

the ground that he had not regularly attended a lawyer's office during the term of his indentures. This is by no means a solitary case, and lawyers—for their own sake and for the honour of their profession—should put an end to this loose method of admitting men to the Bar.

I have always heard that Jews were clever at getting money, but it seemed to me to be due to the fact that they are industrious, and do not try to serve two masters. My theory is gone, however; I give it up entirely. Mr. Ascher got more than five hundred thousand dollars, they say, from the Consolidated Bank as a line of discount and over draft. Mr. Ascher is a genius, and somebody at the Bank was not—whatever else he may have been.

A FRIEND sends me some clippings of what he calls "Queer things in the papers":—

The *Evening Post*, 12th July, mentions a gentleman who, wishing to boil an egg, placed his watch in the saucepan and retained the egg in his hand. The *Post* was busy on "the twelfth" and forgot to say to what country the gentleman belonged.

On the 19th July, when not quite so busy, it states that "the Goldring case, in which Messrs. J. L. Moss & Co. were mentioned, turns out to have arose from the discontented mutterings of a disconsolate habitant."

Very like the man who is said to have wrote respecting "the rustic strains of the rural peasantry."

The *Gazette* of 15th July, in its summary of Dr. Hingston's "able report," says, or makes the Doctor say, that "certain districts in the east and west ends of the city enjoy a very high death rate, whilst other districts" seem to be "enjoying comparative immunity from disease and death."

The ideas which appear to prevail in certain districts respecting enjoyment are a little peculiar, and not at all like those said to be current in the "other districts."

The *Daily Witness* of 19th July tells its readers "what it costs to be a Volunteer officer," and says that "as is usual in most cases, the largest share of the burdens fall upon the comparatively few."

Oh! Lindley Murray, Lindley Murray! Oh!

The *Daily Star* of the same date states that "trout fishing is in full blast around Quebec."

The Quebecers must be catching another kind of fish, and the *Star* probably means that smelting is in full blast.

On its third page it tells us that "the Recorder admonishes the Court idlers," and makes him say: "If the police would only spot some of you fellows and bring you before me, I'd send you down for a month at hard labour every man jack of you."

In another page it says that "the refined conversationalist avoids slang."

I KNOW one or two of our Solons at Ottawa to whom the following verse of a song, popular just now in London Music Halls, would apply most forcibly:—

"He joined our Local Parliament, and attended week by week,
But rather than break down and fail, he never tried to speak;
He had no fixed opinions, but would not be thought a dunce,
So, rather than go wrong by chance, he never voted once."

Having read most of the reports in the leading English papers of the manner in which Lieut. Carey conducted himself when the Prince Imperial was killed, and taking into account the simple and beautiful manner in which the authorities in England, and those in command at the Cape have succeeded in shifting all responsibility for messes and muddles, and having read the examinations and the finding of the Court-martial, I have come to the conclusion that no one is to blame but the two poor troopers who died along with the Prince. How they could have averted the catastrophe by saving the life of the brave young Prince, no one, of course, can tell, but then they are dead, like the British sense of fair play.

A CORRESPONDENT has mixed up military rules, unmilitary sentiment, British patriotism, international goodwill, court-martial findings and newspaper criticisms, and the following is the result:—

While concurring in the opinion expressed in your issue of the 26th July, that the finding of the court-martial on Lieut. Carey was imbecile in the extreme, I cannot help thinking that your own "finding" in the matter is open to criticism. The rule of the service is that the senior combatant officer commands, and Quartermaster-General Harrison, who sent out the party, considered that Lieut. Carey was in command of the escort. The Prince, in fact, did not hold the Queen's commission as an officer. He had no rank in the army, but was a privileged guest. Lieut. Carey states: "I do not consider that I had

any authority over it [the escort] after the precise and careful instructions of Lord Chelmsford, stating, as he did, the position the Prince held and that he was invariably to be accompanied by an escort in charge of an officer." Lieut. Carey was the officer in charge of the escort attending the Prince, for there was no other commissioned officer there. Can an officer in charge of an escort be said to have no authority over it? The conclusion seems to me irresistible that Lieut. Carey was sent out in the spirit of Lord Chelmsford's orders, and was responsible for the Prince's safety. He should have brought the Prince back to camp dead or alive, or have shared his fate. If the Prince commanded the escort, was he escorting Lieut. Carey? Lieut. Carey states also in his evidence that he, and not the Prince, gave the final order to mount; after that the only order he gave was: "Let us make haste and go quickly."

Although Lieut. Carey's evidence conflicts with that of the troopers as to who gave the final order to mount, all concur in showing that Lieut. Carey led the flight. Some of the troopers caught up to him after a time, but he was first off. Such celerity is not becoming in an officer, and very rare in the British army. It is not the custom for officers to abandon even private soldiers in that manner. The records of the Victoria Cross abound in instances of the self-sacrificing courage of officers who risked their lives to rescue private soldiers of their regiments who were in deadly peril. *Noblesse oblige* is the safest motto for an officer, and it teaches him to be first in advance, and last in retreat. Granted that it is the duty of a reconnoitering party to run and not to fight, it is not the supreme duty of the officers to run first. Such celerity is contagious, and so all the escort got off before the Prince mounted. The very word "escort," which is used throughout the proceedings, shows that this was wrong, unless, indeed, the Prince was escorting Lieut. Carey—a hypothesis which has not hitherto been put forth.

The French Republicans seem disposed to take offence at the unusual honours paid to the dead Prince, and the profound sympathy of the English nation with the bereaved mother. They need not take umbrage at this. The English people are not expressing their sympathy with Imperialism, but the national conscience is uneasy, and feels that England has not been made the head of a great empire by officers who split-hairs as to responsibility in times of supreme danger.

THE last development in Ritualism is ingenious enough to have sprung from the brain of some Edison of American religious novelties. The invention takes the form of an order,—The Order of Widows. The Rev. G. C. White of Great Malvern (Eng.) appears to be the patentee, since he is the first to invite "any woman who is free to give herself for Christ's sake to work for His poor and little ones to join the Order,"—a sentence which reveals better intentions than grammar. An order of Weller's is perhaps the next idea that will germinate in the Ritualistic brain.

THE Evangelists differ from the Ritualists in their naive desecration of religion. Evangelist services, to which the Earl of Kintore and the Rev. Sholto Douglas give their aid and countenances, have just been joined by the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, and this latter is chiefly valuable for the reason that "his reputation as a bicyclist has drawn many in who would not otherwise have come within the sound of the Gospel." Two of his "lessons from bicycling have been a great draw." The notion of bicycling to Paradise is surely the Ultima Thule of the sensationalism set in motion by harmless maniacs.

JOHN BRIGHT threatens to make our dear old John Bull roar and rave to a new tune yet. The British landed aristocracy have opened the ball once again in honour of Protection, and Bright tells them that he has made up his mind to take part in the dance. He proposes, in fact, to uproot their monopoly in the soil, and divide it among the millions, as they do in France. Two-thirds of the soil of England and Wales is owned by 10,200 persons; two-thirds of Scotland is owned by 330 persons, and two-thirds of Ireland is owned by 1,942 persons. All this our great Free Trader would change. He thunders out his challenge: "Let us have the enquiry wide and honest. Let us look this great spectre which you are afraid of fairly in the face. You cannot escape from it, and if you meet it boldly it may prove to be, perhaps, no more than a spectre. At least let us break down the monopoly that has banished so much of your labour from your farms, and that has pauperised so much of the labour which has remained. On the ruins of that monopoly, when you have broken it down, there will arise a fairer fabric, and although it is not possible that I shall live to see it, yet the time will come when you will have a million homes of comfort and independence throughout the land of England, which will attest forever the wisdom and blessedness of the new policy that you have adopted."

EDITOR.