

one. The tables embrace our twenty-four principal cities and towns. All due allowance being made for medical reticence, this is an exhibit widely different from that of the ten thousand cases a year, nor does it indicate a population "drink-enslaved," or in Egyptian bondage to liquor. Voluntary agencies have been doing the work here, as they have been doing it among the English gentry, whose habits have been completely reformed within the last fifty years, not only without the aid of legal restraint, which would only have made reform odious, but in spite of free access to the most tempting liquors. But voluntary agencies, including those of the Good Templars, the Bands of Hope, and other temperance fraternities, will be suspended as soon as compulsion is introduced; and unless compulsion is effectual, which hitherto it has never been, the practical result will be the paralysis of reform.

TALLEYRAND was asked what he thought of the death of Pichegru. "I think it was very sudden and very opportune," was the diplomatic reply. We cannot help applying the same epithets to the call of private business which arrested Mr. George's lecturing tour at Montreal. The glad tidings that all freeholds are to be forfeited to the State, going forth to the farmers on the eve of an election, would scarcely have helped the party to which Mr. George is supposed to belong.

MR. POWDERLY, as dictator of the Knights of Labour, to his credit, puts his veto on contributions in aid of Anarchism. Thereupon a mutiny breaks out, and a part of the Knights show that they identify themselves with the cause of the Anarchists. Anarchism, Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, Fenianism, Henry Georgeism, and the political Labour Party are fast blending into one revolutionary movement for the subversion of society, with which society will some day probably have to accept wagers of battle. The more sober-minded and responsible of the Labour Reformers will soon have to make up their minds whether they mean to join in an attack on the community or not.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us from Stroud (England) a newspaper clipping with an account of the death of a boy four years old, who was fatally scalded by a kettle of boiling water, which he upset over himself, and, being taken to the hospital, there lingered in agony from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, when he died in presence of his mother. Our correspondent asks what could be the good of keeping the child in agony for forty hours, when it was known at once that he could not recover. In such a case as this it could not possibly be pretended that there was any moral or spiritual gain to be set off against the physical torture inflicted on the child, and the mental anguish inflicted on the mother. It is not mere breath, but moral life that is sacred. We should be more than sorry to say anything loose or dangerous upon a question of ethics; but we cannot help thinking that in the interest of suffering humanity it is time to examine the grounds for the belief that when all hope of recovery is gone, morality or religion commands us to protract to the utmost the pains of death.

TURN where we will we are met by proofs of the unique inaccuracy, to call it by no harsher name, of Mr. Froude. In the preface to Mr. Morse Stephens's History of the French Revolution, of all places in the world, we find one instance more. There is in the British Museum the completest collection in the world of French Revolutionary pamphlets. Of this, Carlyle, in writing his "French Revolution," made no use. Mr. Froude's account of the matter is that Carlyle "after six weeks' wrestle with officialty was obliged to find the collection 'inaccessible' to him." He adds that "idle obstruction will put the most enduring of men out of patience, and Carlyle was not enduring in such matters." But Mr. Morse Stephens informs us that there was no "inaccessibility" or "idle obstruction" in the case. Carlyle demanded a private room in the British Museum to work in, and as this accommodation could not be granted him he declined to avail himself at all of the museum collection, and contented himself with the books which he could buy or borrow, to the detriment, assuredly, of his work. The reason for noting these Froudiana, as we said before, is that the same unconscious and reckless, though exceedingly clever, pen, tampering with history, has put morality under the feet of tyrants, traduced virtue, and done cruel injustice to misfortune. All who have had occasion to examine any portion of Mr. Froude's history critically know that he is not a whit more trustworthy as a historian than he is as a describer of places and society in Australia, or as a biographer of Carlyle. His somewhat liquorish love of dwelling on matrimonial scandals, and the pride which he takes in displaying his knowledge of the female heart, have, we suspect, led him astray in dealing with the matrimonial affairs of Carlyle as well as in dealing with those of Henry VIII., and Mary Queen of Scots. His works will not long survive him.

EVERYTHING that Mr. Mallock writes is clever. But his last work, "The Old Order Changes,"\* is one which we cannot say we greatly admire. A mixture of politics and religion with voluptuous love-making is, to say the least, as unpalatable as sweets and savouries on the same plate. The affectation of aristocratic fastidiousness and of contempt for everything middle class on the part of the author would be extremely offensive if it were not supremely ridiculous. Who is the writer that he should talk of "preferring a dinner of herbs with gentlemen to a stalled ox with people of no family?" That sentiment, if we do not misread him, is his own, and not merely dramatic. But there is a worse fault to be found with the book. Nothing is either more unfair or more cowardly than the abuse of fiction as a cover for libellous attacks on real characters. The Radical leader, "Japhet Snapper of Birchester," is as manifestly Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham as the Socialist "Foreman" is Mr. Hyndman. By the mere substitution of a transparent pseudonym Mr. Mallock enables himself with impunity to publish against Mr. Chamberlain charges of brutality as an employer, and inhuman covetousness as a landlord, which if brought openly would expose their author to the penalty of libel. If this is the chivalry characteristic of Mr. Mallock's aristocratic circle, we prefer the vulgar honesty and manliness of the baseborn middle class. Would Walter Scott ever have stooped to use his art as the minister of personal or party libel? In its political aspect the book betrays a disposition, prevalent, no doubt, among the men and women of the writer's party, to coquet with the most violent revolutionists, and play them off against the moderate reformer, who is the especial abhorrence of aristocrats, above all of aristocratic women. The French aristocracy played this game, and it brought them to the guillotine.

A CANADIAN work of art has attracted notice. There is an engraving of Brant's monument at Brantford in the London *Graphic*.

MR. SCHNADHORST, the great wirepuller, announces an organisation "in which men and women can unite for the advancement of Liberal principles." He is asked whether he means to set up a matrimonial bureau for Liberals only.

FURTHER particulars from the South African gold-fields more than confirm the earlier reports of their extent and richness. "From every town and village in South Africa during the three past weeks," writes a correspondent of *The Times* in a recent number, "a stream of fortune-seekers have wended their way to the De Kaap and Witwatersrand. The population of Barberton has more than doubled, and is daily increasing," and new syndicates and companies are constantly formed. The balance-sheet of the Sheba Reef Company, with a capital of £15,000, and a recent dividend of 62½, is enough to inoculate the soberest of speculators with gold-fever; and the latest explorations, it is said, continue to reveal fresh reefs across the whole extent of the Transvaal—across a plateau as big as France.

THE Duke of Devonshire, who is a man of remarkable attainments and erudition, has marked his reign at Chatsworth by great attention to the library, which had also been a special interest to his predecessor. The collection of books belonging to the family has been now concentrated at Chatsworth, with the exception of John Kemble's remarkable collection of plays, purchased in 1821, which, for the convenience of consultation by dramatic authors and others, is at Devonshire House. The library at Chatsworth, which is centuries old, contains among its varied contents a remarkable collection of scientific works made by Henry Cavendish, the scientist and millionaire, who left some one million two hundred thousand pounds in the funds. A splendid catalogue, illustrated with views of Chatsworth, within and without, was printed a few years ago.

"I SEE it announced," writes a correspondent to the *Liverpool Post*, "that Messrs. Blackwood have published at Edinburgh a Gaelic translation of the Queen's last work, 'More Leaves.' This reminds me of a strange but a true story of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. He was heard on one occasion to make a statement to Her Majesty that when he was in want of literary consolation there were only three books he would read, viz., the Bible, Shakespeare, and Her Majesty's works. He once made the remark that with ordinary people he had to put on flattery with a spoon—with Royalty he had to employ a trowel. He used to take the greatest delight in private in describing the great change which had come over the attitude of the Queen towards him. When he was presented as Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time, and had to kiss hands, he described Her Majesty as having to submit to that operation with palpable aversion."

\* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Williamson and Company, Toronto.