

laboured to establish the National Policy, have a paramount voting influence. A good many Free-traders, when they saw in 1878 that theirs was a lost cause, promptly tacked about to where profit promised, and, by investments in manufactures, are now committed to the support of Protection. Were Annexation to take place, or even the Commercial Union so actively canvassed in the West, Montreal's trade would decline abruptly. New York would tap her Ontario trade, and Boston that of the Maritime Provinces. Much is said in other cities of the eleven-fold increased market which annexation would give Canadians. Montreal men of spindles, looms, puddling furnaces and vacuum pans are not of those who join in the remark. They know that invasion northward as well as southward would follow taking down the national bars. Highly specialized manufactures, produced for fifty-five millions of people at the points naturally best adapted for them, might furnish the average annexed Canadian with calico or sugar cheaper than he gets it now, but the closing of a factory or refinery here would be very strongly resented. Montreal is interested in the *status quo*, and, when it hears mention of political change, simply goes on reading its share-list and price-current.

Z.

HERE AND THERE.

A COLLECTION of definitions and personal confessions of faith by the best minds of the Liberal Party in England has just been published under the title "Why I am a Liberal." Mr. Robert Browning, the poet, leads off with two vigorous stanzas, in which he says that, although the most active of us can do but little, nevertheless "that little is achieved through liberty." Lord Rosebery says he is a Liberal "because I wish to be associated with the best men in the best work." Mr. Gladstone's faith is expressed in the happy epigram: "The principle of Liberalism is trust in the people qualified by prudence; the principle of Conservatism is mistrust of the people qualified by fear." Lord Selborne is also extremely felicitous in his definition. Liberalism, according to his idea of the word, is much the same with that of Liberality, transferred only to the sphere of politics. The Marquis of Lorne crowds a large amount of political philosophy into the following reply: "While change is the law of nations which are powerful because progressive, it is best that change be guided by that party in the State which has shown perception of necessity of change in the open advocacy of reform when needed." The son-in-law of the Queen is not afraid to add: "This the Liberal Party has proved itself capable of doing, and of directing reform in the path of order and of liberty; civil and religious freedom are the fruits of its past victories, and I am a Liberal in the hope that freedom from tyranny of mob or monarch will be the safeguard of its future triumphs." Mr. Chamberlain, believing progress to be the law of the world, considers Liberalism its political expression. Professor Blackie pronounces Toryism, read in the broad lines of historical portraiture, as simply meaning "might" in opposition to Liberalism, which is only another name for "right," self being the inspiration of the one policy and "love" of the other. Mr. A. Taylor Innes is a Liberal "because he is a Scotchman"! whilst we seem to hear the sound of a voice that is still in the answer of Mrs. Fawcett, that "the meaning of Liberalism is equal justice to all, man or woman, workman or aristocrat, coupled with a confidence in the people that they will manage their own affairs far better than they are ever likely to be managed for them by others." The editor announces his intention of enlarging his list of contributors by gathering together the opinions of veterans like Mr. Villiers, Mr. Samuel Morley and others, whose long and honourable lives in the cause of reform would readily supply fresh evidence of faith in the foundation principles of the Liberal Party.

WHATEVER may be thought of the politics and theology of Lord Tennyson's new poem in the November issue of *Macmillan's Magazine*, there can be no question of its poetic value. Some critics go so far as to say that the fire and power, the swing and swirl, of the poem "Vastness" has not been excelled by its author since the days of "Maud." The political bias of the poem is obvious enough. It is neither Tory nor Radical. Lord Tennyson is a Liberal of the old school. If he believes in government of the many, he believes much more in government of the wise. He is with Mr. Gladstone in his recent manifesto that knowledge and virtue alone have an intrinsic right to govern. He has no faith in the programme of the advanced party led by the member for Birmingham. As a new baron he is not hungering for the abolition of the House of Lords, though the sheer idea of Lord Tennyson performing the functions of a legislator is, perhaps, absurd enough. Lord Tennyson is by no means a man of peace. In "Maud" he set forth the glories of war above the sordid gains of a peaceful state. He sees nothing but chaos in the present condition of things, and hears little but lies.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs—
What is it but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?
Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourned by the Wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies.

Great poets, with all their love of peace, have been great fighters. The poetic temperament also loves pageant, and hence poets in all ages have sung the triumphs and splendours of war. Even in our own degenerate days, when everything said is but an accumulation of "lies upon lies," our Laureate sees some truth in the achievements of our soldiers and sailors—

Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet;
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat.

In the region of abstract politics the Laureate looms large, like a cloud of mist over a moorland on a rainy day. But in the other region of practical politics he is rather indefinite, and is, perhaps, reduced to the condition of the same cloud of mist when the sun breaks out and it melts away.

THE story of "Called Back" is said to have had some foundation in fact. Nearly twenty years ago "Hugh Conway" was introduced, in a seaside town, to a family among the members of which he found the prototype of Pauline. There was the same apathy, the same total loss of memory, combined with child-like docility; the cause was similar but less tragic. This woman without a past impressed the young author deeply. Around this strong central idea he wove the web of circumstances which constitutes the plot of "Called Back." With the original of Gilbert Vaughan, then staying at Clifton, he had many a conversation. On this point, however, he was extremely reticent, and after the departure of that gentleman for London to consult a distinguished oculist nothing more was heard of him. It is probable that Conway, then one of his most intimate friends, continued to communicate with him, and thereby gained a deeper insight into a character destined afterward to be so widely known. Conway, who was an invalid from childhood, was devotedly fond of mathematics. The working out of difficult problems occupied a large portion of the time which could not be given to more active pursuits.

HENRY W. SHAW made his "Josh Billings" wisdom very profitable, in comparison with most literary labour. In his will, dated over two years ago, he stated that the par value of his estate was then \$77,000, and its market value \$93,000, "and not a dollar of debt against it." He leaves, besides remainders to his daughters and their husbands and children, the interest and income of all his property to his wife during her life, and, at her death, the investments and securities are to be divided equally between his two daughters.

MARK TWAIN is also said to have found the cultivation of humour very profitable. Artemus Ward would have left a fortune if he had been only reasonably frugal, and we hear of such local humourists as the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Burlington Hawkeye* men being at least comparatively opulent. A writer in *To-Day* refers to a conversation he once had with the present Tom Hood, when he was editor of *Fun*. Mr. Hood spoke, among other matters, of his father's terrific straits in his literary career. On more occasions than one he had to send out, when his illness was too far advanced to permit him to go out of doors himself, to borrow money to buy the next day's food for his family. This statement has a grim significance, for when an Englishman's credit with his butcher runs out he must be poor indeed. But poor Hood was not a business man, as successful humourists are. Humorous writing, indeed, has never been over well rewarded in England. The caricaturist has always earned a better income than the squibbist. Tenniel, Doyle, Leech, Keene, Du Maurier and the rest all prospered on *Punch*. Only when the humourist has been an editor, like Lemon or Burnand, with a knack of doing other work, and making his place push it for him, or when, like Thackeray, he could turn his hand to more substantial productiveness, has he risen above the making of a bare living. Humour, like poetry, must be valued for quality, not quantity. Yet, even when it is thus estimated, it is never, to say the least, overpaid. We hear of Lord Tennyson receiving \$5,000 for a couple of verses, but never of a Jerrold or a Hood receiving even \$500 for a couple of *bons mots*.

WE seem at last to be within measurable distance of a cure for hydrophobia. For several years M. Pasteur, the distinguished French scientist, has been closely studying the subject, and his efforts are apparently about to be crowned with complete success. After many experiments on animals he has, at length, cured hydrophobia in a human being. He laid the whole subject before the French Academy of Sciences. In his paper he stated that on the 6th of July two patients were brought to him from Alsace—a M. Wohl, and a boy nine years of age named Joseph Meister. M. Wohl, although he had been bitten, was not in danger of hydrophobia. The boy, however, was in a much worse condition. He had been bitten in fourteen places, sixty hours before, and was clearly doomed. This was not only the opinion of Pasteur, but of two physicians. Here was an opportunity, for which Pasteur had been waiting, of experimenting upon a human subject. He inoculated the lad with the virus of rabies, using for the purpose a solution of the marrow of rabbits that had been made hydrophobic. The transmission of the virus through rabbits appears to attenuate it sufficiently to render the poison prophylactic without being dangerous. The boy has quite recovered. Pasteur's theory is that the two poisons neutralized one another. Early in the year he applied his theory tentatively to a hospital patient, apparently with success; but he said little about it as he could not feel confident of results given in a single instance. If his hopes are realised and the soundness of his theory is established, he will have made a discovery of enormous value to the world. His great scientific achievements in the past fully entitle his views to be received with some confidence.

THE destruction of a cherished illusion by some simple and prosaic explanation is not always welcome. Of course, we ought in this scientific age to love the truth better even than a piquant mystery. But we confess that we are just a trifle disappointed when Mr. George J. Romanes tells us, as he does in the current number of *Nature*, that the so-called homing faculty of bees is a pure delusion. We have always been told that bees, after their exceedingly erratic and irregular movements when searching for honey, will suddenly dart home in a straight line, and we have been led to believe that this was due to some special and mysterious sense of direction with which they were endowed. Mr. Romanes says, and we are afraid proves, that bees find their way home again in a singularly prosaic and common-place manner, that is by simply taking notice of the objects which they have passed, and finding their way back with the aid of these landmarks. This question he seems to have set at rest by a very