

warmly remembered by Connemara peasants. He drove from village to village, he walked bog and moor, rowed the lake and climbed the mountain, fought death, as it were, hand to hand, in brave resolution to save the people. His correspondence from the scene of his labours would constitute in itself a graphic memorial of the Irish famine. That young Yorkshire Quaker of 1847 was destined a quarter of a century later to be known to the Empire as a Minister of the Crown—the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P." This is certainly a grateful tribute, and one worthy of the favourable notice of the young Irishmen of to-day.

A HANDFUL of Irish diamonds: The other Sunday Mr. Kenny, M.P., "advised the people to moderation, till at least such times as they had settled the land question"; Mr. Mayne, M.P., advised that the grabber and his family should be ostracised, while everyone who passed him on the road should make the sign of the cross! Mr. Lalor, M.P., proved to his own complete satisfaction that taking a vacant farm was an offence in the Divine eyes, and further remarked that he would not sell the person who would do such a thing a loaf of bread, or a pound of tea, or a quart of milk, nor would he haul his cow out of a ditch! A Catholic curate at the same meeting announced that "land-grabbers should be deprived completely of all that was dear and valued in life"; and, finally, Mr. Biggar, M.P., thought that branch boycotting should yield to individual action. Select Sunday sermons for the poor, ignorant peasantry of Ireland!

AN American correspondent of the *London Times* has drawn a picture of popular education in the United States which is anything but flattering to his fellow-countrymen. Education in America, he states, is almost exclusively confined to "bread studies." The great standard set up is that of immediate utility. The farm boy goes to the district school to learn to write, spell, and cipher, because he looks forward to leaving the farm, entering on city life, and making money. Logarithms will not bring dollars, and Greek is not quoted in the market. The astonishing statement is made that the lawyers, doctors and ministers of religion, who continue their culture after they have embarked upon a professional career, or who even open a classical book, are very few indeed, and that the single weekly paper which American scholarship has developed, and which embraces in its staff of contributors nearly every specialist in the entire country, has only eight thousand readers out of forty millions of people. Every one of his fellow-countrymen, continues the critic, can read, but scarcely any one knows what to read. With all respect for the correspondent's opinion, one is loth to believe that the standard of culture in the United States is so very low as he makes it out to be. The American student is, no doubt, largely utilitarian. He may look at everything with an eye to business. But he must certainly read after he leaves school or college, else how can it be explained that the best English literature—not to mention that produced at home—finds a ready and extensive sale in America, as British authors know to their cost, not only in pirated cheap editions, but in handsome and costly form? And are not American scholars taking a foremost place amongst the *stars* of Europe? America is yet but a young country; her civilization is not yet matured, because she has been so much occupied in wrestling with the forces of nature. But in Longfellow and Whittier she has sent her singers over the earth; while the selection of Lowell and Motley, and Bayard Taylor, and in earlier days Benjamin Franklin, for diplomatic employment in Europe, does not strengthen the theory of a national disbelief throughout the United States in the value of high culture and intelligence.

SOMETHING worse than opium or chloral is reported in the New York Medical Society. The *American*, remarking upon this, says that several city physicians found out that a few persons were using hyoscine to produce a sort of intoxication that resulted in profound slumber. The drug is a sort of hydrobromate, and has to a limited extent been used in medicine in lieu of atrophine for relief in epilepsy and other diseases of the nerves. The doses must be infinitesimal in order not to be dangerous, and the peril of self-dosing lies in the liability to kill by careless swallowing or hypodermically injecting too much. Hard drinkers employed it to force sleep, and very nervous persons drove off insomnia with it. In order to test its effects it has been systematically administered to thirty-six insane patients in the State hospital for the insane by Drs. Langdon and Peterson, who say that the effects prove the very great danger of hyoscine eating. They found that it would indeed compel sleep in most cases, but that its habitual use would surely bring muscular paralysis and delirium of a particularly violent sort.

THE pending election of a Governor for the State of New York promises to cause as much mud-flinging as resulted from the Presidential contest. The "Mugwump" papers have again fallen into party line, and emulate their opponents in unearthing "records." In this connection the *Springfield Republican* says: "The effort is being made on both sides in New York to drag the campaign down to a very low level of personality. Gov. Hill has been bitterly assailed for relations with Tweed, which prove nothing conclusive against him, and Mr. Davenport's career as controller is being hunted with a fine tooth-comb. The fact that he is president of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company is also supposed to have an immediate bearing on his fitness for Governor. There was no occasion for this rain of mud, as both men stood above personal reproach when nominated."

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA has raised the ire of Brother Jonathan by asserting that American pie is on the decline—or, to be literal, that it has "retrograded." This is declared to be a flagrantly bad case of intelligent

foreigner. "The unassailable fact is," says the *New York Tribune*, "that the contemporaneous Yankee pie is better than the pie made by the forefathers—meaning the foremothers. The pie of the past was not entirely satisfactory. It provoked many a jeer and sneer. Its fault was its crust. The scientific cook of to-day has changed all that. It may be affirmed without fear of contradiction from any trained palate that in no one thing have our countrywomen made such a decided advance during the last decade or two as in pie, that is, in pie-crust—for anybody can compound the filling that goes between the crusts. The pie of the Revolution, the pie of the War of 1812, the pie of the Rebellion was, as a rule, more agreeable in the abstinence than in the consumption; the crust was judged to be fatal. But since our last war an impetus has been given to the arts of peace, cooking schools have sprung up all over the land; there has been a large production and general diffusion of cookery books, and as one wholesome result the standard of pie-crust has been sensibly raised. People frequently eat pie-crust nowadays, even at railroad stations, and live. The pies of this living present may be said, in the language of the poet, to have risen on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things—to crusts more skilfully compounded and better baked."

CREMATION is now being urgently recommended in the United States on the score of economy. The *New York Citizen* says: A new company, which is to have its furnaces at Mt. Olivet, Long Island, offers to incinerate bodies for \$25 each. The only other expenses will be for the urn to hold the ashes, and for the carriages in which the family and friends attend the funeral, or furnacing, or whatever the ceremony may be called. The cost of coffin, burial plot and tombstone will be saved. The undertakers will not oppose the cremation company when they understand that their services will be required in transporting the bodies, and they can make a profit upon urns as they now do upon coffins. One result of the cremation plan, if it becomes popular and successful, is that vast tracts of land now set aside as cemeteries will in course of time be available for building sites.

At a Convention of Baptist ministers in New York, the Rev. Dr. R. B. Montgomery said that all true ministers were in favour of Prohibition, but he held that the Church should keep itself beyond a political atmosphere. "I believe," he added, "that Prohibition is made an instrument of political ambition, and that there are men in the Prohibition party to-day to whom Prohibition is a secondary matter; men who are office-seekers, who are trying to use temperance principles for their own personal ends. I, for my part, will never be a political Prohibitionist."

IN the *Contemporary* there is a diary of Mr. Gladstone's trip to Norway in Mr. Brassey's yacht the *Sunbeam*, by Lady Brassey, who was one of the party. She tells us that Mr. Gladstone went one day on an excursion of ten hours, including a walk of eighteen miles, and that at dinner in the evening he was in the highest spirits, and was discussing all subjects, grave and gay, with the greatest animation. There is life, then, in the G. O. M. yet. Lady Brassey also gives a striking account of the extraordinary enthusiasm with which Mr. Gladstone was everywhere received, even in out-of-the-way places, by the Norwegian population. The people thronged to meet him when he landed, paid him every mark of respect, strewed flowers in his path, illuminated their streets in his honour. Evidently he is "The People's William" not in England alone.

NEXT year the Queen will have reigned fifty years. There is an almost unanimous feeling in England that "something" ought to be done towards preparing for her jubilee; but, as one writer says, "nobody knows how to begin." The precedent afforded by the forms of rejoicing adopted in George III.'s reign are scarcely applicable to Her Majesty's case. Besides there is a feeling that something far more transcendental should be attempted, and consequently there is a loud cry for original and lofty ideas. In so "loyal" a colony as Canada of course the celebration will be fittingly observed; the details may be left to those whose breasts are adorned by decorations bestowed by the Court of St. James. But seriously, though Her Majesty may not have been an ideal Queen, or a brilliant genius, she has dared to pose as a champion of the proprieties, and in her downright refusal to wink at the abuses of aristocratic libertines has done more for social England than is generally suspected. Anything more than a constitutional figure-head Queen Victoria has not been; but as a woman who from childhood has lived in full view of the public gaze, and who after a reign of half-a-century is still regarded as an embodiment of domestic virtue, she fully merits what she will undoubtedly be accorded at the Jubilee: the hearty congratulations of her people.

VEGETARIAN restaurants are becoming popular in London. Half-a-dozen years ago such resorts were almost unknown; to-day, there are at least a dozen of them, if not more, in the Metropolis. There is no evidence that they are supported solely or even principally by professed vegetarians; nor can it be for economical reasons that they have been patronized, for in London a "dinner of herbs" costs almost as much as a meat dinner. Is it possible that even the busy Londoner has at last awakened to the fact that the average man eats too much flesh meat? The multiplication of journals may, indeed, have spread that truth abroad. Be that as it may, "ten years ago it was difficult," says an English authority, "to find an avowed vegetarian. Now more than two thousand persons refresh themselves daily at vegetarian restaurants in the City of London."