aroused great interest in French literary circles. By this last work M. Daudet has shown us that his power is not merely that of a novelist, for this volume shows the keenest insight into the realities of contemporary life. Not only does he give vivid sketches of the eminent men and women whom he has known—Villemessant, Madeline and Augustine Brohan, Henri Rochefort, Tourguenief, and Gambetta—but he portrays with wonderful vividness the seamy side of life in the Quartier Latin, to which poverty condemned himself and his brother Ernest in their early youth; although Alphonse was exceptionally fortunate in finding a publisher for his first volume, *Les Amoureuses*, which was brought out in 1858, and attracted the attention of Villemessant, who was just then looking out for young clever writers for his newest literary venture, *Le Figaro* newspaper. Daudet was then only seventeen. This start in life as a journalist probably gave him the habit of which he speaks, namely, that of classifying his experiences, reading, etc., for future use; as did two of his cleverest contemporaries, the de Goncourts, who may be truly said to have created the realistic school of fiction before Emile Zola was even heard of, and whose historical books, *La Femme au 18ième Siècle*, etc., show a wonderful power of realizing the pathos and quaintness of bygone days.

M. Daudet's description of his *modus operandi* might prove a useful lesson to literary aspirants, by teaching them to describe life as they themselves have found it, instead of trying to invent unlikely adventures, which, never having happened to themselves or others, arouse less interest than the simplest story of real life eloquently told—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. M. Daudet pays a touching tribute to his wife, who is herself a delicate and charming writer. To her, he says, he owes his great success, her sympathy, criticism, and enthusiasm having enabled him to persevere through periods of great mental fatigue and discouragement.

In Parisian Art the new departure is that of the Société des Artistes Indépendants. It is true that they first opened a small annual exhibition four years ago, composed of pictures which had been refused by the *Salon*—this caused them to be nicknamed *Les Refusés*—but this year they have changed their tactics, and have opened five weeks before the *Salon*. The point in which this differs from other exhibitions of an independent character consists in the total suppression of the principle of the jury. Any artist of any nationality is entitled, on the payment of twenty francs, to hang ten pictures in the gallery hired by the committee for the purpose. This year they occupy a corner of the Pavillon de Paris in the Champs Elysées. A more extraordinary collection has probably never been presented to human eyes. Most prominent are a large group of pictures, similar in treatment to those exhibited by the well-known *Vingt*, of Brussels. This treatment consists in the "decomposition of the solar prism," of which the practical outcome is the crude use of the three primary colours. The uncompromising devotees of this ideal, after carefully painting in the object they wish to represent, stipple their work all over with small spots of bright red, blue, and yellow. They do not admit flesh tints, so their studies from the nude are a delicate mixture of yellow and purple. One artist, in a vain attempt to produce a contrast, has seen fit to decorate his model with a pair of bright green stockings. Other pictures savour of the ultra-impressionist type, recalling Mr. Frith's anecdote of the lunatic who brought him a large canvas covered with three blotches, which he carefully explained to be Moses holding the Tables of the Law. But at the Indépendants, the lunatics are not present to explain the meaning of their work. This is notably true of a series of pictures, supposed to represent the life of a young lady in the *beau monde*. What can be seen of her resembles the phantom of some keepsake beauty of forty years ago, whilst all the shadows round her recall the modern frequenters of the Bal Mabille.

The historical Chateau de Vaux, where Louis the Fourteenth first saw Mademoiselle de la Vallière, at a great *fête* given by his Surintendant, Fouquet, has just changed hands, the Duc de Choiseul Praslin having sold it to a M. Soumier, who is restoring the Chateau to its original condition, and trying to reinstate the old gardens as they were in Fouquet's day, when Le Nostre had been specially bribed away from Versailles to lay them out.

Apropos of Versailles, the Chateau and gardens are falling into a sad state. For want of a few hundreds of francs judiciously spent many of the finest pic-

tures commemorative of Napoleon I.'s great victories are hopelessly injured. One large ceiling has already fallen, and the *petits appartements*, which even now seem full of the presence of Marie Antoinette and her children, have been allowed to get shabby and dirty. Outside the Chateau, the fountains are out of order, and the splendid statues are covered with moss. It is to be hoped that something will be done before the great exhibition next year; for Versailles is one of the places to which foreigners always go, even if spending but a few days in Paris.

The Tour Eiffel is steadily rising; already from St. Cloud it rivals the Arc de Triomphe in size. It will certainly be the most prominent feature in the exhibition; but with that M. Eiffel and his supporters must rest content, for this tower will be both useless and unsightly. It is said that the oscillations at the top will be strongly felt—indeed to the extent of three feet. This alone will deter many from going up, and certainly prevent a repetition of the experiment to those who have experienced the “toppling over” sensation for themselves.

Some seven thousand pictures have been sent in to the Jury of the Salon; only two thousand five hundred can be hung, so there will be five thousand disappointments. This year, for the first time, artists will have the right to withdraw their works, if not satisfied with the position, light, neighbourhood, etc., assigned to them on the walls. Truly indeed “the old order changeth” for such a thing to be possible; but it remains to be seen whether many will avail themselves of this privilege. M. A. B.

LINES.

THERE is a limitation to all thought,
Then why should feeling so unbounded be?
I cannot tell the joy within my soul
When comes the Spring in all its velvet green;
I cannot tell how heavily the gloom
Of Autumn falls upon my fearful heart;
I cannot tell the trembling and the fear
Which oft-returning sorrows bring with them;
I cannot tell the ecstasy of joy
When old-time grief-clouds break and roll away;
And should I live ten thousand thousand years
I could not tell one-half my love for thee.

EVA ROSE YORK.

PERSONALITY AND CHARACTER OF DARWIN.

In stature Darwin was tall, six feet in height; but he stooped a good deal, and in later years it grew upon him. It was possibly to be attributed to the low 'cween decks of the small vessel in which he made, when young, a five years' voyage of discovery as naturalist. His perpetual ill health, during a long after-life, may have arisen from the continual sea-sickness, which he endured, off and on, all the time the voyage lasted, and against which he battled most bravely. In face and features Darwin was not handsome, judged by photographs, one of which, he used to say, was worth a dozen oil portraits. His face was of a Socratesque cast, with a heavy nose and overhanging brow, and the very full eyebrows so often associated with great intellectual energy. The forehead was not prominent, but the upper outline of the skull high, even, and excellent. He wore a full beard, which imparts an improved character to almost all faces. His clothes were dark, and of a loose and easy fit. His usual outdoor dress was a short cloak. Indoors he almost always wore a shawl over his shoulders, and had loose cloth boots, lined with fur, which he could slip on over his indoor shoes. He had some odd habits; he sat on unusually high chairs, and this elevation he would add to by placing footstools upon them, so that his feet would no longer reach the floor, and had to seek other support. He would take, in his daily walk, a number of turns round a certain space in the grounds, regulated by count, which he would verify by means of a heap of flints, one of which he kicked out on the path each time he passed. He made his first rough notes on any scraps of waste paper, being unwilling to use his best paper for that purpose, not from parsimony certainly, for of that there was not a trace, but from a disinclination, which some other people share with him, to take better materials when worse will answer as well; a basket of such waste paper—waste no longer—was always at hand, such as backs of letters or of old proof sheets, etc. A cumbersome book he would cut in halves for easier holding, and from pamphlets or papers he would tear away all but what had special interest for him. There was a mixture of seeming carelessness and indifference as to his appliances for his measurements, dissections, etc., with much method. He kept regular and exact money accounts. In these total abstinence days, let it be recorded that he drank very little wine, but enjoyed it and was revived by it, while he constantly warned his boys against being led into drinking. He had a fondness for sweets, from which he did not observe total abstinence either, though always forbidden. He had the true Englishman's love of privacy and shelter: the garden at Down was overlooked from the very unfrequented country lane, on which the house bordered, when any person, very rarely, passed that way, and one of his first undertakings was to lower the lane two feet and build a flint-wall along it so far as the garden extended. This is the second mention of flints, and we hear of the little flint-built cottage church. Some of the least fertile of the upland parts about Down were so thickly strewn with flint-stones that hardly any soil could be seen; nevertheless wheat might be found growing there, though, to be sure, what with the purple and blue cornflowers, the scarlet poppies and the sparse blades of golden grain, the feast for the eye was greater than that provided for the table of the farmer.

In the better land the surface over the chalk was, according to Darwin, clayey and sticky; not a very attractive description, a country of little natural beauty, but still, with dingles and straggling strips of wood capping the chalky banks and looking down upon the quiet ploughed land of the valleys; scenery moderately pretty, of extreme rurality. Flint-building is lively in appearance, whites, grays and blacks, with very varied surface, and with brick dressings, of necessity; imperishable, it may be said; in some of the middle age buildings hardly to be hacked to pieces.

But we are forgetting that we have Darwin's personal character on hand. For that we have an excellent substitute. We could not do better than transcribe what Mr. Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., says in the *Contemporary Review*: “He shrank from public controversy, although no man was ever more vigorously attacked and more completely misrepresented. Nevertheless, when he died, the affectionate regret that followed him to the grave came not alone from his own personal friends, but from thousands of sympathetic mourners in all parts of the world, who had never seen or known him. Men had ample material for judging of his work, and in the end had given their judgment with general acclaim. Of the man himself, however, they could know but little, yet enough of his character shone forth in his work to indicate its tenderness and goodness. Men instinctively felt him to be in every way one of the great ones of the earth, whose removal from the living world leaves mankind poorer in moral worth as well as in intellect. So widespread has been this conviction that the story of his life has been eagerly longed for. It would contain no eventful incidents, but it would reveal the man as he was, and show the method of his working and the secret of his greatness.” And again: “His son has written a touching chapter entitled ‘Reminiscences of my Father's Everyday Life,’ in which the man as he lived and worked is vividly pictured. From that sketch, and from Darwin's own letters, the reader may conceive how noble was the character of the great naturalist. His industry and patience, in spite of the daily physical suffering that marked the last forty years of his life; his utter unselfishness and tender consideration for others; his lifelong modesty, that led him to see the worst of his own work and the best of that of other men; his scrupulous honour and unbending veracity; his intense desire to be accurate even in the smallest particulars, and the trouble he took to secure such accuracy; his sympathies with the struggles of younger men, and his readiness to help them; his eagerness for the establishment of truth, by whomsoever discovered; his interest up to the very last in the advancement of science; his playful humour; his unflinching courtesy and gratitude for even the smallest acts of kindness—these elements of a lofty moral nature stand out conspicuously in the biography. No one can rise from the perusal of these volumes without the conviction that, by making known to the world at large what Darwin was as a man, as well as a great original investigator, they place him on a still loftier pinnacle of greatness than that to which the voice of his contemporaries had already raised him.”

This may appear too studied a panegyric, but it is no more than Darwin's character, as it develops itself in the long series of his own letters, deserves. Allowance need not be made for partiality and filial piety on the part of his son, who has done his work with all due reticence and discretion, merely setting forth the manner of his father's daily domestic life, with such traits of character and habit, and modes of work, as formed a customary part of it. Darwin was, in very fact, an upright, considerate, courteous, and eminently conscientious gentleman. He was of a soft and indulgent nature, so little self-assertive or authoritative that he exercised scarcely any rule in his family or household, not even supervising the garden, except that part of it devoted to his botanical observations, or the stable; he would ask whether he could have a horse for any particular errand of his own. The truth remains, nevertheless, that he was an autocrat without desiring it or knowing it, arising from his ill health and the great importance of his scientific labours; every wish and whim—and he was whimsical—was indulged; the day was parcelled out to suit his habits, which were like clockwork, and never interfered with except by any accession of his own illness. He had no domestic battles to fight, no economies to insist upon; his private fortune and the proceeds of his books made more than ample provision for a liberal, perhaps luxurious household, and the requirements of his experiments. Paradox as it may seem, even his weak health contributed to his scientific success; it drew him away from the ability or inclination to follow other pursuits, or seek society. By degrees all other points of interest faded away. His hours of daily work were very limited, from inability to endure more, but, with the exception already noted, they were unflinching, and he accomplished an immensity of work. He used to say “It's dogged as does it.” The portion of the appendix to the “Life” headed “List of Works by C. Darwin,” occupies eight pages. Their growing popularity and influence may be inferred from the following sequence: *Origin of Species* (the central point of his work), 1859; fifth thousand, 1860; third edition, seventh thousand, 1861; fourth edition, eighth thousand, 1866; fifth edition, tenth thousand, 1869; sixth edition, twenty-fourth thousand, 1882. The portion of the appendix headed “Honours, Degrees, Societies, etc.,” occupies three and a half pages.

It might seem disingenuous in any notice of Darwin to make no allusion to his attitude towards religious belief. It is perhaps sufficiently well known. It must suffice to say here that it was not precisely fixed, purely neutral, and in no degree whatever aggressive. D. FOWLER.

P. S.—In the foregoing some of the same words and phrases have been used that are found in the “Life,” but great compression was unavoidable, and to place quotation marks with any precision was difficult; they have, therefore been omitted. With the exception of the transcripts from the *Contemporary*, the whole, or nearly the whole, has been derived from the “Life.” D. F.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XVII.

THE HON. SIR WILLIAM BUELL RICHARDS.

THE Canadians, naturally proud of their country, are fond of holding up for the imitation of others those of their countrymen who have especially distinguished themselves in the fields of Law, Literature, Science, or the Fine Arts. In the first of these (Law) there is no name which more deserves to be held in esteem than that of William Buell Richards, sometime Chief Justice of the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas of the Province of Ontario, and finishing his public career as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Dominion.

Chief Justice Richards was in every sense a typical Canadian. A true son of the soil, he had all the independence and self-dependence which are the distinguishing characteristics of the native Canadian. Mr. Richards was descended from an English family which immigrated from Staffordshire to Norwalk, Conn., during the early part of the eighteenth century and remained there till the breaking out of the American Revolution in 1775. Stephen Richards, the much respected father of the Chief Justice, came to Canada to reside about the year 1808 or 1809, when he chose Brockville on the St. Lawrence as his future home.

Like many others of the early settlers, he came to stay, and buckled on his armour for hard work, determined to gain success by proving himself worthy of it. He was at the time of his arrival a young man not too proud to make the work of his hands second the efforts of his well-balanced head. He had not been long in Brockville before he met and married Miss Phoebe Buell, daughter of William Buell, one of the early settlers of Brockville. William Buell was a distinguished United Empire Loyalist, who came to Canada immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War. William Buell the younger, so well known in his day, and remembered as one of the founders of that influential newspaper, the *Brockville Recorder*, was a son of the Loyalist settler. Chief Justice Richards, who was born at Brockville, in 1815, can boast of English ancestry on his father's side and of a mother who was the daughter of a United Empire Loyalist. Descended from so good a stock, it is not surprising, if there is any truth in heredity, that William Buell Richards should in time hold a prominent place in the councils of his country.

The Chief Justice was educated partly at the Johnstown District Grammar School in his native town, and partly at Potsdam Academy in the State of New York. He was a boy of good natural talents, of quick comprehension and great memory. As soon as he had finished his education he chose the law as his profession in life. At seventeen years of age, in Trinity Term, 2 and 3 Wm. IV., A.D. 1832, he was entered on the books of the Law Society as a student. Immediately on becoming a student he entered the office of Andrew Norton Buell, his maternal uncle, and afterwards Master in Chancery. Mr. Richards completed his studies in the office of George Malloch, who became in time Judge of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. Mr. Malloch had a high opinion of Mr. Richards' talents and worth, and shortly after he was called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1 Vic., 1837, took him into partnership. The firm name was Malloch and Richards. This partnership was a successful one, but was broken up in consequence of the elevation of Mr. Malloch to a County Court Judgeship. Mr. Richards then formed a partnership with his old principal, Andrew Norton Buell.

In 1840 and 1841 he was alone in business and had his office in the basement of a stone house on the south side of the Main Street of Brockville, not far from the office of Mr. George Sherwood. Mr. Sherwood and he were often engaged on opposite sides in the local courts of the County and at the Assizes. They were both men of great integrity, and commanded the respect of the general public. Mr. Richards was looked upon as the most brilliant man of the two, but in point of general acceptance for uprightness and fairness they were about on a par. They differed in politics, which no doubt led to each of them having a distinct class of clients. In all political controversies Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Richards were on opposite sides. Mr. Richards, following the example and lead of his maternal uncle, espoused the Liberal cause, while Mr. Sherwood was the champion of the Conservative cause. Though they differed in politics, the personal relations of the two men were of the most friendly character. In 1844 Mr. Richards was nominated as a candidate in the Reform interest for representation of the County of Leeds in the Legislative Assembly, but retired in favour of his uncle William Buell, who was defeated in the ensuing election by the late Ogle R. Gowan. At the general election in 1848, being again solicited, Mr. Richards accepted the Reform nomination, was opposed by Ogle R. Gowan, who was defeated by Mr. Richards by a majority of sixty. This was a very hot contest and gave great eclat to Mr. Richards wresting the county from the champion of the Tories in that part of the country. When Mr. Richards entered Parliament he took his seat on the Opposition benches. The Draper-Cayley Administration was still in power, but destined soon to fall, notwithstanding all the ability and address of Mr. Draper, afterwards Chief Justice Draper. The Ministry struggled hard to keep in power, but the fate of the war of politics went against them; they were beaten on the Address on the 4th March, 1848, immediately tendered their resignations in a body, and were succeeded by the Baldwin-Lafontaine Administration. This Administration was in its English-speaking section composed almost entirely of Irishmen. Mr. Davin, it may be with pardonable Irish prejudice, has, in his *Irishmen in Canada*, said of it, that "it was one of the ablest Cabinets which has ever directed our affairs." When the Cabinet was first formed Mr. William Hume Blake was out of the country, but on his return he was made Solicitor-General. Mr. Blake, afterwards Chancellor, was recognized as one of the ablest of the very able Irishmen then in Canadian public life.

Among them were members of this Cabinet whose personal merit and eminent services to the country will never be forgotten. Mr. Aylwin was Solicitor-General East; Mr. Sullivan, afterwards Justice Sullivan, became Secretary of the Province; Mr. Hincks, Inspector General of Public Accounts; James Harvey Price, Commissioner of Crown Lands. Mr. Richards, the new member for Leeds, had no difficulty in according his fullest confidence and support to a Ministry which had within it so much talent, especially as it was presided over by the Honourable Robert Baldwin, a Canadian Irishman of unblemished reputation, and in the estimation of Mr. Richards the *beau ideal* of a statesman.

Mr. Richards, himself a man of sterling integrity, recognized in the leader a man after his own heart: one whose honesty of character and honesty of purpose gained for him the respect of all right-thinking men. Mr. Richards was an active and zealous supporter of this Administration in and out of the House. Mr. Lafontaine esteemed him as the most logical thinker and debater then in the Assembly.

Mr. Richards' parliamentary career was during a very troublous and stormy period of Canada's history. It was during this period that the Rebellion Losses Bill was passed by the legislature; that the Parliament Houses were burnt at Montreal; that an Annexation Manifesto was issued in Montreal, signed by men of prominence, magistrates, Queen's counsel, militia officers and Members of Parliament. The Ministry advised Lord Elgin to remove from such offices as were held during pleasure all who admitted the genuineness of their signatures to the manifesto, and those who refused to disavow them. Mr. Baldwin, the leader of the Government, was a Liberal, but no Annexationist. The parties signing the manifesto were mostly Tories. Mr. Richards, like his leader, Mr. Baldwin, condemned both Annexationists and Independents. It is a matter of history that while Mr. Baldwin was a Liberal in name, he was most conservative in practice—too conservative to satisfy the extreme men of his own party. Mr. Richards, like Mr. Baldwin, was a Liberal, not an extremist; but the time was not far distant when the extremists would so harass the leader that he would be compelled to resign. Notwithstanding the defection of many of Mr. Baldwin's supporters, Mr. Richards remained firm in his allegiance to him and Mr. Lafontaine. A general election was held in 1850, when Mr. Richards was again elected for Leeds over Mr. Gowan by a largely increased majority. He continued in his support of Mr. Baldwin and his Ministry till the final overthrow of the Administration in 1851, brought about by defection in the Reform Party and the motion in Parliament of William Lyon Mackenzie to do away with the Court of Chancery. Mr. Baldwin, who was Attorney-General when Mr. Blake's Chancery Bill was passed, conceived that Mr. Mackenzie's motion, which was carried by a majority of the Upper Canada members, was a direct stab at him. He resolved to resign, and nothing could move him from his resolve, though assured by many members they would have voted differently, if they had known beforehand that the result of their action would be the cause of so great a calamity as the resignation of Mr. Baldwin. The extremist Radical element had got too great an ascendancy in the House to please Mr. Baldwin, and so he resigned and retired to the unostentatious private life that he had for years, perhaps, eagerly hoped to enjoy.

Mr. Richards had always the greatest admiration for Mr. Baldwin, whose loss to the Ministry was felt as a severe blow and great discouragement. The session did not close till the 30th August, 1851. Mr. Lafontaine resigned, whereupon Lord Elgin sent for Mr. Hincks, who succeeded in forming a new Government. Mr. Richards now gave his support to Mr. Hincks, and on the 28th October, 1851, was appointed Attorney-General, and Judge of the Common Pleas on 22nd June, 1853.

On his elevation to the Bench Judge Richards maintained the same reputation for honesty of purpose as he had held as a member of the Bar or Member of Parliament. He had an eminently judicial mind, and therefore was soon able to master the necessities of his position. Not being so well known in the western as in the eastern part of the Province, where he had practised his profession, there were not wanting some who took exception to his appointment. When, however, they had witnessed his honest endeavour to do right and the justice of his decisions the Bar generally and the public awarded him the meed of praise. To the Bar he was affable, and in charging juries his natural common sense and knowledge of the ways of the people stood him in good stead. His object was always to attain right regardless of technicalities. While a Puisne Judge of the Common Pleas he had the full confidence of his chief, Sir James Buchanan Macaulay, and, on the retirement of the latter, he became himself, on the 22nd July, 1863, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

On the retirement of Sir John Beverley Robinson, in 1868, Mr. Richards was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench—a position which he held to the universal satisfaction of the Bar and the people till his appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of Canada, on 8th October, 1875. On two occasions, while Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in the years 1876 and 1878, he was called upon to act as Administrator, during the temporary absence of the Governor-General.

While on the Bench, the Chief Justice knew no politics; he was always, however, a keen and shrewd observer of passing events. When the war between the Northern and Southern States of the United States broke out, Chief Justice Richards' knowledge of Constitutional History led him at once to the conclusion that any attempt to break up the Union was Treason to the State. Not only in the Southern but in the intermediate States there were many States Rights men, men thoroughly honest in their convictions, and real lovers of their country. They, however, maintained that the States were Sovereign States, and that it was not constitutionally right for the Federal Government to control the States, especially in the matter of slavery.

So strongly was this view entertained that many Kentuckians, to

avoid complications, came to Canada. Toronto had a goodly number of distinguished men of this class as temporary citizens during the war. The Chief Justice hospitably entertained many of whom he made friends, and was rather pleased to argue the State Rights question with them; himself always taking the Federal side. There was not one of those men who did not recognize in the Chief Justice an able champion of the cause of the Union. There were so many others who entertained different views that the strangers, while on neutral ground, having no other fighting to do, found in the Chief Justice one who could combat them on public questions and at the same time entertain them as friends. The Chief Justice never swerved in his adherence to the cause of the Union. Mr. Richards had great admiration for the able men of the United States. He recognized in Daniel Webster, the ablest man of his time. The Chief Justice had no narrow views of any kind. With a high regard for stability of Government, he has a just appreciation of all people struggling for freedom.

In October, 1877, Chief Justice Richards received the honour of knighthood. In 1879, during an absence in Europe for the benefit of his health, he resigned his position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and retired to enjoy the ease of private life.

In 1846 he married Miss Deborah Catharine Muirhead, a daughter of Mr. John Muirhead of Niagara, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Col. John Butler, who during the American War commanded the regiment of rangers which goes by his name. Mr. Muirhead's grandfather was one of the original settlers on the Niagara Peninsula after the Revolutionary War, and his descendants are still to be found there in considerable numbers. Mrs. Richards died in 1871, leaving a family of three sons and two daughters. The Chief Justice himself still survives. For a good part of his life he has been subject to that most distressing disease, asthma. While on the bench he bore up against it with true fortitude—often spending a whole night in a sitting posture to avoid suffocation. Worn and worn, he would take his seat on the bench in the morning as if he had had a good night's rest. While on circuit it gratified the Bar to be able to administer to his comfort in every way. Members of the Bar have been known frequently to remain with him nearly the whole night to give aid and comfort if required.

The limits of an article such as this will not permit us to give some of the many anecdotes still remembered by the older members of the Bar, and still often told on circuit by some of the veterans, of the venerable Chief's shrewd common sense, his dry humour, and his effective, but never severe or unkind methods of correcting obtuse counsel, or reproving refractory witnesses. These must be left to some later biographer. It is the wish of all Canadians that with improved health many years may be spared to the Chief Justice, in which to enjoy the ease of well-earned retirement.

D. B. READ.

VILLANELLE.

(In Lower Canada.)

THE quaint stiff metres of olden France!
Strange to hear them in Ste. Thérèse,
Metres that speak of duel and dance,

Of gay *parterre* and of trim *pleasance*,
Of swords that flash and fringe that frays—
The quaint stiff metres of olden France!

In his sash and tuque with his keen gay glance,
Hark to Alphonse as he lustily brays
Metres that speak of duel and dance,

Measures that ring with old-world romance,
Ballads, rondels, and virelays,
The quaint stiff metres of olden France.

A troubadour with his whip for a lance,
In his rude calash, his song betrays
Metres that speak of duel and dance.

Strange is it not, by a happy chance
I should hear in the streets of Ste. Thérèse,
The quaint stiff metres of olden France,
Metres that speak of duel and dance!

SERANUS.

ART AND MUSIC.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION.

The management of the Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Artists is to be congratulated on the brilliant auspices under which the formal opening took place on Monday evening. The presence of the representatives of Royalty undoubtedly attracted the large and distinguished audience present; but even apart from this, there are features in this year's Exhibition that should and certainly do excite unusual public interest. To some of these features we shall refer hereafter.

The Granite Rink was fittingly prepared for the occasion, and the large audience which assembled in it on Monday evening did not, owing to the ample space, exhibit any appearance of a "crush." In fact the audience was a little too small for the place; but it was a brilliant one and representative of the best and most cultured of Toronto's society. The costumes

of the ladies, who of course greatly outnumbered the gentlemen, gave brightness and colour to the somewhat bald appearance of the floor and galleries of the Rink.

Shortly after nine o'clock the Viceregal party arrived, and were received by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Academy, Mr. A. D. Patterson, and Mr. A. C. Hutchinson, the band of the Governor-General's Body Guard meanwhile playing the National Anthem.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne were then escorted to the platform which, by the way, was tastefully decorated for the occasion. On the platform were: President O'Brien, Lady Macdonald, Lieut.-Governor Campbell, Captain Streatfeild, Hon. Mr. Anson, the Bishop of Toronto, Hon. G. W. Ross, Col. Gzowski, Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, Lord Frederick Hamilton, A. C. Hutchinson, James Smith, A. D. Patterson, W. G. Storm, Wm. Brymner, H. Langley, J. W. H. Watts, and James Griffiths.

Mr. O'Brien commenced the proceedings of the evening with an address, which no doubt contained much matter of great interest, but which was long—long even to weariness. It was quite fitting that Mr. O'Brien should say something of Art in Canada, and of the Academy and its claims; but it was quite unnecessary to dwell on these topics, as he did, at such unbecomingly long. On the conclusion of his speech, Mr. O'Brien read a short address to His Excellency, thanking him for his services to the Academy, and the interest he had taken in, and the efforts he had made to promote, the cause of Art in Canada. Before His Excellency replied, the chairman called upon the Hon. G. W. Ross, who delivered a brief, thoughtful, and eloquent speech, which was evidently appreciated by the audience. He eulogized the career of Lord Lansdowne in Canada, dwelling in eloquent terms on the encouragement given by the representative of Her Majesty to everything that might have a tendency towards the culture and refinement of the people over whom he ruled.

His Excellency, on rising to respond to the address, was received with long continued and lively applause. He spoke of the signs of progress noticeable in Canadian Art during the last five years, predicting that before many years Canada will have a School of Art of its own, characteristic of the country, and drawing its inspiration, not from external sources, but from the life and natural features of the Dominion itself. He hoped that the wealthier classes will in future do more for Art in Canada, stating that Art played a conspicuous part in the life of every community which pretended to be great and cultivated. He concluded by saying that his official connection with the Academy was a pleasant one, and that he would not cease to take an interest in its future success and development. After the exhibition was declared formally opened, the Viceregal party and the audience proceeded to the galleries, where a short time was spent in examining the chief works there. The evening was in every respect an enjoyable one, and we trust the exhibition so happily inaugurated will prove as successful as the most sanguine friend of the Academy can hope for.

Until Wednesday, the 16th, artists have the field, and pictures statuary, and other works of art are the attraction. The exhibit is said to be large and unusually good; but we have had no opportunity yet of examining it and must reserve criticism for another issue.

On Wednesday next "Ye Fayre of Ye Olden Time" will begin. We do not know if the programme has yet been issued; we have not seen one, and cannot therefore enumerate the multifarious attractions to be presented to the public. We have, however, heard of minuets to be danced in the grave, graceful, stately way they may have been danced at the Court of Louis Quatorze; of a representation of some scenes from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," under the direction, if we are not mistaken, of Mrs. Morrison, of "A Masque of May Day," as performed in "Merrie England in Ye Olden Time," by The Lady of the May, and her Maids of Honour, Robin Hood and his merry men, Maid Marian, Jack-in-the-Green, Allan-a-Dale, and many others, "the whole forming a pageant of the most unique and illustrious, and descriptive of the revels in which the Merrie England of yore used to delight in."

Artists, architects, designers, literary people, society leaders, merchants, florists, costumers, and carpenters are all uniting in the great work of creating a really representative pageant of the Tudor period in England, and the result will no doubt be crowned with success. The greatest care is being taken, we are assured, to prevent anachronisms, and a perfectly correct and appropriate effect may be looked for, both among the booths and upon the stage.

VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

The most recent performance of part song and other items by this favourite Society met with even more than ordinary appreciation on Tuesday, May 1, at the Pavilion. This may have been owing to the excellence of the soloists, to the careful singing of the well-trained choir, or to the presence of a little more colour than is usually met with in the Society's programmes. The selections included gems from Gounod, Arthur Sullivan, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Pinsuti; and the catholicity of the choice evidently afforded much pleasure to cultivated tastes. The rendition was all that could be desired, and the particularly impressive and beautiful motett or anthem by Mendelssohn was listened to in almost breathless delight. Mr. Haslam is doing good work, and the Society numbers some of our best amateur voices among its members.

WALTER BESANT has gone to Italy for rest. Few literary men in London, it is said, work harder than he. His custom is to take to the desk at eight in the morning, and remain there for several hours. Like Anthony Trollope, he never waits for the mood to take him, but turns out his "copy" with systematic regularity.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XIII. Craik-Damer. Vol. XIV. Damon-D'Eyncourt. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Williamson. 1888.

Names of interest and importance are not wanting from these volumes. If we had no more than those of Cranmer and Cromwell in Vol. XIII., we should have material for thought and study; and we believe that judicious readers will be satisfied with the treatment which they have received in the Dictionary. There can be no doubt that, of late years, Cranmer has been hardly dealt with. After being exalted to the skies as a martyr, he has been almost kicked into the gutter as a poltroon, or gibbeted as a rogue. Writers have approached the consideration of his character and his life, not as calm historians, but as partisans of particular religious doctrines. Cranmer had, if any man had, *les fautes de ses qualités*. How great these qualities were is now often forgotten, and also how naturally his faults connected themselves with them. Mr. Gardiner, in the article before us, has shown not only fairness and good sense, but a real knowledge of human nature, a knowledge which enables him to enter here and there a caveat or protest in arrest of the hard judgment which is ready to be pronounced upon a man like Cranmer. With regard to his recantation of his teaching on transubstantiation, he points out that there seems to be no ground for the opinion that he was induced to make it by the promise of a pardon. The following remarks on the subject are excellent: "Protestants and Roman Catholics alike have sanctioned these successive recantations as acts of insincerity prompted by the hope that they would buy his pardon. They may, however, have proceeded from real perplexity of mind. Royal supremacy over the Church had been the fundamental doctrine with Cranmer hitherto, but if Royalty chose again to acknowledge the Pope's authority, what became of the very basis of the Reformation? Cranmer perhaps might have reconciled himself to the new state of things . . . had he not written against transubstantiation, a doctrine which he clearly disbelieved even in the days of Henry VIII., when it was still reputed orthodox. It was on this subject that he was most persistently pressed to recant, and it was on this subject that, while submitting to the Pope in other things, he would fain have appealed to a general council. The appeal, however, was hopeless, considering that the matter had already been settled at Trent five years before, and it was clear that with papal authority he must admit papal doctrine. He affected to be convinced by arguments that he could not very well answer (it is not easy to answer in prison, with fire and faggots in the background), and he seemed a hopeful penitent." This is well and fairly done, and the rest is as good. We are reminded, as we read the closing scene, of the beautiful lines in Tennyson's *Queen Mary*. The principal article in the volume is that on Oliver Cromwell, the great Protector. One can hardly say that, such as Carlyle has done for Oliver, the public verdict is as yet unanimous. Nearly four and a half closely-printed columns are filled with the titles of the books devoted to the period of the Commonwealth and its central figure. On the whole, we think that the summing up of the facts of Oliver's history and of the estimates of his character is remarkably well done. "Of Cromwell's character," says Mr. Firth, the author of the principal articles on this part of English history, "contemporaries took widely different views. To royalists like Clarendon, he was simply 'a brave, bad man'; and it was much if they admitted, as he did, that the usurper had some of the virtues which have caused the memory of men in all ages to be celebrated. To staunch republicans like Ludlow, Cromwell was an apostate, who had throughout aimed at sovereignty and sought it from the most selfish personal motives. . . . Baxter expresses a very popular view in his sketch of Cromwell's career. 'Cromwell,' says Baxter, 'meant honestly in the main, and was pious and conscionable in the main course of his life till prosperity and success corrupted him. Then his general religious zeal gave way to ambition, which increased as successes increased. When his successes had broken down all considerable opposition, then was he in face of his strongest temptations, which conquered him when he had conquered others.' A study of Cromwell's letters," Mr. Firth goes on, "leads irresistibly to the conclusion that he was honest and conscientious throughout. . . . He took up arms for both civil and religious liberty, but the latter grew increasingly important to him, and as a ruler he avowedly subordinated 'the civil liberty and interest of the nation' 'to the more peculiar interest of God.'" On this question we substantially agree with Mr. Firth, making, however, one addition to his remarks, namely, that, in his later contest with the Parliament and the nation, Cromwell had not the same clear faith in himself as in his earlier struggles against the king; and the doubts by which he was beset and the dangers to which he was exposed do seem to have produced a certain deterioration of character in one who, to the last, was substantially a man following after righteousness. We had marked for notice the articles on the "admirable Crichton," George Eliot—an excellent and judicious notice of a difficult subject; George Cruikshank, the caricaturist; Cudworth, the philosopher; Cumberland, the dramatist; and a very good little account of the once famous Dr. Cumming. But we must pause with a brief reference to an excellent article on J. W. Croker. Every one who read the recently published *Memoirs, Diaries, and Correspondence of Croker* must have seen that he was fully restored to the place of honour from which Macaulay and others had endeavoured to oust him. We are glad to see the excellent rehabilitation here accomplished by the hand of Sir Theodore Martin. The friends and admirers of Croker need have no further anxiety as to his future reputation. We draw particular attention to the remarks on Croker's review of Macaulay's history.

The first name of eminence which meets us in Volume XIV. is that of Daniel, the Somersetshire Poet, a name hardly known in the present generation, except by the careful students of English literature, yet one not to be forgotten. He was a contemporary of Shakespeare, seeing that he ranged from 1564 to 1619, while the mighty dramatist ranged from 1564 to 1616. It is said that he succeeded Spenser as Poet Laureate, at the death of the latter in 1599; and although there is "no official evidence for this, there is no doubt that early in James I.'s reign he was often at court, and well received by his friends there." We recommend our readers to make themselves acquainted with the article on Daniel, so that they may judge how far his works, or some of them, are still worthy of notice. The next name of eminence that we have noted, in this volume, must be allowed to stand in the first rank of men of science. It is the name of Charles Darwin, and full justice is done to his great merits by the writer, his son, Francis Darwin, the editor of the recently published *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter*. This work has so recently been reviewed in the columns of THE WEEK, that we need only say that the article before us gives an excellent summary of the larger work. Filial piety is not always to be trusted in dealing with a venerated father; but there are few words in this article which the calmest critic will wish to see erased. A great number of Davids are here enumerated and described, some of them men of great eminence and influence; but we must be contented simply to direct attention to them. We are glad to say that full justice is done to "Davison of Oriel," the author of what was, in a way, the epoch-making book on Prophecy. When we remember that Newton preceded Davison, and that Keith actually succeeded him, we may be more ready to concede to Davison the place to which he is entitled. We fancy that very few students of theology of the present day have ever heard of his book. So much the worse for those students. The late Mr. Robert Hunt does full justice to Sir Humphry Davy in an article which is as interesting as it is full of important information on the subject with which Davy principally dealt. If we had no more to remember than the "Safety Lamp," we should be forced to acknowledge that he had not lived in vain. Dear Thomas Davy is tenderly handled by the accomplished editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen. It is possible that boys still read the story of *Sandford and Merton*, and remember the endeavour of the author to bring up a young girl who should be his wife, and also the strange methods which he adopted in disciplining this young lady. We rather doubt it; but at any rate *Sandford and Merton* is still worth reading, and so is the account of its author. John Dee (1527—1608) was a mathematician who can never be forgotten by those who are addicted to the same studies. We may recommend others to pause when they come to the excellent account given of him here by Mr. Thompson Cooper. The great name of Defoe can hardly be unknown to any one who has the most superficial acquaintance with English literature, unless indeed boys have given up reading *Robinson Crusoe*. It is said that Mr. Stevenson has, in *Treasure Island*, given us a story not unworthy to be placed beside *Robinson Crusoe*. Be it so, for Mr. Stevenson is a great artist; but we shall think that the "prophets of evil," who tell us that the English race is deteriorating, are right, if Robinson Crusoe ceases to hold its place as a classic. The article before us, written by the editor in his happiest manner, will be of interest to many who have outlived the days of their delight in *Robinson Crusoe*, and the best informed of them will be astonished to learn the extent of Defoe's contributions to English literature in the shape of Political tracts, a list of which fills two columns of the Dictionary; Economical and Social tracts; Didactic writings; Narratives, real and fictitious; Historical and Biographical treatises. We cannot omit here a verse out of a *Hymn to the Pillory*, written by Defoe, after he had occupied a proud position in relation to that ancient institution—

Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes.

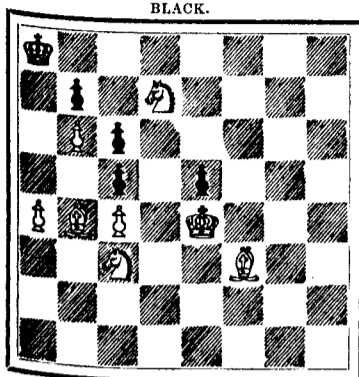
The last line is peculiarly good and strong and true. A very excellent, although comparatively short article on Dekker, the dramatist, is from the pen of Mr. Bowen, the accomplished editor of what promises to be by far the best edition of some of our Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists ever published. A very fine article by Mr. Swinburne, in the *Nineteenth Century*, last year, has drawn special attention to this writer; but Mr. Bowen's article is none the less necessary for those who would go into the details of his history. We are passing over many names, which cannot here ever be mentioned, for instance Demoivre, of the celebrated *Theorem*, and we drop upon one other, that of Delane, the famous editor of the *Times*. Every contemporary of Delane (he died in 1879 at the age of sixty-two) knows that he had raised that paper to a height of influence never attained by any of its predecessors, little likely to be attained again by itself or any of its contemporaries or successors. Let men here learn the cost of that pre-eminence. Once more we say freely and fully, this book is unique, and no library of any extent should be without it.

HOW TOM AND DOROTHY MADE AND KEPT A CHRISTIAN HOME. By Margaret Sydney. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

A simple story, prettily told, of a young married couple's effort to keep house in Boston on an income of ten dollars a week, without debt and without sacrifice of Christian principle. Tom and Dorothy solved this difficult problem successfully, enjoying not only the happiness of a home in which peace and contentment reigned, but the still sweeter happiness of being helpful to others who came within the influence of their lives. The book was evidently written for an earnest purpose which it seems fitted to accomplish.

CHESSES.

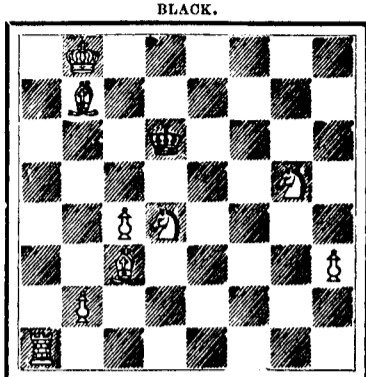
PROBLEM No. 251.
By E. G. MUNTZ, T. C. C.
Composed for THE WEEK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 252.
By R. SATCHELWELL,
Glasgow Herald.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 245.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. K-B 3 | K-K 4 |
| 2. Q-K 7 | K-Q 5 or K x P |
| 3. Q or B mates. | |

No. 246.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-B 2 | K-B 3 or K 4 |
| 2. B-B 5 or Kt 8 + | K x B or K-K 5 |
| 3. Q mates. | |

Game between Messrs. J. H. Zukertort and J. H. Blackburne, in the London Congress, 1883. From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*:-

MR. ZUKERTORT.	MR. BLACKBURNE.	MR. ZUKERTORT.	MR. BLACKBURNE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-Q B 4	P-K 3	18. P-K 4	Q R-Q B 1
2. P-K 3	Kt-K B 3	19. P-K 5	Kt-K 1
3. Kt-K B 3	P-Q Kt 3	20. P-B 4	P-Kt 3 (c)
4. B-K 2	B-Kt 2	21. R-K 3	P-B 4
5. Castles	P-Q 4	22. P x P en pas	Kt x P
6. P-Q 4	B-Q 3	23. P-B 5	Kt-K 5
7. Kt-B 3	Castles	24. B x Kt	P x B
8. P Q Kt 3	Q Kt-Q 2	25. P x Kt P	R-B 7 (d)
9. B-Kt 2	Q-K 2 (a)	26. P x P +	K-R 1
10. Kt-Q Kt 5	Kt-K 5	27. P-Q 5 +	P-K 4
11. Kt x B	P x Kt	28. Q-Kt 4 (e)	Q R-B 4
12. Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-B 3	29. R-B 8 + (f)	K x P
13. P-B 3	Kt x Kt	30. Q x P +	K-Kt 2
14. Q x Kt	P x P	31. B x P +	K x R
15. B x P	P-Q 4	32. B-Kt 7 + (g)	K-Kt 1
16. B-Q 3	K R-B 1 (b)	33. Q x Q	and Black resigns.
17. Q R-K 1	R-B 2		

NOTES.

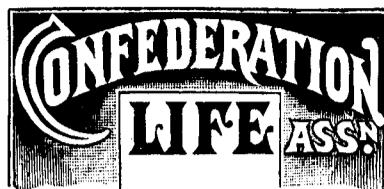
- (a) P-B 4 is preferable.
- (b) Q R-B 1 is better.
- (c) Bad; this weakens his position.
- (d) If P x P White will force the game by 26. R-Kt 2.
- (e) Very fine.
- (f) Mr. Steinitz remarks, in *Turf, Field and Farm*, "In conjunction with White's previous play this forms one of the most noble combinations conceived over the board."
- (g) A fine finish.

ALTHOUGH the part played in letters and in politics by the great quarterlies is not what it was in the days of the giants, yet the growth and multiplication of the periodical press have given men of letters more and more opportunity of expression. The veteran *Quarterly* of Murray is edited by Dr. William Smith, a versatile veteran of letters, known widely as the editor of the "Students' Histories," and by other historical compilations. The *Westminster* is still owned and edited, though from Paris, by Dr. Chapman, George Eliot's early friend. Henry Reeve edits the *Edinburgh*, no longer a Scotch institution, save in name, and Alfred Austin, the poet, the *National Review*. James Knowles continues to make the *Nineteenth Century* a forum where he gathers the notables to say their word on salient questions of the day, and those earlier compromises between the quarterly and the monthly magazines, the *Contemporary*, now edited by Percy William Bunting, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and the *Fortnightly*, edited by Frank Harris, who has earned his way to journalistic honours by most varied experiences the world over, hold their own. At the head of several of the monthlies are well-known writers: James Payn has succeeded to the chair of the *Cornhill*, and J. Comyns Carr is the editor of the *English Illustrated*. The *Gentlemen's* is still edited by "Sylvanus Urban," but that *nom de plume* now covers a veiled identity within the publishing house of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. *Longman's* is understood to be under the direct control of Charles J. Longman, and the other new-comer, *Murray's*, is edited by Edward A. Arnold, a nephew of Matthew Arnold. The *Saturday Review*, edited by Walter Herries Pollock, and the *Spectator*, edited by R. H. Hutton and James Townsend, are, in their quite different ways, of much interest in the literary situation. The distinctively book papers, however, are the *Athenaeum*, edited now, as for many years back, by Norman McColl, and its younger rival, the *Academy*, edited by James Cotton, which are supplemented by the trade cataloguing papers, the *Publishers' Circular* and the *Bookseller*.—*Harper's Magazine*.

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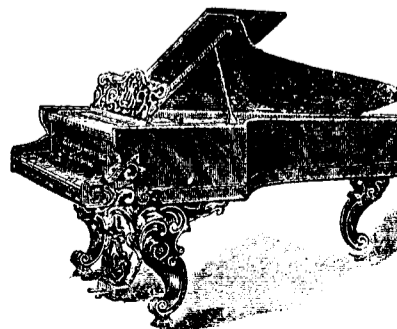
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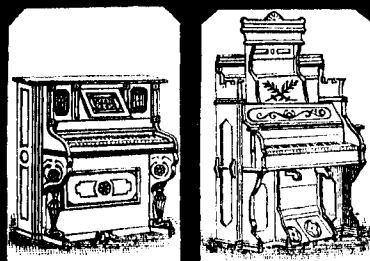
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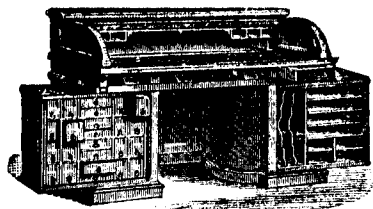
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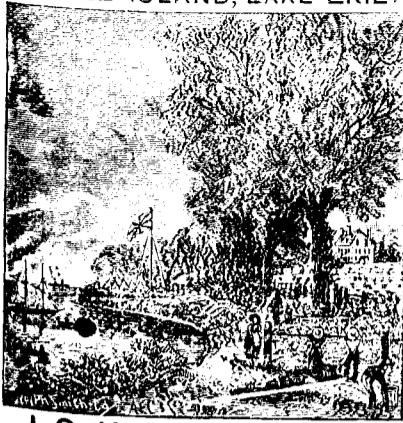
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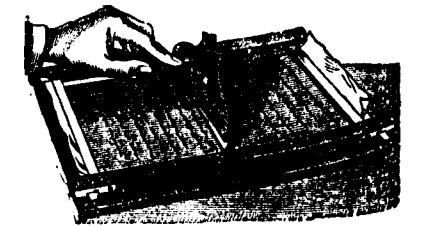
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