

little social peculiarities may be said to have been somewhat overdone. But the Maori, whom an inscrutable decree of a mysterious Providence has determined that we shall have ever with us, present typical varieties which the sociologist, in tracing the differentiating effect of civilization, finds valuable to consider.

I think it may be fairly assumed that since last they were pointedly referred to in the public prints, these tribes have sensibly increased in numbers and aggressiveness. On that occasion Mr. Matthew Arnold called them Philistines. Now, while the Philistine was no doubt an objectionable person in every sense in his day, his day is so inconceivably remote as to invest the term with a glamour of antiquity in which the reproach is semi-playful, demi-complimentary. But our Polynesian friends are present, tangible, belligerent, and black. The added definiteness in the term of opprobrium is striking and suggestive. I suppose this increase may be accounted for in various ways. Perhaps, like the Anarchists, our Maori arrive too rapidly for the slow action of our social forces, though the race is not notably prolific. Unfortunately for our data, however, the census-takers are under no compulsion to note tribal distinctions. The growth of democratic sentiment is accountable for a good many of them. Nothing is more palpable to the average Maori than the fact that he is as good as anybody else. He may not possess as many wampum strings, and his wife may be uglier, he will admit; but in all other respects he is any man's fellow. The passion of loyalty does not exist for him; his tailor owns his only fealty. Veneration he relegates to fools, and barely keeps reverence in his religion. Old things convey to him only a sense of deterioration; he finds his supremest architectural delight in new bricks and fresh mortar. The untamed license of the Press encourages this unprincipled person. It is his daily gratification to inspect his neighbour's clothes-line as it is suspended from one reportorial column to another, with comments by the editor. It is one of his favourite maxims that anything is justifiably published which interests a large number of people. He knows a great many distinguished people intimately to speak of, and an American Maori invariably alludes to the executive heads of his Republic as "Grover" and "Frankie." Here it was once a favourite audacity among the lower orders to call the Princess "Mrs." Lorne, but the sacrilege was sternly stamped out of existence by that true courtier the *Toronto Mail*.

Maorian literary tastes are not, of course, so easily designated. A parody appeals strongly to the cultivated Maori, and the worse the parody the better he likes it. He has a storm of withering contempt always on tap, so to speak, for Tennyson, but only lavish praise for "Betsey and I Are Out." I regret to seem to depreciate Mr. Carleton's poems by attributing a Maori predilection to them, but candour and a limited poetic scope compel it. The well-regulated Maori affects history and biography and all useful reading to a laudable extent. The almanac, in his opinion, ranks well in literature, since it contains something that he desires to know. In fiction he likes a story with a good deal of incident and accident—though he condemns sensationalism—and he likes it to end well. He is particular about the ending, and it not infrequently determines the whole merit of the book for him.

You will meet this person and his feminine representatives in great number and variety, and the best clothes purchasable, any afternoon. He is eminently—arrantly—respectable, usually well-to-do, and he wears an expression so complacent that it excites one's wrath or compassion, according to the temperature. He steps briskly through the fabric of ideality that some kind hand has clothed the world with. Let us praise heaven that the rents close up after him! SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THREE PRESIDENTS.

LINCOLN.

I was almost ashamed to take advantage of Mr. Seward's introduction to President Lincoln, who had something to do in those tremendous days besides receiving idle visitors, though I am afraid he had a good many idle visitors, and, what was worse, a good many office-seekers to receive. But I yielded to the temptation, and found the President most kind and courteous. A glance was sufficient to dissipate the impression of Lincoln's unseemly levity amidst scenes of horror, which had been produced in England by the repetition of his jokes and apothegms. Care and anxiety never sat more visibly on any mortal brow. His love of mournful poetry was a proof that the natural temperament of the man was melancholy, and his face showed that he felt the full responsibility of his terrible position. I know not whether there was any particle of truth in the story that after Chancellorsville he meditated suicide; but I can well believe that Chancellorsville went to his heart. The little stories, one or two of which he told in the interview which I had with him, were simply his habitual mode of expression, and perhaps at the same time a relief for his surcharged mind—a

pinch, as it were, of mental snuff. It is needless to describe Lincoln's figure, or the homeliness of language which, when the theme was inspiring, became, as in the Gettysburg address, the purest eloquence. Democracy may certainly point with triumph to this Illinois "rail-splitter" as a proof that high culture is not always necessary to the making of a statesman. Indeed Lincoln's example is rather dangerous in that respect. The roots of his statesmanship were his probity and right feeling, which are not the invariable characteristics of the Western politician.

GRANT.

Grant I saw in Stanton's office, and he struck me as a quiet and most unpretending thunderbolt of war. In the camp I saw his tent, which was as plainly equipped as that of any subaltern, and it was well known that he hated military parade. Of his strategy I am no judge, nor can I pretend to decide whether any good purpose was served by all the carnage of the last campaign; but beyond question the victor of Fort Donelson was felt to be the military pillar of the North. Grant was thoroughly loyal both to the cause and to his colleagues. I suppose it must be said that he was ruthless. He certainly was, if it be true that he refused to exchange prisoners when his soldiers were perishing by thousands in the murderous prison camp at Andersonville. But if he shed blood without stint, he brought the slaughter to a close. Happy, if he had never been dragged into politics! Dragged into them in the first instance he was. People hoped that as he had been the sledge-hammer of the enemy, he would be the sledge-hammer of corruption; and let it always be borne in mind that he did at first try to form an independent Cabinet, and to shake off the wire-pullers, though his attempt was at once foiled by his ignorance of the game, and he fell more helplessly into the hands of the wire-pullers than the least honest of his predecessors. Afterwards he, no doubt, became ambitious, or at least desirous of smoking his cigar in the White House, and of having patronage to bestow upon his friends. Transferring his military ideas to civil administration, he thought himself bound to stand by his friends under fire, even when they were guilty of corruption. That he was himself ever guilty of anything worse than indelicacy was never seriously asserted. A man who had approached him with a corrupt overture would certainly have been kicked out of the room. Grant's book, in its straightforwardness and simplicity, is the perfect reflection of his character. His manner was certainly unpolished, and in this respect he was a contrast to General Meade, whose acquaintance I afterwards made, and who seemed to me the model of a soldier and a gentleman. Once, at least, Grant said a good thing. He was told that his enemy Sumner, who was a sublime egotist, did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. "I should think not," replied Grant; "he did not write them himself, I believe."

CLEVELAND.

I desired to look upon the face of President Cleveland more than I had desired to look upon the face of any American statesman since Lincoln. It is, as might be expected, a face full of strength and firmness. So happy an event, I apprehend, as this President's election has not for a long time taken place in the United States—I may say on the continent, for the good influence of a triumph of public probity extended even to Canada. Mr. Cleveland was not one of the "available men" of whom the country had such bitter experience in the persons of Polk and Buchanan; nor had he attained party prominence by stump oratory or the arts of a demagogue. In rhetoric, indeed, he seems to be rather deficient. He had shown himself worthy to govern the nation by his conduct as Governor of the State of New York. His bearing during the campaign, especially the manly frankness with which he met the charge brought against him on account of the sins of his youth, was a most favourable omen of his future conduct. It excited a strong feeling in his favour even in Canada, where generally little interest is felt in the politics of the United States. He is now treading, as it seems to me, with a firm and resolute step, the arduous path of civil-service reform. Too much must not be exacted of him. It cannot fairly be expected that he shall cast off party ties or disregard party obligations: honour, as well as necessity, forbids him. The scale, it is true, was turned in his favour by the Independent Republicans, who, to use the American phrase, bolted their party ticket; but he received his nomination from the Democrats, and owed his election mainly to them. The Independent Republicans themselves have not repudiated Party, though they will hardly get back into the lines. By his loyalty to reform, President Cleveland has already incurred the hatred of Tammany and of all the corrupt. On the other hand, he has, I trust, won the hearts and will receive the support of all who care less for any party than for the country.—*Goldwin Smith*: "*The Capital of the United States*," in *Macmillan*.

THE shareholders and customers alike of the Canadian Bank of Commerce are to be congratulated in the prospects before that institution. The infusion of new blood into the Board by the accession of three new directors, and especially the election as President of Mr. H. W. Darling, the President of the Board of Trade, a gentleman of vigorous habit, in the prime of life, and well versed in commercial affairs,—give every promise of a flourishing business. And that the intention is to fulfil the promise may be inferred from the prompt and judicious measures that preceded their election—clearing the deck of a quantity of questionable assets, which reduces the nominal amount of the Rest indeed, but, removing what might prove to be a mere delusion, adds, on the other hand, immensely to the effective fighting power of the ship.