

vaunted equality and fraternity are far behind England and her Colonies in this respect. We have only to contrast the way in which the Indians have been treated by the United States with the way the Indians have been treated in Canada. Whilst the Indian policy of the Americans is a big blot on the much-blotted American civilization it is one of the glories of the Dominion that within its wide domain the red man has had even more than fair play. So in Africa. Whilst the Boers regard the aborigines as wild animals to be tracked and exterminated whenever occasion offers, or else as beasts of burden to be forced into the most repulsive and cruel slavery, the English, on the other hand, are ever the true friends of the natives, and have repeatedly come to their rescue when threatened by their enemies. Everything is done for them that can be done to promote their physical and moral well-being. So much for John Bull & Company.

The Boers' Good Points.

It must not be supposed that we regard the Boer as a man having no good points. He has many, though his bad points are so prominent, not to say picturesque, that they have received more attention from the peripetetic literary man than a sense of proportion and justice warrants. "Take all that is dirtiest, bravest, most old-fashioned, and most obstinate in a Breton," says Max O'Rell, "all that is most suspicious, sly and mean in a Norman, all that is shrewdest, most hospitable, and most puritan and bigoted in a Scot, mix well, stir and serve, and you have a Boer, or if you will—a boor." The Boers are very religious in their peculiar, narrow way. Their method of farming is that practised by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They do not wish to do or to use anything that is not mentioned in the Bible. The Massey-Harris Company is not mentioned in the Bible nor any of their new fangled agricultural machines. So the Boers will have none of it. In short, they refuse to till the earth with modern implements. It is easy to make merry over these curious folks but it is difficult to understand them. Very few, even of those who live amongst them, have any real or intimate knowledge of their true character. The Boer is a shy, retiring man, and hates making new acquaintances. He detests change, and loves solitude and retirement, and complains that the Uitlanders (foreigners) are crowding him out of his country. "For my part," says a sympathetic and well-informed correspondent of the London Times, "whenever I shake hands with one of these great, slow-moving, heavy-fisted Boers, I forget his uncouth ways, his odities, his lack of the thin veneer of modern culture, and think to myself: This man, despite his unpromising exterior, is one of a band of heroes who have made a great and interesting history, who have endured manifold sufferings, whose bones litter the silent veldt in every distant nook and corner of South Africa, and who are, upon the whole, as fine a race of pioneers as the world has seen." This interesting writer adds that during the last year the old trek spirit has suddenly and wonderfully revived, and that many of the Boers in the Transvaal and Bechuanaland are preparing quietly to betake themselves from the bustle and turmoil of modern civilization, and seek new homes further north, in N'gamiland, the Kalahari, and the country beyond. Some have gone so far as Central Africa seeking for some land free from any government, taxation, or white population, whither thoroughbred Boers might trek and rest in peace. Those who remain behind and decline to take part in further northward treks "will probably, as is the case in Cape Colony, form the settled rural population of the country, commanding a large share in the voting power, steadily progressing, and mingling more and more with the British."

Oom Paul and his Ox-waggon.

The President of the Transvaal Republic, the Honourable Paul Kruger, surnamed by his people "Oom Paul" (Uncle Paul), is "at his wits end to know how to steer his ship of State—one may say, rather, his ox-waggon." He must retain at his back the old-fashioned Boers who have kept him in power, and yet he must try to satisfy the Uitlanders who are demanding equal rights with the Dutch Afrianders. Oom Paul barely knows how to write, and yet so skilful a diplomat is he that he has more than once foiled the British by his diplomacy. He and Mr. Cecil Rhodes are the great men, the great forces in South Africa. The President is nearly eighty years of age. The ex-Premier of Cape Colony says he himself has but begun his political career. Will he one day steer the "ox-waggon" of old Oom Paul? The cautious, slow-going, intensely patriotic President has been a check on the ambitions of the dashing and reckless Premier of the Cape. It is said, and we fear not without some foundation, that Mr. Cecil Rhodes desires to establish a republic in South Africa, a republic that will not only embrace the present African dominions of the Queen but also the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and all the regions as far as the Zambesi. This stretch of country is larger than all Europe. As long as President Kruger lives Mr. Cecil Rhodes will have in the Transvaal a brake on his chariot wheels. We trust we are doing no injustice to Mr. Rhodes. We hope he does not need a brake to keep him loyal to his Queen and country. Indeed, his latest words on the South African question are not those of one who is meditating a declaration of independence but of one who would strongly oppose any movement tending to lessen British prestige in Africa or any other country. He has just remarked, through the medium of an American newspaper, that England is the only great Power in South Africa at present, and "she is now threatened with German interference, which she is bound to resent and resist. In this she should have America's sympathy." Oom Paul in driving his ox-cart of State will make a mistake if he permits that clever fool, Emperor William, to take a hand in the steering.

Chilled.

It is reported that the other day President Cleveland was visited by a committee consisting of Ex-President Boraza, of Venezuela, General Uslar, representing the Venezuelans in New York, and Dr. D. A. Steldo, of Washington, who presented a bound copy of the resolutions of thanks adopted by the Venezuelan "mass meeting" held in New York on the fourth instant. This was all very high and mighty and great. But President Cleveland was not impressed; at least, not in the way the committee desired him to be. His remarks on the occasion must have cooled the ardour of the Ex-President, the General, and the Doctor. Mr. Cleveland showed his good sense—and also his appreciation of the mess he has got himself into by arousing Venezuelan ambition—by impressing upon the committee the sin and folly of indulging in hostile demonstrations towards England. Mr. Cleveland also warned the Doctor, the General, and the Ex-President against the evil of internal dissension. He then dismissed the chilled committee, and they departed to their own place sad but with their understandings considerably enlarged.

A Terrible Invasion.

An anonymous little volume on British Guiana and its Resources has just been published in London by Messrs Philip & Son. The information it contains about the gold fields and their situation is valuable and interesting, but the treatment of the frontier question is rather behind the times. The book contains, however, an account of a great invasion of British Guiana by the Venezuelan hosts which appears to have escaped the attention of the world, and is now made known for the first time. This daring achievement on the part of Venezuela throws considerable light on the men and measures of