The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1873.

A CONTEST.

It was George Brown in 1867—it was Trueman P. White in 1872—it will be James Holden in 1873. What is there in Mr. James Holden that he should expect to succeed where the great Panjandrum himself, has been put to flight, and so brave a Lieutenant as Trueman White had to lick the dust? No one would attempt to compare Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Holden; the former has every qualification for a representative of the people, the latter very few qualifications indeed. Mr. Holden will, no doubt, be prepared to take the iron-clad oath of fealty to the Party which can boast a Proton Outrage, a Mimico job, a Horrocks Cocks, a Creasy Whellams, an increase of the public expenditure of more than a hundred per cent in a single year. That will be a sufficient passport for him. It is quite immaterial in the eyes of the Grit leaders, whether there is a single quality besides which may be put to his credit. Take the oath—that is enough.

There was a time when South Ontario could have been caught with chaff. It wants something more substantial now. Even before the electors had had experience of the Grit leaders in Government they selected Mr. Gibbs as their candidate. Could they perpetrate the folly of rejecting him now, when he is a Minister of the Crown, in view of the light which a few years of Governmental experience has thrown upon the character of the Grit chieftains? When Mr. Alexander Mackenzie was Treasurer of Ontario he used his position to re-establish the system of insuring public buildings which Mr. Sandfield Macdonald's Government had abandoned, that he might give the pick of the policies to the Isolated Risk Insurance Company, of which he is the paid President. Mr. Archie McKellar adds to a heap of iniquities the gross one of having moved the Model Farm and College from Mimico, after the land had been purchased and the building commenced, to Guelph, to reward Mr. Peter Gow for consenting to be quietly kicked down stairs; and the grosser one still of appointing two disreputable men, ostensibly as Chief Emigrant Agents in Great Britain, but really that they might hunt up evidence to help clear him of the well-founded accusations which had been charged against him in connection with the Elgin Frauds. And these are but samples of the outrageous acts daily perpetrated by and in the interest of the Ontario Government. Is it to place such men in power at Ottawa that the electors of South Ontario are likely to reject their tried representative, Hon. T. N. Gibbs, and put in his place a man whose sole virtue is that he is an iron-clad oath politician? Not if they know it.

The Grit organ is driven to its wits' end to find reasons to justify Mr. Gibbs' rejection. It is amusing to find it blowing hot and cold with the same breath almost. The other day it was clamouring because Sir John Macdonald—who, of course, was trembling in his boots—would not fill up the vacancies in the Cabinet. As soon as they are filled up, lo! there is a change in the organ's tune. Sir John has hurried up the appointments in order to get through the elections before the Pacific Railway examination commences in July! What would have pleased the organ-in-chief? Let it not worry itself too much about that Pacific examination. It will get its full of it before it is over. We mistake greatly or we shall hear something about Mr. Brown's value in the American arrangement of which he has had so much to say. No doubt he will attempt to deceive the people of South Ontario respecting this matter until the contest is over. The measure of his truthfulness is, however, well known by this time.

There never was a warmer feeling throughout the Riding for Mr. Gibbs than now, and we are glad to know that arrangements for the most complete organization are already being actively made. There are only ten or eleven days in which to fight the battle. We have no doubt Mr. Gibbs' staunch and true friends will see to it that his majority on this occasion will be far larger than it ever was before.

BACKING DOWN.

The other day the *Globe* copied into its columns part of a debate which took place on May 26 in the Imperial House of Commons on the subject of the Washington Treaty. This was followed, the next day, by an editorial on the Alabama Indemnity, in which the Treaty Commissioners were roundly abused because they accepted the date of Lee's surrender as marking the termination of the war, thereby shutting out from compensation British subjects whose losses by the war occurred after that date. In this latest utterance on the subject of the Treaty the *Globe* conspicuously backs down from its former position, and finds its grievance not so much in injustice suffered by Canada as in the wrongs of certain British subjects who are said to have met with losses after Lee's surrender. In a clumsy way the attempt is made to transfer the blame from the Imperial Government to Sir John Macdonald, and the latter is held up to view as if he were almost the only party responsible. With our contemporary a very light touch suffices for Mr. Gladstone's statement concerning the Fenian raid claims and for the stern fact that Sir John was and still is sustained by a majority in the Canadian Parliament; and we fancy that it will be apt to let these points in the case severely alone for the future. The charge used to be that Sir John had betrayed Canadian interests; now, it seems, his offence is that of having been neglectful of the interests of British cotton speculators, who, with an eye to the main chance, had been trying to make money out of the calamities of war. This is backing down with a vengeance. We hope Sir John will feel easier, now that the *Globe* is considerate enough to lighten by so much the burden which he has to carry.

We do not feel called upon particularly to defend the British Commissioners sent direct from London, who, under orders received daily by cable, built up in laborious detail the framework of the Treaty. Sir Stafford Northcote says they found themselves in this remarkable position, that they were at the end of a telegraph wire, reporting home their proceedings at every stage, and receiving instructions which, though themselves possessed of plenipotentiary powers, they felt compelled to obey. As the honourable gentleman remarks, the position was one in which probably no negotiators in a matter of similar importance were ever placed before, and the advantages in facilities of procedure and consultation were decidedly with their antagonists in the diplomatic game. But weightier by far in the scale against them than all this was something else, which Sir Stafford was precluded from mentioning in the House, and which leading English journals scarcely dare hint at, but which was nevertheless all efficient in compelling the settlement actually reached. Mr. Gladstone characterized as a "vulgar error" the idea that England really submitted her case to be judged by *ex post facto* law; the superior authority of the Toronto *Globe* says this is but a legal quibble on the part of the great Premier. If we want to bring out the real truth, unpalatable doubtless, but still the truth, we must brush aside technicalities, and say that England had to a certain extent to forego strict legal rights, because she felt herself to be morally in the wrong, and that it was imperative upon her to make amends in some way or other. We can never properly comprehend what the situation was while the Treaty was being negotiated, till we realize that the Imperial Government had determined at all hazards of concession to the United States to escape from the disagreeable and also dangerous position in which England had been left, through the blunder made in allowing the *Alabama* to escape. And if we want to realize, further, how disagreeable and how dangerous this position was felt to be, a little reflection on the new situation introduced by the crushing of France and the rise of North Germany as a gigantic, aggressive military Power, and on the more recent obtrusion of the great Central Asian question into the foreground of politics, should suffice for this purpose. Let the incapables who condemn the Imperial Government for doing as it did, and who would have us believe that *they* could have done so much better had they been in power, tell us where England would have been to-day, in negotiations with Russia, had the *Alabama* difficulty still remained unsettled. This is what no English statesman, of either Party, can state publicly as the reason for settling with the United States, but statesmen of both parties know it to be the true reason notwithstanding. And now that England is so clearly under the necessity of bringing all her weight to bear in the East, what loyal British subject is there who does not see the gain which she makes by having her hands free of international complications in the West, and who does not rejoice in the guarantee thereby afforded for the vital interests of the Empire as a whole?

Mr. Gladstone's emphatic declaration that England has *not* forfeited or in any way compromised her title to bring forward claims arising out of Fenian raids on Canada is something to be marked and remembered, and we may remember, too, the *Globe's* oft-repeated assertions that these claims were abandoned for good—not by the Imperial Government, that was not the *Globe's* way of putting it, but by Sir John A. Macdonald. The Treaty of Washington, he said, did not surrender and did not include these claims, and they have suffered no prejudice whatever from the proceedings in connection with the Treaty. This, we must say, reads well, after the *Globe's* two years of frantic howling against Sir John for having surrendered them, and we daresay that other revelations of this nature, in connection with the Treaty, and all in Sir John's favour, will yet be made in due time. The recognition, too, by the same high authority, of the fact that on appeal to both Parliament and people here Sir John has been triumphantly sustained, may cause the *Globe's* vehement assertions to the contrary to get no better credence in London than they do here. The two authorities mentioned being directly at issue on a question of fact, we venture to believe that across the water Mr. Gladstone's statement will be the more generally believed of the two. And there is comfort, too, in reflecting that though the *Globe* makes as big a noise here as ever before, its gong-beating doesn't frighten people as it used to do; while the collapse it has suffered in attempting to damage Sir John in connection with the Treaty will assuredly not add to the confidence which its own Party feels in its guidance.

THE SPEAKERSHIP OF THE ASSEMBLY.

If we are to believe sober and impartial historians Lord John Russell has filled several offices of State with dignity and ability. We shall therefore be acquitted of any intentional irony when we give currency to the rumour that Mr. Rupert M. Wells is to be called on to "fill" the Chair of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario. Mr. Wells took a very early opportunity of informing the House and country that he was the political foster-mother of Mr. Edward Blake, as well as the political successor of that gentleman. As the wolf that suckled Romulus became an object of veneration to heathen mythologists, so after the startling announcement of the tender relations that had existed between Mr. Blake and the new member for South Bruce, did our legislators regard with awed respect the vehicle of that nourishment which had reared the body and brain of the first and last President of the Ontario Council. It was on his shaggy breast that the puling infant hung, who as Edward the Great was to burst upon a nation, and to ask the authority on which a Premier of the Dominion dared to make a voyage in a Government gunboat. But to rightly know the creator we must have regard to his creation. "Like produces like." "That "is my creation," says to himself the proud progenitor of some infant precocity. "I bred him," says the delighted farmer, when a visitor expresses approbation of a promising young Durham bull in his stable. "*Hoc fecit* Wells" says the member for South Bruce, pointing with all the conscious yearnings of maternity at the political structure of Edward Blake; and, be it noted, with all the Wykehamite ambiguity of *case*. "I am the she wolf," says he, "that suckled the Lion of Grit "zoology. I got a County Attorneyship "for it; but the work was dirty, "and though Currie despised the "Speakership, it will suit me down "to the ground." And he is about right. A bachelor resident in Toronto, he will find the Speaker's chambers convenient the year round. They are ornamented to his taste by luxurious Grit predecessors. "Little Mrs.——" will look at him from the wall, and when enjoying his ease he may lose himself in a "canoe couch, dam-"ask." It is not till we get to the solemn march from the Speaker's room to the throne, that the conception is too much for our gravity. But from the sublime to the ridiculous is only a short step. Once in the chair we are free to think that his decisions would be the prompt and impartial opinions of a high-principled man, too clear-headed to sink individual honour in Party machinations. Mr. Wells took his seat after his maiden speech the recognised devisee of the Blake mantle. Speaking with professional ease, and making up for any want of presence by the assumption of a slightly grandiloquent style, wrapt ever in the dressing-gown aforesaid, he became the very Rupert of our Local debate. The Wells of South Bruce ran as oily as the wells of Petrolia, if not quite as pure as those older wells of English undefiled. Smart and genial, the member for South Bruce has made friends on both sides of the House. Like his great English prototype, of whom it has been said that at an hour's notice he would perform the operation of lithotomy, or take the command of the Channel fleet, Mr. Wells is blessed with a praiseworthy belief in his own abilities; nor would he be easily deterred from doing what he might conceive to be his duty. So far as respects those social obligations which are rightly thought to devolve on the occupant of the Chair, no member of the House would discharge them with greater hospitality or reflect greater credit on the distinguished assemblage over whom he would be called on to preside, than Mr. Wells. Accepting it as a political necessity that the gentleman selected must be of Ministerial stripe, we think that a more generally satisfactory appointment can scarcely be made. If we throw over Peel, said Charles Buller, at the time of the Catholic excitement at home, "*Mortuo certitudini habebimus Johannulum.*" For an equally dead certainty we shall have R. M. Wells, our Little John, Speaker of the House, if Mr. Mowat neglects the opportunity of letting down his Minister of Agriculture gently into that oblivion which must be his not very distant destiny.

MR. LANGEVIN'S ELECTION.

Mr. Cauchon is in tears. *L'Evenement* will, no doubt, put on mourning. They wouldn't have it—they couldn't bring themselves to believe it—they would rather have died than admit it—and yet it is the fact. On Friday last immediately after the close of the funeral obsequies of the late Sir George Cartier, some fifty representatives from the Province of Quebec assembled in Montreal, and elected Mr. Langevin their leader in the place of the deceased Baronet. *Le Journal de Quebec* devoted a couple of columns to its reply to *The Mail*. *L'Evenement* was even more wordy still. But the fates were against them—the deed is done—the member for Dorchester is now the leader of the Quebec Party of Union and Progress.

Now that the selection is made, the wonder is that any one could have doubted its possibility, or seriously entertained the opinion that there was a second Richmond in the field. A political earthquake would have been necessary to have rehabilitated Mr. Cauchon. Had he been of the Party there would have been some ground for the advocacy of his pretensions. Having chosen to go over into the enemy's camp and shoulder his musket in its interest, he was entirely out of the race. He must look for preferment now from the Rouges and the Parti Nationale. In the Liberal Conservative ranks there was no one to contest the position with Mr. Langevin, and no one certainly as well entitled to it as he. His unanimous election by so many representatives is a high tribute to his worth as a statesman, and the most effective reply to the sneer of his opponents that he is not popular in his own Province.

There is no truth more clearly demonstrated by experience than that the opportunity tries the man. Were we to-day to compare Mr. Langevin with Sir George Cartier we might find in the latter useful qualities not so largely developed in the former; while, at the same time, it might be shown that Mr. Langevin has evinced some qualities to a higher degree than his predecessor. It is not often given to the subaltern to prove what he could do if placed in charge of a company. The restraints of leadership are not unfrequently depressing. We do not mean to say that Mr. Langevin has not given abundant evidence of the possession of great abilities; we simply recall the fact that he has heretofore held a subordinate position in Quebec, and that experience may prove that in those qualities in which he is supposed not to be the equal of his predecessor he is not in the least lacking.

We congratulate the member for Dorchester upon his elevation, and the country that one of his large practical habits and extensive knowledge will in future have no small share in its government. A harder working man than he there is not in the Cabinet, and that is saying a very great deal for his powers of application and capacity for work. His knowledge of Dominion affairs is of a most extended kind. He visited British Columbia personally in order that he might become acquainted with its resources. Having under his charge thousands of public works of various kinds, from Cape Breton to Vancouver, he is fully cognizant of the work in progress on each of them. In the House he is an excellent speaker. We have no doubt he will amply justify his selection as chief of the Quebec section of the Party, and give far more trouble to his noisy opponents than they are prepared to admit.

"'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY."

The contest soon to begin in South Ontario naturally calls to mind the ever memorable engagement between Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Brown in 1867. That *was* a battle. For exactly forty days the *Globe*, day by day, reported the progress of the fight, and certainly there was funny reading among its bulletins. The following is a panorama of the seat of war and of the exploits of the contending armies, as taken from our contemporary's columns:—

July 19th—Mr. Brown determines to encounter Mr. Gibbs. War is declared in the following terms:—

"Many counties more easy to be carried might have been found for one so well known as Mr. Brown; but he has chosen South Ontario because it is exceedingly undesirable that so good a Reform constituency should be held any longer by a plausible Tory like Mr. Gibbs."

Mr. Brown selects Toronto as his base of operations, concentrates himself at Whitby station on the night of the 21st of July and orders an immediate advance upon the Township of Pickering. He is confident of victory and already begins to prepare the Triumph:—

"We are confident that we shall be able when the polling day comes to write a good, large title above the returns, 'South Ontario Redeemed.'"

Forced marching from the 22nd to the 23rd. Great rejoicing in *Globe* office. Trusty scribe despatched to report operations. First bulletin:—

"THE FIRST SHOT—GLORIOUS MEETING AT DUMBARTON."

On the 24th Mr. Brown advances his whole line to Brougham. Second bulletin on the 25th:

"HORROR AND DISGUST OF THE CONSERVATIVES OF PICKERING."

On the 26th Mr. Brown leaves Mr. Abram Farewell with one *corps d'armee* at Brougham, despatches Mr. Farewell, jun., to back concessions, and appears himself that night at Brooklin. Terrible engagement:—

"Mr. Brown commenced his address shortly after half-past seven o'clock and spoke for nearly five hours."

War Office issues this bulletin to populace on 27th:—

"Mr. Brown's friends are every day increasing. Party lines are now fairly drawn, and the success of the Reform cause is all but certain in South Ontario."

About this time Mr. Brown in order to appease the peasantry, buys up all sheep, oxen, rams, pigs and chickens on line of march. Bank of Montreal bills very plentiful, fabulous prices given, peasantry happy, especially when Mr. Brown's commissary forget to call for purchases. Another bulletin:—

"Meeting at Columbus—Mr. Gibbs' Stronghold Carried—Majority Two to One for Mr. Brown—Another Glorious Triumph."

Continuous rise in farm stock, especially poultry; Mr. Brown's agents working liberally. Ten days spent among the sheepfolds and the chickens, during which, of course, no bulletins appear. On the 12th August, commissariat was so well supplied that victory no longer doubtful:

"The election of Mr. Brown and Dr. Magill as members for the Riding is beyond doubt."

Country swept of live stock. On the 17th of August, Mr. Brown's reporter sends as follows:—

"Let me add that Mr. Brown's election is quite safe. The Gibbs people may blow and bet as much as they please, but for the final result the Irish of it is 'na bockish.'"

Observe horrible attempt in above to capture Irish vote. Nomination Day, August 19th, August 26th, polling commences. Moral certainty:—

"The contest will be a severe one; but there is no reason to doubt that the Reform Party will gain a complete and glorious victory."

Mr. Brown's right and left wings clipped by Hon. William Macdougall in Whitby drill-shed, but drain on chickens continues unabated under supervision of Mr. Farewell. On 27th August *Globe* issues following bulletin:—

"MR. BROWN AHEAD—VICTORY BEYOND DOUBT."

Toronto Grits read above, and run into cellars for tar barrels. Music all ready. Grand reception to be given to Mr. Brown at Union Station. Bands practising "See the Conquering Hero comes" rear of *Globe* office all day. But following telegram received at six o'clock on night of 27th necessitates change of programme to Dead March in *Saul*:—

"MR. GIBBS ELECTED BY 66."

August 28th—Fearful rout. Hasty retreat along the whole line to Bow Park. Bank book presents sickening appearance. Grit demoralisation. Following attempt made to stop panic:—

"Mr. Brown entered the field at such a late hour, that we never seriously anticipated victory."

Useless. *Sauve qui peut.* Red Fire!

NOVA SCOTIA IN THE CABINET.

It is quite sufficient to secure any man's condemnation in the Grit organ that he has either accepted office in Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet or in any way given a helping hand to the First Minister. Some days since it opened the flood-gates of its wrath upon Mr. Stewart Campbell, the member for Guysboro', upon the assumption that Mr. Campbell was to take the late Mr. Howe's place in the Government, and every day almost it has had the stream turned upon him. That would certainly be a great and unpardonable crime on the part of Mr. Campbell. Let not the organ be deceived, however; we are very unwilling to see it using red-hot shot so ineffectually. Mr. Campbell is not going into the Cabinet! For the *Globe's* comfort we beg to inform it that the vacant seat in the Nova Scotia section has been offered to Mr. Hugh McDonald, member for Antigonish, who will probably be sworn in shortly. The organ may now direct its batteries with more exactness.

Mr. Hugh McDonald was born in 1826 in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, the county he now represents in Parliament. He was called to the bar in 1855. In the year 1862 he was offered, but declined, the Solicitor-Generalship in the Nova Scotia Government. In the anti-Union movement of 1866 he was a follower of Messrs. Howe and Annand, the acknowledged Liberal leaders of the day, and went with them to England as a delegate in opposition to Confederation. Unable to obtain what, at the time, he believed to be best for his Province, he accepted the "Better Terms" agreed to by Messrs. Howe and McLellan, and was returned to the House last year as a supporter of the Government, and fully convinced that Confederation was a much better thing that he had previously held it to be. Always a Liberal in the politics of his own country, he, in this respect, aptly fills the vacancy created by the removal of Mr. Howe. He is an able member, and will be a considerable source of strength to the Government.

A CANADIAN CABLE.

At the present juncture, when new Atlantic Cable Companies are being formed, and when, at least, one of the cables is likely to pass into the hands of the Newfoundland Government, it will not be amiss for those in authority to consider the pressing necessity for a purely Canadian line. The leading journals of Ontario have repeatedly discussed the question, and at one time an effort was made at Ottawa to carry out the project, which seems to have fallen into abeyance. It is hardly necessary to point out the at all times stupid and often grossly unfair manner in which British news is dished up to Canadian readers by the cable. Not long ago we were gravely informed that "the Martello fortress" at Trabolgan had been gutted by a band of armed Sicilian bandits, and so forth. It turned out that one of the Martello towers at Trabolgan, just outside of Cork harbour, had been entered by a Cork burglar, who was arrested before he had had a chance of breaking the eighth commandment. The other day a fearful conflagration at the Sultan's Palace, at Alexandria, Egypt, turned out to be a fire at the Alexandra Palace, near London; while the cable announcement that M. Costello had been expelled from the Chamber of Deputies was toned down on the arrival of the English mail to the fact that Mr. Michael Costello, Pawnbroker, would not be allowed to contest a civic election in Limerick. The innumerable mistakes of which the above are specimens, are the result of woeful ignorance of British affairs and general geography on the part of the London agent of the cable. But when the said gentleman deliberately resorts to the fabrication of those choice *morceaux* which the American Anglophobist delights to guzzle, sympathy for his benightedness gives place to disgust at his dishonesty. His last effort to please the New York *Herald* and its kidney is a vile assault on the Prince of Wales, the details of which, he says, have been suppressed by the London journals. His great ambition appears to be the forwarding of such club or street gossip as can be construed to the defamation of the public men of England to the exclusion of legitimate and important news.

There is no doubt that a Canadian cable would succeed if protected from monopoly and regulated by a moderate tariff; and now is the time to take the matter in hand.

A REMARKABLE CONFESSION.

"The marvellous development of railway enterprise in Ontario is one of the fruits of the new system of Government aid, upon which we entered now close upon six years ago."—*Globe*.

Wonderful! most wonderful! There has been a "marvellous development of "railway enterprise," says our contemporary. No doubt of it. To what is it traceable? Why "to the new system of "Government aid upon which we entered "now nearly six years ago." Not quite so long, but a slight mistake as to time is not material. The point is this—A measure which was opposed tooth and nail by the Grits when they were in opposition to the Sandfield Macdonald Government; upon an unfair representation of which in the older constituencies they wrested several seats from the Ministry, is now frankly admitted to have been a wise piece of statesmanship. If Mr. Sandfield Macdonald had lived until to-day he would have had his revenge upon his small-souled opponents.

And so it goes. The same remarkable politicians opposed the Nova Scotia Subsidy; and then offered "Better Terms" still themselves. They opposed the admission of British Columbia; and then averred that they had done nothing of the kind. They clamoured for a Pacific Railway; and when the Government made the first move in the direction desired by them, they "turn'd about and wheel'd "about and jump'd Jim Crow," and would have none of it. They declared that to build the Intercolonial Railway by a Commission, instead of through the Public Works Department, was an outrage; and for a year back they have been clamouring to have the Pacific Railway built by commission. They shouted themselves hoarse for canal enlargement; and when the Government felt themselves able to take up the subject practically they declared it had thrown away the only lever by which Reciprocity could be secured. They were so horrified with the idea of a billiard-room being attached to Government House that they hawked photographs of this piece of Governmental extravagance throughout the northern constituencies; and they increased the annual expenditure of the Province nearly two millions of dollars. They were eloquent in the Finance Committee room over an expenditure of seventy-five cents on a poker; and they could see nothing wrong in Mr. McKellar stretching his limbs upon "canoe couches damask," paid for by the country, and enjoying his *dolce far niente* in the presence of "Little "Mrs. ——," also paid for by the Treasury.

We might extend the list indefinitely. Mr. Alexander Mackenzie once said in Parliament that he would be of no use there unless to make objection. Like master like man. The Grits oppose every Government proposal at the moment; but when its advantages become apparent they endeavour to shift their ground or claim that they are after all the only real benefactors of the people. It will be a happy day for Canada when the system of personal abuse inaugurated by the *Globe* and so persistently adhered to by that journal, gives way to a juster estimate of our public men and of their services to the country. We are quite free to admit that the tone of political discussion in Canada is infinitely lower than it ought to be—than there is any necessity for its being—but where is the hope of its elevation so long as the chief organ of one Party will persist in debasing itself to the lowest partizan uses?

FARM LABOUR TROUBLES IN ENGLAND.

It is now about a year since the newspaper-reading world was startled with the news that the farm labourers of England, a race supposed to be dead to what in our time are called "movements," had actually entered upon a "movement" themselves, with the object of getting better wages for their work. Combinations among this class for any object had been unknown before, except perhaps for the purpose of burning stackyards as a protest against the introduction of farm machinery. To all the agitation which has been going on among the artisan classes these three generations past they were apparently as indifferent as if living on another planet, for the reason chiefly that their heads were all but impenetrable to new ideas of any kind. Even Hodge, however, is having his awakening at last, and we judge that his slowness in making a move at all will be matched by his persistency in sticking to it now he has been aroused. All that narrowness of view and doggedness of temper which have fenced him off from sympathy with the various movements of the artisan classes will simply intensify so much the more his determination to keep on in the path upon which he has entered, and will render him the more difficult to deal with. It is unfortunate that just at this time, when soft words and fair play are specially desirable as a means of keeping his sympathies where they have so long rested, occurrences should take place fitted to exasperate him, and render him less amenable to reason than ever before. Yet this is what has happened, and a harsh, injudicious sentence imposed by two magistrates, both clergymen, is likely to do an untold amount of mischief. An English paper thus tells the story. A farmer whose lands lie in Ascot parish (Oxfordshire) and several of his neighbours were engaged in a struggle with the Labourers' Union. The men asked higher pay, and the farmers, refusing their demands, locked them out. The farmers then cast about for hands, and a Mr. Hambridge secured two men, whom he directed to hoe a field of beans. This proceeding so much excited the ire of the women in the village, that seventeen of them turned out; some, armed with sticks, held the gate leading to the field, and used their tongues with such vigour as to strike terror into the souls of the two would-be bean-hoers. The latter beat a retreat, but the farmers came to the rescue, had the feminine insurgents arrested, and charged them with the grave offence of putting the two male labourers in bodily fear so great as to prevent them from performing their work. The case came before two reverend gentlemen sitting at petty sessions, in Chipping Norton, and conviction, of course, followed. Sixteen of the viragos were sent to prison, seven for ten, and the rest for seven days. Of course it is only right that the "majesty of the "law" should be vindicated, but it is a pitiable sight, that of sixteen poor women, some of them with children in their arms, hustled off to prison for an offence which probably they do not even now comprehend. Would it not have been better, too, for the two "Chris-"tian pastors" to have devoted their energies to a peaceful settlement of the dispute rather than have visited with a sentence so severe the silly conduct of sixteen ignorant and half-starving women? The affair, however, did not end with the proceedings in court. After the women had been removed, a request was made that their husbands should have interviews with them. This was acceded to on the men promising to leave the town in an orderly manner; but, instead of adhering to their promise, they proceeded to Ascot in an excited state, were joined by a complement of "Union" men, and the combined party returned to Chipping Norton in the evening, apparently for the purpose of rescuing the women from the custody of the police on their being conveyed to Oxford by train. In this design, however, they were frustrated, the prisoners being sent away at midnight, when the crowd had dispersed. The disturbance, however, had been of a serious character, stones were hurled at the windows of the police station, several persons receiving injuries. On this a London paper, the *Observer*, remarks that while by the letter of the law the legality of the sentence is beyond all dispute, it is still a sentence which no London magistrate would ever have passed. Hard labour, it appears, was added to imprisonment in the sentence. The *Times* says, the conduct of the magistrates was deplorable, and, while protesting against the inference that therefore all clerical magistrates must be struck from the commission, admits that the effect of the affair will be to strengthen greatly the hands of those who demand this change. The *Morning Advertiser* says that the unwisdom of such a course, at a moment when wise and conciliatory action on the part of clergy, land owners and farmers is more than ever necessary, is obvious. The Manchester *Examiner* says the country cannot afford that the outrages upon law, and still more flagrantly upon justice, which the unpaid magistracy commit in game cases should be extended to trades' union cases, but does not see how such outrages can be prevented, otherwise than by relieving obnoxious magistrates from judicial duties, and recommends that a beginning be made by eliminating from the Commission of the Peace those clerical magistrates who are notoriously the worst offenders. Some of the women were released before completing their term of imprisonment, perhaps in consequence of orders from London, but meantime this story of magisterial tyranny has gone abroad throughout the land, and is doing much to intensify ill feeling on both sides.

'ROCKS COCKS.

Mr. J. Humphreys, one of Horrocks Cocks' emigrants, has lately arrived in Canada, and brings with him an amusing collection of letters and circulars as forwarded to him by this standing blot upon honour—old Horrocks Cocks. It appears that Horrocks was in the habit of enclosing an article from the *Home News*—wherever that delectable sheet is published—to all with whom he corresponded. The Alpha and Omega of the entire article was Cocks. It commenced, continued and ended with Cocks. No man so just as Cocks. No man so pure and upright as Cocks. Cocks was popular—Cocks was revered. He stood the personification of patriotism, ready to fill the gap and to serve his country without reward—save the happy value of a satisfied conscience! Noble Cocks—more noble McKellar who appointed him. Here are some choice selections from the article—evidently written by the ubiquitous Cocks, who blushingly forwards them to intending emigrants:—

No. I.—(In which McKellar is congratulated by the *Home News* for securing the great Cocks!).

("Home News" (?) Toronto, Dec. 7th, 1872.)

"We congratulate the Hon. Mr. McKellar on the judiciousness of his selection and his good fortune in securing the *reverend gentleman's valuable services.*"

No. II. (In which Cocks is eulogised.)

"Mr. Horrocks Cocks is eminently qualified for the important post he is undertaking. His long experience in the work of emigration, his well-earned fame in England for sound practical views of social and industrial questions, his unblemished character, and his high reputation for kind consideration and care of the hundreds of emigrants that have already settled in the Dominion under his influence, are sure to render him an acceptable and welcome missionary to the English people."

"Well-earned fame" indeed! "Unblemished character!" "Welcome missionary." We might add—Paragon of Perfection!

No. III. (In which the *Home News* "sunbursts!")

"Our ideal of an emigrant commissioner is one who, whilst holding the confidence of the English people, and possessing a thorough knowledge of their habits and manners, and a good topographical acquaintance with the towns and counties of the United Kingdom, entertains a practical view of life as it is in Canada. *Such a one is Mr. Horrocks Cocks!!!!*"

Mark that, Archibald McKellar! You have now dismissed one of the most enlightened emigration commissioners on your staff and destroyed the ideal creations of the largely circulated *Home News! There* is something to answer for! Guffawing cannot save you now!

No. IV. (In which Cocks is painted as a good Samaritan.)

"It has been our peculiar pleasure to witness the results of his efforts in this direction. We have personally seen the scores of settlers in this country who flocked to him for advice, encouragement and assistance, and we are convinced that few went away empty. Therefore he brings to bear the influence of all his proteges upon their relations and friends in England—no mean power in itself."

Just imagine Horrocks shelling out the shillings which he had robbed the Ontario Treasury of! Not for Cocks, thank you!

No. V. (In which Horrocks promises to be the salvation of emigrants and a power in emigration matters.)

"Thus we see that a new Commissioner to England has to face the entire failure of personal philanthropic assistance, the obstacle of antagonistic governmental influence, the disagreeableness of advocating an unpopular measure, and the hostile opposition of employers of labour. Very necessary is it then that he should have a *carte blanche* of action on so delicate an errand."

Poor Cocks! how he must have drooped his head and slunk from sight. Almost despairing as he contemplated the Canada gold in his purse and the Herculean effort necessary to expend the precious metal! That *carte blanche* alone made the work before him a luxury!

No. VI.—(Cocks not a visionary—Cocks to be welcomed by his old friends.)

"That the new plan will work well under the Reverend Horrocks Cocks' control, we are confident. He knows what labourers are wanted in Canada, and the right class of men and women to send out. He is not one to encourage visionary hopes not to be fulfilled; and above all, he can give the intending emigrant practical and detailed particulars of the real life of the Canadian settler. His old friends in England will, we are assured, hail his appointment with considerable gratification, and will lend him a helping hand to carry out his schemes that would be coldly refused to a less popular person."

The drunken loafer about Ottawa might tell what sort of labourers he would prefer; the practical scoundrel might know just the amount of money to be secured from the coffers of the Ontario Treasury, and how far the hero of the Elgin Frauds might be prepared to abet the transaction; and the friends of a miserable old humbug like Cocks—comprising the scum of London Society—would doubtless welcome him back; but the black career of a rascal has now been brought to an end.

It has only cost Ontario some thousands to shut the mouth of Horrocks Cocks, to whitewash Archibald McKellar, and to silence, for a time, the Elgin Fraud transactions!

TAKING HIS OWN COURSE.

There is nothing more annoying to the Ontario Grits than Sir John Macdonald's imperturbability. It is terribly galling to them that he does things in his own way and after his own fashion. When he returned from his labours at Washington in connection with the Treaty which bears the name of the American capital, they howled at the very top of their voices about the gross injustice which had been done to Canada. Sir John was painted in the colours of a Benedict Arnold. Day after day the people of the Dominion were assured that he had sold the country; and it was added, with as much boldness as though the observation were based upon truth, that when the "surrender" had been consummated the First Minister would betake himself to England, there to receive, and there to enjoy for the remainder of his days, the reward which Mr. Gladstone was to give him for selling the Dominion cheap. Having made all the excitement they could in the community they called upon Sir John Macdonald to appear in public and justify his conduct. They demanded of him that he should instantaneously reply to their baseless accusations. He did nothing of the sort. For several months, all the time in earnest correspondence with the Imperial Government, the purport of which he could not speak of, he sat quiet under their unmeasured attacks. Not once, however slightly, did he deign to reply to their foul assaults, fully assured that when the proper time arrived he would, in the language of John Stuart Mill, prove their boisterous accusations to be "mere words and bavardage." It is not every man who could be so patient and self-possessed; even though strengthened by the consciousness that he had done, and was still doing, everything that lay in his power to benefit the country. If ever a public man might have felt inclined to yield to popular clamour, it was then. The subject was one of vast importance; the calumnies and misrepresentations were of a proportionate magnitude. But Sir John spoke not until Parliament had met, and the question came up in order. How ample was his vindication is now matter of history. He was well repaid for his silence. Following out the promptings of his own mind, and uninfluenced by a noisy declamation which defeated its own purpose, his triumph was complete when, in even more important respects than his own personal justification, it was desirable that he should triumph. Annoying to the Grits as his imperturbability was at the time, they would probably now admit that he was right and well understood what he was about.

There are many other circumstances in the political history of the country since the day when Mr. George Brown and the present First Minister first began to measure swords with each other, which amply illustrate the latter's determination to do his thinking for himself, and to act without reference to what the noisiest Grit may say or do. He has long since laid the great Onontio in the dust; none of whose successors has yet achieved such an extent of victory as would entitle him and his colleagues to draw two days' pay from the Treasury of the Dominion. They can growl, however, and snarl, and complain. At present they are somewhat exercised over the incomplete character of the Cabinet. It seems a little strange that the complaint should come from those who have insisted that there is no necessity for so many as thirteen Ministers. It does not fairly rest with them to grumble if three places in the Cabinet should remain unfilled during the entire recess. But it is quite natural for them to be inconsistent. The unreasonableness of the complaint will be at once apparent. Mr. Howe retired from the Government only a short time before the session closed; Sir George Cartier's death has been so recent that his funeral this side the water only takes place to-day; and the important post of Finance Minister, vacated by Sir Francis Hincks' resignation, having been filled up at once, there was no immediate necessity, particularly at the commencement of a session, for appointing a Minister to the vacant place, and no good reason why an election should have been brought on at one a time. All the vacant seats in the Cabinet will be more properly filled at the same time. Before Parliament was adjourned, the First Minister stated that the Cabinet would be completed when the Houses met again on the 13th August. That promise he will keep. And until he sees fit to invite gentlemen to take the vacant places, the Grit prints may indulge as much as they please in growls and objurgations; they will have no more effect upon Sir John Macdonald than had the Pope's bull against the comet.

THE CABINET.

Mr. T. N. Gibbs was, on Saturday last, at Quebec, sworn in a member of the Privy Council. A better or more popular appointment to a Cabinet seat for Ontario could not possibly have been made. As regards wealth and close connection with business interests, Mr. Gibbs is one of the solid men of the country. In Parliament his weight has been felt and recognized. He was one of the foremost opponents of Mr. Rose's banking bill, and took upon himself a large share of the opposition to it which finally led to its withdrawal. In the session of 1872 his amendments to Sir Francis Hincks' Dominion Note amendment bill were insisted upon with such persistency and ability that the Finance Minister of the day was compelled to accept them. He has always been one of the foremost advocates in Parliament of incidental protection to manufactures; and there is no question, particularly in matters of trade and finance, on which he ever addressed the House that he has not been listened to with peculiar attention. He has been a faithful Party man; but at the same time he has been able, by that rational independence which no superior man can ever wholly sacrifice, to exercise an influence in shaping some Government measures in a way which made them more acceptable and satisfactory than when first introduced.

Mr. Gibbs is now in the prime of life, fifty-two years of age, and capable of going through any amount of hard work. He was first elected to Parliament in 1865. In 1867, so great was believed to be the necessity of defeating him by his opponents, that they brought out against him no less a personage than Mr. George Brown himself. The struggle was a hard one, but Mr. Gibbs won the day, in a constituency which was at one time looked upon as a very hot-bed of Gritism. Last year they ran a prominent local man against him, and *he too* was defeated. For months past the Grits have been alleging that Sir John Macdonald would not dare to appoint Mr. Gibbs to a Cabinet office, and that Mr. Gibbs, if offered the appointment, would not dare to accept it, as he was afraid to go back to South Ontario. Mr. Brown has never been able to see that his defeat in 1867 was not caused by an accident which would be reversed on a second trial; and though Mr. Gibbs has been re-elected since, Mr. Brown still deludes himself with the belief that the constituency must pass into the possession of the Grits. Both the first minister and Mr. Gibbs show themselves ready to throw down the gauntlet to the Onontio. Will he take it up?

SIX GREAT DISTINGUISHING PRINCIPLES.

The Grit sheets are now at work on the difficult task of defining the principles of their Party. One of them has hammered out the following programme:—

1. "We are the only true friends of economy."

As exemplified by the increase of 70 per cent. in the expenditure of Ontario; by the ruthless waste in the Crown Lands management; by the useless extravagance in last year's emigration business; by the vastly increased cost of every branch of the public service, and by the general recklessness of that Cabinet on the shield of whose mainstay there should be written—"Why, dear me, it's only "163 townships."

2. "That we have the intelligence of the country with us is evidenced by the fact that even in the Local Legislature every Reform member is a man of talent and a forcible, logical speaker."

There are different varieties of talent. For instance, Mr. Thomas Paxton has talent enough to draw $42,000 from the Treasury, to which he is not entitled. Mr. Farewell's talent lies in self-stultification and in forcing the Government to advance exotically the fortunes of his son. Mr. McKellar's peculiar talent fills so many bushels that it is impossible to gauge it. Mr. Thomas Hodgins is a tower of strength to brothers-in-law. Mr. Adam Oliver's ability consists of mineral-land-hunger, in fact that the average may be summed up briefly—grab. As to forcible and logical speaking, no human ear ever detected it in the utterances of Mr. John Clemens, of Waterloo, Mr. William Robinson, Mr. Finlayson, Mr. Snetzinger and five-sixths of the Party. But the country would be willing to pardon the absence of force and logic in debate, if there were only honesty in the votes.

3. "The Reform Party has always been distinguished for its magnanimity."

Whew! The brutal course of the Party from the day of Sir George Cartier's death to the hour of his funeral is sufficiently indicative of its bigotry and narrow-mindedness. This is the first time, we believe, that Mr. George Brown and his followers were ever characterized as great-souled, except on the recent occasion when he looked forward with joy and hope to the final end of Sir John Macdonald.

4. "The Reform Party has of late been the only true champion of the rights of the Catholic minority in Ontario."

We do not know what our brother means by the word "champion." Did he ever read the *Globe* on or about the years 1853-60, or dive into the records of Parliament in the era of Separate School discussion? Has he not heard how poor John McKeown was planted, like Uriah, where hottest was the fire? How John O'Donohoe was abandoned by leading "Reformers" in East Toronto? How Hugh McMahon was only set up to be knocked down by 300 votes? How Messrs. O'Connor, O'Reilly, Dormer and Hawkins were opposed tooth and nail? And how no Catholic receives the "Reform" nomination in a constituency where success is even probable, or the appointment to a position which is at all profitable?

5. "The Reform Party is the Party of great ideas."

This is a somewhat knotty "plank." The paramount idea of the Party since Confederation has been Office, but the fates and the popular voice have happily prevented the ideal from becoming the real. If our brother had said that his is the Party of "great moral" victories, or of "great moral" pic-nics, or of "great "moral" prophecies, or of "great moral" fiddlesticks, his definition would have been nearer the point.

6.—"The Reform Party is the very symbol of unity; the Tories think that some of its leaders are about to desert to them, but that is impossible."

There is nothing impossible especially in politics. Even Mr. Brown himself once thought it an honour to place his feet under the "Tory" Council table, and they would probably have been there yet had he been allowed to monopolize all the chairs, all the authority, all the prerogative, and all the power. Then we have the wholesale desertion of the "Reform" Party to Mr. R. W. Scott, and its surrender to the terms of the Catholic League, besides its abnegation and abrogation of all the principles and political doctrines it ever professed. The words "Tory" and "Reform" have lost their significance here. The "Ins" form one Party, the "Outs" the other, and it would puzzle old Kaspar, of Blenheim fame, to know what they are quarrelling about, if it is not office. There are no lines of demarcation, no political features special to one side, nothing in the shape of a platform which is not common to both—the only question before the country is as to which is the better qualified by experience, ability and honesty to administer the affairs of the Dominion, and we believe that the right men are in the right place at Ottawa.

By a trip to the Maritime Provinces, including the most lately added of the three, His Excellency Lord Dufferin intends making himself personally acquainted with their people and their resources. The Governor-General's visit, we have no doubt, will be alike agreeable to himself and to Her Majesty's subjects in the Provinces by the sea. He has a happy way of ingratiating himself in the good opinion of those with whom he is brought in contact; and his large experience, love of travel, high culture, and affability of manner, can never fail to make his visit to any new part of the country pleasant for its people. We are quite satisfied that His Excellency's visit will be much enjoyed by himself, and by the Countess of Dufferin, should she decide to add her presence to make it more agreeable to our friends below; and we are quite sure that pleasant recollections of the event will long linger about the memories of those who join in the general welcome to a Governor-General who has already so much endeared himself to the people of Canada.

FRANCE.

The latest news from France points to a determined struggle in the Chamber and before the country, between Imperialists and Republicans. While President MacMahon is rapidly putting out of office the few Republicans now in, and filling their places with Imperialists, Thiers and Gambetta are drawing closer together, and the definite formation of an alliance between the two leads us to expect that henceforward the Republican policy will be one of cautious, steady, and most likely skilfully-conducted Parliamentary Opposition as much after the English model as is possible in France. The contest is one between the greater portion of the public Parliamentary ability of the nation, on one hand, and a Napoleonic bureaucracy on the other. It is chiefly from the vast bureaucracy of France, ramified throughout all its extent, and which from the long continuance of the Second Empire is almost wholly Napoleonist, that the present Government derives what strength it has, besides what the command of the army gives it. With only seventeen members in the Assembly, the Imperialists now rule the country. The Legitimists, as well as the Orleanists, may suspect by this time that they have been fools to expel Thiers for the sake of re-establishing the Empire, if this can be done at all.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

In the critical vote of the 24th ult., the Conservative Party in France gained a victory, that much seems clear; but the question of what precisely this Conservative Party is that has triumphed for the time being, has still to be answered. As far as yet developed, the victory of the Right means the coming to the front of Legitimists and Bonapartists, while the Orleanists become conspicuous chiefly through their retirement to the back ground. The latter gave their votes to displace Thiers from his high office, but, instead of gaining, they have visibly lost by the change. As the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* puts it, in contributing to a triumph, they have suffered a reverse, which is for them rather an unsatisfactory conclusion. Had the Orleanists been really strong in the country, or had the belief prevailed that they were, they might have had little difficulty, under the circumstances, in putting the Duke D'Aumale in the position vacated by M. Thiers. But the Orleans Princes themselves appear to have felt that they had but little popular strength in the country, and this, it is said, is the reason why they did not dare to put it to the test. A cold, cautious Pretender to a throne may make for himself the reputation of respectability, but he is not fitted to excite in a whole people that enthusiasm of loyalty which makes men willing to die for the sake of the "true Prince." But, while it is clear as daylight that the Orleanists have lost the game, it still remains to be seen whether it is the Legitimists or the Imperialists that have won it, or whether, indeed, either of these two are likely to win it in the long run. The Imperialists, though weighted with the disgrace of Sedan and other heavy burdens of unpopularity, have yet in their favour the important circumstance that nearly the whole numerous army of inferior officials throughout the country—corresponding to what are called political "workers" in the United States—are of their Party. This Party, be it remembered, was in power for about twenty years, and the Thiers Republic did not last long enough to create a new school of public servants. If we look upon President MacMahon as being more the Chief Executive officer than the political director of the new Government, it still remains true that, as the authority above quoted intimates, the De Broglie Cabinet chafes at every step under Imperialist pressure from below, if not so obviously from above. And therefore, instead of the bold, positive policy which many on the side of the Right in the Chamber were led to expect, a policy chiefly of negation is pursued. Whether this negative policy be one of "masterly inac-"tivity" is not so certain, however. But if the policy pursued be negative in one way, it is in another way a very positive one indeed, for meantime the filling of offices with men devoted to the Empire is going on with alarming rapidity, as in fact MacMahon was candid enough to intimate would be the case. The profound confusion of Legitimists and Imperialists is, of course, impossible, and already the former are giving indications of the uneasiness with which they witness the advantages gained by the latter. The present temporary alliance between the two is wholly immoral and insincere on the part of both, and only under the strong pressure of the Republican Opposition are they kept together. At some future day, probably not far distant, one or other of them will make advances to the Opposition to join them in ousting the other, and then France will have again a new and remarkable political situation.

THE FUNERAL OF SIR GEORGE CARTIER.

The efforts of the *Globe* to carry partisan warfare into the ranks of the funeral procession of one of its political opponents were unavailing. There were some, it is true, who agreed with Mr. Brown that no respect should be shown to the long public career and memory of the deceased, because in life he was not a Grit—but they were of that atrabilious order which, says Sir Boyle Roche, has hardly heart enough to be present at its own burial. Hon. Messrs. St. Just and Dorion dropped the politician for the man, and testified by their presence to his worth and their own magnanimity. The Parti Nationale and that section of the Church which had opposed Sir George politically, were equally generous. The Quebec Opposition acted chivalrously and as became men of honour—it was left for the sore-heads of Western Ontario to stand aloof and attempt to create confusion around the grave of a true patriot.

Now, which was the better course? Mr. Brown lost favour by his conduct; Mr. Dorion gained universal respect. Quebec was willing that there should be a fair combat in the political arena between the "plucky little Frenchman" and the big Scotchman who fights under cover of his newspaper—but Quebec thought that in common decency the conflict should have stopped with the death of one of the combatants; scalping is out of the code.

RESIGNATION OF CANON RAMSAY.

We have learned with a great deal of pleasure that the Rev. Canon Ramsay has acted on the kind, paternal advice of the Bishop of the Diocese, and has tendered his resignation of his charge at Newmarket, to take effect on the First of July.

A Grit organ, vexed at the generous conduct of Hon. Messrs. Dorion and St. Just, comes to the rescue of the Party in this way:—

"To endeavour to make political capital out of the death of Sir George E. Cartier is the meanest thing that Sir John A. Macdonald, in his long political career, ever did. It must not be overlooked that Sir John has owed his extended term of official life solely to the deceased statesman's influence over the people of Lower Canada; and in the attempt to manufacture political capital out of the death of his deceased friend, there is something that shocks the heart of humanity."

Sublimer impudence than this was never heard of. Sir John Macdonald simply paid the last tribute one man can pay another, with grief and reverence and amid the sympathy of all. It was Mr. Brown who thought that he could win the approval of the Quebec Opposition by wielding the tomahawk over the remains of its chief opponent, but Messrs. Dorion and St. Just would not be parties to the savagery at which French chivalry revolted. Of all the attempts to excuse Grit uncharitableness, this last is the most grandly villainous.

Mr. Cauchon is angry at us because we ventured to point out the uncertain character of Mr. Cauchon as a politician. We are not surprised at this. The truth is not always pleasant; very often most unpleasant. We have drawn from Mr. Cauchon more than a growl, however; we have elicited a confession, and it is this—Mr. Cauchon does not claim the title of Lower Canadian chief. Very well, then. We hope the member for Quebec Centre will recognize the fact fully, and bear himself in future with all the humility which becomes a follower. We are quite willing to accept Mr. Cauchon's statement as against himself, but we are not prepared to admit, because Mr. Cauchon says so, that Mr. Langevin is not the fitting and accepted leader of the Union Party of Quebec. There is not a journal in that Province entitled to speak in the name of that Party which repudiates Mr. Langevin's leadership. *Le Journal de Quebec*, being the echo of one who has deserted his Party, who has broken loose from his allegiance, has no recognized voice in the matter. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"

CANADA'S CREDIT ABROAD.

We commend to the few Grits who still believe with the Grit newspaper organ-in-chief, that the country is going headlong to the dogs, the following suggestive paragraph from the money article of the London *Daily News* of May 8th:—

"It may be pointed out as an instance of the different appreciation of Government stocks among quiet investors, that while Canada five per cents. are quoted at 107, or 7 premium, the American Government five per cents. are at 2 to 1½ discount. The credit of Canada, judged by a stock exchange test, would thus appear to be better than that of the United States, although it is difficult to imagine a better security than the bonds of the latter Government. The Canadians are entitled to some credit for attaining and keeping the position they have, in spite of the competition to which they are exposed by a borrower like the United States."

THE STOKES CASE.

The New York *Times* thus summarizes the grounds upon which the Court of Appeals has ordered a new trial in this case, and as to which all the Judges were agreed:—

"The principal grounds of the decision are two in number. One relates to the ruling of the court below in rejecting evidence of threats to kill Stokes, made by Fisk. The Court admitted evidence of such threats which had been made known to the prisoner, on the ground that the knowledge of them was calculated to cause the prisoner to interpret acts and motions made by the deceased otherwise than he would have done had he had no such knowledge. This was, says the Court of Appeals, correct. But it was error to start at this point. The prisoner had raised the question, not only did Stokes believe that Fisk attempted to kill him at the time of the shooting, but the further question, did Fisk make such an attempt. The evidence that Fisk had threatened to kill Stokes was, in the opinion of the Appellate Court, competent evidence as to whether he actually made the attempt, and ought to have been admitted, to be weighed with other evidence.

"The second ground of the decision for new trial relates to the charge of the lower court as to the implication made by the law from the act of killing. The Court of Appeals, after examining the charge, is of the opinion that it was calculated to convey to the jury the impression that the law required them to infer that the killing was murder in the first degree, in the absence of proof that it was justifiable or excusable homicide. The Court of Appeals holds that this was error, and that it was prejudicial and injurious to the prisoner, inasmuch as it tended to cause the jury to think that the burden of proof lay with the prisoner, when, as matter of law, they ought to have been left certain that the burden of proof lay with the State.

"There is a third point concerning the admission of testimony to contradict that of one of the Prisoner's witnesses, the testimony contradicted being drawn out by the prosecution in cross-examination. The Court holds that the prosecution, having drawn out evidence by cross-examination, must abide by it, and cannot legally contradict it."

And so, upon these technicalities, of much importance, no doubt, to the lawyers—else the judges would not have been of one mind—and but of trifling consequence to the general public, a murderer is saved from the gallows for the moment, most likely altogether. The case has certainly been a remarkable one. The first jury disagreed. The second was unanimously in favour of conviction. Is it to be expected that a third trial, at so great a distance from the actual commission of the crime, and when the members of the jury will be more disposed to give undue weight to extenuating circumstances, will be any more just than the first one? There is much reason to fear that a decision, the legality of which is not questioned, since it only goes to the extent of maintaining a man's innocence until he has been proved guilty, according to those rules of evidence which give a prisoner the full benefit of every possible doubt, will result finally in the acquittal of one who deliberately took the life of a fellow-creature. There was much rejoicing over Judge Boardman's firmness, as it was called at the time. It must be rather annoying to the better class of people in the United States to find now that what they were anxious to regard as firmness is declared by the Court of Appeals to have been what the profession call "bad law." Had Stokes been a poor man he would, unquestionably, have been hanged before this. But he has rich friends and relatives, and hence the difference; not that the judges were improperly influenced—we do not mean to insinuate anything so base—but that the possession of money gave his friends the means of securing professional assistance which would not have been within the reach of less wealthy clients. The gallows has been cheated of a victim justly its due. It is hoping against hope to look for a just and satisfactory ending of the case now. Stokes has triumphed, and we do not believe that he will ever hang for the murder of which he is clearly guilty.

AN APPEAL IN RESPECT OF "HIGH PRICES."

Whatever the cause, it is unquestionable that almost all the world over values have risen greatly during the last ten years. The London *Times* had an article recently upon the inadequacy of former salaries to the demands of the day; the special cause of its deliverance being an appeal on behalf of an official residence for the Prime Minister. We take this clipping from the article:—

"Should we be going too far if we said that the Prime Minister, at any rate, ought to be provided with a residence suitable to the requirements of his position? It appears to be impossible to raise the salary of his office, though, if anybody is entitled to complain of the 'rise in prices,' it is the First Lord of the Treasury. But a house might certainly be built in which a Premier could receive those whom custom entitles to an invitation on public occasions. It is no matter of regret if the scale of these entertainments is on the increase. In this, as in other respects, we have outgrown the limits of former ages. From the Queen's Levees to the receptions given by her Ministers and the assemblies invited by officials of all grades, everything is expanding. The participators in public life are more numerous in proportion as more people are actively interested in public affairs. There are more of us in all ranks of society, high as well as low, and it is time to recognize the fact."

Last session of our own Parliament a crying evil was remedied in the increase of the salaries of the judges, members of the Government, and the more deserving members of the Civil Service. Even against this small advance of payment for valuable services rendered there are some persons in our midst small enough to cry out. This is idle. There is in most men's breasts a natural desire for place and position; but it is the business of the State to see that its servants are not kept at starvation prices, and that the highest obtainable positions in the public service do not go a-begging. It is a well known fact that heretofore judgeships have been refused in Canada, because the salaries were too small, and much larger remuneration for no more laborious work could be had. A step in the right direction has already been made, but it will have to be followed by others of a like kind. We are not at all surprised to find the subject engaging the attention of the leading journal. That something will come of the agitation in England can hardly be doubted.

The great Napoleon, at St. Helena, said of Barere, whom Macaulay handles so unmercifully, and who, during his consulate, Napoleon had employed as a writer on the newspaper press:—"I employed him to write, but he did not "display ability. He used many flowers "of rhetoric, but no solid argument, "nothing but *coglionerie* wrapped up in "high sounding language." Says a Toronto newspaper of high pretensions, writing of the Tichborne case, and the Claimant's testimony respecting Mrs. Radcliffe:—

"It was one of those instances in which natures coarse and narrow, with a poverty of that phase of imagination which can seize on the mental states of others, outwit themselves. Such men often fling a missile destined to serve the purpose of a moment, but which, gathering a subtle potency from the object it strikes, recoils on the aggressor with fatal potency, inflicting an eternal wound; because what was meant to express one relation really expresses another, and, bringing for an instant into forced revolting contact beings of a different kind and sphere—the pure and the impure, the angel of light and the devil—shows all the black features blacker still."

A couple of columns of that sort of thing is rather much for one dose. "*Coglionerie* wrapped up in high sound-"ing language." A forcible description of more than Barere's writing.

There would seem to be an epidemic of murder scouring the whole American continent at present. There is hardly a day that our telegraphic columns do not contain reference to some event of the kind. The Walworth parricide in New York is well matched by the horrible murders in Hamilton; and in our own city we have just had a woman die amongst us of injuries received from a cruel beating by an unnatural husband. The historian Buckle weaved a theory out of periodical coincidences of this kind, the force of which becomes more apparent every day. Happily, in this country, such crimes are meted out a speedy and deserved punishment. Society is not moved by any apprehension that Justice will, in such cases, be affected by Mercy; for here there is no place for the exercise of the kindlier attribute. The result of the Stokes trial is not equally re-assuring to our friends south of the line forty-five.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Rev. William King has been presented with $10,000 worth of plate by the citizens of Montreal. What says *The Mail* to that?"—Grit sheet.

This is not *the* King, O Bezonian. The Rev. William is not the Bank manager, not if the shareholders and depositors know it. Try again.

For some years past attempts have been made in Canada, England and the United States to adapt petroleum to the purposes of locomotion as fuel. These attempts have been so nearly successful on so many occasions as to lead to still further experiments. Among those who have persevered is Mr. Ribighini, of Petrolia, an Italian gentleman, well known as an able expert in all that relates to petroleum and its manufactures. Yesterday he applied a newly constructed apparatus to a locomotive placed at his disposal by the Great Western Company, and we are glad to learn that the first trial went off in a most satisfactory manner. If this success becomes assured, a great stride will have been made towards solving the question as to the most available fuel for locomotive purposes on land as well as at sea, and lead to a striking development of the petroleum industry.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A Right Established.—May a school usher kiss his principal's cook?—that is the grave question which an English jury has just been called upon to decide. As thus. A certain Mr. Royston was an usher, and the cook was the cook of the school at which he was employed to teach the young idea how to shoot. And, as Charles Reade says of another hero, he flew at her lips. Not with success, for he denies that he actually kissed her, but he admits the attempt, and that he would have kissed her but for circumstances over which he had no control. What the circumstances were, whether the Jeames of the establishment jealously interposed, or "master" caught the couple, or the fair one resorted to kitchen weapons, is not stated, but at any rate the usher was found out, and discharged. He thus found himself reduced from an affluence of £60 a year to abject beggary, and thereupon brought suit for the three months' wages to which by contract he was entitled in lieu of notice. The defence of the principal was that "he did not think a man of good character would try to kiss a cook." Whether an exhibit of the cook was made in this case we are not told, nor even whether the products of her art were produced for the jury to judge her by. But the jury were somehow satisfied that a man of good character might kiss this cook, and brought in damages against the defendant for the full amount of the demand. The decision is important as affecting two large and useful classes of society. Many novelists have depicted an usher as a much persecuted individual, whose chief friend was some feminine domestic, and the "cook's perquisites" are the theme of many an active pen. Henceforth the former is secured in the right to at least one source of joy, and one more perquisite descends to the nymph of the basting spoon. Let us hope that those ushers and cooks who follow in the path of Mr. Royston and his adored one will be discreet, and that neither spoiled dinners nor imperfect studies will be more frequent than before in scholastic bowers.

Revenge on the Modocs.—Although very many American papers demanded, after the murder of Gen. Canby, that the Modocs be exterminated, the indignation caused by the massacre of Modoc prisoners by Oregon volunteers is deep and almost universal. The event is spoken of as a repetition, even an aggravation, of incidents which have been disgracefully frequent in American border history. The fact that these volunteers knew that the prisoners were charged with no heinous crime—that many were women and children—intensifies the horror of the transaction. The effect upon the minds of the unfriendly Indians must be of the worst kind. As one journal puts it, "the story of this massacre of helpless prisoners will penetrate all the western solitudes, and will be told around every Indian camp-fire. Everywhere it must have the effect of increasing savage hatred and distrust of the paleface. Every warrior will nurse his wrath and bide his time for retaliation. No one of them will be able to understand that a Government which can crush them could not have prevented this wanton butchery. Brooding over this new wrong, the Indians will sullenly submit when they must, but in time another Capt. Jack will arise to startle the country with a still more signal proof of what will be called the innate ferocity and treachery of the Indian character." That the criminals will be punished may be doubtful, though U. S. Attorney-General Williams and Gen. Sherman are said to be determined that they shall be. The Oregon Government has a plain duty before it also. Governor Glover, of that State, was very anxious that Captain Jack and his braves should be turned over to him for trial—he should be equally desirous of bringing the white assassins to justice. Neither his State nor the country at large will be satisfied until this is done. At the same time there are obvious difficulties, and perhaps they will prove insurmountable.

A Complicated Conclusion.—Though it is but a step from the ridiculous to the sublime, it is surprising how few can take it, well directed as their efforts would seem to be. An unhappy Frenchman has lately made a very creditable attempt. This gentleman, who is described as having a "finely-strung poetic sentiment," being unfortunate in some literary ventures, and in a certain *affaire de cœur*, determined to destroy himself. He had already made during his short life four unsuccessful attempts. Resolving to succeed at last, he provided himself with a revolver, a rope, a stake, a bottle of poison, and a box of lucifer matches, and proceeded to a cliff which overhung the sea. He there drove the stake into the ground, fastened one end of the rope to it, deliberately adjusted the other end round his neck, took the revolver into his hand, set fire to his clothes, swallowed the poison, and, swinging himself gently off—he was sensitive to pain—pulled the trigger. The instrument exploded, but the ball, only grazing his ear, cut the rope, and the baffled suicide was precipitated into the sea. The salt water, combined with the violent shock, not unnaturally destroyed the effects of the poison, and he was ignominiously saved from drowning by a passing fishing-smack. He concluded that Providence had intended him for something great, but died three days after from inflammation of the lungs, contracted from the exposure to cold and damp. That this "fine poetic character" should have miscalculated the designs of Providence is not so surprising, perhaps, as the fact that he could not manage in some way to live for effect when he had tried so hard to die for it.

Digging up Truth.—It will be strange if with all the digging for antiquities now going on in the old world, some cherished ideas are not rudely dispersed. If the Dardanelles correspondent of the *Levant Herald* is accurate, Dr. Schliemann, in the course of his excavations, has come upon an ancient gateway at a considerable depth below the foundations of new Ilium, a city which is supposed to have been built upon the site of Homer's Ilium. The gateway is paved with large flat blocks of stone, and slopes downward towards the plain. The learned excavator himself is of opinion that this is no other than the Scæan gate, which is not impossible; but it might lead to disappointment if the conclusion were hastily adopted that he has lighted on the ruins of old Troy, until further discoveries have been made. It appears that the ruins which have already been brought to light are wanting in that grandeur which from Homer's description of the famous city might have been expected, though, as the *Levant Herald's* correspondent truly remarks, it may be contended on the other hand that "the bard may have availed himself of the poet's licence if exaggeration." This is, thinks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, probable, if the truth were known. Achilles and Hector were possibly two quarrelsome snobs utterly unworthy our respect or affection. But is there not a danger under these circumstances that we may carry our researches too far, and that in our endeavours to satisfy our curiosity we may awaken from a pleasant dream to find that we have destroyed with the pickaxe the work of the pen?

BOOK NOTICES.

MINERAL SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, by G. E. Walton, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Dr. Walton's book, besides treating of Transatlantic water-cures, contains analysis and notes of the principal spas of Europe, and a list of seaside resorts. A map is inserted in front of the title page, which will be found very useful by those in search of "health at the springs;" and the reader will be struck with the remarkable evenness with which the healing fountains appear to be scattered over the North American continent. The therapeutics of the different springs are fully discussed, and the study of mineral medicaments is elaborately analysed. The book is, besides, a local guide to all the most celebrated water-cure establishments; due justice being done to the famous sanitarium presided over by Dr. Theophilus Mack at St. Catharines.

BRESSANT. A novel. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

A love story, prettily written, with a sad finale. Two sisters in love with the hero; the hero a man of mystery and muscle.

THE FUNERAL.

National Tribute to the Deceased Baronet.

Montreal, 13th June.—The last rites were concluded to-day. The series of ceremonies which began in London and continued all the way from Father Point to Riviere Du Loup have been closed with funeral pomp and pageantry almost surpassing description. Efforts have been made by those who apparently regard political strife as one of the saving means of grace to thwart and retard the earnest labours of the friends and admirers of the deceased. Happily sober sense came at the last moment to the rescue of many who had been led to cherish Party animosity even after the grave had claimed its own. The like of the scene to-day was never witnessed in Canada. A glorious summer day with a hot sun and cooling breezes from the St. Lawrence were nature's offering. Man did the rest, and it was well done. During the night thousands of flags at half-mast were added to the countless number hoisted as the remains left the Druid, and the mourning drapery was displayed from every important building. Yesterday witnessed the arrival of most of the important personages in the country. Sir John Macdonald and a number of his colleagues came by boat; Mr. Langevin had arrived by the Druid with Dr. Robitaille, and Sir Francis Hincks is a resident, so that our rulers were well represented. In the evening a cloud of high officials came from Quebec, while Lieut.-Governor Howland and Hon. R. W. Scott were the representatives of the Government of Ontario. Mayors, aldermen, councillors and prefects, from the cities, towns and parishes were too numerous to be chronicled. There were about thirty-five members of the Dominion Parliament and thirty of the Quebec Legislature. The Adjutant-General headed the representatives of the crack corps of the Dominion, not the least notable being the officers of the Guards, with their splendid band, and that strange headgear which is built to display a maximum of the peltry of the bear to a minimum of the human face. The vessels in harbour had their flags at half mast, the local marine being hung fore and aft with black drapery. At daylight the city was astir, and before the matin bells had ceased the streets were alive with people. The morning boats were heavily freighted, and ferry steamers and every imaginary species of vehicle brought in people from St. Lambert and the adjoining parishes. In this the Corpus Christi season business is almost suspended in the French districts, and that too helped to swell the multitude. Mr. Duvernay, of *La Minerve*, who was Grand Marshal of the procession, had no easy task. All day yesterday he was working like a Trojan, with his assistants, in the attempt to arrange the various societies, unions, orders, organizations, schools, bands, regiments, and associations, into a harmonious line, and it is but just to say that the plan which he sketched out on paper was admirably successful in the street.

In compliance with the orders issued, the first instalment of mourners paraded about eight o'clock on the Champ de Mars, and as recruits fell in by the hundred they were quickly told off to the places assigned to them. Soon after the rattle of musketry and the booming of Colonel Stevenson's minute guns on the Champ, and on the Mountain, announced that the march had begun. The following is the order of the procession:—

The Governor-General's Guards' Band.
High School Cadets.
Militia Officers.
Deputy Adjutants-General.
Adjutant-General and Staff.
Foot Artillery Band.
Militia.
Typographical Unions.
Societe de Bienveillance des Bouchers Canadiens Francais.
Stone Cutters' Association.
L. H. Union St. Jacques.
Butchers' Association.
L'Union St. Pierre.
Carpenters' Association.
L'Union St. Joseph.
English Workingmen's Society.
St. Bridget's Temperance Society.
Civil Service.
The Mayors, Corporations and Officers of different cities.
The Grand Trunk Band.
The Corporation of Montreal.
The Members of Board of Trade.
The Members of Board of Corn Exchange.
St. Patrick's Society.
St. Andrew's Society.
St. George's Society.
St. Jean Baptiste Society.
The B Battery Band.

GUARD OF HONOUR. PALL BEARERS. THE CATAFALQUE. PALL BEARERS. GUARD OF HONOUR.

The family of the deceased.
Members of the Cabinet.
Members of the Privy Council, who are not members of the Cabinet.
The Representative of the Governor-General.
The Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces, or their representatives.
The Chief Mourners.
The Executive Councils of the Provinces.
The Speaker and members of the Senate.
The Speaker of the House of Commons.
The Judges.
The Clergy.
Members of the House of Commons.
The Speakers and Members of the Legislatures of the several Provinces.
The Consuls.
The Bar.
The Board of Notaries.
The Medical Profession.
The Professors and Pupils of Universities.
Militia.
The Montreal College Band.
The Professors and Pupils of St. Mary's College.
The Professors and Pupils of the Normal Schools.
The Christian Brothers' School Band
Pupils of the Christian Brothers' School.
Militia.
Citizens.

At the start, of the members in the procession no adequate idea can be formed, but 10,000 is perhaps below the mark. Leaving the Champ de Mars it slowly wound its way down Bonsecours street, the five bands in the procession playing the Dead March, the bells in the Catholic churches tolling, and the artillery firing at repeated intervals. As it advanced into St. Catherine street the crowds on the sidewalk grew denser and denser. The windows and even the house tops were packed, and at every coign of vantage the people gathered in separate knots, each collection of humanity being one though bigger than the one just passed. Rounding into Craig street the procession presented a magnificent view. Marching in the order named above, it passed through two densely packed lines of spectators in whose eyes the funeral car was justly a matter of wonder and admiration. The car was planned by Mr. Marshal Wood, the sculptor, and was built by Messrs. Larivier, of St. Antoine. It was seventeen feet long, ten feet and a half wide, and twenty-two feet high, and was borne upon a huge waggon. Strength and elegance were combined in its construction. It was covered with white linen. From the frame work was suspended massive folds of black drapery. Above the frame was an oval shield, with the rose, shamrock and thistle entwined, and the motto *tria juncta in uno*, surmounted by a crown and silver orb. At the four corners of the car were funeral urns, the typical names being represented by silver leaves. The panels and mouldings, which were of velvet, were decorated with silver carvings. Right in front of the car was the Cartier Coat of Arms, with the insignia of a baronet, and the family crest and motto "*franc et sans dol.*" At the rear was the deceased's monogram, and drooping from the topmost horizontal frames were ribs of white cloth falling gracefully upon the coffin of oak. High above all was a silver cross surrounded by black plumes. The car, which was drawn by eight black horses, cost $2,400.

At the church of Notre Dame probably eight thousand people were collected, and as the cortege drew up to the steps all stood bare-headed. The pall-bearers, Sir Francis Hincks, Judge Sicotte, Hon. Mr. Archambeault, Sir A. T. Galt, Lieutenant-Governor Howland, Sir N. F. Belleau, Judge Meredith, Hon. A. A. Dorion, Hon. Letellier de St Just, and Hon. Mr. Ferrier then entered the body of the church, which had been draped and decorated under the supervision of Abbe Chabert. Then came the rest of the procession, for whom seats had been reserved. Great satisfaction was expressed at the presence of Messrs. Dorion and Letellier de St. Just, with the family and relatives of the deceased, who entered Notre Dame as follows:—Sir George Cartier's brother; Messrs. H. Dessorer, J. Dessorer, J. E. Lusignan, nephews; R. R. Hubert, Dr. Dessiers, N. Cartier, R. Raymond, J. Cartier, M. Cuvillier, Grand Vicar Raymond, V. Fabre, G. Fabre and Mrs. Lusignan, Sir George's sister, Col. Fletcher, A. D. C., as the representative of the Governor-General, Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Peter Mitchell, Hon. Mr. Campbell, Hon. Mr. Aikins, Hon. Mr. Pope, Hon. Mr. Tilley, Hon. Dr. Robitaille, Hon. Mr. Langevin, Hon. Mr. Cockburn, The Speaker, and Messrs. Masson, Soulanges, Lanthier, T. N. Gibbs, Rufus Stephenson, W. H. Webb, P. S. Gendron, John Poupore, T. M. Daly, J. Gaudette, Malhiot, Geoffrion, Dugas, Keeler, Angus Morrison, Dr. Grant and others representing the Dominion Cabinet and Parliament. Notre Dame was draped in black. On the centre aisle was the catafalque, designed by Abbe Chabert, on which were several inscriptions, such as, "A disinterested man," "A firm man," "A sincere man," "The friend of his country."

High mass began at eleven o'clock, the body being met at the door by Rev. Father Baile, of the St. Sulpice Seminary. At the moment of entering the *De profundis* was chanted by the choir, which was composed of the ordinary singers of the church, the choir of the Montreal College and of the College of Jesuits. Bishop Fabre, the deceased's brother-in-law, was chief celebrant, assisted by Vicar General Caseau, of Quebec; Father Lenoir, of St. Sulpice, and about 150 other clergymen. Messrs. Barbarin, Des Rochers and Father Larque were the leaders in the Gregorian chant, which was produced with magnificent effect.

After mass came the *libera*, and then Notre Dame emptied its huge self in the Place d'Armes, whence the procession marched by way of St. James' street, Sherbrooke street and Gay street to the Cemetery. As the cortege entered St. James street, the bells of Notre Dame were rung, the big guns on the Champ de Mars were fired rapidly, and all the bands again played the Dead March, volunteers with reversed arms lining the streets along the route. Having arrived at the Cemetery, which was blocked up with spectators, the remains were taken from the car, conveyed into the chapel, and after the ordinary prayers, committed to the grave.

TICHBORNE.

THE TRIAL CONTINUED.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

On Thursday, May 22, after a few minutes had been occupied in recalling both Mrs. Mina Jury and Mr. Hopwood, the examination in chief of Mr. Gibbes was resumed. It was no easy matter to keep Mr. Gibbes in order, and to persuade him to give his answers slowly enough to allow of their being taken down *verbatim*; for Mr. Gibbes, as becomes a gentleman learned in the law, is given to long sentences, is a consummate master of parenthesis—often including one parenthesis within another—and has a really wonderful power of diction. Evidently anxious to tell all that he knows, to omit nothing, and to be as accurate as human weakness permits, the Wagga-Wagga attorney runs on with a fluency that would sorely tax even an expert shorthand writer, and which necessitates frequent interruptions from the Bench. "Do pray, Mr. Gibbes," expostulates the Lord Chief Justice, "watch my pen." "I am very sorry, my lord," was the reply, "but, your lordship sees, I am taxing my memory as to what took place years ago." "Surely, then," retorted his lordship, "you will find it convenient to go more slowly;" and, to do poor Mr. Gibbes justice, he certainly did his best to trim down his sentences and to control a certain fussy circumstantiality which tends not a little to lengthen his answer. Mr. Gibbes, it must be remembered, has played a very important part in the great Tichborne drama; he is the gentleman whose neutrality is not sufficiently benevolent to please either side. Of all this he is quite aware. And what with his anxiety to say all that he has to say, to say nothing of which he is not absolutely certain, to give his evidence in a perfectly colourless manner, and to escape all suspicion of partiality, the unhappy Mr. Gibbes becomes terribly complex. "I have been accused on both sides," complained he, most pathetically, "of unduly favouring the other;" and it was, indeed, only too evident that he bitterly regretted the day when he was first so unwise as to "spot" Sir Roger. Mr. Hawkins' examination was obviously intended to elicit from Mr. Gibbes the various misstatements alleged to have been made by the Claimant at Wagga-Wagga and Sydney; and very clearly indeed they came out. Mr. Gibbes, with all the quiet resignation of a man who has been "taken in," who is not ashamed to own his weakness, and is in fact rather amused at it than otherwise, but yet hopes to be wiser in the future, told the jury all about "the Brighton card case," the brown mark on "Sir Roger's" side, and his favourite horse "Plenipo." The Court heard also how Lady Tichborne was confined "in a hovel," and how the fact made Sir Roger "more like a manick than a Baronet of B. K.; while the long string of letters begging for small advances of from ten to fifty shillings created considerable amusement. Then came the memorable Wagga-Wagga will, in which, according to the defendant's own statement, he deliberately made, with the intent of defrauding Mr. Gibbes, as many mistakes as he could well crowd into so small a document. Mr. Gibbes was perfectly clear that the instructions for this elaborately inaccurate statement were given him by the Claimant himself, and that the memorable blunders in it—the "Lady Hannah Frances Tichborne," the "Sir John Bird of Hertfordshire," and "the property at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight"—were made by the Claimant's express direction. Then came a most ludicrous account of a sort of "flight into Egypt"—a departure of the "Baronet of B. K." with his Lares and Penates in a one-horse spring cart from Wagga-Wagga for Sydney, with a little episode telling how the horse was seized by "Sir Roger's" creditors, and how Mr. Gibbes had to buy it over again; and the quiet smile which flitted across Mr. Gibbes' face as he told how, on this and other occasions, he had put his trust in "Sir Roger" was peculiarly amusing. Then came an account of the interrogatories administered to the Claimant at Sydney by Mr. Gibbes and Mr. M'Carthy, and the notes of Mr. M'Carthy were read recording the Claimant's express denial that he had ever been at Stonyhurst, and his statements to the effect that he was born in Dorsetshire, that he had served as a private in the 66th Light Dragoons, that the uniform of the regiment was blue, and that the arms were a sword and a carbine. Next followed particulars of the statutory declaration made at Sydney, in which the Claimant declared that he had sailed from England in the *Jessie Miller*, and then Mr. Gibbes identified certain entries in the well-known pocket-book as being in the defendant's handwriting.

After the usual adjournment the cross-examination commenced. Dr. Kenealy's tone was markedly courteous—at any rate at first—and was rather that of a counsel examining in chief. What the learned counsel in effect attempted was to review Mr. Gibbes' evidence, to go over it *de novo*, and to make it reproduce itself in a form more favourable to the defendant. Nor was the attempt altogether unsuccessful. Without following in detail a cross-examination of three long hours, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Gibbes admitted his original impression of the Claimant had been far from unfavourable, and that he had been struck by his gentlemanly demeanour and bearing, and had been fully satisfied with the accounts which he had given of himself. It was also elicited that Mr. Turville, who was an old friend of the Tichborne family, had been perfectly satisfied as to the Claimant's identity; nor did Mr. Gibbes deny that he himself had, despite one or two awkward points in the Claimant's account of himself and of his history, been so far a believer in the "Baronet of B.K." as to "back his bills." It was upon the point of these bills, indeed, that Mr. Gibbes was most amusing. It was obvious that he was somewhat mortified at his own want of shrewdness in the matter; and his melancholy air whenever the memorable lines—"Some men has plentey money, but no brains"—were referred to was irresistibly comic. And yet Mr. Gibbes was, all in all, a far from unfavourable witness, for amongst other things he was clear, or tolerably clear, as to the fact that the Claimant had some knowledge of Paris, and he was very doubtful whether some of the entries in the famous pocket-book were really in the defendant's handwriting. It was, thus, matter of astonishment in court when Dr. Kenealy began to question the witness as to his remuneration. The enquiry, as the Lord Chief Justice remarked, went to the witness' credibility; and, as he had said many things in favour of the defence, it seemed at first a little strange that the learned counsel should attempt to disparage him. What Dr. Kenealy wanted to show, however, was sufficiently clear. He had no intention of disparaging Mr. Gibbes. His object simply was to point out that the payments which were being made to the witnesses were very large; and Mr. Gibbes, although obviously nettled, yet seeing at last that no personal reflection was intended against himself, frankly owned that he had been promised £600, of which he had received £400. Upon the whole the day was far from interesting, although a singular *double entendre* in the course of the cross-examination elicited roars of laughter, which, occurring as they did at a point which Dr. Kenealy obviously considered pathetic, roused the learned counsel's anger not a little. A large crowd, as usual, awaited the Claimant on his exit, while Mr. Whalley was once again resplendent in wig and gown. The defendant himself seemed to be as much amused as anybody else when his piteous requests for small advances of cash were read out, and Mr. Gibbes' obvious annoyance at what he described as his own "improvidence," evidently yielded "Sir Roger" no small enjoyment.

The court then adjourned.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

At the sitting of the court, on Friday, May 24, the galleries were closely packed with ladies, and the eager desire of persons to get into the body of the hall could with difficulty be withstood by the ushers and police.

The cross-examination of Mr. Gibbes was continued. When the defendant spoke of his birth he mentioned the Rue de Madeleine, but he said he was born in Dorsetshire. He mentioned the Rue de Madeleine in connection with his family living there. When speaking of Lady Tichborne he always called her from the first "mamma," which struck the witness as a peculiarity, coming from so big a man. (A laugh.)

Dr. Kenealy, who the previous night had given the witness time to try and recollect whether defendant mentioned the incident of a mule having fallen down a precipice in South America, asked him whether he now remembered it. "I have endeavoured very hard to recollect, and sat up until one in the morning for the purpose, but cannot recollect anything about it."

The witness was then re-examined by Mr. Hawkins: It did not strike me, he said, as odd that he should begin his first letter to Lady Tichborne, "My dear mother," as I commenced my draft in that way, which he laid aside.—Mr. Justice Lush remarked that there were three letters in which the defendant addressed Lady Tichborne as "My dear and beloved mother," or "my dear mother," and that afterwards he used "mamma."—Witness was then questioned as to some letters of the defendant. Mr. Turvile, he said, was spelled "Turvell," and Bogle "Bougel." He spoke of Guilfoyle as gardener to Sir James Tichborne, and not to Sir James Doughty. Could not say whether the defendant spoke of Mr. Vincent Gosford as Sir Vincent Gosford. He never expressed himself as an enemy of the Roman Catholic Church. He said that his family paid 3s in the pound out of their income to that Church, and he was not going to continue that payment. He rather seemed to expect that by doing this the Church would be an enemy to him. Knew Mrs. Butts in Australia; she was about the build of Mrs. Mina Jury (stout). Mr. Hawkins: You mean the figure, not the build. (Laughter.) What did the defendant say about her? He said he liked her because she was like his mother, and he intended to do something for her. She kept an hotel.

To Dr. Kenealy: I don't recollect the defendant mentioning the Tichborne dole, but I saw something about it in the newspapers.

To the Lord Chief Justice: He told me that if he died the estates would go to a cousin. He never mentioned his brother Alfred to me. I never even heard of Alfred until I read Lady Tichborne's letter announcing his death.—Did he make no mention of his brother Alfred succeeding to the estates in the event of his death?—Most emphatically, he did not. Witness: I never knew any one of the name of Arthur Orton, or Alfred Smith. The defendant never mentioned Arthur Orton in connection with the will.—The Lord Chief Justice, referring to certain cypher writing in the defendant's pocket-book, said the Master had made what he thought was a translation of it, and asked the witness if he had made one.—The witness replied that he had, and handed a