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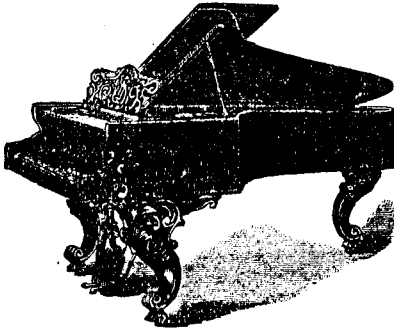
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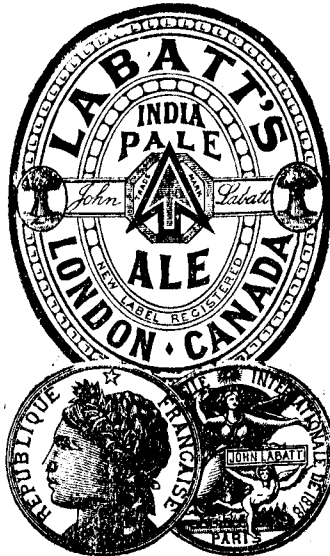
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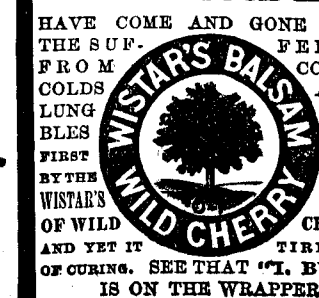
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

HOWEVER partisans may differ as to the character of the changes announced in the Ontario Government, all will agree in sincerely regretting the cause—the continued ill-health of the Hon. T. B. Pardee, late Commissioner of Crown Lands. It was highly desirable that this important office should be taken in charge by some one who, in addition to the necessary ability and industry, could bring to the work administrative experience and special knowledge of the duties of the position, and Mr. Mowat could hardly have done better than choose Hon. A. S. Hardy, who, in addition to his other qualifications, has had oversight of the Department during the prolonged illness of Mr. Pardee. The selection of Mr. J. M. Gibson, M.A., of Hamilton, for the portfolio of Provincial Secretary, resigned by Mr. Hardy, has met with very general approval. A fitter appointment could hardly have been made. Mr. Gibson graduated with high honours from Toronto University in 1863; was called to the bar in 1867, and was first elected in 1879 to the Legislature, of which he has ever since been a member. In addition to his other qualifications, his intelligent interest in educational questions cannot fail to add to his usefulness as a member of the Government.

THE vigorous protest of the Board of Directors of the Torrens Land Transfer Association against the proposed division of the Toronto Registry Office and appointment of an additional Registrar is of more than local interest. The principle involved is of no little moment, and of wide application. The policy of paying public officers by fees is in itself questionable. If admitted, justice to both officers and the public demands that emoluments should be kept, by the adoption of a sliding scale, or some other mode of adjustment, strictly within the limits of a reasonable maximum and minimum. The case in question is that of an office in which the income from fees has become so large as to be quite out of proportion both to that of other public offices and to the amount of work performed. The natural remedy would seem to be either

a reduction in the fees or the adoption of a different mode of payment. The device of appointing a second unnecessary officer to share the emoluments seems so clumsy and irrational that it is difficult to think of any other ground for its adoption than the more than questionable one that it preserves and increases the Government patronage. To say nothing of the other weighty objections urged by the Board in view of the proposed early adoption of the Torrens System, why should the Government compel the public to pay twice or three times as much as is necessary for a service of that kind? Certainly no business man would think of going to work in that way to correct a similar irregularity in his private affairs.

A SERIES of articles in the *Toronto Mail* have brought to public notice two sets of facts of great public interest. The first is that in the rich and flourishing city of Toronto some thousands of boys and girls are attending no school, and receiving not even the rudiments of education. It even appears that not only are the compulsory clauses of the Education Act utterly disregarded, but that the schools are already overcrowded so that there is no room for these children even should they wish to attend. The question immediately arises, if in this one city so many children are growing up in utter ignorance, how large is the number of such in the Province and in the Dominion? The other set of facts collected from the police, prison, and reformatory records confirms anew, and with startling emphasis, the well established truth with regard to the close connection between illiteracy and crime. We have not space to particularize, but the figures clearly demonstrate, in the words of the *Mail*, "that a large proportion of criminals of every class have received no education whatever, that fully 80 per cent. of the total criminal class have had none, or, at most, a very limited education, and that scarcely 20 per cent. have received a good education." The lesson taught is very clear—and the *Mail* has done well to bring it home to rulers and citizens—that it is a duty owed to themselves, to the waifs, vagrants, and truants in their midst, and to society, to enforce, strictly and stringently, the provisions for compulsory education which are, or ought to be, found in all our School Acts. To our mind, the excuses that are made for the lack of school accommodation in Toronto, based upon the rapid increase of population, do but add to her blameworthiness, as they prove her wealth and prosperity. The city that can build fine residences by the thousand should surely be able to put up a dozen or two additional school houses.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S active brain seems to have treasured up for the public benefit the results of much careful observation during his recent travels. In his reply to the address of the Kingston School Board he lets fall, amongst others, one practical suggestion which, it strikes us, embodies a truth of great value. As a deduction from the study of the various school systems he became acquainted with while abroad, he concludes that the best feature in our system is the comparatively important place held by the School District and Local Board. "I would advocate," he says, "the gradual increase of the power of Local Boards, both of Common and High Schools." In this direction lies, we have no doubt, the best development and the highest success of our educational methods. The more the tendency of our school system to crystallize into a great, ponderous, inflexible machine can be counteracted, the more local action can be stimulated, local individuality fostered, and the sense of local responsibility strengthened, the better for all concerned. When once the parents in any district are brought to feel that the public school is theirs; that it can be made, as a means of culture both intellectual and moral, just what they through their Board determine it shall be; that the teachers may be men and women of just as high attainments and character as they may choose, and are willing to pay for, the ideal school system will have been established in that locality. Dr. Grant's wise words are worthy of being remembered.

WHETHER the wish, or the dread, or something more nearly related to knowledge than either, is the source of the rumour that Parliament is to be dissolved after the coming session, the public has no means of knowing. It

is far from improbable that the thought may have entered Sir John A. Macdonald's mind, but it seems very unlikely that any final determination has been reached. The chief, if not the only apparent, motive that could prompt him to anticipate the regular time for an appeal to the country, would be, evidently, a desire to check the Unrestricted Reciprocity movement before it had gained too much headway. But whether this agitation has made, or is making, any real headway is a question in regard to which, notwithstanding all that has been said and written, it is very difficult to form an opinion. Reliable data are almost wholly wanting. The most contradictory statements abound in the party newspapers. The significance, whether it be deemed much or little, of such incidents as the election of an advocate of Unrestricted Reciprocity (not, it appears, an Annexationist, as we had been led to believe by repeated newspaper assertions) as Mayor of Windsor, and the triumph of the Opposition candidate in the recent contest in Joliette, can scarcely be more than sufficient to neutralize the confident assurances of the Government press that the movement has been crushed by the alleged proof of its disloyal character and tendencies. The recent assertion in an Ottawa despatch to a Government paper, that the Liberal leaders had decided to remove the Reciprocity plank from their platform, if designed, as seems probable, to challenge the contradiction it called forth, would indicate a degree of anxiety in Government circles quite in keeping with the rumour of a possible dissolution. On the other hand, the obstacles in the path of the Liberal leaders seem sufficient to discourage more determined men. Chief among these obstacles there is, in the first place, the very serious doubt created by the assertions of many influential American politicians whether Unrestricted Reciprocity could be had on any terms short of political union, and the still stronger doubt, amounting almost to a certainty of the negative, whether it is attainable in any other form than that of the Commercial Union which the Liberals themselves seem, by their actions, to admit would be unacceptable to Canadians. The whole situation is complicated and peculiar, and further developments will be awaited with anxiety.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is reported to have declared, at the banquet to the American Minister, his confident belief that the Treaty of 1888 will form the basis of an early settlement of the Fisheries dispute. A subsequent cablegram states that the Foreign Office shares this hopeful view on the ground of "the ready acceptance of the treaty in question among the foremost spokesmen of both parties in the United States, as a reasonable and honourable settlement." We can but hope that these sanguine anticipations are based on better information than any which is in possession of the Canadian public. It would almost seem as if the Foreign Office must have received a version of the Congressional debates quite different from that published on this side of the Atlantic. It must be confessed that to the cool Canadian observer the signs do not seem so promising. The party which caused the Treaty to be rejected, almost with contempt, by the American Senate, will shortly have control of both Houses and have its representative in the Presidential chair to boot. Neither the tone of the leaders of that party, as reported in Canada, nor that of the Canadian press supporting, and supposed in some measure to represent, the Canadian Government, has, of late, been such as to foreshadow an early and amicable arrangement, such as can result only from mutual concessions in the interest of peace and international goodwill. Petty and vexatious interpretations of the tariff laws are tending to irritation rather than conciliation on both sides of the boundary. Even Mr. Mowat does not hesitate to speak on a public platform of the United States as a hostile country. Nor does the aspect of relations between the United States and the Mother Country seem much more hopeful, seeing that each country is, for reasons well understood, without an accredited Minister at the capital of the other. Nevertheless it is quite possible, partisan politics being what they are, that all these unfavourable indications may count for nothing, and that the incoming Washington Administration may leave the past to bury its dead, and inaugurate a new era of friendly intercourse and common sense statesmanship. All but the Jingo in both countries will hope that the event may prove Sir Charles Tupper a true seer.

THE somewhat unusual course of the Dominion Government in causing it to be announced that the Minister of Justice had reported that the Jesuits' Estates Act is *intra vires* of the Quebec Legislature, and that, consequently it will be allowed to go into operation, is giving rise to a good deal of earnest discussion. The ordinary course would have been to allow the decision of the Cabinet to become known in due time by its action, or rather its failure to act. The prompt announcement in this case has, no doubt, been permitted with a view to quieting the agitation which was being raised by the various Protestant bodies which are hostile to the measure. If no arguments these could possibly bring to bear could change the Government's decision, it was both wise and kind to let the fact be known at once, thus saving the bodies referred to from useless trouble, and both them and the Government from the irritation and pain of a refusal to comply with their wishes after they had been strongly expressed. In the intense indignation caused by so grave a misappropriation of the educational funds of the Province of Quebec, and by the still more humiliating and unpatriotic act of placing the disposal of the sum thus misappropriated in the hands of a foreign ecclesiastic, Protestants may too easily forget that the sole question for the Dominion Government to decide was whether the Bill was within the constitutional powers of the Province. That being admitted, an Ottawa veto would have been a constitutional wrong, and a source of danger to all the Provinces. With the merits or demerits of the question the Dominion Government had nothing further to do. This doctrine may not commend itself to those who favour centralization of authority. It may perhaps be easy to quote words and acts of the Ottawa Administration which are not in harmony with it. But past events have made it pretty clear that it is the only interpretation of the Constitution which will be accepted by the Protestant Provinces. If any one doubts this, let him but imagine the case of a Dominion veto of some Act, say of the Ontario Assembly, appropriating a large sum of the Province's own money for some educational or other purpose.

THE pending election in a Manitoba constituency presents a phase of the political situation in Canada to which we have often referred, and which demands the reprobation of every honest Canadian. It can hardly be doubted that the current of feeling in the Prairie Province sets at present somewhat strongly against the Dominion Government. Yet the constituency in question presents the anomaly of a candidate who professes to be a Liberal of long standing, and who strongly denounces the policy of the Ottawa Government in its treatment of Manitoba, seeking election as an "independent" supporter of that Government. The facts seem to admit of but one inference, but, as if to remove all doubt, the candidate, it is said, frankly explains that he takes this attitude because it will enable him the better to promote local interests. This again means that he believes that gratitude for expected favours will weigh more strongly with the electors than any questions of public policy or political conviction. Surely this is paying the people whose support is courted a most doubtful compliment. It should be an offence to both parties. Liberals should resent the imputation that their suffrages can be purchased by such a consideration. The political supporters of the Government should recognise and resent the insult to that Government implied in the assumption that its members are so unfaithful and dishonest in the discharge of the stewardship of the public funds with which they are intrusted that their appropriations can be affected by the support or opposition of a representative.

CANADA has no cause for regret that the entrance of Newfoundland into the Confederation has been still further delayed. The Dominion is thereby well out of the three-century-old fishery controversy with France, which threatens to be even harder of settlement than that with the United States. Newfoundland seems to have got the better in the bait question, for the present at least, though the French fishermen are said to have found other means of procuring this indispensable article. The dispute, which is now entering upon a specially disagreeable, almost acute stage, is now about the rights of the respective nations on "The French Shore." As our readers are aware, it was decided by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, that the Island, whose ownership had been so long a bone of contention, should belong to England, but that France was to have reserved to her certain rights of curing and drying fish, etc., along the west and north coasts, known thenceforth as "The French Shore." The Newfoundlanders have

erected shops on the reserved coast, for carrying on the work of lobster preservation, occupying according to M. Goblet's statements in the French Chamber, about one-fifth of the whole shore. These shops, it is alleged, injuriously affect the French fishermen. M. Goblet loftily declared a few weeks since, in answer to an interpellation, that these lobster workshops "would be made to disappear." The question is evidently a thorny one. The French do not even claim, we suppose, to own any portion of the shore. Does the right of their fishermen to use it for the purpose specified, imply that the real owners must refrain for ever from occupying any portion of it? This is a matter which can be determined only by the two nations themselves, and the present state of feeling does not promise an immediate or amicable settlement. The Dominion is for the present happily free from the complication. It is not easy to see how she could have helped in the solution of the problem, though it would seem as if either the British Government, or our own, or both must have thought so.

THE deputation from the ports of the Clyde, Forth, Mersey, Tyne and Tees, which waited upon Lord Salisbury two or three weeks since to urge the necessity of better provision for local defence, has brought to the front the burning question of the defences of the United Kingdom. The *Times*, *Spectator*, and other influential journals are urging the subject upon the attention of the Government and the nation, and it seems pretty certain that a scheme for the appropriation of a large sum of money for improving the national defences will be one of the important measures submitted to Parliament at the approaching session. Whatever means may be proposed for the better protection of the different localities represented by the deputation—whose members, by the way, were very frank in pointing out that both the perfecting of plans and the finding of money were matters of national, not local concern—it is conceded on all hands that adequate provision for the safety of the commerce, coasts and ports of the Kingdom can be made only by equipping and maintaining a navy sufficiently powerful to meet and defeat any possible combination of the navies of other nations, while at the same time protecting the great lines of commerce, and the coaling stations and points of call, upon which the regular performance of their duties by the navy and the mercantile marine so greatly depends. "Until the navy is made strong enough to do this with absolute and indubitable certainty," says the *Times*, "we have done nothing." That this involves an immense additional outlay in various directions, if, indeed, it is within the limits of the possible, is obvious. No doubt the attempt will be seriously made. But if made, and if successful for the present, where is this thing going to end? That is the question which at once forces itself upon the thought. How long can the most sanguine hope that it will be within the range of possibility for the one nation to keep up a navy so vastly superior, not merely to that of any other single nation, but to the combined navies of all the nations which it is possible to conceive of as uniting against it? But that conundrum must, we suppose, be left as one of the legacies to coming generations. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Possibly the nations may some day learn to trust each other.

IN spite of its many abuses, the people of the United States seem determined to hold fast their faith in free speech. The atrocities perpetrated by the Anarchists a few years ago in Chicago are still fresh in the public memory. In view of the well-known fact that these foes of society are still active in propagating their obnoxious tenets in that city, it is no wonder their annual gathering was looked forward to with some alarm, especially as ominous whispers and threats were in the air. Under these circumstances the police authorities, believing that unlawful measures would be discussed and advised, and mischief perhaps result, took upon themselves arbitrarily to prohibit the meeting of the "Arbeiter Bund." An appeal to the courts resulted in a judgment fully vindicating the right of public meeting for all classes of citizens. In pronouncing the judgment, Judge Tuley spoke as follows: "I am astonished to find that, at this day, in this free country, it should be urged by affidavit and arguments in a court of justice that a police official can forbid the meeting of a society or public meeting because of his belief that the society is a treasonable one, and the members are about to commit treasonable acts. If this be law, then every political, literary, religious or other society would hold their constitutional right of free speech and peaceable assemblies at the mercy of every petty policeman—for the chief, in this respect, has

no more power than his lowest subaltern. In this civilized age, neither by the law of this State nor by the law of any other State or nation, making any pretence to freedom, are treasonable intentions or words, unaccompanied by overt deeds (or acts), made a punishable offence." The authorities of the State had already shown that that they know how to punish murderous deeds, and stamp out incipient anarchy. They now show that they are prepared to go to great lengths and run considerable risk in order to preserve the right of free assemblage and speech. Judge Tuley's declaration that no State, making any pretence to freedom, would make treasonable words a punishable offence is a pretty broad one. It would scarcely be approved, we judge, by some of our Canadian contemporaries. It seems late to shut the stable door after the steed is stolen, but Judge Tuley's principle is the only safe one.

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON seems to have the rare merit of being able to keep his own counsel. After he has been subjected to innumerable interviews, has received tons of advice and persuasion, and has had cabinets constructed for him by the dozen, it is now openly admitted that no one, himself, it may be hoped, excepted, is any the wiser. No one knows who is to be the Secretary of State, or of the Interior, or of War, or of anything else in the forthcoming Administration. But the strain imposed upon the strength and patience of the incoming President must be terrible. The questions are, it is true, of great importance; how great depends largely upon the strength of will and the individuality of the President himself. It is easy to perceive that with a weak man, or even with a man not abnormally strong, in the Presidency, the fate of the nation may be almost in the hands of any Cabinet officer who may be able to gain the ascendancy over him. The fact that the members of the Administration are not responsible to the people, but are merely the servants and assistants of the President, though at first thought it may seem to render their positions of less importance, has really the opposite effect. In England or Canada an obnoxious Minister may be summarily ejected by the people. In the United States he is beyond their reach, and if he can but gain the President's ear, may be virtual ruler of the nation for four years.

IF any reliance can be placed upon the current accounts of events in Samoa, the relations between Germany and the United States must be rapidly assuming a threatening aspect. It must be remembered, of course, that the news comes mainly from American sources, and through American channels, but, after all reasonable allowances have been made for colouring and exaggeration, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that the conduct of the German naval officers has been arrogant in the extreme. In fact, it seems hardly too much to say that arrogance is becoming characteristic of German officialdom in its intercourse with other nations, as witness the Bismarck-Morier affair and the course pursued in East Africa. In the case in question, however, it is hard to believe that the course of the commanders of the German ships at Samoa can meet the approval of the authorities at Berlin. Not even the Emperor or Bismarck can care to bring about a rupture with the United States, especially when, as seems probable, treaty obligations, and the interests of her own subjects would almost surely compel Great Britain to make common cause with the Great Republic. Meanwhile developments will be watched with interest and anxiety, not perhaps unmingled with curiosity to see whether the action of the Washington authorities will be as prompt and vigorous when a great European Power is concerned as it was in the case of the petty Republic of Hayti. If Canadians were like-minded with political fire-eaters of the Blair type, and disposed to approve their specific for re-uniting North and South, they might almost wish to see England and the United States engaged together in a great war. But we hope better things for the sake of human civilization and progress.

THE election of a single Deputy to fill a vacancy in one of the thirty-eight seats in the Department of the Seine should not ordinarily be an affair of great national importance. But just now it may almost be said that the fate of the Republic depends upon the result. Should General Boulanger be defeated, the Government and the friends of the present régime will breathe easier, for a time at least. Should General Boulanger be elected by the motley groups which have combined to support him, it is impossible to foretell the consequences of which the event may be regarded as prophetic. It is true that the redoubt-

able General is now loudly protesting that he has no ambition for a dictatorship. But the fact seems too obvious for dispute that a stable, constitutional government carried on by means of the various and widely diverse factions which have rallied around him, each in pursuit of its own ends, would be little less than a miracle. The constitution may need amendment, but a constitution tinkered by such workmen and with such tools would surely be a nondescript and tottering affair. The Seine election is admittedly a test of Boulanger's strength. Hence its exceeding importance.

LATE London exchanges bring us a clearer account than the meagre cablegrams of a couple of weeks ago, of the means by which the King of Serbia got the better of the Great Skuptschina, or Constituent Assembly. At the outset he had but four adherents, while those who were elected to insist on making the monarchy thoroughly limited and constitutional, or to accept his resignation, numbered five hundred. The manner in which King Milan imposed his own personal authority on this hostile body and compelled it to accept the amended Constitution he had proposed, shows his consummate shrewdness and determination. The amended Constitution offered them was, he declared, the most liberal on the Continent. It must be accepted at once and without change, else he would no longer be bound by either the new or the old one, but would govern as an Absolute Prince. The King was, in fact, master of the situation, and he knew it. The Skuptschina, too, quickly saw it. The King had the army at his command, and soldiers are trained to obey orders. The Skuptschina represented the ignorant, un-military peasants, utterly unprepared to carry through a revolutionary struggle against disciplined troops. A still more formidable obstacle to revolution was the European situation. The certainty that any insurrectionary movement would be quickly followed by an Austrian occupation, might well give them pause. It was not therefore surprising that the members of the Assembly bowed to the inevitable, and voted the Constitution by 494 to 75. More remarkable was the fact that the speech of twenty minutes delivered by the King, when he affixed his signature to the new Constitution in presence of the deputies, was stopped fifteen times by thunders of applause. Thus the indignation excited by the treatment of Queen Natalie, the influence and bribery of Russia, and the desire of the Servians themselves to control their own foreign policy, have irremovable judges, and enjoy a full measure of personal liberty, all yielded to the ascendancy of a strong, though far from admirable personality. Still the people gain much in the way of liberty and self-government, and it will be strange if they do not use to advantage the new levers put into their hands, in subsequent struggles under better auspices.

TWO men, each once the idol of his own nation, and the admired or feared of all others, have in their old age strangely alienated the affections of a large number of their friends. We use the words "affections" and "friends" advisedly, for not only have they sacrificed the worship and admiration of parties and well-wishers, but have actually, we repeat, alienated the affections of their friends. Both were leaders of people, both advisers of monarchs, both stood for years at the apex of the ever-moving phalanx of public opinion, both were makers of history, and of both the world will hear as long as the world will read histories of England and Germany: we refer to Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck. Of the former the history is so well-known we need not repeat it here. Every one has seen how through the action of Mr. Gladstone alone has come about that rupture in the Liberal party which threatens never to be healed. Every one has seen his old colleagues and friends—men like John Bright, for instance—compelled to take a position of active opposition to him. Of Prince Bismarck's decline in popularity, however, the public at large is not so cognizant, but all who take note of the tone in which now his name is mentioned amongst a large and increasing class of public men will detect a distinct and appreciable change. Once he was the "peace-maker" of Europe, the arbiter of nations, a sort of referee, to whom everybody brought his grievance: he is not this to-day. Once the condition of Europe was supposed to hang on his opinion: to-day, to a very large number, that opinion seems to have lost much weight. It is true his influence in the Reichstag is still very great; but it was once, it is no exaggeration to say, paramount. The Liberals now will be heard, and the Socialists have increased their ranks. Specific evidences, too, are not wanting to prove his decline. His sympathy with that

hated ex-Minister of the Interior, Herr von Puttkamer, is spoken against in no weak voice. His relationship with that deservedly much-loved man, the Emperor Frederick (himself the deposer of Puttkamer), was often a matter of controversy. His action with regard to the publication of the Diary, and his subsequent somewhat high-handed, some go so far as to say spiteful, conduct towards Professor Geffcken have provoked no little criticism, not alone from his opponents. Certainly Prince von Bismarck is not to-day the unique figure in European, or even Prusso-German, politics as he was, say five years ago. It is strange, this falling off of popular trust and confidence. Can it be that nations grow faster than individuals, even when those individuals are Gladstones and Bismarcks? Does public outrun private opinion? Do the people as a whole advance more rapidly in political thought than do their leaders individually? Something of this kind probably does take place. New and active-minded leaders are ever coming to the front. Theories are expanded by fresh ideas. Young and venturesome minds put these ideas into practice.

SERVIA.

TO feel the pulse of Europe one must lay one's finger on the Danubian principalities. As the physician detects daily bodily changes by the pulsations of an insignificant artery, not by the large organs—which, indeed, he cannot well sound—so the astute politician, if just now he wishes to know the feeling of Europe, rather than examine the larger empires of Germany or Russia, will closely attend to what is going on in Serbia.

Servia at this moment is perhaps the most interesting nation in the world, for upon Servia not only hangs the fate of kings, but also of kingdoms. She is an infant, but a precocious infant, and one with as yet unknown potentialities. And these potentialities are developing very rapidly. She is probably the most radical of radical peoples. The boast of her politicians is that her constitution is the most advanced in Europe. The very names of the parties signify advance: there are no Conservatives; there are only Progressists, Liberals and Radicals—and the Radicals are in the ascendant by an enormous majority. Half the members of the Grand Skuptschina are peasants, and if we are to judge from the political tendencies of the analogues to these that we have in more western deliberative assemblies, "labour candidates" namely, these peasants will not allow that Radical majority to diminish. Servia is a monarchy truly, but a monarchy suspended like a delicate balance, as it were, on an agate edge. A very small weight on either side of the beam would disturb at once her equilibrium. And not alone the equilibrium of Servia. Most intimately connected with Servia are the young and vigorous peoples about her—Bosnia, Roumania, Bulgaria. And again mixed up with these are the political relationships of Austria and Russia and Turkey—with all that this means.

This indeed is the secret of the present keenness of interest centred on Servia. She has been going through a crisis, has been voting on a Constitution; and how that old, old fight between king and people will, in this its latest and most modern phase, eventuate, and how its outcome will affect neighbouring and jealous nations—these are things that give statesmen pause. At one moment it was impossible to see on which of several paths Servia would set out. Would the pro-Russian party, an active one, succeed in deposing King Milan, a fairly independent monarch, and in raising to the throne Prince Karageorgevich, a mere tool of the Czar? Would the so-called Pan-Servian party succeed in creating in Bosnia and Herzegovina a revolt from Austrian influence and a coalescence with Servia? Would the extreme Radicals succeed in keeping alive that feeling of insecurity and disturbance so dear to Russia? Or would King Milan succeed in holding his own? It is this last, as usual, according to the French proverb, the most unexpected, that has happened. Despite a Radical majority (the Government was Progressist), and despite not a few not inactive irreconcilables, King Milan got his Constitution—certainly a liberal one—voted entire.

For the present, then, all is quiet along the Danube, but that Balkan Peninsula is a hot-bed—not so much of internal dissension, for these young nations, taking many things into consideration, behave themselves admirably (Bulgaria especially is exemplary), not so much of internal dissension as of external jealousy. Russia, in bad taste as it may seem—but taste, it may be presumed, is something that does not enter into international politics, any more than does fairness (so at least the old saw taught) into love or war—Russia, in very bad taste, so openly works for

the deposition of King Milan as to call him publicly Monsieur Obrenovich, and is fomenting a revolutionary spirit wherever she can. Austria, on the other hand, of course, is bound to see each of her little contiguous neighbours become free, strong, and consolidated. If Servia, on her very borders, had given not only theoretical but forcible signs of Pan-slavism or Russo-philism, a dangerous fire might have been lighted in Europe. For the present the spark has been extinguished.

WANTED, A PROFESSOR!

MOST of us can remember a time when, with little experience of the world and its possibilities, we formed wonderful ideas of what we were going to be, or to do, or to have; and it is sometimes amusing, sometimes sad, to compare the reality with the aspiration or the dream. Of these aspirations we are often reminded by the kind of man who is described as the suitable occupant of some position or office which is vacant, especially if it is a position which has never been filled before.

Within the last few months the newspapers have published a good many letters on the subject of the new Professor of English Literature to be appointed in the University of Toronto, and his qualifications. But the culminating point of ambitious expectation has been reached by the writer of a recent letter in the *Mail*. This writer is quite reasonable on some points. He is not quite ready to join in the cry, "Canada for the Canadians." He admits that, if we cannot get a thoroughly good man for the post in this country, we may go out of it—to the States, to England, he is willing even to go so far as New Zealand. But he also points out that there are some disadvantages in going beyond our own borders. "Foreigners (*sic*) do not know our ways, nor do they understand our sentiments. Often they do not try to do so." This is very wrong of "foreigners;" but then, what could we expect of those who have the misfortune to be born out of Canada?

Some other remarks of the same writer are good and sensible. We cannot expect, he says, to get other than second-rate men from other countries. But then it is fair to ask: Can we at present produce any other than second-rate scholars in this country? Have we the machinery for manufacturing them? Have we the inducements needed to make men addict themselves to the necessary studies? It is quite true, also, that there is always a certain risk in getting a man whom we have never seen. Upon the whole, we are quite agreed with the writer in his main contention in this part of his letter. If we can get a man fairly qualified for the task in this country, by all means let us have him. If we are quite sure that he cannot be got in Canada, then let us do the best we can elsewhere.

But all hope leaves us of such acquisition not merely in America, in Europe, but in the world—we had almost said in the heavens above or in the earth beneath—when we consider the qualifications which are thought requisite in the future Professor of English Literature. The correspondent of the *Mail* acknowledges that the ideal professor, "one who is master of all the tributary languages" is "the impossible." But we are not allowed to remain long in a state of hopeful acquiescence. Our spirits fall when we come to see what, after all, is expected. We will enumerate the particulars.

The requirements put forth by our Mentor are the following: 1. That the new professor should be *deeply read in the Latin and Greek Classics*. 2. That he should be *familiar with the great languages of modern culture*. 3. That he should have *studied the earlier stages of English itself*. 4. That he should be *familiar with the cognate Teutonic languages, especially the Germanic and Scandinavian*. 5. *Good literary taste*. 6. *A power to impart knowledge*. These requirements imply "an ideal," we are told, "which is high, it is true, but not impossible." And they seem to be regarded by the writer as indispensable.

He next proceeds to note some other qualities which, if not indispensable, are very desirable, namely: 7. *A pure elegant diction, free from American twang, or Scottish burr, Irish brogue, or English lisp*—in short with the absolute purity of the Canadian accent which apparently is free from all these defects. 8. *To have the inspiration of the Muses and be a poet; but this, happily, is "not a vital matter."*

At last we have got to the end of the list; and every reader may well exclaim: "Horresco referens." Perhaps the letter is a joke. In that case it is rather a dull one. If it is quite sincere and prosaic, it is certainly rather funny. For one thing, we may at once state our own opinion as to the result of setting forth such a standard.

Any one who shall become a candidate for the new professorship, making any claim to the possession of all the qualifications here enumerated will be nothing less than an egregious impostor.

We are trying to think of the men of learning in the world—old and new—who might be supposed to possess the required qualifications, and the first name that occurs to us is that of Mr. Max Müller who really does know almost everything that the new professor is required to know. But unfortunately Professor Müller is too old; and besides he might not like to leave the University of Oxford, in which the authorities actually created a new professorship that they might retain his services. Professor Palmer of Cambridge might have done; but then the Arabs killed him some years ago. Perhaps there may be three or four more on the other side; but we fear the Europeans want them, and that we can hardly offer them sufficient inducements to come here.

It is difficult to be serious in discussing this extraordinary production. We will leave it and try to say a few reasonable words on the subject of what we may fairly expect in a candidate for the new professorship. In the first place, he certainly should not be a mere English scholar, he ought to have what is generally called a liberal education, that is to say a good working knowledge of Greek and Latin. It is certainly highly desirable that he should be a German scholar, and perhaps know something of French and Italian. With regard to the "Germanic and Scandinavian" languages, we really think the notion too silly, if it means that they are to be *known* in any proper sense of that word.

But we must come to the English language itself; and the main requirements for the part of teacher are: First, some knowledge of the philology of the language—of its history, the phases through which it has passed, next, a thorough knowledge of its grammar, and again, a full acquaintance with its literature. But beyond all this, it is of absolute necessity that a Professor of the English Language and Literature should be able to speak and write the language with purity and force, and if possible with something of elegance.

It is quite necessary to insist upon these last qualifications, as there is a tendency at present in our schools to promote a very minute theoretical knowledge of some parts of English Grammar which are of exceedingly little practical importance, whilst the student gets no real command of the language so as to be able to speak and write it with accuracy and precision. It is therefore of prime importance that whoever occupies the English Chair in our Provincial University should, first of all, be able so to speak and write the language that he may be an example to those whom he teaches, so that when his pupils receive his teaching, they may feel that they can keep the rules he gives by following his example.

In addition to this it is necessary that he should have a thorough and familiar acquaintance with English literature in all its stages, not merely as having made a study of its great works and being able to criticise its various periods and the characteristics of its leading representatives, but also as being really imbued with its spirit as the result of constant contact with its contents. That a man should speak and write good English, that he should know the etymology and structure of the language, and be familiar with its literature, these are the primary and indispensable requirements; and if they are dispensed with on account of any other supposed qualifications, a great and fatal mistake will be made.

We quite agree with our friend of the *Mail* that it will be better that the Professor should not have "a Scottish burr" or even "an English lisp." Nay, we go further and say that it is quite necessary that he should not be gifted with those endowments. It is true that we do not quite understand what he means. We have heard of the Northumbrian burr, and we have a general notion of its nature. We also know and rather dislike the strong, rough Scottish R; but we really must profess a total ignorance of the "English lisp," unless in so far as it is like any other lisp. There is a normal English pronunciation which is known, all the world over, as that of the English gentleman and the English scholar, whether he is born in England, in the United States, or in Canada. It is this pronunciation which every man of taste endeavours to cultivate, whether he is educated at Oxford, London, Boston, or Toronto; and the authorities who appoint to the new professorship are bound to see that whoever is chosen shall possess this qualification. English is a spoken and a written language, and is likely to continue so, and to be so far more widely, during the ages to come; and a teacher of English should have, first of all, the capacity for speaking and writing the language which he teaches.

LONDON LETTER.

A HUNDRED recollections cross my mind, as looking through Mr. Loftie's new book on *Kensington*. I pause at near every page, at every little drawing, with the subjects of most of which I am very familiar; a hundred recollections of old houses, old names, old streets forever banished. Of no consolation is it that stately red brick mansions, with all the modern improvements, have sprung up where were once the friends of my youth; for panelled parlours illuminated by candles are more to be admired than electric-lighted, French-decorated drawingrooms, and Jacobean carvings in frieze and border are more beautiful, I think, than the richest hangings; so to my mind the charming village waysides are certainly not improved by these balconied, many-storied flats, these gorgeous palaces,

a score of which, flaunting in the place of the homes of the humbler folk of long ago, I can see from my windows as I write. But though much has disappeared, much still remains—enough, at all events, if you know where to look for it, to make a saunter in and about Kensington a perpetual delight, and to cause this new Guide to our well-beloved quarter to be received with a certain amount of attention from us all. That the book to us is a disappointment, both in letterpress and illustrations, is not to be wondered at; you see we all know so much more than Mr. Loftie has written down; he has left out our favourite legends, and told none of our local gossip. And with the drawings—many of them smudgy little photographs—one can find endless fault. Why were the backs of the Kensington Square houses, with their terraces and picturesque garden strips, not sketched, instead of, say, Mr. Abbott's uninteresting villa, built yesterday; why was Caldecott's painting-room not given, and, indeed, why is there no mention of Holland Street at all, or of Pitt Street, where Mrs. Hudson, widow of the Railway King, died only the other day? The family of the Veres have a dull chapter to themselves. The pedigrees of the Copes, Riches and Foxes are traced; a fourth part, at least, of the volume is taken up with the index and list of subscribers; but there are turnings and lanes I wot of down which it is impossible to think either writer or illustrator have ever penetrated.

Mr. Tucker has sketched us cab-ranks and tradesmen's tricycles, and views more or less interesting of various drawingrooms and gardens where one can only suppose Mr. Tucker has been entertained: and when at a loss for a subject he has drawn the Round Pond many times, or an underground railway station, or the barracks with every gas-lighted window aflame. But the two Queen Anne dwellings down the Church Archway remain undiscovered, while in many of the old Square houses admirably-designed doorways are to be found, quaint powder closets and waiting-rooms, carved winding staircases, ceilings with exquisite stucco wreaths, Adams-decorated mantelpieces, all of which (surely) are better worth preserving than sketches of Albert Grant's vulgar mansion, or the exterior of Tower Cressy. I know of a broad old terrace a hundred paces off (here in the autumn ancient vines, arched over one's head, bear, it is said, two or three kinds of grapes) on to which one wanders from a series of small panelled rooms, and where it is hard to realize one is living to-day, and in London, so still, so full of the atmosphere of Long Ago are the latticed parlours, so quiet is the long tangled overgrown garden. Was it here, I wonder, that dear Richard Steele, that Christian Hero, welcomed his Prue? Have these walls listened to his jovial tones and heard the answering, querulous tone of that sorely-trying Welsh heiress, his wife? Or, perhaps, it was in this hall that Lady Castleword and Beatrix waited to receive Frank and his servant, Baptiste: turn, and you seem to see the girl, dressed in some brilliant, strange colour, descending the stairs, diamonds sparkling on her neck, in her hair. These may be the casements through which His Highness heard the watchman sing his evening cry—you remember?—in this dressing room I am sure lay the Eikon Basiliké into which was slipped that treacherous sheet of paper, and in yonder eating parlour I can fancy that "great and noble assemblage of company" on whom the lacqueys of my Lady of Chelsea were good enough to attend. Ambassadors and duchesses, essayists, historians, painters, all these have we had as tenants; but I don't believe that it is of them the ordinary pilgrim thinks. He comes to see in Young Street the bow-windowed house in which Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair*; to pass the "Greyhound" Tavern, where Esmond spent his dreary watch; to choose for himself, to settle on to his own satisfaction, the very door whence Beatrix swept indignantly to her post-chaise; to loiter at the "King's Arms" and listen to the subdued talk of the handful of loyal gentlemen who restlessly wait within, longing for news of the illness of Her Majesty Queen Anne; to hearken with the crowd at the Palace gates as the heralds in their tabards proclaim George, King and Defender of the Faith. I lay down my pen, and can watch Addison turn into his lodgings (where many of the *Spectators*, no doubt, were written), which he shared with Mr. Wortley: I can hear, it seems to me, the queer toasts and songs, the wailing, sweetly-sad minuet airs which come echoing back from the past, through the open windows, across the grass lawn, from house to house: the trees of to-day sway with the winds that ruffled the locks of Beatrix, that beat in the face of Henry Esmond: the bells from the church-steeple ring the same plaintive tunes as they have done these two hundred years: Mr. Holt slips by in one of his many disguises with a sad, grave air. Surely Mr. Loftie has not made near enough of the characteristics of our suburb. He fails to realize, I think, that the four streets leading from Kensington Square spell, when combined, Young King Charles James, showing satisfactorily our Jacobite propensities; he alludes to secret hiding-places behind sliding panels in the most cursory manner, and as if they are of everyday occurrence; he does nothing to speak of with Holland and little enough with the Palace. As a last word, I wish to say that I should have preferred views of Leech's pillared dining-room; of Mr. Eggi's charming painting-room, where I see myself listening to such talk as I shall never hear again; of Thomas Oldham Barlow's studio; of the house of Clint, the sea-painter; and, if these had been given me, I would cheerfully have resigned many interiors which I emphatically assert are of no possible interest to anybody, beyond pleasing their respective owners' sisters, cousins and aunts.

Acting nowhere, scenery everything, pantomime reigns supreme in many of the theatres, including (low be it

spoken) the Lyceum—its a *spectacle*—never was there anything more wonderful, but what went I out for to see? Not alone gorgeous Scottish castles and blasted heaths, and wonderful effects of light and shade, and marvellous grouping; all these I admire but can manage to do without so long as the players come within measurable distance of what Shakespeare meant them to be. As it was, our long-legged, red-haired, picturesque hero was as utterly unlike the real Macbeth as if he had been sketched by the affected fingers of Mr. Schmalz—figure to yourself an aesthetic Thane of Fife—while Miss Terry, bewilderingly pretty, delightful in attitude, in voice, in costume, never once reminded us of the stern, cruel murderess she intended, I suppose, to represent. Argue the matter how the critics may, let them even take up three columns of their papers if they choose (most of them have had as much space as that for the airing of their opinion on the matter) for their Cheap-Jack patter in which they try to hide from us the real worthlessness of the article they praise in such loud-mouthed fashion, yet Macbeth can be nothing but a failure in an artist's sense, over which Irving's enemies will rejoice and his judicious friends will grieve. The enthusiastic crowded house testified its pleasure in the words of the play, in the magnificent scenery—and the strong personality of, at all events, the principal actor and actress prevented at first that inevitable feeling of disappointment in the acting which gradually crept over most of us. Such a wonderful house! I don't know that it was more elegant or wiser-looking than most other audiences, but, without a doubt, it was more interesting, for turn where you would, everywhere were celebrities. Indeed it was almost too much; it was more distinguished *not* to be distinguished. Edmund Yates, that admirable *flaneur*—he thought, so he says in his "Moi-Même" in this week's *World*, of Fechter and Dickens, of the days that are gone, of first nights long past: of those same "Moi-Mêmes" it is impossible to speak too highly—was one of the very few who are not regularly to be seen on these occasions. Time after time the playhouse is filled by practically the same people to whom Irving looks for helping hands at the launch of every new venture.

We all assembled again a few days later at the Haymarket to assist at the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which Beerbohm Tree essayed "Falstaff" and failed completely, and Mrs. Tree wandered through "Ann Page" in a peculiarly mirthless, lack-a-daisical, exasperating fashion. By the way, should a song of Swinburne's under any circumstances be sung in a play of Shakespeare? Kemble did well with "Caius" as did Brookfield with "Slender," but Rose Leclercq gabbled off "Mrs. Page's" lines with a voice like a tin rattle and actions resembling Mr. John Wood's, while "Mr. Quickly" was dull, and "Mr. Ford" unintelligent. My thoughts wandered away from these ladies and gentlemen who, dressed in the correctest of costume ("Falstaff" himself might have stepped out of one of Leslie's pictures) were trying to represent the fat Knight and his friends, wandered off into leafy Warwickshire, one of the most beautiful of our many beautiful counties, to Charlecote, standing serene by the side of the Avon. And then I remembered how someone showed me there what I suppose now must have been the quarto copy of this play of 1602—the edition which, according to Malone, is apparently a rough draft—for, turning to the well-known lines in the first act in which "Shallow's" coat of arms, and the dozen white lutes are discussed, I found the paragraphs to be missing. One of us suggested that with the fear of the great country magnate before his eyes Shakespeare would not allow these personalities to be printed, and none of us were learned enough to know whether the omission occurs in every volume: that the one on the Charlecote book-shelves, where it occupies, no doubt, pretty much the same spot as when it was brought fresh from town in the time of James the First has no such allusion to the crest of the Lucys I can vouch.

WALTER POWELL.

MONTREAL LETTER.

SCARCELY have our vows for the New Year been registered in Heaven, and the echoes of our Christmas hymns died out of the frosty air, when our boasted "Peace on Earth and Goodwill toward Men" receives a most melancholy interpretation in our inter-denominational life. A year or two ago a pretty and intelligent French girl, still in her teens, left her parents at St. Michel, below Quebec, to apprentice herself to a trade in Montreal, and took up her residence with an aunt and uncle. Shortly after commencing her new life here, she appears to have dropped in occasionally to a French Protestant Church, under the jurisdiction of our Baptist brethren, and where the eloquent voice of the Rev. Theodore Lapleur has lately been succeeded by that of the Rev. Mr. Therrien. The young girl was attracted by what she heard, and induced her aunt and uncle to accompany her, the result being that eventually all three left the Romish Church and connected themselves with that of Mr. Therrien. A Père of St. Patrick's Church then recognized it as his duty to inform the parents of the important step taken by their daughter, upon which the worthy pair immediately set out in quest of their child, to reclaim her from Protestantism, and to secure her return to St. Michel. In spite of compulsory visits to the Confessional, and enforced adoration of the Saints, she refused to agree to the former proposal, and in order to avoid the latter, she made her escape and found her way to a Mission Institute of the Baptist Church at Grande Ligne. From this Institute she continued writing to her parents, telling them of her satisfaction and of the advantages she was enjoying, although not until very

length, receiving this information, the parents once more set out, arriving at Grande Ligne on the evening of New Year's day. A hospitable reception was accorded them by the Principal of the Institute, the Rev. Mr. Massé, who provided for them a room where they might spend the evening in the society of their daughter. All reasonable efforts to induce her to return to her home, and to the Church of her fathers having failed, the parents proceeded to apply physical force, when the screams of the young girl attracted the inmates of the Institute to her rescue. Mr. Massé intimated to the parents that if the girl chose to go with them she knew she was free to do so, but that she must be protected from violence, upon which the parents replied that their daughter should come with them or that they should wait for her till she would. Accordingly the night was spent in the Institute; but, daylight bringing no brighter prospects of success, the father eventually lifted the girl in his arms, and with herculean strength proceeded to carry his burden out of the house. Again the Principal interfered, and the worthy but disappointed parents were compelled to leave without realizing the object of their visit.

They immediately had recourse to the laws of the land, and obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus to secure the custody of their child, when the case succeeded in attracting such public attention and such crowds of excited religionists that the counsel for the Institute was under the necessity of applying to the Court for special protection against a forced abduction. Evidence was taken from Mr. Massé, Mr. Therrien, and from the girl herself. The Institute claims that God must be obeyed rather than man; that under our Constitution no father can control the conscience of his child; that violence was not resorted to, the girl being only rescued and restored to liberty; that she came to the Mission of her own accord; that no restraint had been put upon her; that she remained there by her own desire and upon her own mature deliberation; that her aversion to return to St. Michel did not arise from lack of filial affection or respect for her parents, but from a regard for her own conscientious convictions; that the Court would have to decide upon the Habeas Corpus only; and that, in the event of no enforced detention, the Habeas Corpus could only apply to minors who were too young to speak for themselves. Counsel for the petitioner held that the case had an important bearing on society at large, as well as on the family circle; that it was not a dispute over two conflicting religions, but over the right of every parent to control his own children; that it was a question of whether, under the pretext of religion, and under the pretext of performing religious duties, a child should be compelled to forsake her parents and abandon all filial love and respect; that however blameless the uncle and aunt may suppose themselves to be regarding their own apostasy, in so far as they had influenced their niece, and in so far as that may be a punishable crime, they most certainly deserved punishment.

For the past ten days an anxious public has awaited the decision, excitement increasing to such a degree that when the judge was expected to come on the bench the court was crowded to suffocation. The points at issue seem to have been mainly these: 1st, Was the girl, as a minor, legally entirely independent of her father? 2nd, If not, had the defendants in their conduct interfered with the rights of the father? And 3rd, Was the writ of Habeas Corpus a procedure under which the claims of either side to possess the child could be discussed? On the first point the judge decided that during her minority the girl was under the complete control of her father; on the second, that the defendants had materially encroached on the rights of the parents; and on the third, that the Habeas Corpus must apply; and concluded that, "With the facts and circumstances established before him, and in the principles which in his humble opinion must here triumph, in the interests of all religious beliefs protected by the British flag, he sanctioned the right of the father, his authority emanating both from divine and human law; and, all the parties being in court, he ordered that the minor child be rendered *instantly* to the petitioner, her legitimate father, the whole with costs against the defendants." With an instantaneous flash of parental love and denominational triumph, the father rushed to his daughter, and with difficulty restrained from applying the *instantly* regardless of intervening formalities. Notice of appeal was immediately given by the defendants, and the interesting family party proceeded to leave, escorted to the train by the large crowd of eager spectators. A well organized plot seems to have been arranged to rescue the girl by force if the judgment should have gone against the parents, and a similar possibility appears to have been dreaded by the parents on the part of the Mission.

In spite of an assurance from the counsel for the Institute that he would defend a Catholic as ardently as he would a Protestant in similar circumstances; from the counsel for the petitioner that he would argue for a Protestant as conscientiously as for a Catholic; and from the judge, that it was not a question of religion, we cannot escape from the painful impression that we have here, not purely a case of the freedom or want of freedom of the subject, but of French Catholicism and French Protestantism pitted against each other in all the bitter irony of Christian unity.

VILLE MARIE.

HE that is himself weary will soon weary the public. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage till a general hiss commands him to depart.—Dr. Johnson.

IN THE CANOE.

I.

Dost thou recall that evening; thou and I
Together in our eggshell bark took flight
Upon the noiseless lake? How dark that night!
Though many a star was glowing in the sky.
Under the leafage slept the shadows shy
Until the zephyrs stole with footsteps light
Among them and embraced them, lost to sight
Of curious eyes beneath heaven's canopy.

I saw thee like a shadow in the prow,
I saw the flashing of thy hand, that trailed
Half in the tide; I watched thy night-veiled face
Whose thoughtful eyes, beneath thy tressy brow,
Shone on my soul. And then the starlight paled
And mine eyes saw but thee in all that space.

II.

In all that waste of waters we alone
Were floating. Save that from the shore there gleamed
A golden lamplight, all the great world seemed
Afar from us. Methought that we had flown—
Buoyed on the æther sea by power unknown—
Unto the gates of heaven; and there I dreamed
Those were an angel's eyes that on me beamed
With love that was but mirroring my own.

Great thoughts, high aspirations thronged my mind,
The nobleness of duty grew more clear;
With thy pure soul my soul seemed intertwined,
Like two pure flames that mingle at one fane,
Oh! wherefore, Love, when heaven to us was near
Did we two ever seek the earth again?
Montreal, ARTHUR WEIR.

LOUIS LLOYDS' LETTER.

ARRIVAL IN TOKYO.

THERE is one sound in Japan that forms an eternal accompaniment to all other sounds, to the whole life. It is gentle, monotonous, almost musical. You hear a hundred repetitions of it in the large streets and the stations; and you hear it faint, weary, solitary, in the little alleys and the by-paths. It is the "click, click, click, click, click, clicking" of the pattens. To this sound, to this accompaniment, would we have henceforth to attune our lives.

"Tokyo! Tokyo!" and had they called out "Wonderland!" and had we stepped from the work-a-day world into a city fashioned in the image of a dream, we should have found it less intoxicating, less fantastic, vapoury, and exquisitely lovely. Lanterns bobbed and trembled and danced everywhere. Over the balconies of the tea-houses they hung like berries, over the door of a little private habitation one would float like a bubble; in the dark moats their reflections swam like gold-fish, and at the end of a delicate bamboo-rod, men either carried or fixed to their carts, they wriggled like gold-fish caught. We shot along wide streets where the crowds tottered vaguely about in the mist-tempered moonlight; we plunged into mysterious alleys where the few lanterns we found seemed to have lost themselves; we flitted under the shadow of huge stone gateways; we glided past black, threatening moats, and then, with one final rush, our little carriages suddenly came to a standstill.

More surprises, more disappointments, half agreeable, half the reverse. We entered a commonplace wooden structure by a commonplace front door. We hadn't to take off our shoes, and there were no people on their knees to receive us. We didn't find either a bath-room or a garden opposite the entrance; we found instead an American-looking bar, to the right a French-looking dining-room, and to the left a cosmopolitan parlour. The proprietor of the hotel came forward in faultless European clothes, and spoke admirable English. I don't mean a monosyllabic apology for English, but the genuine tongue. Our apartments upstairs were small, but "in European style," which is to say the walls were stationary, the beds were raised a foot from the ground, there was a crockery service of peculiarly hideous design, and the little mirrors on the wall threw back quite a libellous reflection of us. I had to go out upon the balcony and stare at the delicate, hazy moonlight and the tipsy trees to persuade myself I was really in Japan.

For breakfast next morning they wouldn't give us any raw fish or rice, or any delicate mess whatever.

"Under such circumstances," I remarked to Garth, "I should very much like to know how we are going to study 'the native life of the people.'"

"I assure you," she answered, "my appetite and not my conscience consents to this 'America fare.'"

We decided to leave the — Hotel.

If you have ever made a serious attempt to obtain a thorough and practical knowledge of any "native life," if you have ever in some ambitious moment desired "to learn a native house" you will understand what sacrifices must be made in the cause of exactitude and realism.

We had the names of three other hotels upon our list. We chose the —. The name, however, is of minor importance; it expresses too much, and therefore nothing. We left our first place of abode just before dinner-time on the day following our arrival in Tokyo. As we passed that dining-room door, from which issued the savoury fumes of "America fare," an indescribable longing took possession recently letting them know where she was. Upon, at

sion of my soul; I was filled with a melancholy sense of remoteness from —, but I turned towards Garth. Raw fish and resolution were in her eye. I felt ashamed, and walked on quickly.

For the second time our *jinrikishas* whirled us up to a strange and untried Japanese abode. I immediately began unbuttoning my boots, while Garth paid the coolies.

"You know," I said, "I don't want them to make the slightest exception for us. No wonder these people hate letting foreigners into their houses, if the foreigners won't conform to their regulations. Just fancy hesitating to take off dirty, hob-nailed boots when one must step on dainty matting! Nevertheless," I continued, as I placed one stockinged foot on the chilly ground, "perhaps—"

"Yoroshi! Yoroshi!" said a voice over my head.

I turned a smiling face in the direction of the voice, and I found rather an old man, dressed however after a somewhat boyish fashion. His loose, dark blue trousers, monkey jacket, and great, white collar, like those of the maternal pet, were distressingly familiar to me; but he wore the Japanese *tabi* or cotton shoes, so I forgave him the monkey jacket.

"See," I cried, pointing to his feet and then at my own, "see; like you, like you; see."

"Yoroshi! Yoroshi!" the old man insisted, gently pulling my sleeve.

"I suppose," said Garth, "we're not meant to take our shoes off. There's not the slightest use in being peculiar. I'm going to keep mine on."

For the one who first proposed that we should "learn a Japanese house" I found Garth far too ready to compromise. Despite the servant's "Yoroshi" I entered, carrying my boots in my hand. I entered a small office with a dirty, wooden floor, with a foreign stove, foreign counters, foreign chairs, and a foreign table on which I saw an immense volume published in honour of Her Majesty's jubilee. I thought I heard Garth make some remark behind me, but I didn't ask her to repeat it. I thought the man at the counter looked quizzically at my boots, but I ignored that too.

"Hey . . . heya? heya? Have got?" I asked.

"Heya?" repeated the man slowly and wonderingly.

"Hey . . . a! Hf . . . f . . . f!" went the breath between the teeth, and then came an explosion of Japanese for the company and two English words for me:

"Room! Two?"

"Exactly," I replied, grimly.

"It's horribly dear," said Garth, who had been examining the printed price list.

"Ah, but you see we have French cook!" cried the man in the office.

"A French what?"

"Cook, cook; nothing Japanese, all foreign."

"Unhappy one! And don't you give any raw fish or lily bulbs or Japanese sauce?" (They had always spoken of Japanese sauce as if it were a separate and distinct dish.)

"No . . . o . . . o! all French cook! It is dinner French cook this night."

It was seven o'clock, and the dishes clattered pleasantly in the dining room.

"It doesn't seem to me as if we could read our title very clear to anything but 'a dinner French cook this night,'" I remarked, reflectingly.

"Since Providence has interfered so signally in our behalf," replied Garth, "I think we should defer our study of 'the native life more particularly' till to-morrow."

That same evening, however, we had the opportunity of studying the native life, if not in all its pristine simplicity, at least under foreign influence, which is even more absorbing. The Japanese, bent upon adopting European civilization, appear each to have taken it up by a different end, so to speak. Some have begun at the boots, some at the hat, some at the gloves. A great many, of course, wear complete suits of European clothes, but remain faithful to Japanese food; while you may find, as we did at the — Hotel, gentlemen in the flowing *kimono*, struggling with knives and forks.

I found it difficult to do full justice to an incomparable dinner and to my neighbours. Before us, round a little table, sat an old daimio and his family. We were told he was a daimio, we didn't guess it, though Garth very naturally "saw something of the daimio about him from the first." This gentleman "of most highest nobleness" was tall, fairly well built, with a closely cropped gray head and a smooth face. I don't know whether I should have noticed it otherwise, but when my attention had been especially drawn to his "highest nobleness" I remarked that his carriage was unaggressively dignified, and that his whole manner, while in no way familiar, seemed pleasantly genial to the menials about him. From what I could learn, he appeared to be a very good type of his class.

If the other diners were not daimios they were none the less interesting. The gentleman at the foot of our table was evidently of the old school; his shaved crown and pomaded back hair, tied into a diminutive tail about two inches long, betokened it. As for the youths opposite us, we watched them with all the interest a scientist might have watched a new experiment. They were very Japanese, oh! very Japanese, those Japanese young men. They had never been abroad, one could see that. In dress and in manners they were *purists*, still would they test this wonderful Western civilization, and—imprudent youths! they began with a Western dinner.

To delicate fingers, accustomed to the simple and delicate chop-stick, you can imagine how ambiguous our clumsy knives and forks must be. The Japanese young man succeeded in holding each instrument in one hand, but he succeeded no further in making apparent the difference of

manipulation which, among other things, distinguishes his native little bits of wood from our more elaborate inventions. He placed his mouth very near his plate and then quickly shovelled in whatever he found there with a hoist, strongly suggestive of an alarmed barnyard. The effect upon us was sudden and disconcerting. Garth, suspecting an earthquake, grew pale, while I tried hard to rivet my attention on a dwarfed pine tree in the corner of the room. I think we should have conquered our emotions had not the waiter at that moment made the situation more desperate by bringing the mystified youth a finger-bowl. The finger-bowl was green. It seemed to take the youth's fancy. He examined it. He held it up to the light. He pondered over it, wondering what he was meant to do with this pretty but incomprehensible thing; should he? . . . He nervously drank off its contents!

Notwithstanding our pleasant dinner and the prospect the Hotel held out of further delectation, a voice within us still demanded that we should study "the native life more particularly," so we decided to renew our efforts the following morning to "learn a Japanese house."

LOUIS LLOYD.

RETARDING INFLUENCES ON CANADIAN LITERATURE.

IT is not only frank but helpful to admit the limitations of Canadian literature. Though it is not always to our credit to acknowledge these limitations, it is easy to account for them. We are a young people, with no long centuries of varied national life on which to found a literature; and though the Dominion is now growing up into a lusty manhood, the chief concerns of its people have hitherto and of necessity been material. As a colony, moreover, we are in no little degree at a disadvantage in not being able to give expression to a literature that shall be in any distinctive sense national. Until we reach the self-containedness and self-dependence which belong to nationhood, literary enterprise in Canada must be sorely handicapped and lacking in the prime factors that make for its vigorous growth and development. The Coming Man, Mr. Andrew Lang has told us, is to be bald, toothless, highly cultured, and addicted to tales of introspective analysis. One may excuse the Canadian "Coming Man" for being all these, if he has patriotism and the desire to see his country stand upon its feet. I trust I may say this without incurring the charge of disloyalty or of esteeming lightly the debt which Canada owes to the Mother Land. That the status of a dependency, however sufficient for the day it may be, is unfavourable to the development of a national literature, can hardly, I think, be gainsaid; nor, in our case, can it be doubted that it has signally failed to inculcate a lofty patriotism or evoke an ardent national sentiment. The same conviction is finding expression in the other leading colonies of Britain, particularly those under the Southern Cross. In Australia, federation of the separate provinces is now being urged as a step to Independence, and Australian poets are voicing the aspirations of the people in this direction. It is now ten years since one of the most tuneful bards of Queensland thus hailed the coming of a Federated Dominion of the sister colonies of the Antipodean Continent:

She is not yet; but he whose ear
Thrills to that finer atmosphere
Where footfalls of appointed things,
Reverberant of days to be,
Are heard in forecast,echoings,
Like wave-beats from a viewless sea;
Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky,
Auroral heralds whispering, "She is nigh."

She is not yet; but he whose sight
Foreknows the advent of the light,
Whose soul to morning radiance turns,
Ere night her curtain hath withdrawn,
And in its quivering folds discerns
The mute monitions of the dawn,
With urgent sense strained onward to descry
Her distant tokens, starts to find her nigh.*

Even among the minor communities that compose the British Colonies in South Africa, a like longing appears to be springing up for an independent national existence, and dissatisfaction is expressed with the circumstances of a provincial state which, as a Capetown writer has remarked, "militates against the creation of a literary school of our own." The same writer bemoans the spirit of apathy and lack of earnestness which adhere in a provincial and dependent condition. Canada, it is manifest, suffers in the same way, though to a greater extent; and her intellectual life can never have full play or have the adequate inspiration which nationality supplies, until she leans upon herself and throws aside the swaddling-clothes of a colony.

But literature, unhappily, has had more to contend with in making way in Canada than colonialism and the indifference of a people absorbed in the struggle for material gains. Not only has there been in some prominent quarters a lack of sympathy with the aims and achievements of native writers, but a spirit of detraction has frequently displayed itself in referring to the product of the Canadian intellect, and a Philistine repudiation that any literary good has come or can soon come out of the Canadian Nazareth. Here one must guard oneself against the imputation of wishing to laud what is not laudable, or of indulging in any verbal extravagance in speaking of our intellectual past. No one, of course, will be so foolish as to say a word for "literary coddling," or for that unwise spirit of nativism which seeks to vaunt unduly the product

* Quoted in an article on "Australian Literature," in the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1887.

of local brains. But, on the other hand, we must fairly consider whether there are not evils that arise from disesteem and affected ignorance, and the supercilious denial of native literary merit. Where good and honest work is done, why should it not win its meed of recognition, if not of reward; and even if it fails to rank with the high achievements of other lands, why should it meet only with derision and churlish rebuff? There are many easier paths to distinction, as I have more than once reminded these unfair and, I fear, prejudiced critics of native literary achievement than Canada offers to her literary men. Why, then, should they be discouraged when meritoriously pursuing the literary calling, and why should the press and our public men withhold from them the just merit of their work, or repay them by the worst of all compliments,— "the conspiracy of silence?" If we are afraid of turning the heads of our successful writers by bepraising them, or even by giving them their just due, have we no call, now and then, to sprinkle a few drops of incense on the altar of national pride? Not by such methods, or by an attitude so illiberal and churlish, have the United States risen to eminence and won recognition in the eyes of the world. In the individual, modesty is a becoming virtue; in the nation, self-depreciation is rarely a grace to be extolled.

Happily, of late, however, there are indications of the coming of a better day. The retarding influences are at last giving way before the slow though, we trust, sure advance of a new and more hopeful era for the native intellect. A week ago, in Toronto, Canadian literature enlisted the enthusiasm of Young Liberalism where Young Liberalism in its enthusiasms is beneficent. A whole evening was devoted to the subject, and the result, we feel sure, was to quicken the heart-beat of patriotism in every Canadian present and to inspire our writers with new and richer mental impulses. The younger members of the other political party have also been astir in doing honour to Canadian literature and in seeking to know more of its range and achievement. Elsewhere the native literature movement is, we learn, at work, awakening active interest and stirring the long dormant national spirit. Montreal is aroused, and in its English-speaking section a society has just been organized, under the able presidency of the poet, John Reade, "for the study of Canadian literature." The effect of these organizations and literary reunions must unquestionably be helpful, helpful not only in increasing the volume of native literature, but what is of more importance, in raising the standard of merit by which it shall be judged.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A CANADIAN ABROAD.

THE PYRAMIDS BY NIGHT.

WE had just come down the Nile, having arrived at Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, late in the afternoon. After a better dinner than we had seen for many weeks, Vincent and I strolled out on the terrace to follow the custom of the place by drinking black Turkish coffee and smoking Egyptian cigarettes. Around us in animated groups sat English lords, American railway kings, native and foreign army officers, French and Italian scientists, and indeed travellers from every quarter of the globe. Had you cared to listen you could hear conversations being carried on in half a dozen different languages at once for it was February and the height of the short Egyptian season. Outside the fence, a few yards away, are the gay and animated street donkey boys, fighting and quarrelling for a place of vantage in front of the hotel, dragomen in wait for the unwary, for travellers are their peculiar prey, Arab boys holding up tempting bunches of roses, street vendors with their shrill cries, while every now and then the mounted patrol of the English army of occupation passes along the street. The evening was clear and the moon shone on the white walls across the road in a flood of light, carrying your eyes from the brilliant lanterns below to the more beautiful sky above. Two men, evidently travellers, now come out and crossing the piazza pause at the top of the steps to consult their dragoman. From fragments of the conversation, it seems they are about to take a last look at the Pyramids before leaving for home. Presently they step down on the pavement and get into a victoria; the dragoman jumps up beside the driver and they are off up the street at a rattling pace, the sais running in front to clear the way in the crowded street. Perhaps it is the mysterious fascination of the Pyramids that is stealing over us, for tired though we are, a few minutes later we too, in another carriage are on the same road. There is pleasure enough even here, watching the changing throng, with every now and then the driver's shout of warning to those who are almost under the horses feet. A crack of the whip and we are round a sharp turn to the right and on a quieter road. Soon the street passes the splendid palaces of Husen and Hasân Pasha and then a British barracks where from an open window comes snatches of an English song. Tommy Atkins seldom gets homesick even in Eastern lands but some of Tommy's songs often send his hearers home. Over the great iron bridge at Kasr-en-Nil we pass through a corner of the Khedive's gardens in which the moonlight shining on the countless little canals makes them look like a network of silver. Our way runs out in the country now and the scene, though quieter, is more lovely. At the next angle of the road we overtake half a dozen camels with their solemn tread and impatient drivers huddled up behind. Perhaps they are

going but a mile or two farther on to a fellah village, but their heavy loads may mean a journey across the great desert.

In answer to an enquiry our dragoman says: "Yes, master, one route to the desert, not much water and three months to Khartoum." The mention of that fatal city keeps us musing till we are well on our way up the straight road to Gizeh, so well kept, and planted on either side with a row of beautiful lebbek trees. As the road runs near the fellah village of Et-Talbiyeh, some youthful plunderers following for a good mile behind importune us for bakshish. Vincent at last weakly throws the boys a couple of piastres that, judging from the cries which follow, produce a perfect riot down the road. The drive from Cairo to the Great Pyramid is, perhaps, not above three miles, and as we near this most wonderful and greatest monument of time, a feeling of awe creeps over us, intensified by the hour and the calm and beautiful night. High over our heads shine millions of stars, while down below the shadows thrown across our path are heavy and sharp, not a sound is to be heard. A rude stone wall but a few feet high now protects the road from being blocked by the sand of the desert. Farther on, the last turn brings us in full view of what we had travelled so far and longed so often to see. A little to our left, seemingly just above us, rises in peaceful grandeur the Great Pyramid. The carriage had stopped and for several minutes we are silenced by the scene. The stony road in front winds up the gradual incline to the base of Kheops. One side of the Pyramid, bathed in the moonlight, is thrown into high relief by the dark shadows on the other. Its apex seems to rest against the sky. Leaving the carriage at the little inn on the right, without a word we hurry up the white road through the heavy sand, never stopping till at the base of the Pyramid we touch with a pilgrim's joy one of its great rude stones. After wandering round for half an hour or so I make up my mind to try to reach the top. One of the peculiar features of Gizeh is the tribe of Bedouin guides, who are ruled absolutely by their sheik. He receives the traveller's fee, and his followers look chiefly for their gains to the bakshish they may extort from their charge in the awful gloom of the king's chamber, where they sometimes profess their inability to find their way out, or offer to leave you wait the judgment in the sarcophagus that lies upon the floor. Vincent, too weak yet to venture the ascent, returns with the dragoman to the carriage. I first hand what money and valuables I have to my friend in sight of the Bedouin guides to save myself from their importunities, and then, fortifying myself with a long drink of Nile water out of an earthen jar, with a barefooted guide grasping each hand I begin the ascent at the north-eastern corner. The way is rough and uneven, and without assistance dangerous, especially at night. A steady climb of about ten minutes, however, broken by an occasional pause, brings us at last to the top, where hot and quite out of breath I sit down on the narrow platform formed by the removal of the topmost stones. The guides crouch down in a nook a short distance below and begin to smoke. Even time seems to go for very little here.

Everything fears Time, but Time fears the Pyramids, says an ancient writer. With a feeling almost of oppression, I look forth on this awful and deathlike scene. Everything speaks of the past and the forgotten. On one side stretches in its eternity of sand the Great Libyan Desert, mocking even at its border the efforts of men. Far away on the other side, gleaming like a silver thread, flows to the sea the mysterious Nile. On its farther bank lies the great fanatical city, the domes and minarets of its pagan temples throwing back the moonbeams on the night, hiding within its walls the treachery and cruelty of centuries. On this side lies that wonderful valley covered with corn fields which nurtured nations ages before the prairies of the new world had yielded to the plow. Right down in front stands the second Pyramid, only less great than this. Close by, out of the sand, rises like a half smothered monster the mysterious form of the Sphinx, caring not whether kingdoms dissolve or dynasties pass away, or whether this land or even the whole world becomes desolate as the sands he looks across. In a place such as this reflection cannot be stifled, and the charm that has possessed me is not shaken off when an hour after we are again rattling through the streets of Cairo.

DUGALD MACMURCHY.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN BELL ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CLOSELY nestling on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, and directly opposite Lachine, with the tin-covered spires of Montreal gleaming in the distance, lies the village of Caughnawaga. Though inhabited entirely by Indians, it no longer consists of wigwams of skin, but of comfortable wooden houses, and boasts of a few shops, a school, and a picturesque little church, where matins and vespers are sung in Iroquois. The villagers number about 1,500, and consider themselves the first fruits of modern civilization. They have forsaken their nondescript and uncertain means of livelihood for trades and farming and have already recorded in the page of Canadian history more than one Industrial Exhibition, which certainly deserved more than the local attention they secured at the time.

For more than two hundred years the Iroquois Indians appear to have gathered themselves into fleeting villages on different parts of the shore of the river in this neighbourhood. During the early civilization of New France

these settlements were the objects of much faithful and watchful missionary zeal, each fresh encampment being followed by renewed efforts to establish the Christian religion among them on a more self-sustaining basis than the former. But the good seed sown in the hearts of the savages who "approached like foxes, attacked like lions, and fled like birds," was slow in producing fruit a hundred fold; and had not the Jesuit pioneers persevered in their conviction that wherever there existed a human heart, even a fierce and cruel Iroquois' heart, there existed human soil for the new Truth, despair might well have been excused in the breasts of men who would have been the first to condemn it in themselves. To human reckoning the harmlessness of the dove had failed, and the wisdom of the serpent must be attempted. An opportune pretext for the new line of conduct was supplied by the mutual enmity of both Jesuits and Indians to the English pioneers. Upon the presumption that protection against this common foe would form to the Iroquois mind an inducement perhaps more alluring than the blessings of the new Faith itself, an alliance was suggested with military assistance, and instruction in the art of self-defence thrown temptingly in the rear. A fort was built for the proselytes, and the site chosen for this stronghold was the spot where Caughnawaga now stands, with its snug little cottages clustering around the ruined ramparts.

The effects of this politic move soon became evident, and paved the way for the next venture—a church within the fort, the first Christian temple among the North American Indians. The Kings and Queens, and even the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House of France derived a religious pleasure from maintaining and decorating the church. Only converted savages were admitted to the sacred haven. The station soon became famous for its virtuous name and was eminently held up as an example to all outposts of the True Faith. Whilst enjoying the privileges of the Catholic religion, the community was expected to express its gratitude by substantial service, in war as well as in peace, to the Government which had provided it not only with a chance of life in this world but a hope of life in another. The most frightful torment, the most cruel death, it is recorded, was preferred to apostasy—to falling into the hands of the English, the enemies of all true religion; and when the Caughnawaga Fort was at last compelled to surrender to these enemies, the grief at the prospect of the wilderness into which the garden of their souls should be transformed was lost in the despair with which they regarded transferring their fidelity to such detested masters.

The *Pere* of the early Indian church told his flock in his sermon that now they had a church they must have a bell, for a bell was as essential to a belfry as a priest to a chapel, and urged the provision of an unusual quantity of furs for the purchase. This duty was entered upon with such religious ardour that a bell was quickly on its way from France to Quebec on board the "Grand Monarque." Before it had reached its destination however, the ship was intercepted by an English cruiser, and the bell was captured and carried to a town on the Connecticut River where it was placed in the tower of a newly-built church. As soon as the tidings of this desecration reached the ears of the missionary at Sault St. Louis, as the Christian station at Caughnawaga came to be called, he assembled his swarthy congregation and recounted to them their misfortune—their bell, not yet baptized, retained in purgatory, in the hands of heretics. The Indians had not too clear an idea of their loss; but something serious had evidently happened. Their grief was inconsolable. The chase was suspended. Hot and angry men sat by the river in groups or promened in solitude, "nursing their wrath to keep it warm." The insult must be avenged.

An opportunity was thrown in their way which could not be resisted. The Governor of Canada having planned an expedition to attack the British Colonies in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, relied upon Indian aid, and sent information of the project from Quebec to St. Louis by a pious traveller. Upon the delivery of his commission the traveller was placed in the midst of the assembled congregation, and received the veneration of the entire village. The war-cry resounded through the sacred building. Hasty preparations were made. War paint of the deepest dye was used. All were devoured by a holy enthusiasm, and fired with one common purpose—to join the expedition and recapture their bell. With their *Pere* at their head, under a canopy surmounted by a cross, the Iroquois fathers set out, the women and children of the village chanting a hymn they had been taught for the occasion. With the patience and taciturnity with which they were accustomed to undertake great hardships, on they trudged over the snow-covered land, and after incredible suffering from cold and fatigue, arrived at their destination. By help of an ingenious stratagem the expedition succeeded in surprising the British garrison, and after a fierce struggle the town was taken. The Indians could have only one thought, the unknown object of their journey, and were consumed with impatience to offer it their homage. A French soldier was despatched to ring the bell from the tower, and as its new and strange tone sounded through the frosty air and echoed along the stillness of the forest, every savage, overwhelmed with fear and trembling, knelt and worshipped it as the voice of an oracle. A rough carriage was quickly constructed; eight men were told off as escort; and the procession started for its Indian home.

But the burden was a heavy one, and human flesh, impelled even by a religious enthusiasm, was unequal to the rough and tangled path through the frozen woods. On the borders of Lake Champlain a halt was called, and with a thousand benedictions the venerated captive was buried—

left to repose till the spring sunshine and rains should interfere in its behalf. The remainder of the winter was occupied with preparations in the village, and when the snow at length disappeared a party once more set out from the church, provided with a pair of oxen. As the sounds of the returning cavalcade first broke the silence of the evening at St. Louis, the people became transfixed with expectation, their jubilation bursting all bounds as the oxen, laden with their precious burden, decorated with garlands of wild flowers, and surrounded by their faithful guard, emerged from the forest and triumphantly entered the village; the voice of the "New Priest" receiving a *contre-basse* from the softened murmur of the distant rapids.

The bell weighed eight hundred pounds, and has now a companion still larger, placed there by Caughnawaga's "Great Mother," Queen Victoria. RAMBLER.

SONNET.

INFINITE PROGRESSION.

FROM rotting leaf, to fleeting, age worn world,
Slow torn on Wheels of Chaos and Decay,
Nature prepares new garb for living clay,
Whose pregnant cells to deepest darkness hurled,
Freighted with use, return, with sails unfurled
To catch the Breath of Life. Up to the day
Through seas of night, the Helm unknown obey,
And anchor, to Creation's shores enwhirled.
Here, veiled they float through threads of Time afar,
And weave the robes the worlds of Thought possess,
That clothe the Wills of the Angelic powers;
But all, earth mould to Mind of highest star,
Forming the Fringe of Love's All-living dress,
In rhythm move, through the Eternal hours.

Toronto, Jan. 10, 1889.

A. Cox.

NEW POEMS BY AN ENGLISH WRITER*

A VERY pretty little set of books lies before the writer; attractive enough to inspire the most *blasé* reader with the desire to look within. They are got up somewhat uniquely, after a semi-antique fashion, in a cover at once tasteful and inexpensive—of cream parchment paper, with a broad band of scarlet and black across the title page, and scarlet lettering to match. In one corner is a quaint device illustrative of the legend at the top, *At the Sign of the Bible and Sun*. This legend which matches so well the antique garb, is really the "Sign" of the publishers—Messrs. Griffith, Tarran, Okeden and Welsh, at St. Paul's Church-yard. This simple style of publication—neat and tasteful within and without—permits of the dainty little volumes being sold at a price low enough to put them within the reach of any reader.

But notwithstanding this somewhat antique garb, these little volumes are modern in tone, and by no means deal in what Mr. Andrew Lang styles "Wardour Street English." Two of them, *Australian Lyrics*, and *A Poetry of Exiles*, are, as may be supposed from the titles, essentially modern in subject, as well as in treatment. The largest and most important work is an Epic Drama—*Edward the Black Prince*. A smaller narrative poem, *The Queen's Troth*, is a very pleasant rendering of an old Norse legend. Another small volume, entitled, *In Cornwall*, contains a number of short poems on English subjects. Another, not yet published *en suite* with these—is *A Summer Christmas*, in green cloth garb. The latest of all is a small brochure, containing a spirited "Ballad of 1588," *The Spanish Armada*, added to which is another, *The Armada off Devon*—a very stirring short poem after Tennyson's *Revenge*, which many readers will prefer to its longer companion as more rapid in movement and concentrated in strength.

But as most people—even of lovers of poetry—find it difficult, in this age of many books, to keep themselves *au courant* of any appreciable portion of recent literature, and as it has become a habit of this age to like to know something of an author's personality, it is time to introduce the author himself.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is not, as might be at first supposed from the Australian subjects and titles of some of his books, a native of our Southern colonies, or even one who has spent many years under the Southern Cross. He is of English parentage, a graduate of Oxford, as well as of Melbourne University, having emigrated thither in 1879. His physical development has not been neglected; as indeed we should be inclined to infer from the robust strain of most of his verses. He is a good footballer and a good shot—having been on a Wimbledon team, and having helped to win the Spencer Cup. In combining athletics with literature, Mr. Sladen strongly resembles our own Roberts. His Australian life has deeply tinged his writings, as was the natural result of the new experiences of his tropical and colonial surroundings. His happy marriage and domestic life have also left abundant traces in the poems he has published, which, in their robust objectivity, are a contrast to the intricate and somewhat morbid subjectivity of so much of our modern verse.

The Queen's Troth, published in 1882, was his first separate publication, and one of no little promise. Its simple measure seems to fit the rude and primitive old Norse life admirably, and there are charming bits of description; though, if one were critically disposed, faults in

* The Poems of Douglas B. W. Sladen, B.A., LL.B., Professor of History in the University of Sydney, N.S.W.

artistic form might readily be found. But it is a pretty story, pleasantly and vividly told, and few readers will stop to criticise. The *Australian Lyrics* have the same characteristics of vividness and spirit with the artless lilt of the ballad, rather than artistic elaboration and polish. A verse or two from the "Squire's Brother"—the opening ballad—will illustrate their character:

You, sitting in your ancient hall, before a beechling fire,
Think that the elder should have all—of course you do—you're Squire!
I, sitting on a three-rail fence beneath a Queensland sun,
Think that the law shows little sense to give the younger none.

Do you suppose that old Sir Hugh, who won your lands in male,
Showed half the valour that I do in sitting on this rail?
He tilted in his lordly way, and stoutly, I confess;
But I stand sentry all the day, against the wilderness.

There are a number of pretty love-poems and *vers de société* in the volume—characterized by a graceful touch and picturesque style that sometimes reminds us of Bret Harte. The *Poems of Exile*, have also a southern colouring, and some of them are tinged with a pathos not a general characteristic of Mr. Sladen's verse, which deals more usually with the sunnier aspects of life. "The Turned Picture," "Fallen Asleep," "The Watch Tower," and "The Two Brothers," touch tenderer chords, and appeal to deeper feelings than do most of the lyrics. The two graceful tributes to Longfellow will please those readers who remain true to early literary loves, and do not share the fashion which now obtains—in some quarters—of depreciating the tender and graceful poet who gave us "Resignation," and "The Bridge." Occasionally however, our author's ready flow of versification betrays him into giving us what is only prose, in rhythmic form. In a young man who has already written so much, this is not at all surprising. But we do not intend to particularize blemishes, which readers must find out for themselves. Imagination, feeling, and the patient devotion of the artist to his art, are all needed to produce the poetry that will live; and Mr. Sladen's verse is yet stronger in the first two qualities than in the last.

There is however much more artistic care manifest in his *Black Prince*, than in those already noticed. The gallant "Chevalier Bayard," of English history was an excellent subject, chosen—the author tells us—because he considers "the noblest poetry to be that inspired by pride in one's country"; and he has worked it out in a way that will greatly interest all lovers of the historical drama. He has given us a very living picture of the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, as he himself describes him in the preface—"stern, eager, impatient of obstacles, and with a prayer on his lips as he calmly surveyed desperate odds"; and also as the chivalrous and faithful boy-lover, and the manly and devoted husband of his cousin Joan. Though the treatment has sufficient historical accuracy, there is, perhaps, an added touch of modern refinement in thought and feeling, to which, however, we see no artistic objection, since it greatly enhances the beauty of the poem, and does not at least transgress the limits of the *probable*. The conception of the sweet and womanly Joan—the "fair maid of Kent"—a contrast to the proud and ambitious Queen mother—and of the Prince's constant and at last successful wooing is charming in its delicacy, tenderness and nobility of feeling. The following brief quotation from the pathetic scene, where the dying Prince's mind seems wandering over the troubled and eventful life, will give a fair idea of the character of the drama. His faithful Joan is at his side, ministering to him, and trying to soothe his excitement:

(Joan) — Sweet husband peace.
(Bl. P.) Who was't said husband? I'll have none to wife,
(He ceases a few moments.)

Yes, I have loved; my heart is not of stone,
Sweet Cousin, posy no more primroses;
The wood is green, the moss is green, the flowers,
Wind-flowers and violets and primroses
Are sweet and full of dew—soft blows the breeze,
And warmly shines the noon-day sun of spring
Through sky like June's; but posy no more flowers,
For I would talk—nay, Cousin, let me kiss.
(He ceases a few moments.)

Mother, I want my Cousin, Princess Joan,
And I will have none other though I live
To knight my brother's grandsons.

(Joan) — Joan is here
Not Peter, not great Chandos—Joan, thy wife,
(Bl. P.) Sir Thomas Holland was a noble knight,
Great in the field and in the council great,
(We had none trustier) but he is dead,
And Joan, my beacon, now shall you be mine,
For while you lived, hope lived, and I would wed
None other. Nay, disclaim not! I'll no terms,
No parley, but surrender. (Joan) Husband, Ned,
I am your wife, this many a happy year,
In sunny Aquitaine, won back from France.

Another little volume of lyrics is entitled *In Cornwall*, treating of course of Cornish themes. The quaint little poem of *St. Ives* will interest most of us who have been puzzled as children with the sevenfold "Kits, Cats, Sacks and Wives." The author tells us he "has a passion for Cornwall," which he thus expresses in one of the descriptive sonnets:

Cornwall, thou rivallest the border-land,
In the romance which thrills the poet's heart:
Indeed, a border-land thyself thou art,
Where British Douglasides did stoutly stand
'Gainst Saxon Percies—wouldst have as grand
A roll of ballad-heroes on thy part
If only the true tale of what thou wert
Had not been blurred with Time's obscuring hand
In the long centuries, like the granite stones,
On tombs in thy old churchyards. Tymesse,
Tintagel, may be Camelot—are thine own;
And on thine uplands lingered the impress
Of pixy, giant, exorcist—so long
That still they leaven cottage tale and song

One other sonnet we must quote as containing a charming wood-picture. It is on St. Michael's Mount—at sunset:

The bay around was placid as a lake,
And locked with land on every side save one:
The pilchard boats had, with the setting sun,
Launched out, their nightly task to undertake;
Some few small feathered songsters were awake,
Their evensong of thanksgiving scarce done;
And to their pastures with their udders run
The cows slow way were wending through the brake.
Bathed in warm sunset, sat we there until
The first bleak breeze of even warned us home;
Fain on the fairy scene we linger still,
But fearful to be caught, while we might roam,
By the cool outstretched fingers of the night
Stripping its iris vesture from the sight.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Sladen has also published a satirical novelette, entitled, *Seized by a Shadow*, intended to "take off" the melodramatic style of *Called Back*, and its kind. He is editor also of several Anthologies—two in the well-known "Canterbury Series," entitled *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*, and *A Century of Australian Song*; also of *Australian Poets*, already published, and *American Poets*, and *Literary America*—in course of preparation.

In days when Imperial Federation is so much in the minds of men, Mr. Sladen's poems should be specially interesting—illustrating as they do the same spirit, sympathies, traditions and hopes animating the sons of the same Great Empire—whether in the Mother Isle—in our own northern latitudes, or, amid eternal summer beneath the Southern Cross. FIDELIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TAX EXEMPTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Mr. O. Howland, in his letter to you last week, devotes himself principally to declaiming in favour of open spaces in Toronto, and condemning those who wish to see very few exemptions from taxation as being against "breathing places" in the city. But this is very far from the mark. Every one is in favour of these open spots, and all recognize their advantage. Whenever they are the property of the whole community by all means let them be exempt from taxation; but where they are the property of this or the other corporation, let each pay for its own; they are never held a moment longer than suits the purpose of those who own them. As soon as a handsome profit can be realized, away goes the "breathing spot." Mr. Howland's suggestion of keeping an accumulating tax account against such properties, and levying the total amount if, and when, the "breathing place" comes to be sold, would never be sanctioned by the legislature, and is quite fanciful; the taxes of the year must be dealt with in the year, and not laid over for future handling. If any of the class of corporations alluded to in my former letter will dedicate a few acres of their land to the public for a square or a breathing-place of any kind, let us exempt it from taxation by all means. But not one of them will give an inch of their land for the purpose. Meanwhile the citizens at large pay their taxes for them with the sole result of assisting them in the objects of their labour or their teachings. And how unfair it is in other ways. The property of Mr. Goldwin Smith affords as much breathing space as that of the Metropolitan Church; one pays taxes and the other does not. Mr. Bickford's lands are larger than those of Trinity College; one pays taxes, the other does not. Whenever it suits the owners, all will sell or not as seems to them best.

Exempt all public spaces, by all means. Make all private owners pay, and do not force the citizens into an unjust and uneven contribution to the purposes of religious denominations.

22nd Jan., 1888.

A CITIZEN OF TORONTO.

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK FOR 1889.

THE following able estimate of the probabilities of a great European war during the present year is taken from the *National Review* which is understood to represent the views of Conservative statesmen on the subject:

If by the flight of birds, or the entrails of kine, it were possible to divine whether the year 1889—a centenary of ominous association—will witness the outbreak of the great war to which the European Powers and the imagination of mankind have long been looking forward with dread and fascination, we should all turn augurs. But the old methods of divination are out of date, and we consult, instead, the oracular discourses of Emperors and statesmen, and the ambiguous and often contradictory telegrams of the daily papers. At the end of the scrutiny, all we feel is a vague terror of something appalling that is coming nearer, nearer, and apparently cannot be diverted from its course. All round the horizon, there are intermittent flashes, and ever and anon a murmur of unfinished thunder. When will the gathering storm roll up and occupy the sky; and burst in torrents of blood over our heads? Will it be this year? Or the next? Or when?

No man knows. Or, if there be one man who knows, he perforce keeps his own counsel. People have acquired the habit of regarding Prince Bismarck not only as a man of colossal will and almost infinite resource, but as the Arbiter of European Situation. He himself nourishes no such illusion. The day was, perhaps, when he might have been correctly described in those terms; but it has passed away. There is something stronger even than Prince

Bismarck; and that is Time, which persons with classic habits of speech would perhaps call Fate. That mighty factor once worked on his side. During the last few years, and during the last twelvemonth especially, it has worked against him. Men may yet say of Prince Bismarck, as was said of the once confident and exultant but finally overwhelmed Odipus, "Call no man happy till he dies." If anyone wants to write a pertinent political homily, he might take for his text the embarrassments of Prince Bismarck. He himself well knows that he has waited too long. Shall he wait still longer? A more perplexing question was never propounded for the decision of a great statesman.

For the most striking and important phenomenon in the European situation is the revival of military strength and military confidence in the French people. Persons accustomed to live from hand to mouth in the formation of their political judgments—and it is difficult for the readers of daily telegrams to live in any other fashion—have fixed their attention so closely and so continuously on what is called, by a somewhat exclusive use of language, the internal condition of France, and are regaled so regularly with "scenes in the Chamber," and the unseemly conflict of French parties, that they forget there is a France which works, thinks, projects, grows rich, and grows strong. Yet, if anyone, leaving his daily papers behind him, will only cross the channel in an observant and dispassionate frame of mind and look round at what is going on, and has for some time been going on, in France, he will be lost in admiration at the capacity of that country, for recovering, in an amazingly brief space of time, from disasters that would have crushed the heart out of almost any other people, and would assuredly have disabled them for great external enterprises for half a century. Seventeen years ago German soldiers still stood on French soil; for the indemnity of five millions had not yet been fully paid. At the present moment France has an army vastly larger and stronger than that with which she rashly began the war of 1870, an army better disciplined, better armed and equipped, and animated by a far truer military spirit? If anybody thinks this language exaggerated, let him go to Berlin and inquire; or let him ask of the German military *attaché* in Paris. Most Englishmen are in the habit of talking of France as if it were crushed beneath a load of debt and taxation; and, no doubt, the Republic has lavished money, in every direction, with unparalleled prodigality. But debt and taxation are relative, like most other things; and France is amply rich enough, after having paid the German indemnity, and after expending almost incalculable sums on providing itself with an army and navy, both of the first-class, to spend as much again in the pursuits of its desires.

But how, it will be said, about the political and party divisions of the French people? How as to the contingency of civil strife? How about General Boulanger and the instability of the Republic? We are so accustomed, in England, to prophesy evil things for our neighbours, and the French people have so repeatedly justified the gloomiest predictions, that it is not wonderful most of us should lay stress on these impending dangers, should greatly exaggerate them, and should end by losing sight of everything that tends to avert or diminish their advent. It remains to be seen whether the Republic will, or will not, be overthrown. But, if it be, the main motive for its overthrow will be the national desire that France should be more united, more homogeneous—in other words—more strong; and in all probability, its overthrow would produce that result, as Prince Bismarck well knows. On either supposition, France must now be regarded as once more a great military power. What is more, the French people know it, and with this knowledge has come a revived sense of dignity and confidence. On more than one occasion during the last twelve years, Prince Bismarck has acted as though he wanted to taunt, goad, or lure France into war with Germany. All his expedients and provocations were in vain, for France was not ready even for self-defence. If he wants war with France now, he can have his way when he likes. The era of arrogance on one side, and of humility on the other is over.

Our sympathies with Italy, as indeed with Germany, are of the warmest. But our anxiety for Italy is not slight. Earthenware vessels that are perpetually going to the well with metal ones are employed in a dangerous operation: and that is Italy's normal employment. The sacrifices made by the Italians in order that the country may seem to be a Great Power, and that they may really possess a large army and a powerful navy, must excite the admiration of all who honour patriotism. But, in any conflict that might occur between France and Italy, Italy would not be alone. But would France be alone? Unquestionably not. If war were to break out during the present year, between France on one side, and Germany and Italy on the other, Russia would not remain quiescent. Widely as France and Russia may be divided by political ideas and systems of government, they are united by the strongest of all ties, "the study of revenge, immortal hate." That bond overrides, or at the critical moment would override, all conflicting notions concerning Divine Autocracy and the principles of the French Revolution.

The embarrassment of Prince Bismarck cannot be fully appreciated unless we ponder as deeply on the diplomatic attitude and the military activity of Russia as on the diplomatic attitude and the military activity of France. Unremitting, unshaking, Russia, like France, is preparing for a supreme struggle for mastery and domination in Europe; and, when the hour strikes for the struggle actively to begin, France and Russia will join hands and do their utmost to strangle Germany in their embrace. Let it not be supposed

we write this wishing it to be. On the contrary, we should regard such an issue as unspeakably deplorable: injurious to Europe, detrimental to civilization, most perplexing and perilous to England. But we would fain draw people's attention to facts they persist in ignoring, and compel them to look a contingency in the face, which they can scarce be got to glance at. It is in human nature not only to worship success, but to believe in the successful. Eighteen years ago, Germany succeeded supremely; and, ever since, Englishmen have regarded Germany as invincible. One year previously, did not most of them think precisely the same of France? But if France would have an ally in Russia, and Russia an ally in France, would Germany have no allies? Assuredly she would; and who they would be is well-known. Austria and Italy would be at Germany's side. Of Italy we have already spoken; but only in part, and Italy is an ally not to be despised. But it has lately been pointed out to the Italian War Office by the German Head quarters' Staff, what we should have thought any intelligent civilian who has travelled in Italy might have discerned for himself, that the condition of the Italian Railways is such as to render prompt or even slow concentration of troops at a given point impossible. Accordingly, Italy, poor, over taxed, sorely-burdened Italy, is going to spend three millions in making the railways in the northern part of the peninsula really available for rapid mobilization and concentration, as those words are understood in modern military parlance. We know of no circumstance more instructive or ominous than this. It was reported in small type in a *Reuter* telegram, but is of immeasurably more consequence than all the displayed telegrams from all the "special correspondents," during the last three months. In Austria, Germany possesses an ally of ancient renown, steadfast traditions, and proud military temper. Like the Italians, the Austrians have generally been worsted in fair fight; but no amount of defeats have availed to deprive the Austrian army of its dignity and its credit. Efforts great and continuous have been made by the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, during the past eighteen months, to render its military forces equal to the demands of a prompt and vigorous campaign; and there can be no question that everything has now been prepared for the calls of a great war. How long can Austria bear the burden of this costly preparedness. The question bears directly on the European outlook of the year. If Time be running against Germany, and in favour of France and Russia, it is running likewise against Austria, Germany's ally. Moreover, Austria cannot hope to see its troublesome little neighbours grow less troublesome with the lapse of time. The precarious position of affairs in Serbia, the condition of prolonged uncertainty in Bulgaria, the indecision of the Roumanians, the aspirations of the Hellenic Kingdom, the seething unrest in Macedonia, and the sickness almost unto death of Turkey—these dangerous circumstances are not likely to undergo any change for the better, as far as Austria is concerned. Thus, while two members of the Triple League of Peace, Germany and Austria, have different, but equally cogent, reasons for not postponing a struggle which they well know cannot be indefinitely adjourned, the third member, Italy, is doing its utmost to be prepared for the early outbreak of war. On their side, if they conduct their affairs with ordinary ability—and in Prince Bismarck we have a guarantee that they will be conducted with extraordinary ability—Turkey, Bulgaria, and Roumania would be found actively cooperating, and Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro, if disposed to take part with Russia, could be paralysed or crushed. Thus, as matters stand at present, the preponderance of fighting force would seem to be on the side of the Triple Alliance; and since it is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow, that France and Russia will some day or other strive to settle their account with Germany and Austria-Hungary, the temptation to Prince Bismarck to have the account settled at an early date would seem to be overpowering. The only inducements we can think of to make him favour a little more delay are the wish of the German War Office to have a little better rifle, and the necessity of giving Italy sufficient time to improve its railway communications. But these motives scarcely seem to counterbalance the consciousness that Russia, too, stands in need of more time in order to complete that slow and continuous mobilization of which we spoke, and that France, already extraordinarily strong in a military sense, grows stronger in that sense every week that passes. Moreover, unless all that we have said on that subject be erroneous, Prince Bismarck must abandon the hope of seeing France reduced to impotence by civil war; since any internal political change that takes place will make France not weaker, but stronger still. Such is the situation on the European Continent. England, happily, is severed from it by the "bastions of the brine." But what part, if any, will England play, in the event of the outbreak of a war such as we, in common with all men, are contemplating? If peace has been preserved so long, the fact is due in no small measure to the resolutely pacific policy of this country; and never has its policy been more resolutely pacific than under the guidance of Lord Salisbury. When the diplomatic history of the last few years comes to be written, few things recorded by it will be more interesting than the ingenious, indefatigable, but futile efforts of Prince Bismarck to compel or cajole England into assuming an attitude of active opposition to Russia in the East of Europe, and into pledging itself to become a fourth member of the League of Peace. Against these solicitations and pitfalls, the great statesman who at present, happily, presides over our affairs has shown himself patiently but pertinaciously impregnable, while not surrendering one tittle of the traditional claim and heredi-

GENIUS AND PHYSICAL HEALTH.

Perfect mental and perfect physical health are perhaps necessary concomitants; but the evidence of biographical records leave no doubt that abnormal (and especially one-sided) mental preeminence is compatible with all sorts of physical infirmities—occasionally even with cerebral disorders. Cromwell and Dr. Johnston often passed weeks in a state of mental despondency bordering on despair. In the case of Swift, Tasso, and Cowper, that disposition became chronic. Rousseau's eccentricities justified the suspicion of madness. Lord Byron's best friends pronounced him unfit for the duties of domestic life. Saint Simon was subject to fits of hypochondria, which at last drove him to suicide. Fourier, Swedenborg, Luther, and Dr. Zimmerman were troubled with bewildering visions. Julius Cæsar was subject to epileptic fits. Newton, Pascal, Auguste Comte, Albertus Magnus, and Cardan had periods of mental aberration that terrified their friends with doubts of their mental sanity. Richelieu suffered from hallucinations as strange as that of Nebuchadnezzar; "he would fancy himself a horse and prance round the billiard-table neighing, kicking out at his servants, and making a great noise, until, exhausted by fatigue, he suffered himself to be put to bed and well covered up. On awaking, he remembered nothing that had passed." Peter the Great was eccentric to a degree that would have doomed any other man to the insane asylum. Charles XII, of Sweden, Felix Sylla, Mohammed the second, Haroun Al Raschid, Alexander the Great, and Sultan Bajazet were subject to fits of uncontrollable rage. So were Dr. Francia and the poet Landor. Mozart died of water on the brain; Beethoven was morbidly sensitive and eccentric; Moliere was liable to cataleptic fits; Chateaubriand to attacks of the darkest melancholy; George Sand to suicidal temptations. Chatterton, Gilbert, and probably Rousseau yielded to that temptation. Alfred de Musset and Poe died a drunkard's death, and Donizetti ended his days in a mad-house.

Yet all these examples seemed to confirm Schopenhauer's theory rather than the hypothesis of Dr. Moreau, who held that genius is merely an incidental symptom of nervous disorders—"a mere allotropic form of that abnormal condition of the nervous centres which elsewhere manifests itself as epilepsy, monomania, or idiocy—the physiological history of idiots being, in a multitude of particulars, the same as that of the majority of men of genius, and vice versa."

That strange assertion would be sufficiently refuted by the frequent concomitants of nervous disorders and the most commonplace intellectual mediocrity, but also by the still more frequent contrast in the hereditary antecedents of idiocy and genius. Imbecility can nearly always be traced to an ancestral taint of mental unsoundness or vice, while genius springs as often from a lineage of health and physical vigour. Queen Christina's and Marshal Saxe's fathers were stalwart kings. Goethe's and Schiller's, robust burghers of conservative habits. So were Napoleon's, Mozart's, Heine's, Schopenhauer's, Franklin's, Galileo's, Haller's, Herschel's, Newton's, James Watt's, Milton's, Beranger's, Beethoven's; and Vandyck's, Bunsen's, Burns', and Carlyle's parents were honest peasants. Lessing's and Addison's were simple country parsons. Schopenhauer's view is still further supported by the genealogical infecundity of genius. Not one of a hundred great statesmen, poets, or philosophers, has transmitted his talents to his offspring. —Open Court

ANECDOTES OF GORDON.

To many of those lately serving in the Soudan the following anecdotes of the late General Gordon, which have come to our knowledge from a thoroughly authentic source, will, we trust, be a source of pleasure. That they are not generally known we feel certain; but their authenticity will, we are equally positive, bear the strictest investigation, for our information has been derived from a gentleman who at one time served under Gordon at Khartoum in a very responsible position. When Gordon was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan he proceeded to Khartoum to be installed as the representative of the Khedive. The emirs and people had flocked in from the surrounding districts to be present at the ceremony, and one and all expected that the new potentate would, on the occasion of his first entering upon his duties, make, according to custom, a high flown and hyperbolic speech; but, to the surprise of all assembled, Gordon, after taking the usual oath, merely said to the crowd of sheikhs and chiefs who thronged the palace, in his usual quiet and, we might be almost justified in saying, quaint manner, "By the help of God I will hold the balance level." To those who knew Gordon and his peculiar type of character, this utterance will be perfectly intelligible. Gordon was very fond of visiting the different provinces of his enormous principality, and as often as not used a "dahabayah," or Nile boat, as a means of conveyance. On one of these excursions Gordon, as was his wont, was walking along the bank with a small escort of two or three Egyptian soldiers and a few European officers. Suddenly a number of armed Arabs were described rushing towards the party. Gordon was a few yards in advance of his followers, and seeing that all means of escape was cut off he deliberately aimed at the leading Arab with his rifle and fired. The shot missed, and Gordon fired his second barrel, but with the same result. The Arab was within twenty yards of him when one of his Egyptian escort knelt down and dropped the fanatic. The soldier got up well pleased with himself, and expected, somewhat naturally we must confess, to receive some meed of praise from the Governor-General.

tary duty of England to withstand certain well-known pretensions of the Court of Saint Petersburg, and to manifest cordial sympathy with the aspiration of young and growing communities for enlarged freedom and increased civilization. Almost equally interesting will be the disclosure of the endeavours, equally persistent and equally vain, made by Prince Bismarck to divert the ambition of Russia, wholly from Europe to Central Asia. Whether it would have been wise, had it been possible, to enter into an explicit alliance with Germany, Austria, and Italy, whereby, thanks to the assistance promised by us to them in Europe, we should have obtained an engagement from them to cooperate with us in the event of our being assailed by Russia in Asia, is an interesting but a disputable matter. But our constitution practically precludes the Government from signing any such agreement. But the nature and force of things is more valuable, more cogent, and more valid than any written treaty; and no man who understands the situation can doubt on which side the sympathies and the sword of England would perforce be, in the event of Russia seeking to make good its claims in the Balkan Peninsula, or of France attempting to expunge Italy from the list of Mediterranean Powers.

The strengthening of our own navy is a circumstance not to be lost sight of by those who wish to complete for themselves the survey we have attempted to make.

To predict the advent of war this year would be gratuitous folly. Not to contemplate it as a possibility, and a not unlikely possibility, would be equally fatuous. What an unspeakable comfort it is, in such anxious circumstances, to know that our affairs are in the hands, not of cosmopolitan sentimentalists, but of statesmen who are, at one and the same time, practical men and patriots.

TENNYSON AND POLITICS.

JUST as we look through the completed works of a poet in order to get some clue to his general view of society, so also, with many poets at least, it becomes necessary to ascertain their view of the larger movements of life which go under the name of politics. With some poets only; because some of the greatest poets have worked so purely in the region of imagination that no outlook upon the common world has been possible or permitted to them. Keats was one of those who lived in a world apart, and to whom poetry was a divine seclusion, which

Still will keep
A hower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Wordsworth, having once renounced the great hopes with which the French Revolution had filled him, definitely turned aside from politics, and, save by an occasional word or stanza, displayed no further interest in them. But to Tennyson belongs another cast of thought. Very early in his career he was attracted by the great political movements of Europe, and the fascination of politics has never left him. We have, therefore, in his writings a cluster of poems, and many touches of allusion and sentiment, which reveal a general attitude toward politics. It will be interesting to examine these poems.

In the first place, no reader of Tennyson can miss the note of patriotism which he perpetually sounds. He has a deep and genuine love of his country, a pride in the achievements of the past, a confidence in the greatness of the future. And, as we have already seen, this sense of patriotism almost reaches insularity of view. He looks out upon the large world with a gentle commiseration, and surveys its un-English habits and constitution with sympathetic contempt. The patriotism of Tennyson is sober rather than glowing; it is meditative rather than enthusiastic. Occasionally, indeed, his words catch fire, and the verse leaps onward with a sound of triumph, as in such a poem as *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, or in such a glorious ballad as the story of the *Revenge*. Neither of these poems is likely to perish until the glory of the nation perishes, and her deeds of a splendid and chivalrous past sink into an oblivion which only shameful cowardice can bring upon her. But as a rule Tennyson's patriotism is not a contagious and inspiring patriotism. It is meditative, philosophic, self-complacent. It rejoices in the infallibility of the English judgment, the eternal security of English institutions, the perfection of English forms of government. This is his description of England:

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose—
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

In these verses we have the gist of Tennyson's general view of English political life. Freedom is not to him a radiant spirit, flooding the world with a divine splendour; nor a revolutionary spirit, moving through the thunders of war, whose habitation is cloud, and smoke, and the thick darkness; nor a God-like spirit, putting the trumpet to his mouth, and sounding the divine battle call, which vibrates through the heart of the sleeping nations and wakens them to victorious endeavour; it is "sober-suited Freedom," a "diffusive thought," a scientific growth evolving itself through long ages of patient struggle, a heritage only won by patience, and only kept by sobriety of judgment and mutual compromise. Freedom indeed

makes "bright our days and light our dreams," but she also stands disdainfully aloof from over-much contact with common men,

Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

Of the falsehood of extremes Tennyson is keenly conscious. His philosophic insight perceives the peril, and holds him back from any unregulated enthusiasm. There is no abandonment about his patriotism. It is the cool and scholastic patriotism of the moralist, not the ardent patriotism of the man standing in the full stream of action and moving with it. And for this reason it lacks vigour, and it does not inspire men with any real warmth. There is little in Tennyson's patriotism that could feed the flame of spiritual ardour in a time when men actually had to fight and die for liberty. It is retrospective; it gilds the past with a refined glory, but it does not mould the present. It immortalizes the work of the fathers,

The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.—

but if the work of Hampden had to be done over again we should scarcely look to Tennyson for encouragement; and when the new Roundheads "hummed a surly hymn" and went out to battle, we are pretty sure Tennyson would be found with the king's armies, and would be the accepted laureate of the ancient order.

There is no doubt room for this species of patriotism, and it is certainly a not unpopular species. It is the patriotism of the well-bred and cultured classes, of the merchant who has made his fortune, the aristocrat who lives in feudal security, the student or specialist of life whose money is safely invested in the funds, and brings in its uneventful dividends. Nothing is more common than the praise of English institutions by men who have an imperfect sympathy with the processes by which they have come to be. It is the cant of after-dinner speeches, the infallible note which always wakens thunders of applause for the utterances of otherwise indifferent speakers. Nor can we be surprised at the popularity of this kind of patriotism. It produces a gentle stimulating warmth of self-complacency which is very pleasant to the average Englishman. It tells him what he most loves to hear, that upon the whole he possesses the monopoly of political wisdom, and holds the patent for the only perfect form of political government. But we usually find in this species of patriotism a very deficient sense of present needs as compared with past glories. And this is pre-eminently true of Tennyson. When he is brought face to face with the actual conditions of modern political life, he recoils in angry dismay. It is one thing to praise the British constitution in theory, it is quite another to approve it in fact. The spirit of Freedom who moves in the thick turmoil of present affairs is anything but "sober-suited." The phrase, "sober-suited Freedom," may admirably describe a Freedom who has been tamed and domesticated, but it does not describe the spirit of liberty which actually worked in the fiery clangour of the English civil wars, or the French Revolution, or who moves in the hot parliamentary encounters of to-day. Both there and here, then and now, Freedom is the radiant and constraining spirit, inspiring stormy impulses and emotions, trampling on ancient wrongs, ever busy and never resting, carrying on the continual war for the rights and heritages of man. When that actual reality of what Freedom means is grasped, the mere connoisseurs of a tame and domesticated Freedom, adapted to household uses, always fall back alarmed, and repudiate Freedom in something like dismay. Tennyson does not do this altogether, but the recoil is nevertheless evident. He fears "the many-headed beast," the people. He distrusts their instincts and impulses. Their idea of liberty is not

That sober freedom, out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings.

The pulse of the democracy throbs too fast for him, and liberty moves with an undignified breadth of stride in these modern days. His contempt for trade breaks out at every pore, and he thanks God "we are not cotton-spinners all." And so it happens that while no poet has had a keener patriotic sense of the greatness of the past of England, yet Tennyson usually fails to sympathise with the modern spirit, or to recognize the real moral greatness of the modern England. We instinctively feel that he distrusts the age, and is afraid of the growth of popular liberty. There was a great England once, but that was long ago: over the England of to-day, too frequently in Tennyson's vision, the darkness of decadence gathers, and the work of slow disruption and decay is threatening, even if it be not already commenced.

One result of this philosophic and tempered patriotism in Tennyson is that he naturally has little sympathy with forlorn hopes and unpopular causes. The men who fail, the great eager-hasty spirits of humanity who fling themselves with noble impulsiveness on the spears of custom, and gather the cruel sheaf into their hearts, do not fascinate him. He does not see the noble side of failure, the quickening vitality of a true impulse, even though it be misguided, and fail wholly of attainment. The steady growth of constitutional liberty, "broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent," always respecting precedent, never failing in a proper loyalty to the reigning classes, is a drama on which he can brood with sober pleasure; but the angry uprising of the multitude to whom the bitter yoke can no longer be made tolerable does not thrill or inspire him.—W. J. Dawson in *Great Thoughts*.

FOUR things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—Hazlitt.

Instead of which he was greeted with a volley of abuse and condemnation, for as the General explained, "If his time was come it was not the soldier's duty to interfere." We believe that this action, meritorious as it might seem to more worldly natures, neither received thanks nor any other ulterior benefits from the hands of the man whose life he had undoubtedly saved. On another occasion, somewhat similar to the last, Gordon, whilst walking on shore, almost unattended with the exception of one or two of his European subordinates, was pursued, when some two or three hundred yards from the bank of the river, by hostile Arabs. They were well aware who the white stranger was, and were desirous to revenge themselves upon their governors by getting rid of so distinguished a person as the Governor-General. But though they followed him down to the water's edge, they hesitated to attack the small party before them. When they reached the water's edge, and further retreat for the time was not possible, owing to the boat being in mid stream, it seemed more than probable to the majority of the party that the end had come. But Gordon did not seem to take any notice of the hostile Arabs surrounding him, although their threatening attitudes and gestures betrayed, without any doubt, to the remainder of his party what their sinister intentions were. At that critical moment a hippopotamus rose at the edge of the river amongst the reeds, and Gordon, with the greatest calmness and indifference to his perilous surroundings, promptly turned on his heel and shot the hippopotamus dead. Whether it was the apparent indifference to their presence or the obvious contempt for the impending danger we do not know, but the Arabs allowed Gordon and his party to return to their dahabayah without molesting them in any way. Another curious trait in Gordon's character was his fondness for dromedaries or riding camels. He possessed, when at Khartoum, a very large stable of these useful beasts, and he did not care what he had to pay for them; but have them he would. He would enter a village and ask what man possessed the fastest dromedary. On receiving the information, he would send for the owner and offer to buy his beast and take it away with him on his next journey, generally paying a much larger sum than was asked by the avaricious owner. Many other anecdotes of this remarkable man and his still more remarkable life in the Soudan have been related to us by the same eye-witness, but space does not permit us to reproduce more in our present article.—*Horse Guards Gazette*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

On Monday evening Miss Kate Castleton commenced a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House, and the grace and charm with which she had formerly invested her "For goodness' sake, don't say I told you" served to draw fair houses, the individuals of which went, were amused, and came away again, wondering what had pleased them. For, after all, the play, *A Paper Doll*, is about as sensible a piece of patchwork, dramatically considered, as one could well conceive. It simply serves as a bag in which to carry about a lot of variety specialties and a little character acting. These amuse, of course, but they do no good, and I fancy that unless Kate Castleton develops further capabilities, her business as a *soubrette* will soon pall on the public, especially as she is losing the charm of slenderness for which she was once noted. A ray of brightness in the *olla podrida* of the play is the wit of "Horace Buckley," though it is of the minstrel order. Still, it is very funny in its paradoxical cleverness.

An example well worthy of being followed has been set by Mr. S. H. Janes, who, with most praiseworthy liberality, has offered a scholarship for one year in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, in the highest grade of the piano department. There are doubtless many in Toronto who have latent musical talent, but whose circumstances forbid the comparatively heavy expense of pursuing a course of systematic and well-outlined study, and if a series of scholarships, like that given by Mr. Janes, were founded by liberal music-lovers, with the object of aiding such talent, many a pupil of more than ordinary excellence might be found to do credit to such an institution as the Conservatory.

EDWIN BOOTH has made a magnificent present to the Players' Club in the shape of a splendid club house at No. 16 Gramercy Park, New York, at a cost of over \$200,000. The decorations of the club are handsome and solid, and in the dining-room is this quotation: "Mouth it, as many players do," opposite to it being "Sit by my side and let the world slide, for we shall never be younger." There is also a library containing 1200 volumes presented by Mr. Booth, 2000 presented by Lawrence Barrett, and a large number of rare and priceless works, the gifts of others.

A. C. WHEELER, known to the world by his *nom de plume* of Nym Crinkle, one of the most conservative of American critics, now goes into raptures over Mrs. Potter's "Cleopatra," that lady's latest creation. He says: "In the mere matter of regal magnificence she certainly outstripped all her recent rivals in costumery. . . . She gave new significance and new beauty to the work and incidents and business which have hitherto been oftenest overlooked or slighted for the conspicuously tumultuous episodes. . . . She makes Cleopatra a teasing, winning, capricious, petulant, quick-tempered, and somewhat unscrupulous woman, and not a heavy tragedienne, as the stage tradition presents. . . . She gave us an entirely new Cleopatra, which was in colour, in appearance, in womanly craft and delicacy and capriciousness her own, without using any the less Shakespeare's." And yet one

can read between the lines of Mr. Wheeler's notice, for one cannot call it criticism, an evident and laboured effort to present only the laudable in Mrs. Potter's performance, even going to the extent of belittling Mary Anderson in comparison. Why he does this he himself best knows.

THAT this opinion is not shared by everybody is shown by the following from *Music and Drama*: "Mrs. Potter, undaunted by the criticisms which have already been passed upon her futile efforts to be considered an actress, has dared to appear in a rôle in which even the greatest and most talented actresses have hesitated to play. Her "Cleopatra" is a farce. Her first entrance on the stage from the barge at the landing place of the palace showed how utterly beyond her ability is the part which she has essayed, and which has evoked the ridicule of both the public and the press. . . . In her scenes with "Antony" her acting is so frivolous and vulgar that it savors more of a cheap variety performance than anything else, and is utterly unworthy of the faintest praise." From all that I can see and from my impressions of her acting when in Toronto, I fancy the latter critic has the best of the matter. . . .

So we are likely to have the genial P. S. Gilmore, again in the spring with his splendid band, and his anvils and artillery. He is nothing if not an organizer, and this year he promises greater things than ever, because it is the bi-decade, or some such thing, since his big Jubilee of 1869. Besides securing the assistance of local choruses in the cities he visits, he has engaged Signorina De Vere and Mrs. Blanche Stone Burton, sopranos; Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, contralto; Italo Campanini, tenor; Giuseppe Del Puente, baritone; and Myron W. Whitney, basso. This ought to prove strong attraction, and it is to be hoped that the Philharmonic Society will see its way to taking this entertainment up again this year.

ALAS! poor Ilma di Murska! At one time fêted, caressed and adored, her improvidence left her penniless of late years, and on Friday last she died at Munich in extreme poverty, an ending whose tragic character was accentuated by the immediately subsequent suicide of her heart-broken daughter. This brilliant singer was born in 1843. She had a pure and bright soprano voice, nearly three octaves in compass, and of remarkable flexibility, and her ability as a bravura singer was of the highest order. The last time she sang in Toronto was in 1879, at the old rustic pavilion in the Horticultural Gardens, with Brignoli, Susini and Ronconi, when they performed *Don Pasquale*. Her *Carnival de Venise* and *Astrafiammetta* aria were wonders. Her last days in America were much brightened by the generous kindness of Chas. E. Pratt and his family, who enabled her to reach her home.

MESSRS. MASON AND RISCH have bought the interests of the New York Church Organ Company, and will manufacture vocalions in both Worcester, Mass., and Toronto.

B NATURAL.

NOTES.

A NEW opera, *Das Steinerner Herz*, by Ignaz Brüll, has scored a brilliant success at Prague.

VERDI'S *Othello* reached its thirty-first representation at the Vienna Opera last December.

MR. GERICKE has at last, after many rumours to that effect, definitely decided to resign the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

PATTI sang to 8,000 people at the Albert Hall, London, Eng., and received £700, the largest sum ever paid to any singer in England for one evening's work.

MRS. J. G. BLAINE, JR., having been deserted by her husband, now threatens to add another to the list of society actresses. She is a handsome woman, and it is said that she is a vocal phenomenon, being able to sing a true tenor.

EMMA NEVADA is in great favour now. She has been engaged for forty representations in South America at \$3,000 each. She is to inaugurate the new Opera House at Rio Janeiro, which is to be named "Teatro Nevada," in her honour.

MME. ALBANI left Liverpool on the *Servia* on the 12th inst. for her American and Canadian concert tour. She takes with her Orlando Harley, Miss Damian, Barrington Foote, Signor Bevigiani, and W. L. Barrett, a very finished and socially popular player of the flute.

BY order of the Emperor of Germany a number of trumpets have been imported from Italy for the use of the band of the first battalion of the regiment of "Fusilier Garde." These trumpets are similar to those used in the famous *fanfare* of the Italian Bersaglieri, which pleased the Emperor so much that he procured music and trumpets, and ordered them to be immediately adopted in the German Army.

A LONDON despatch, in speaking of Carl Rosa's Opera Company singing Planquette's *Paul Jones*, says: If the opera is a success it will be due to an American girl, Agnes Huntington, who created the part of *Paul Jones*. The part was written originally for a baritone, but her deep, velvety contralto voice, admirably trained, met all the requirements. She is an unusually good actress as well, and made an excellent impression, the house being enthusiastic and the critics inclined to give her warm praises. The opera is good, without being remarkable, but below *Les Cloches de Corneville* both in story and melodies.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE second annual general meeting of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was held on Monday, the 16th inst., Hon. G. W. Allan, President, occupying the chair. The report presented to the shareholders was a very gratifying one. It showed that the financial position of the Company was satisfactory, the directors having been able not only to declare a dividend, but to materially reduce the preliminary expenses, cover all depreciation on the furniture account, and carry forward a balance to the credit of profit and loss. The report of Mr. Edward Fisher, the Musical Director, showed that the increased attendance of pupils made the leasing of additional rooms necessary. The report referred to the free advantages offered by the Conservatory to its students, to the fortnightly recitals, occasional lectures and quarterly concerts, which are to be continued this season, and to the scholarships—five in number—presented by the faculty. Twenty-five per cent. of the pupils are drawn from cities and towns outside Toronto, representing many distant sections of the Dominion, as well as various parts of the States. In closing their report, the directors suggested that early consideration should be given to the matter of securing for the Conservatory a building of its own, suitable for its purposes and sufficient for the accommodation of the constantly increasing number of pupils. After congratulatory speeches by the President, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. Janes, Mr. Pellatt, and others, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the current year:—Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. Chancellor Boyd, Mr. Justice MacLennan, Geo. A. Cox, A. M. Cosby, Edward Fisher, Elmes Henderson, W. B. McMurrich, Robert Jaffray, D. A. O'Sullivan, LL.D., S. H. Janes, and Dr. Ryerson. The officers of the Conservatory are:—Hon. G. W. Allan, President; Hon. Chancellor Boyd and Geo. A. Cox, Vice-Presidents; A. M. Cosby, Hon. Treasurer; Edward Fisher, Musical Director; and E. L. Roberts, Secretary.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN FRANCE: A Story of the Siege of Paris. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated by "Champ" and others. Boston: Estes & Lauriat; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This handsome volume, and *Chatterbox* from the same publishers, came too late for notice among the holiday books of the season; but the "Vassar Girl" series and *Chatterbox* are both such old and well-known favourites that they require no special commendation. The next of Mrs. Champney's stories will, we understand, take the Vassar girls to Russia, and another interesting story may be looked for at the end of the year.

BRITISH LETTERS ILLUSTRATIVE OF CHARACTER AND SOCIAL LIFE. Edited by Edward T. Mason. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company. Three vols. 12mo. \$4.50.

Letters—especially letters not written with a view to publication—have a peculiar charm; and many writers have gained a more enduring fame by their unstudied correspondence with familiar friends than by their more laboured and ambitious works. The editor of this collection has done a signal service to lovers of this department of literature by the skill, taste and completeness with which he has done his work. His aim was "to present phases of life and character as described and exemplified by British letter-writers." His plan was a good one, and he has carried it out with commendable success. The letters are grouped under thirteen headings, such as "Autobiographic Sketches," "Glimpses of Men and Women," "The Family," "Friendship," "Manners, Customs and Behaviour," "National Traits," "Comedy and Farce," "Whim and Fancy," etc. Chronological sequence, except in some instances, has been disregarded, and an arrangement adopted which seemed to the editor most logical and illustrative. Letters known to have been written for publication, or which were published by their writers, have been excluded; and, as the book aims to be a pleasant one, "didactic and hortatory utterances, and, more especially, accounts of affliction, have generally been avoided."

All the well-known British writers are represented in these volumes, and many are but slightly known. Of recent writers Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle and Benjamin Disraeli are frequently quoted; two of Tennyson's letters and several of Dean Stanley's appear, but none of Thackeray's to Mrs. Brookfield have been included, because of their recent publication in several editions.

ESSAYS ON PRACTICAL POLITICS. By Theodore Roosevelt. Questions of the Day. No. XLIX. New York: G. P. Putnam's; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The essays in this volume, "Phases of State Legislation" and "Machine Politics in New York City," appeared originally in the *Century*. Mr. Roosevelt has been a member of the State Legislature of New York, and is, of course, familiar with the character of its members and their methods of legislation. The representatives from the country are generally very good men, those from the great cities the most ignorant and corrupt. "The majority of the Assemblymen from the great cities are 'very poor specimens' indeed, while, on the contrary, the Congressmen who go from them are generally pretty good men. This fact is only one of the many which go to

establish the curious political law that in a great city, the larger the constituency which elects a public servant, the more apt that servant is to be a good one; exactly as the mayor is almost certain to be infinitely superior in character to the average alderman." Many amusing incidents of legislative experience are related, of most of which the Milesian Assemblyman, whose errors always possess "a most refreshing originality," is the hero. The author properly deprecates the custom, not unknown in Canada, of introducing clap-trap resolutions on matters entirely foreign to the Assembly—resolutions favouring Home Rule for Ireland, assailing the Czar for harsh treatment of Russian Jews, sympathizing with the Land League, etc., etc.; and he justly condemns the insolence of some classes of foreign immigrants who persist in dragging into American affairs questions of purely foreign politics, and "the attitude of truckling servility toward these same foreigners on the part of native-born citizens, who seem content to run an American Congressional contest as if it were an election for the British Parliament." In the second essay the methods of "the machine" in New York are fully described; but they will be found to be very much like those followed in smaller places, the principal difference being in the perfection of organization. "Besides some others of minor importance, there are at present in New York three great political organizations, viz., those of the regular Republicans, of the County Democracy and of Tammany Hall, that of the last being, perhaps, the most perfect, viewed from a machine stand-point." The evils of the machine system are obvious; and Mr. Roosevelt sees no prospect of averting them while the bulk of respectable men universally neglect their political duties; for "ordinary citizens, to whom participation in politics is merely a disagreeable duty, will always be beaten by the organized army of politicians to whom it is both duty, business and pleasure, and who are knit together and to outsiders by their social relations."

FIRST HARVESTS. AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MRS. LEVISON GOWER. A Satire without a Moral. By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

If a foreigner, having visited the United States and made a more or less careful study of types of character and phases of society, ventured to publish a book representing American life, from the artizan to the millionaire, from the lady's maid to the leader of Society, so almost irredeemably bad as we found it depicted in this book, the author would be condemned as a libeller and his book denounced as a tissue of misrepresentation and lies. Yet the kind of criticism which the people of the United States resent so warmly when made by strangers they seem to accept with complacency when made by their own writers. In this book Mr. Stimson has presented New York Society with photographic fidelity, and the pictures are almost altogether unlovely. Take away Grace Holyoke and John Haviland, who seem to belong elsewhere, and Derwent, who is a cosmopolitan philosopher, and the people whom we meet are without marked characteristics, or stupid or wicked or insufferably vulgar. There is no cohesion in the story, which is entirely subordinated to the presentation of realistic individual portraits. We readily admit the cleverness of the portraiture; but for the most part the subjects are exceedingly unattractive.

GIBRALTAR. By Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D. Illustrated. New York: Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. \$2.

A new book about so famous a place as the Rock of Gibraltar could scarcely be expected to contain much either novel or interesting. Yet Dr. Field, who is not only an experienced traveller but a practical writer, has in this volume, succeeded in investing the grim old stronghold with an entirely fresh interest. In a very few chapters—we sometimes wish they were longer and more numerous—he describes the great Rock standing fourteen hundred feet above the sea, its physical features, its fortifications and defences, its government, and the social life of its inhabitants. Gibraltar is not, as many may suppose, "a barren cliff; its very cliffs are mantled with vegetation, and wild flowers spring up almost as in Palestine. . . . The sunshine of Africa rests in the clefts of the rocks; in every sheltered spot the vine and the fig-tree flourish and the almond tree and myrtle; you inhale the fragrance of the locust and the orange blossoms; while the clematis hangs out its white tassels, and the red geranium lights up the cold gray stone with rich masses of colour." Dr. Field found only one American family in Gibraltar—that of the Consul, Horatio J. Sprague, who received his appointment from President Polk, forty years ago, and has remained at the same post ever since. But the lack of compatriots did not hinder the Doctor from thoroughly enjoying himself. Indeed he gives evidence of this on almost every page, and throughout the whole book he evinces his appreciation of the kindness he experienced from the Governor, the officials and the society of the Rock. In one chapter he gives an exceedingly interesting account of the presentation of new Colours to the South Staffordshire Regiment, recently returned from the campaign in the Soudan; a regiment that had been organized one hundred and eighty four years before and whose tattered battle-flags, "it was now to surrender to be taken back to England to be hung up in the oldest church in Staffordshire as the proud memorials of its glory." In the fine chapter in which he tells the history of "the great siege," during which that gallant old Governor,

General Elliott, held the fortress against France and Spain for three and a half years, the story of this heroic defence is told with as much spirit and sympathy as if the writer were the most loyal and patriotic of Englishmen. Indeed Dr. Field has an unmistakable attachment to the Mother Land. Even the one thing in Gibraltar that struck him unpleasantly—the English occupation—because the rock is not a part of England and is a part of Spain won by conquest, and retained by might, he would not have changed in his own lifetime, at least. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and enable the reader to form a more correct opinion of the physical features of the historic Rock than he could obtain from the fullest verbal description.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE CRABBE (SELECTED), with Prefatory Notice, Biographical and Critical. By Edward Lamplough. London: Walter Scott; New York: Thomas Whittaker; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

This latest volume of "The Canterbury Poets" series introduces a writer who, although he died only some fifty-six years ago, and in his time enjoyed considerable reputation, is practically unknown to the great majority of readers of the present day. At the outset of his literary career he was very unfortunate and had to endure many privations and disappointments; yet, by unflagging effort and the help of Burke's patronage, his merit ultimately obtained recognition from the *literati* of London, where he met and enjoyed the society of such men as Dr. Johnson, Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Thurlow, and others. Many years afterwards, when he again visited London, he met a new generation of great men. "He was welcomed by poets and statesmen. Rogers, Campbell, Moore, Sir Walter Scott, the Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Ossory, Erskine, Kemble, and other distinguished men, hailed the man whose struggles had been so severe." This little volume will doubtless awaken popular interest in a poet of whom it has been said: He has pages stern as anything in the *Inferno*; many droll as Hogarth's pictures; and one or two so sweet and tender and pathetic, that no man possessed of any sensibility can read them unmoved.

THE *Phrenological Journal* for January, which is the first number of the eighty-seventh volume, has portraits and brief biographical sketches of the late Gen. Sheridan, Sir Wilfred Lawson, Daniel Hand and Emin Bey.

THE *Architect and Builder* which has just entered upon its second year appears in a new and greatly improved form. The number of pages is increased to twenty but the size of the page is somewhat reduced, making it much more convenient for binding. It has now a very neat and shapely appearance and the matter is excellent.

THE *Church Review*, now commencing its fifty-third volume, was started, and published for thirty years, as a quarterly. Then it was issued in bi-monthly numbers, then as a monthly, again as a quarterly, and again as a monthly. It is now to be issued in weekly parts, a form which the editor thinks will make it more generally acceptable to its readers.

A NEAT little pamphlet, entitled *The Ontario Lands Case* (press of *The Budget*, Toronto), contains the full text of Mr. Edward Blake's argument before the Privy Council, in "The St. Catharines Milling and Lumber Company v. The Queen." The argument, which was delivered towards the close of a discussion which lasted seven days, occupies about sixty closely printed pages, gives abundant evidence of the great ability, skill and complete mastery of details, as well as of principles, which distinguish the eminent counsel.

MESSRS. WATTS & Co., of London, England, send us *A Friendly Correspondence with Mr. Gladstone about Creeds*, by Samuel Laing, which grew out of Mr. Gladstone's recent controversy with Col. Ingersoll in the *North American Review*. Apart from the distinguished character and position of one of the parties to it, this correspondence is chiefly interesting as containing the "Articles of the Negative Creed," as formulated by Mr. Laing, who is a writer of some authority on questions pertaining to "scientific heresy."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THERE are at present three vacancies in the English Literature section of the R. C. Academy.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have in press a volume of stories by H. H. Boyesen, called *Vagabond Tales*.

THE "Legend of William Tell" is very fully considered and illustrated in the January *Wide-Awake*.

REV. WILFRID W. CAMPBELL, author of *Snowflakes and Sunbeams*, is rector of St. Stephen, N. B.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON, the intimate friend of Darwin, has written a book called *Natural Inheritance*, which will soon appear in London.

Aesop's Fables, with John Tenniel's designs, furnish the newest (twentieth) volume of the taking "Nuggets Series," G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MESSRS. GEO. E. DESBARATS & SON, publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated*, are forming a joint stock company to own and publish that journal.

MACMILLAN & Co. have ready *Select Essays of Thomas de Quinicy*, edited by David Masson, and *Minor Poems of Chaucer*, prepared by Rev. W. W. Skeat.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & Co., of England, have opened an

office in New York with a view of supplying English novels for publication in American newspapers.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. are to publish a volume of the late Asa Gray's reviews of botanical literature during the past fifty years, selected and edited by Prof. C. S. Sargent.

THE English poet, William Morris, is a self-confessed Socialist; Swinburne is a Conservative; Tennyson is a Tory; and Browning does not take the slightest interest in politics.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. will shortly issue *The Great War Syndicate*, by Frank R. Stockton; and *Social Progress*, by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, President of the Nineteenth Century Club of this city.

RAND, McNALLY & Co., have in press a volume entitled *Marriage and Divorce: An Inquiry into the Religious, the Practical, and the Political Aspects of the Question*, by Ap Richard, Prof. David Swing, and others.

Poet Lore is the title of a new monthly magazine about to be issued by the J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia. It is to be devoted to the illustration of Shakespeare and Browning, and to the comparative study of poetic literature.

IN *Scribner's* for February, Austin Dobson will recall some memories of "Old Vauxhall Gardens" in its prime—the days of Walpole, Fanny Burney's "Evelina," and Fielding's "Amelia." The article will be fully illustrated from old prints.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. are about to follow Mr. Besant's *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies* with a volume of Jefferies' uncollected papers, under the apt title of *Field and Hedgerow*, in which will appear the latest essays of "the English Thoreau."

Tempted of the Devil: Passages in the Life of a Kabbalist, is the title of a book which will shortly be published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston. It is a translation from the German of August Becker, by M. W. M. Macdowall. It is a novel of exceptional power and interest.

SCRIBNER & WELFORD have just issued a new edition of Barry E. O'Meara's *Napoleon at St. Helena*, in two volumes, with numerous illustrations in colours and black and white. A refutation of Croker's diatribe, which appeared in 1822, and a "Napoleon Calendar," have been added by the editors.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS publish *The History of the Roman Republic*, abridged from the history of Prof. Mommsen, by C. Bryans and F. J. R. Henty, which presents the salient points of the original in a form suitable for use in schools and colleges and for the convenience of the general reader.

MACMILLAN & Co. have just published a complete one volume edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*. It is printed in small type, in double columns, following the poet's later readings, and preserving the notes, prefaces and appendices of the several readings. Mr. John Morley's able biographical and critical preface give a special value to this edition.

THE popular belief that President-elect Harrison is descended from Pocahontas and from the Parliamentary soldier and regicide, Gen. Thomas Harrison, who was executed in 1660, is shown in *The Critic* of Jan. 19 to be entirely groundless. There is not a drop of the Indian maiden's blood in his veins; and if there is any of the English soldier's, the fact is not susceptible of proof.

MR. W. T. STEAD, editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, who has recently been on a trip to the land of the Tsar, has recorded his impressions in the form of a book to be published by Cassell & Co., under the title of *Truth about Russia*. An interesting chapter, on "Count Tolstoi and his Gospel," recounts the experiences of a week's visit at Yasnaya Polyana, and describes the new prophet in the bosom of his family.

ALPHONSE DAUDET is said to be engaged on a novel which will be entitled *La Lutte pour la Vie* (Struggle for Life). It will be a sequel to *L'Immortel*, inasmuch as the hero will be a member of Asti-Rehu's family. In it Daudet will apply himself to convince the sceptic world that French home-life is a reality and French domestic virtue not a mere word. This novel is based on a play which M. Daudet read a short time ago to M. Koning, proprietor of the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, where it will be shortly performed under the same title as the novel.

MESSRS. GINN AND COMPANY will publish next month *An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning*, by William John Alexander, Ph.D., Munro Professor of the English Language and Literature, Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, N.S., and formerly Fellow of Johns Hopkins' University. The book opens with an account of Browning's most striking peculiarities in method and style, and attempts to find an explanation of these in the conditions amidst which the poet has worked, and in the nature of the themes which he treats. In the next place, an exposition is given of those general ideas pervading his work, which can only be gathered from the study of many of his poems, and yet are needful for the full understanding of almost any one of them. This exposition is contained in a series of chapters treating of "Browning's Philosophy," "Christianity as presented in Browning's Works," and "Browning's Theory of Art." These chapters are followed by a brief chronological review of his writings, and characterization of his development. The various points treated throughout the Introduction are illustrated by a series of selected poems furnished with careful analyses and copious critical comments. Prof. Alexander is an applicant for the English Language and Literature Chair in University College.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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

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A Tone of Dignified Good Sense.

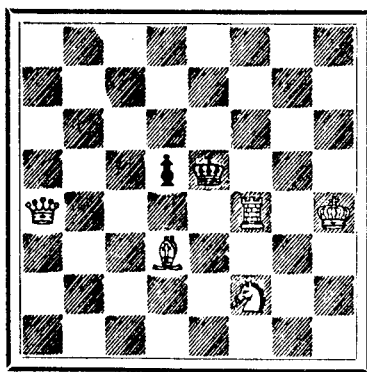
THE WEEK, of Toronto, entered upon its sixth volume a fortnight since, and appeared in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is an enterprising and able paper, and always contains much valuable reading matter of current interest, while its editorials have a tone of dignified good sense, as well as of sound judgment.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

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By J. W. ABBOTT. International Chess Magazine.

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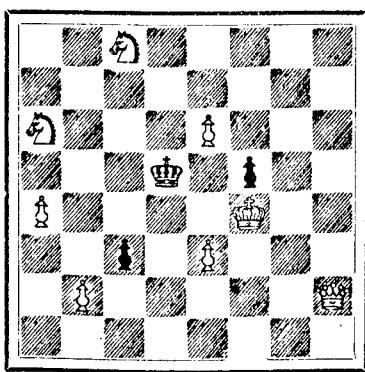
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 326.

By J. CLARKE HULL. From Sunday Call.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 319. White. 1. Q-K Kt 5. 2. Q-Kt 2. 3. Q or R mates. Black. Q-K B 8 moves. If 1. R-R 5 moves. 2. P x R. 3. Q or R mates. With other variations.

- No. 320. B-K 8.

GAME PLAYED IN THE GERMAN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT AT LEIPSIK, DECEMBER 3, 1888.

RUY LOPEZ.

Table showing chess moves for Herr F. Riemann, Herr V. Menckwitz, and Ruy Lopez. Columns include White and Black moves for each player.

NOTES BY MR. DRESSSEL.

- (a) This continuation, which has come into favour quite lately, yields a strong attack. (b) Not good; P-K 5 seems preferable with the probable continuation 8. Kt x P, Kt x Kt; 9. P x Kt, Kt P x P; 10. Q-Q 4, P x B; 11. Q x Kt, P-Q 4, with an even game. (c) Kt-K 4 at once was the right move; Black now gets a hopelessly cramped game. (d) Kt-B 5 was no better, which would reply B-Q 4 followed by 17. P-Q Kt 3. (e) Clear waste of time, but his position was desperate. (f) After Q x Q, 22. Kt x Q, B-B 3 (best); 23. Kt x B, P x Kt; 24. R x P, White wins quickly, as Black cannot prevent B-K 3, followed by B-R 6. If 24. K-Kt 2; 25. B-Q 4, K-Kt 1; 26. B-K 3 and wins. (g) Decisive. Herr Riemann plays the finish finely. (h) Of course if B-Kt 4; 25. R x Kt wins at once.

In the Canadian Chess Association Tournament, now being played at Montreal, and which will probably be finished before this paper is in the hands of the reader, the winners will most likely be Messrs. Narraway, Cooke and Fleming, but the order in which they will stand is still doubtful.



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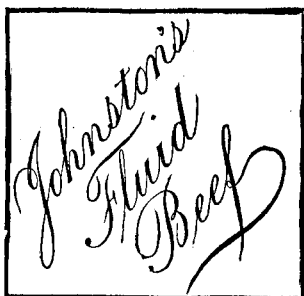
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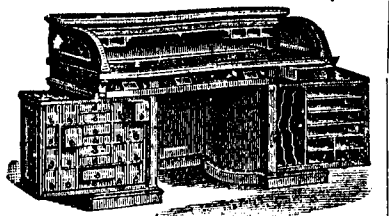
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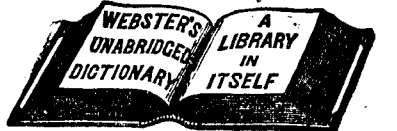
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