

beauty, there Americans, and no longer Englishmen, set its tone. They have risen out of the one-race theory as out of a waning solar system. Are we now to find Mr. James representing the lady's mental embarrassment, not as implying a reproach, but a recognition by one high nature of a nature more exalted—England's proudest tribute to the superior distinction of the new culture from over sea?"

THE story of the life of Mr. Judah Philip Benjamin, Q.C., who died in Paris recently, reads like a romance. Born in the West Indian Island of Santa Cruz, in 1811, he received his early education in North Carolina, and completed it, as far as a university curriculum was concerned, at Yale, New Haven, Connecticut. By-and-by, young Benjamin removed to New Orleans, and entered as office-boy the employment of a law firm, of which he afterwards became the most distinguished ornament, till, having honourably won his spurs in public speaking, he was sent up to the Senate of the United States at Washington by Louisiana, at a time when Congress was ringing with the eloquence of Webster and his gifted contemporaries. During the four years of the American civil war, Mr. Benjamin rendered services of the highest order to the Confederate cause at Richmond, and at the close of the struggle escaped in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis. From the coast of Florida he made for the Bahama Islands in an open boat, and at length reached the shores of England in 1865. He resolved to study for the English bar. He was fifty-five years of age when he gained the position of a junior barrister, but from that hour he never looked behind. From the lowest, he rose to the highest, step of the ladder. He was a man of enormous industry, and made it his business to master every detail of the most intricate brief that was put into his hand. He found time also to write as well as plead, and "Benjamin on Sales" is a law book which will retain a permanent place in the literature of the legal profession, and which probably very few know was the work of a man who was within five years of sixty when he first put on his wig and gown.

An interesting experiment is just now being made in New York with a view to the utilization of the street sweepings and house refuse of that city. A large machine has been erected by a stock company at the East River wharf of the street cleaning department, which sifts and reduces to its elements all refuse of whatever description which is brought to it. By an ingenious arrangement all scraps of paper, rag, coal, cinder, glass, iron, &c., become separated. These are afterwards sold, with the exception of the coal and cinder, which are used for firing the engine. The projectors estimate that every load of 1,800 pounds of refuse contains about 400 pounds of coal and cinder, which is more than sufficient for their own purposes. The residuum refuse is cremated and the ashes are discharged into the sea. So far, it is said, the experiment has proved an entire success, and the promoters announce their intention of having machines at every city wharf to utilise all the refuse of the street cleaning department, with profit to themselves and the city. Should these anticipations prove well founded, a solution will be offered of a problem which has long perplexed New York. The system of the disposal of refuse which now prevails is most unsatisfactory, the whole of it being carried some little way out to sea in scows and then discharged. Year after year the pilots raise warning cries respecting the enormous injury which is being done to the harbour's mouth by the accumulation of ashes and street dirt there, and a radical change of method has long been sought.

THE Princess Alice's book is already well known to all who read German. The English edition has a preface by Princess Christian. Her Royal Highness explains that her object has been to present a clear idea of the beautiful and unselfish life of her sister—not to give a complete picture of it, but to illustrate it by her letters to her mother, the Queen, and to explain those letters by brief records of fact. The English public, Princess Christian thinks, will see with satisfaction how devoted was the Princess Alice to England, how she ever turned to it with reverence and affection as the country where most was being done for liberty and the advancement of mankind. Her request to her husband was that the English flag should be laid upon her coffin, and in uttering that desire she expressed the modest hope that nobody in England would take umbrage at her wish. There is an interesting conclusion, though it contains nothing very new, describing the spiritual crisis of the Princess's life—how she passed from the faith of her childhood through doubt back again to the faith which the fulness of womanhood knows. The volume is a fitting record of one of the sweetest lives that ever was passed in a palace.

MR. BRYCE-WRIGHT says in a letter to the *Times*: It may interest your readers to hear that by the latest advice from the Cape another

"paragon of nature" has been discovered at the Kimberly Mines, South Africa. On the 27th of March last a digger was fortunate enough to find a diamond measuring 1½ in. in length and 1¼ in. in diameter, weighing no less than 302 carats. This is by far the largest gem yet discovered in South Africa, or, in fact, elsewhere, if we except the "Pitt" and "Mattam" (of a flask shape) in their uncut state, and some diamonds of apocryphal history. It is a perfect octahedron in shape, and of the usual "Cape" or "off" colour. Some years ago its value would have been simply enormous. At the present, however, it is reported £3,000 has been refused for it in its uncut state.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL IDEA.

IN the debates on Confederation there was considerable said about nationality, but, after that measure was accomplished, little was heard of it for years. The men who accomplished Confederation had no feeling on the matter; they were simply and purely colonists acting on stimulus supplied from the Colonial Secretary's office in London. They would have accomplished annexation just as readily, if that would have left them their offices. But what would thirty seats then, or about forty now, in the American Congress—as that would be about our proportion—be to the swarms of politicians which infest Canada? Hence they supported Confederation. There may have been numbers among the rank and file imbued with British patriotism, and a love for British institutions; but power, place, perquisites, and the British Colonial Office were the main incentives to the measure.

The men who carried Confederation are the men in power still, and the same means which were used to effect it are used chiefly to sustain it. This must not be wondered at; it is the invariable process in the formation of States. In a country like England, imbued with the monarchical idea and attachment to the person of the Sovereign, what was there to hold it together on the extinction of their legitimate line of kings, the Stuarts? Simply plunder. How was Ireland obtained and held? By national dishonour and plunder. What was the American Continental Congress after the close of the Revolutionary War but a body of public robbers? This is all extremely modern. There is no necessity to go back to Hugh Capet and the question of the reprov'd swash-buckler, "Who made thee King?"

Shall we Canadians then hang our heads and blush because the same things take place in the formation of our country? Nonsense. We can stand up proudly and ask the world to show us a like condition of society on the dissolution of an old system. Where are the Cullodons, the Irish rebellions, or the Pennsylvania riots in our country—not to speak of Semptembrists, or anything like them?

The old British patriotic spirit that made such men as the late Chief Justice Spragge and the living Goldwin Smith is dead—granted. There is nothing to take its place. This is where the grand mistake is made. In the old days, when Canada was split up into insignificant fragments with a sparse population, there was no other issue but British or American connexion. Since then there has been a new generation growing up who know little and care less about either England or the United States as nations. We know their people too well. The majority of English humanity are on a lower plane than the people of Canada; while the Americans are away beyond us in commercial prosperity. We know that long before the infancy of the nation has passed, Corruption claims them for its own. Of the 500,000 Canadians in the United States not one-fifth of them have become naturalized there. Why? They love Canada. All this is quietly ignored by the old politicians. There is no such a feeling as patriotism, according to them. You might as well talk to a Hottentot about the qualities of ice. That great man, David Mills, an old representative party man, will talk for four or five hours on obsolete American and Canadian politics, and never give the faintest indication of the change. What have we to do with this old element? How are we responsible for their doings or acts? Like dogs, they never could exist without a master; and whether it was an English lord or a Yankee demagogue, it would satisfy one or the other of them.

But where is this Canadian patriotism? In the people; but there is nothing to make it manifest. Is there not abundance to keep it quiescent? Since Confederation, our trade has doubled; our Savings Bank deposits have increased fourfold; our railways span the continent; our shipping covers the seas; and we manufacture nearly all our own goods. All merely material. You build a grand house and live in the kitchen. Not so; it is only our old people who live there. Have we not increased in spirit and obtained national advantages? Our Ambassadors live in London and Paris; and England has simply an Ambassador here—the