

waves. Statesmen are impotent to stem the overwhelming current of public opinion. Americans have been unable to avoid meddling in European affairs. In 1829 they were for interfering in the Grecian imbroglio. A little more and their fleet would have fought at Navarino. How near they came getting mixed up in the Crimean war! Indeed, on a memorable occasion they were forced to acknowledge the universal code. Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State under President Buchanan, refused to sign the clause on privateering appended to the laws of nations in the Treaty of Paris. Scarcely six years afterward, Mr. Seward, unmasked, offered to sign it, and claimed the retrospective action of that clause when the Alabama swept the seas. Furthermore, the Monroe Doctrine, always considered generally, has no foundation in right. It has no *inherent* right derived from political status or geographical position. Although a Republic is the best form of government for the Americas, it is an open philosophical question whether it is the best government in the abstract, and an open political question whether it is the best government for other nations of this hemisphere. The history of South America, for the last fifty years, would almost indicate that it is not. Neither does geographical vicinage give the United States such right, except in case of danger to themselves. Mere neighbourhood confers no right of meddling. Else it would prove an additional claim to Russia over Poland, and would justify the iniquitous annexation of Schleswig-Holstein by Von Bismarck. Finally, the Monroe Doctrine has no *conceded* right. No document can be produced, no public act pointed out by which it is shown that the American protectorate has been demanded or claimed as a right by the nations of this hemisphere, still less has this right been conceded in Europe. If, then, this famous doctrine is based neither on *inherent* nor *conceded* right, it must be on *assumed* right, and that is precisely the fact of the matter. It was enforced on two special occasions, and justly, as above stated, and then was gradually assumed by its two distinguished authors as a principle of general policy. Even then it was accepted only by the Democratic wing of the American people, the other party violently opposing it.

We may conclude with the following argument *a parte*: Systems similar to the so-called "American System" have been tried even in our own day. There was the "Holy Alliance," which pretended to take the interests of all monarchies under its wing. Notwithstanding its numerical strength, its moral influence was never acknowledged, and it died of its own impotence. Then there was the great Napoleon's "Continental Policy," more aggressive, it is true, in practice, but not less arrogant and assuming in principle. The Pope resisted it for one, and endured prison and exile in consequence. Should England produce an "East India System" relative to all the countries contiguous to her vast possessions in that part of the world, is there an American who would justify her? We must look at the Monroe Doctrine in the same light, because the underlying principle is similar.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

OUR COLLECTING TOUR.

A SKETCH BY TWO YOUNG LADIES.

It was certainly our turn this time. The Misses Jones had been really quite indefatigable in collecting for the Sunday-school children's picnic. Then others had collected for the mission fund, for the poor, and the widows and orphans; so that now the only two things remaining to take up were subscriptions for the new church organ, and to make up the minister's salary. We chose to collect for the new organ, as we each disliked collecting to make up a salary; it is so ridiculous taking from one man to give to another, too much like "robbing Peter to pay Paul." So it was at length arranged that Miss Brown and myself should collect for the new organ, and that we should devote the morning to the gentlemen at their places of business, and the afternoon to the ladies at their homes.

The first place we visited was the dry goods store of one of our prominent members, and inquired if he was in. After a little delay he came out from behind his counter, and said in a very bustling, business-like way, "Very warm morning. Can I do anything for you this morning, ladies? I've just got the most lovely cambric handkerchiefs, the most beautiful things you ever saw!—or, perhaps, match some ribbon!" he added, after he had taken breath, finding that we did not jump at the offer of the lovely cambric handkerchiefs. We then explained that we were collecting for the new church organ. "Yes," said he, "I was always fond of music, that is, *good* music, and especially good church music." We agreed with him, and asked him to subscribe. "Well," he replied, "I will be very happy to put down my name for the same as the others have given; I always go in for improvements." We had unfortunately to tell him that he was the first on our list. "Oh! that is too bad," he remarked, somewhat taken aback; "I will not be able to give very much, you know, and if I put down my name first, it won't look well,—call in on your way back, and I will put down my name for a trifle—anything else, this morning?"

The next persons we called upon were the

members of a prominent law firm, both of whom belonged to our church. We entered the outer office; it was a very dingy room; indeed, the outer offices belonging to lawyers always appear very dingy; the walls were covered with calendars, law lists, notices of chancery sales, plans of building lots, plans of desirable building lots, plans of most desirable building lots, in the town, in the suburbs, in the country, everywhere you might want. It seemed as if all the business that firm had ever done, or would ever do, in the conveyance of real estate, was hanging on the walls, and so concealing the dirty paper that it was now hardly possible to see that the room had ever been papered. There were several clerks at work with piles of papers and documents with heavy black headings, who seemed very busy. We were at length shown into the room of the junior partner of the firm by one of the busy clerks. If there was paper in the outer office, there was more inside. The junior partner seemed to live in an atmosphere of paper—papers on his desk, papers in his hat, on the floor, in baskets, out of baskets, on the chairs, on the window-sills—everywhere. He rose and greeted us in his professional way, but, on seeing our collecting-books, he did not invite us to sit down, but began hurriedly: "No, I am afraid not to-day; we have had to give up the practice altogether, so much dishonesty and deception that really we can't. We have been done too often, not that I mean to reflect on you in the slightest," said the junior partner, picking up one of his many packages of papers and looking over it. "It was only last week," he continued, "that there were as many as twenty-five, let me see, yes, twenty-five calls made upon us for subscriptions, so we had to make the rule; very sorry, I assure you, but a rule is a rule, you know. Good morning." The whole of this had been said by the junior partner without the least hesitation, and in a very abstracted way, which suggested the unpleasant idea that the words he had used were not altogether unfamiliar to him. But then a lawyer was always a creature of forms, and always will be.

We next called upon our doctor. It was a bad time to see him, as he is always much occupied in the morning, but still we were determined to let nothing stand in our way. So we walked into the doctor's ante-room. There were several people waiting their turn. As is always the case with a doctor's morning patients, they are, to all appearances, quite well, and always assume the air of being there merely to speak to the doctor on a little friendly business, and not professionally, by any means. Now a doctor's ante-room always favours this feeling, for of all professional apartments, it is the least professional on earth. Comfortable chairs, sofas, pictures, and last, but not least, the morning paper; not at all the ante-room you would expect to lead to the terrible sanctum. The doctor suddenly appeared at the door to call the "next," but, on catching sight of us and guessing our mission, he very kindly brought us in without further delay. The doctor excused himself for a moment, as he had forgotten something upstairs, so we had time to examine his "chamber of horrors." There was his book-case, with its large and small volumes, with unpronounceable names, the smallest always having the most unpronounceable, in all kinds of coloured leather covers, not at all like the uniform library of books which lawyers always have. Over, opposite the window, was the instrument case, partly open, with its sharp, glittering, implacable-looking knives and lancets, and its drawer of instruments for drawing teeth, curled and twisted into all sorts of extraordinary shapes, like a nest of snakes. Then, on a couple of shelves on the wall, were the doctor's bottles, the most curious collection you ever saw. There were tall, thin, sour, cadaverous-looking bottles, with long necks; there were round, plump, good-natured little bottles; flat apoplectic bottles with no neck at all; half-starved bottles, which seemed to be all neck and no body, and square bottles, standing on a small base, like a man with his arms akimbo, and discontented phials, and drunken funnels to no end. The doctor soon returned, and in a pleasant way listened to what we had to say, and then put down his name directly for a small subscription. The doctor was such a hearty man.

Our next call was on a wealthy insurance manager, who had lately joined the church. Neither Miss Brown nor myself had ever called on him before, but no matter, the ice must be broken at all costs. We went up the great stone steps and through the heavy door into the counting-house. Everybody here had an air of profound calculation and stillness. There were ever so many clerks, perched on the top of ever so many high stools, with ever so many books before them, adding up ever so many columns of figures. Everything was calculation and figures; the scratches upon the legs of the stools and desks with their blots of ink, appeared like rows of irregular figures when you looked at them attentively. Everything was busy; even the old clock on the wall seemed, as the hands moved, to be slowly adding up the figures on its face and giving the sum in a sharp, unpleasant tone every time the hour came. The only thing which was not engaged in addition was a little, old hunchbacked man, on a high stool, more scratched about the legs than any of the others, at the end of the passage, and he was busily engaged on a large sandwich, which he hurriedly hid down at sight of us, and, sliding down off his high stool, came forward to know if we wanted to see the manager. Being answered in the affirmative, he shuffled down the passage, tapped at a glass door and disappeared. This

performance by the old creature had the effect of making all the clerks raise their heads, give a glance at us and then at the clock, and then down again to their work as if nothing had happened. In a moment the little old man reappeared, beckoned us to come in, saying at the same time that the manager was very busy. So, indeed, he was, with his blotting-paper, the morning paper lying on one side, as if it had been hastily laid down. The manager was ill at ease, begged us to be seated, fidgeted with his paper-cutter, looked out of the window and looked at the floor; hoped that the church was in a prosperous way and not needing much pecuniary assistance, as he was, just then, hardly in a position to give very much, as there had been some heavy failures last week; but, as he had recently joined, he supposed he ought to do something. He then wrote us out a check for a small amount, and said he had the honour to wish us a very good morning. So we walked out past all the clerks, who again looked at us, glanced at each other and at the clock, and then on with their interminable addition as before.

We had now to call on the editor of a small newspaper, and a former church warden too. This newspaper office was a very tumble down old building with very rickety steps. Once inside one felt that a very different feeling was produced from that which a look at the outside had inspired. Everything was alive; boys and men were hurrying here and there with all kinds of queer looking things, all of which are, no doubt, necessary in the great art of printing, though somewhat suggestive of the stereotyped, and occasionally cast iron phraseology which the machines are often guilty of producing. Passing through the bustle and noise of the printing room, we at last found ourselves in the editor's "sanctum." The editor was seated at an old ill used table, which stood against the wall. He was hard at work, writing very fast, indeed so fast that he frequently wrote several words after the ink had run out of his pen, and was only deterred from utterly discontinuing the use of ink altogether, by a reflection on the probable difficulty the foreman would experience, if he attempted to prepare his article for press. The ink bottle to which the editor was compelled to have recourse by the above consideration, had been originally bronzed, and was in the form of a stag's head, the antlers being intended for a pen rack, but as the editor was nearly always pen in hand, the stag's antlers had become encumbered by numerous old crumpled memoranda, which had the effect of making it appear as if it had been adorned by some very odd looking curl papers. As the top of the head formed the cover to the ink-stand, it was necessary to open the animal's mouth and throw the upper part of the head very far back to get at the ink. This gave the stag the unpleasant appearance of being in a perpetual state of gargling, which considered in connection with the curl papers, gave the editor's ink-stand certainly a very grotesque appearance. He was so hard at work that he did not notice our entrance at first. At length he paused in his race, and before he could begin again, we interposed. "Oh dear, yes," exclaimed the editor, jumping to the conclusion that we desired the subscription list published, seizing one of our collecting books as he spoke. "Of course I will,—is that all that Smith has given, the old sinner? and look at the subscription of Robinson. I'm ashamed. I'll write an editorial on giving to church purposes, that's what I'll do." We then explained at some length that we did not require the publication of our list, or that the appearance of such an article as he proposed would, in our opinion, be advisable, but that if he would put down his name as a subscriber on our list, we would be very much obliged. "Well," said he, slowly, at the same time shutting up the stag's head with a snap and sadly crushing its curl papers, which was supposed to indicate that he took our advice about the editorial, "I haven't been doing well lately; several people have returned the paper on account of the way I pitch into them for our last Sunday-school picnic, but I'll give you something anyhow, and I'll speak well of the organ when you've got it, bad or good." We thanked him most heartily for his support as we withdrew, and passed out by his flying, whirling machines.

We had now pretty well occupied our morning, with but little result. By making one or two calls before lunch, we hoped, however, to have something to show for our trouble before we ventured on our afternoon's work, among the Ladies of the congregation.

TORONTO.

H.

DOMESTIC.

As this is the season of fresh vegetables, the following recipes for soups will be acceptable.

CABBAGE SOUP.—Remove the fat and bone from a good piece of fresh beef or mutton, season it with a little salt and pepper, put it into a soup-pot, with a quart of water allowed to each pound of meat. Boil, and skim it till no more scum is seen on the surface. Then strain it, and thicken it with flour and butter mixed. Have ready a fine fresh cabbage (a young summer one is best), and after it is well washed through two cold waters, and all the leaves examined to see if any insects have crept between, quarter the cabbage (removing the stalk) and with a strong knife cut it into shreds. Or you may begin the cabbage whole, and cut it into shreds, spirally going round and round it with the knife. Put the cabbage into the clear soup,

and boil it till, upon trial, by taking up a little on a fork, you find it quite tender, and perfectly well cooked. Then serve it up in the tureen.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Make a nice soup, in the usual way, of beef, mutton, or knuckle of veal, cutting off all the fat, and using only the lean and the bones, allowing a quart of water to each pound of meat. Boil it slowly (having slightly seasoned it with pepper and salt), and when it has boiled, and been well skimmed, and no more scum appears, then put in a quart or more of freshly shelled green peas, with none among them that are old, hard, and yellow; and also a sprig or two of green mint, and a little loaf sugar. Boil the peas till they are entirely dissolved. Then strain the soup and return it to the soup pot, and stir into it a teaspoonful of green spinach juice. Have ready (boiled, or rather stewed, in another pot) a quart of young fresh peas, enriched with a piece of fresh butter. These last peas should be boiled tender, but not to a mash. After they are in, give the soup another boil up; and then pour it off into a tureen, in the bottom of which has been laid some toast cut into square bits, with the crusts removed. This soup should be of a fine green colour, and very thick.

BEAN SOUP.—Early in the evening of the day before you make the soup, wash clean a large quart of white dried beans in a pan of cold water, and about bedtime pour off that water, and replace it with a fresh panful. Next morning, put on the beans to boil, with only water enough to cook them well, and keep them boiling slowly till they have all burst, stirring them up frequently from the bottom, lest they should burn. Meantime, prepare, in a large pot, a good soup made of a shin of beef cut into pieces, and a hock of cold ham, allowing a large quart of water to each pound of meat. Season with pepper only (no salt), and put in with it a head of celery, split and cut small. Boil the soup (skimming it well) till the meat is all in rags; then take it out, leaving not a morsel in the pot, and put in the boiled beans. Let them boil in the soup till they are undistinguishable, and the soup very thick. Put some small squares of toast in the bottom of a tureen, and pour the soup upon it.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Make in the usual way a nice rich soup of beef or mutton, seasoned with salt and pepper. After it has been well boiled and skimmed, and the meat is all to pieces, strain the soup into another pot, or wash out the same, and return to it the liquid. Have ready a large quantity of fine fresh asparagus, with the stalks cut off close to the green tops or blossoms. It should have been lying in cold water all the time the meat was boiling. Put into the soup half of the asparagus tops, and boil them in it till entirely dissolved, adding a fresh teaspoonful of spinach juice, obtained by pounding fresh spinach in a mortar. Stir the juice well in, and it will give a fine green color. Then add the remaining half of the asparagus; having previously boiled them in a small pan by themselves, till they are quite tender, but not till they lose their shape. Give the whole one boil up together. Make some nice slices of toast. Dry them a minute in hot water. Butter them, lay them in the bottom of the tureen, and pour the soup upon them.

LITERARY.

IVAN TURGENEFF, the Russian novelist, is a man of imposing figure. His tall form is slightly bent, his hair is silvery, his manners are delightful. It is stated that he has been obliged to naturalize himself a Frenchman to escape the vindictiveness of his own Government, which objects to his graphic novels.

A MOVEMENT is in progress for establishing a Society of English Literature, which is designed to occupy the place in England which is occupied by the Société des Gens de Lettres in France, and by similar bodies in Austria, Belgium, and Germany. This project is an outcome of the recent meetings of the International Literary Congress.

THE danger of transmitting disease by books has been investigated by the Chicago public library directors. They have corresponded with physicians and librarians in various parts of the country, but not one has ever known of a case of contagious disease having been imported by a book from a circulating library.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ONE of the problems of the age is: Will the public take to *Piaf* next season?

J. C. WILLIAMSON has paid Dion Bonicault \$5,000 for the Australian rights to his new Irish drama.

PIANOFORTE lessons can be had in Vienna at the cost of 8 kreutzers—about five cents—an hour, so says a writer on music complaining of the inadequate pay of musicians.

THE report that M. Capoul, the celebrated tenor, is in bad health is unfounded. M. Capoul is not at Vichy, but at his country house near Toulouse, whence he will proceed to America.

THE New York papers state that it is almost impossible for managers to get first-class leading ladies for stock companies. They had rather starve than get from \$100 to \$200 per week in a stock company.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.