The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1877.

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THE WEEKLY MAIL.

A "COOLER" FOR CANADIAN FREE TRADERS.

That public opinion in favour of giving fair play to home industry has grown and spread greatly in Canada during some years past, nay, that it is even now growing and spreading more vigorously than it ever did before, is tolerably plain to all who have eyes to see how the world moves. And equally plain is it that the spread of public opinion in this direction threatens danger to that political party which, for no other reason except that of blind devotion to its leaders, chooses to take its stand on bookish theories, made for countries whose circumstances are very different from our own. Seeing the danger that the rise of Protectionism in Canada threatens to their party ascendancy, the Grits look with longing eyes over the American border, with what we may call the desperate hope that from that quarter something may come to save them. Mr. Mackenzie and his colleagues of 1873 were scarcely warm in their seats ere Mr. Brown's mission to Washington was determined upon, and for what purpose? Why, for this, first and above all—to obtain some form or other of Reciprocity with the United States, as a means of "killing off" Protection in Canada. For this the party leaders were willing to do and dare much, aye, and to give much, too, if only the darling object of throttling Protection in Canada could be attained. They would have in effect given the country away, and signed its commercial annexation to the Great Republic, if only by this means the rising wave of Protectionism could have been kept back from Canadian shores. That bold attempt failed, but still the Grit leaders and their organs look eagerly southward, hoping that "something would turn up." A lively sense of danger makes them look in other directions, too, for help, and it has been with considerable "cheek" avowed that a good harvest and the continuance of the Russo-Turkish war would make the Mackenzie Government safe for a year or two, in spite of all the Protectionists could do. But for something of more permanent effect the Party depends chiefly upon that ideal sheet anchor of their hopes—a change of commercial policy on the part of the United States.

When the new Administration came into power in Washington, the antics of the Grits here were much like those of a man pressing his finger on a thermometer bulb when the top of the column was below zero, in order to show that it was not so very cold after all. Feeling desperately in need of something to help their cause, every incident that could be made to look like a favourable indication was seized upon and made the most of. When, a month or two ago, President Hayes and Mr. Evarts had a reception given them by the New York Chamber of Commerce, some remarks made by the Secretary in favour of the extension of American commerce were construed as a declaration for Free Trade. We showed at the time how little foundation such a construction of his words had to rest upon, but still the usual silly attempts on the part of the Grit press, to bewitch people here with a magic lantern illusion of Free Trade in the United States, have been continued. If continued after this, it will surely be, as the pursuit of knowledge sometimes is, under difficulties. For, if what a Philadelphia paper says be true, the American Secretary of State has just unbosomed himself in favour of Home Manufactures and a National Policy in as decided terms as the most ardent Protectionist need desire.

It is the irrepressible interviewer, whose veracity, however, there is in this particular case not the slightest reason to doubt, who sends to the Philadelphia *North American* a report of a conversation, in which Mr. Evarts declared his views on the trade question. What the Secretary is represented as saying is thus briefly summarized—that it is not so much Protection or Free Trade as *full trade* that is wanted; that efforts must be made to extend American markets abroad; and that there must be Protection for the farmer and the miner, as well as the manufacturer. He is thus reported, verbatim:

"Although there may be many signs of reviving industry, no great and thoroughly felt movement in this direction can be expected until some comprehensive policy be adopted to disenthrall the contracted sphere of American trade. By this I do not mean that the industrial interests of this country demand Free Trade. I am fully advised and convinced by correspondence, study, and reflection, that this theory is not a true one for this country. The first duty of a Government is the judicious protection of the products of the capital and labour of its own people. In our country, the agricultural classes of the west, as well as the manufacturing classes of the east, have a mutual interest in the preservation and promotion of home industry, for no one class of our people can thrive long without the co-operation of the productive labour of the other. As an instance of the disadvantages of what is known as Free Trade, in its radical sense, it is but necessary to look to the deplorable condition of the iron trade in Germany. The loss on last year's operations amounts to $2,000,000 on a capital of $75,000,000 in iron and steel companies alone, and this, it is found, has disastrously affected other interests. Even such a reliable English authority as the *Iron and Coal Trade Review*, alluding to the defeat of the bill in the German Reichstag reimposing duties upon iron and steel, admits that the iron trade of Germany received a disastrous blow through that action. In France the value of the Protection policy is held. According to the report of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, there is shown, against 3,907,000,000 francs of exports and imports in 1859, 7,625,000,000 francs, the value of the same in 1874. The same has been the experience of Russia; and according to a late communication from Minister Maynard at Constantinople, the largest share of the imbecility and poverty of the Turkish people, as now demonstrated in the condition of the empire in its struggle in the existing war, is attributed solely to the edicts in the interest of unqualified Free Trade. The Free Trade system of England may have been beneficial to the industrial interests of that country, but with increased cost of material and labour, sooner or later inevitable, the conditions now favourable to such a policy will be greatly modified."

And further:

"I cannot be willing to sacrifice the developing interests of my country to an abstract idea. In regard to this protective system, I do not entertain the opinion that legislation of a prohibitory character would be a wise policy, but Protection to the extent of guarding home industry against ruinous foreign competition. In the introduction of improved appliances in the way of machinery, the cost of production has been lowered, so that, by a judicious encouragement of American manufactures, the competition now being felt by foreign manufactures from American articles will be greatly strengthened and enlarged. Protection and Free Trade are abstract terms, vague in meaning and but little understood. My view is that it is not Protection or Free Trade so much as full trade that we require. The vast resources of our country need an outlet, as we have recognized so disastrously during the past five years. Production is greater than our home demands, and unless an outlet is found for this excess we must still continue to feel the depressing effects. It is the duty of the Government, as already intimated, to protect all classes, not only the manufacturers, but the agriculturists and miners."

With the extension of American commerce in view, as a great object to be attained, Mr. Evarts says: "I also hope "through trade conventions with foreign "Governments to further extend the "markets for our products. To do this "we must offer privileges if we expect "equal benefits in return." Perhaps the Grits will think they can scent Reciprocity in this, but we advise them to indulge in no false hopes. There is Reciprocity in it, of a kind; not for Canada, however, but only for non-manufacturing countries, or those whose products do not compete with American products. What the Secretary has in his mind's eye is trade with the West Indies, all America south of the Rio Grande, British Africa, and Australia. Canada, being a competitor with the States in agriculture, in mining, and manufactures, will have no share in such favours as our neighbours may concede to others.

Now let Mr. Brown and Mr. Mackenzie tell the Canadian public honestly what kind of reciprocity they expect from an American Secretary of State who says that it is the duty of the Government to protect all classes, not only the manufacturers, but also the agriculturists and miners. Of what his duty to his country is Mr. Evarts has a very clear and practical conception; but it differs greatly from what they imagine their duty to their country to be. Evidently the miserable "fly-on-the-wheel" policy, so complacently announced by Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Mills, is not in vogue in Washington by any means. Farmers and miners, as well as manufacturers, must be protected by the Government, says the American Secretary. Agricultural Protection is all a humbug—an impossibility—say our present rulers; the Hamilton *Times* and the London *Advertiser* applaud the opinion as sound philosophy; and "Joe" Rymal emphasizes it with a horse laugh, and a little anecdote of an exchange he once made of so many bushels of barley for so many of corn, getting so much cash besides.

It is surely high time for our Free Trade illusionists to cease humbugging the Canadian public with their magic lantern dissolving views of Reciprocity, and of the entirely imaginary advance of Free Trade in the United States. Their cause, we tell them, is not advancing over the border, but is going backwards at an alarming rate. And, if they will wait until after the regular Cobden Club anniversary, now just at hand, we shall be able to tell them, on authority which they cannot repudiate, how much their cause is going backwards in the Old World, as well as in the New.

A PROHIBITION HUMBUG.

There are a great many humbugs in the Prohibition cause; we have known some of its very prominent advocates whose drinking habits ill qualified them to take place in the ranks of its champions. Of all the humbugs of the cause in Canada the chiefest by all odds is Mr. G. W. Ross, M.P. for West Middlesex. That is a poor cause which is not worthy of being advocated at all times and at whatever cost; and he is a mere sham of a champion who stands up in its defence only when everything is smooth and fair around him. Whatever may be said for the cause of Prohibition, assuredly at the hands of Mr. G. W. Ross it has received wounds almost sufficient to produce its death.

It is now nearly four years since the Grit Party came into power at Ottawa, having for its leader Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, and for one of its prominent props Mr. George W. Ross. The temperance people had been assured that it only needed Mr. Mackenzie's advent to power to see a Prohibitory Liquor Law put upon the statute book of Canada. There was no one more forward in the effort to establish this belief than the member for West Middlesex. Four sessions have come and gone, and what have these two men done in that time for Prohibition? it may be asked. Nothing *for* it, but all in their power *against* it. They have strained every nerve either to burk the subject altogether, or when it was brought up, to strangle it before it gained strength enough to cause them much trouble. And yet in the face of these damning facts, Mr. G. W. Ross brazens out his humbuggery, and seeks still further to delude people into believing in his honesty. Mr. Mackenzie, with all his boldness and recklessness, does not dare to go to the same extent of hypocrisy. He shelters himself under the plea that the country is not yet ripe for Prohibition: a statement which can hardly prove satisfactory to those who were led to look for far different action from him. Mr. G. W. Ross could not hope to stand up before a Toronto audience and not be interrogated respecting his hypocritical conduct. Of course he was drawn into explaining why he voted against Dr. Schultz's motion in favour of Prohibition, and all he had to say was that he was not prepared to take advice from his enemies. Enemies indeed! Enemies of whom or what? Is not Dr. Schultz as honest a temperance advocate as Mr. G. W. Ross? If you have any doubt about it ask Senator Billa Flint; a man who has been a teetotaler half a century, and is now an active worker in the temperance cause. The fact is, Mr. Ross and his Grit temperance friends voted against Prohibition because to have voted for it would have embarrassed the Government; and that Mr. Mackenzie should remain in power and help Mr. G. W. Ross to fat offices is of more consequence to him than the fate of Prohibition. The public has a keen eye for this sort of thing. Mr. G. W. Ross had better "purge himself "and live cleanly" before he again addresses a Toronto audience on the subject of temperance. He is a first-class humbug. But what cares he so long as the Government dollars jingle in his pocket?

THE KAMINISTIQUIA JOB.

The editor of the *Thunder Bay Sentinel* is a Reformer standing aghast at the frightful corruption his political friends are practising right under his vision. He says he never gave a Tory vote in his life, and he hails the *Globe* as "the "acknowledged leader of the great Party "of our youth and manhood," but the Kaministiquia business has driven him to the conclusion that "honour and jus- "tice are being trampled under foot to "subserve private interests," and that the people are being robbed that a few select Ministerialists may be gorged with plunder.

Mr. Adam Oliver, who kindly made way for Mr. Crooks in South Oxford, had planted a colony on paper above Fort William. With him were Mr. Joseph Davidson, his partner; Mrs. Mary J. Brown, wife of Mr. P. J. Brown, another partner; Mrs. Caroline Davidson, wife of his partner Davidson; Mrs. Helen E. Leys, wife of Mr. John Leys, a prominent Reformer of this city; Mr. Thomas Wells, partner of Mr. P. J. Brown, Adam's partner; Mr. S. Hazlewood, the chief Government Engineer in that section; three Streets, of whom Moses Street, a sound Reformer, was principal, and Mr. John McLaren, another sound Reformer, and another friend of Oliver's. This nest of staunch friends held close upon three-fourths of the wild land purchased by the Premier for the railway terminus. The total amount paid for the seventy-five acres was $51,700, and this ring secured $34,734 of it. Sagacious outsiders seeing Oliver and his friends flocking to the spot, surmised that there must be carrion actual or prospective in the locality where so experienced a brood of vultures was hovering, and bought up lots which, thanks to the efforts of the vultures, subsequently brought them $16,300. The job, however, was perpetrated in the interest of the Oliver ring, and the outsiders benefitted cheerfully give Oliver and Davidson all the honour and glory attaching to the operation.

The points which appear to have struck the editor of the *Sentinel* with appalling force are briefly these:

(1.) That the Government have paid $51,000 for a mile of right of way above Fort William, when over two miles of right of way have been purchased by the Prince Arthur and Kaministiquia road for $1,687, not in a barren wilderness, but in the suburbs of the town of Prince Arthur; and the cost of the whole right of way for the six miles required by the latter company will not exceed $3,000. The editor of the *Sentinel* evidently cannot understand why one mile of right of way should cost $51,000 while six miles in far more intrinsically valuable property sell for $3,000, except on the ground that a huge job has been perpetrated.

(2). The accuracy of this conclusion is confirmed by the suspicious character of the Valuation Commission appointed to value the lands. Mr. Wilson, P.L.S., of Mount Forest, and Mr. Reid, a stationery dealer in London, were the valuators while a third party, Mr. P. J. Brown, whose wife and partners held the larger portion of the land, acted as counsel for the Government, as chief adviser of Mr. Reid, and, indeed, as the potent referee who virtually did the business. The editor of the *Sentinel* evidently regards Mr. Brown as both vendor and vendee, *a la* Crooks and the municipal debentures.

(3). The *Sentinel*, in conclusion, cannot understand why the Government insisted on having Oliver & Co.'s lands, when "the Government dock, &c., is already "at Prince Arthur, while blocks of Gov- "ernment property are decaying there "and while the railway from Prince "Arthur has been built by the people and "offered free to the Government;" and here again, and lastly, the conclusion is forced upon him that to benefit the Oliver ring, the Premier has robbed the people of this country. He cries out: "Land "bought from the Government in the "town plot at $8 an acre, and in the "eighteen lots outside the plot at only "twenty cents an acre, and purchased "back by the Government at $475 per "acre!!!" The exclamation marks are his. Then he goes on:—"The fore- "going ($51,000) is only a part of "the expense; we advisedly assert "from good authority that over "$60,000 has been chucked under by the "town plot scheme. Investigation will "show this; and also that $40,000 more "has been expended in dredging, dock- "building, etc. It will take $100,000 "more to clean out the river, cut off the "elbow, and make a basin for the large "boats to turn around in. Are the people "of the Dominion willing to have their "hard-earned money squandered in this "way?"

This marvellous swindle is not yet complete, however. Oliver & Co. are not yet through with the Treasury. They hold no less than four hundred lots adjoining the land already sold, and it is evidently their intention to foist these upon the Premier also. They have established an organ at Fort William called the *Day Book* which is to puff their lands *a la* M. Laflamme and the Lachine sale. The prospectus of the paper sets out that it is "published under the "supervision of the following Committee: "—John Leys, J. J. Vickers, and "Joseph Davidson, Toronto; Adam "Oliver, Thomas Wells, and P. J. "Brown, Ingersoll; and J. McKellar, "John McIntyre, and Samuel Hazle- "wood, Fort William."

We cannot close this record more appropriately than in the words of Senator Macpherson: "I "have seen no explanation of this trans- "action that justifies it or removes it "from grave suspicion of jobbery. The "subject was referred to a Committee of "the Senate, but too near the close of "the session to permit the completion of "the enquiry. The evidence of Mr. "Fleming, chief engineer, and of Mr. "Murdoch, the locating engineer at that "point, was obtained. The former testi- "fied that the terminus was settled in "conference with Mr. Mackenzie, and "that he (Mr. Fleming) was much sur- "prised at the price paid for the land. "Mr. Murdoch testified that he located "the site under instructions from the "Department of Public Works, notwith- "standing that he had recommended a "point nearer to the mouth of the river "for the terminus, where the facilities "would be greater, and where a farm was "offered for terminal grounds at $75 per "acre. What is already known in con- "nection with the selection of the ter- "minus renders a searching enquiry into "the whole matter absolutely necessary."

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Not long ago five Ministers of the Crown of Reform proclivities demanded an increase of salary from the people on the ground that they had to work exceedingly hard, much harder indeed than the five Ministers of the Crown of Tory proclivities who preceded them in office. The House, believing this, assented, and the salaries of the Ministers were increased as follows:

	FROM	TO
Premier	$4,000	$5,500
Treasurer	3,200	4,500
Provincial Secretary	3,200	4,500
Crown Lands Commissioner	3,200	4,500
Public Works Commissioner	3,200	4,500
	$16,800	$23,500

Last session these five Reform Ministers came to the House and said that they must have an extra Minister, for Mr. Crooks could not possibly bear the burden of the Treasurership and at the same time perform the duties of Minister of Education. The Opposition grumbled a little because it was notorious that Messrs. Mowat and Crooks devoted a large portion of their time to their private business. The Premier, however, assured the House that he and his four colleagues were absolutely worked off their legs; and again the House assented. Mr. Wood became Treasurer, and Mr. Hardy was brought in to succeed Mr. Wood as Provincial Secretary. Hence the salaries account, ranking Dr. Ryerson as Minister of Education in the Sandfield Macdonald Government, now stands as follows:

	Sandfield Gov.	Mowat Gov.
Premier	$4,000	$5,500
Treasurer	3,200	4,500
Provincial Secretary	3,200	4,500
Crown Lands Commissioner	3,200	4,500
Public Works Commissioner	3,200	4,500
Minister of Education	4,000	4,500
	$20,800	$28,000

In addition to this, each of the six members of the present Government receives his $800 a year for sessional allowance, where the five members of the old Government received but $400 each. Thus between increase in salaries, $7,200, and increase in sessional allowance, $2,800, the Mowat Government costs the Province $10,000 a year more than the much maligned Administration of Sandfield Macdonald.

Now that large increase, large as times go, might be excused on the ground that Mr. Mowat and his colleagues have to work harder than their predecessors, but no such ground can be taken. On the contrary, there never was a time since the first Government was founded in 1867, when public business was more grossly neglected than at present. Not long ago we saw the Premier and the Minister of Education leaving the general public to kick its heels outside their offices, while they pursued the even tenor of their law business in Osgoode Hall. The close of term alone put an end to this scandal, but quickly another rose in its place, the Premier and the new Provincial Secretary "hunting in "couples" with Dominion Ministers, contrary to the Party's doctrine in such case made and provided. Now, however, the pretence on which the salaries were increased and a sixth Minister added is altogether thrown away. The Premier is holidaying in the Maritime Provinces; Mr. Crooks is in England; Mr. Fraser is on his way to England; and when last heard from Mr. Wood was in Chicago. Of the six Ministers, but two, Messrs. Pardee and Hardy, remain to attend to public business. Such is what is known as Reform!

PARTY PROCESSIONS.

This is not at all events a Party question. In this city we find ourselves and our Ministerial contemporary expressing exactly similar views with regard to it on the same day. Nor, probably, is it a question of creed; for while, so far as we can judge from the remarks which he has made on the subject, Archbishop Lynch is willing to see objectionable processions put down by force of law, the *True Witness* of Montreal, a rabid Catholic paper, denounces such interference. This expression of view was drawn from it by an article in the Montreal *Gazette* advocating the abolition of all processions, national, religious, and political. "Why," it asks, "should the Catholics not give up "St. Patrick's Day, the Frenchmen *Fete* "*Dieu*, and Orangemen the 12th of July?" "What," exclaims the *True Witness*, "give up our peaceful processions because "an illegal society, bound together by "oath to destroy the Church of Rome, "imports armed ruffians to intimidate the "Catholic people?" This is very wild language. Whatever it may be, the Orange Society is not "illegal." The Editor of the *True Witness* may possibly know all about it, but we think he is mistaken too when he declares that its members are "bound together by oath to destroy the "Church of Rome." And he is surely turning all the facts topsy-turvy when he talks about "importing armed ruffians" for the purpose of intimidation. Such language on the part of any journalist is much to be deplored, and can have none other than an injurious effect in a society such as that of Montreal, where a conflagration may be produced at any moment by impassioned and untruthful appeals to the worst side of human nature.

We have referred to our contemporary more particularly, however, to point out its hostility to the abolition of processions, and the seeming divergence between the Catholic Archbishop of Ontario and the Catholic Editor of Montreal. "No, no," declares the Editor, "we "shall do nothing of the kind. Party "processions—away with them if you "like, but *now* national and religious pro- "cessions we shall insist upon more de- "terminedly than ever." Does the Archbishop agree with the Editor? or, when the former spoke, did he entertain a mental reservation in favour of national and religious processions? We are so anxious not to do his Grace any injustice that we feel some hesitancy in referring to his views when there is so much room to doubt what they really are.

It is evident, however, from the expression of opinion which has been given by the Press of various shades of politics, that prohibition by law is as little desirable with respect to processions as to other matters affecting the liberty of the subject. In a country of various nationalities and creeds we must learn to tolerate what we cannot approve. Should there be a disposition on the part of any organization or individuals to depart from this wholesome rule of action, it must be the duty of the authorities to see that the legal rights of no class in the community are abridged, and that offenders against the law shall be severely punished. If, on the other hand, there should be a mutual understanding to abandon all processions we should gladly say, "God "speed the work;" but we will not be an assenting party to anything of the nature of a jug-handled arrangement.

REBUILDING ST. JOHN AND THE RATE OF INTEREST.

Far more than a local interest attaches to the financial aspect of the scheme proposed by Mr. Domville, the energetic and able member for Kings, N. B., who was himself so heavy a sufferer by the calamity, for the re-building of St. John. Possessed of quick intelligence and a mind fertile in resources in a case of emergency, he was the first to come forward to suggest a means by which a large sum—some two millions of dollars—might be raised wherewith to build up the burned district of St. John. He submitted his scheme to a meeting of citizens on the 4th inst., and, though some alternative proposals were suggested, it was unanimously adopted. The scheme is briefly this: to form a Trust and Loan Association, raise some money among its principal men, and then borrow what might be required upon the issue of debentures guaranteed by the Local Government and the City Corporation. Of course the money would be borrowed in Great Britain. On the strength of correspondence which had passed between leading English capitalists and himself, Mr. Domville was prepared to say that, by the guarantees proposed, the needed capital could be got and loaned in the city at six per cent. Mr. John Boyd supported Mr. Domville's plan in a forcible speech. So also did Mr. Palmer, who, however, expressed the view that if the Dominion Government would also guarantee the debentures (which, he contended, they ought to do) the money could be placed at 4 per cent. Mr. Domville dissented from this view altogether. The Dominion Government could not guarantee the debentures, and even if they did it would be impossible to loan the proceeds at a rate which is much below what the Dominion is itself able to borrow at in England. Some other views, suggestive and critical, were offered, but, as we have said, Mr. Domville's scheme was adopted in its entirety.

Should the many citizens of St. John who are interested in re-building be able to obtain the money they require at 6 per cent. per annum they will be extremely fortunate and will owe Mr. Domville a deep debt of gratitude. Indeed, so fortunate will they be that the very suggestion of it causes us here in Ontario to ask ourselves why we have to pay so dearly as we do for money borrowed upon real property. Eight per cent. is the standard rate for "straight loans," and the Building Society rate is, we believe, something like 9½. The great demand in recent years for money for building purposes, and the large profits made by the Societies, have largely added to their number, and swollen up to a high figure the amount of British capital brought into the country for investment in this way. With rare exceptions, it is all loaned at 8 per cent.—in some instances at a higher rate, inasmuch as the half year's interest is deducted in advance. In some few cases of what have been considered exceptionally good risks, loans have been made at 7½ per cent., but they are just exceptional enough to establish the rule of 8 per cent. Now, there is no good reason why money should be so dear in Canada for investment in real property; and we very much doubt if the companies are wise in retaining the rate at so high a figure. Mr. Cartwright makes a boast that he has been able to reduce the average rate on the debt of the Dominion; but the wonder is, with such a plethora of money in England, not that he has effected a small reduction, but that he has not done more. In years of limited production prices must fall, and money is but a commodity like grain or lumber. Combination may keep up its price for a time, but only to bring suffering to some in the long run. The natural tendency of a large flow of British capital into Canada is to reduce its price; but for the present the companies agree to keep the price up. If every industry in the country were prospering—if we were producing largely, not only of the products of the field and the forest but of the manufactory as well, borrowers might be able to continue to pay a high price for money; but clearly such times as we have been passing through for three years do not justify a hopeful future for those financial institutions which persist in what cannot be wise policy on their part.

We take it there is no reason any longer why money should be charged 8 per cent. in Canada, at least in Ontario. It may be exacted, as Shylock, but for Portia's intervention, would have exacted the rigid terms of his bond. But it is frequently wise in such matters to go beyond what may be exacted. It only requires some strong company to make a "new departure." Let it announce that henceforward it purposes to loan money at 7½ per cent. to begin with, and not only will it not itself lose by the operation, either immediately or in the end, but it will bring other similar societies to an appreciation of what is due alike to themselves and the public at this time. If some old-established company will not do this, we recommend it to a new one, and it will not be long in finding an ample reward. In view of the enormous amount of British capital which can be had at very low rates, such a break as we suggest should be the easiest thing in the world.

A Conversation.

Scene.—*A plain. Outsider standing solus. To him enter Orange and Green in full regalia, by different roads, marching defiantly.*

Outsider.—Very amusing I must say! quite as good as a circus to look at. Do you like to walk these long distances, and carry those things?

Orange.—Like it? Sure it's for religion.

Green.—A quare chap that wud'nt do that much for it.

Outsider.—And is it your religion to kill one another on these days? A sort of propitiatory sacrifice, perhaps?

Orange.—Religion! Not a bit of it. To walk uphoulds religion; but the occasional scrimmage is merely agrayable concomitants to heighten the intherest.

Green.—Just that same. A bit of divarsion like.

Outsider.—And do you know what you pay for this diversion?

Orange.—Is it pay ye're sayin'? What do ye mane?

Green.—Fwhat do we pay?

Outsider.—Your whole right to share in the government of the country.

Orange.—Augh, shut up, thin. Are'nt we going to get the right ov incorporation soon. Its not little Mowat'll kape us out av it much longer.

Green.—Shure, bedad: Is'nt O'Donohoe and Merrick to get places right off?

Outsider.—Yes, and Ferguson got one. But it is always the same. Whenever *quasi*-religious bodies are formed under free constitutions, their leaders get the rewards due to their followers, whom there is no means of paying. But on Prohibition—on Protection—on any of the great questions of the day, where are you? Deprived frequently of all power of voting as you would wish, because you must back the statesman your colour backs, and that statesman may not think as you do on these great questions at all.

Orange.—There's some rayson in that.

Green.—A power too much.

Outsider.—Consider also that in many parts of the country a Catholic cannot get elected; in many others an Orangeman cannot. Yet in many such places a moderate Protestant can. Does not this tend to keep power from both of you? Between one thing and another, half of you are actually disfranchised by your dissensions.

Orange.—It's too thrue.

Green.—Isn't there some way of givin' ourselves a lift, now?

Outsider.—Just this: get up a petition among yourselves for the passage of a strict law against all party processions and regalia, include St. Patrick's Day with the rest, shake hands, forget dead issues, think of the living present, and you will do more for Orangemen, more for Catholics, and more for Canada, than if you were to walk once a week, in full paraphernalia, from now until eternity. *(Scene closes.)*

—*Grip.*

"Helping the Turks."—The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"If intelligent reflection is given to the exposure of this outcry against 'helping the Turks,' it will be seen how hypocritical, hollow, and fanatical are the arguments which the pro-Russians use. Their sole objects are to hoodwink the nation, to disarm the Crown, and, if they can, bring discredit on its responsible Ministers by preventing them from safeguarding the Empire. Nobody wants to 'help the Turk.' He is not so unable to take care of himself apparently as was thought and hoped, and by this time, possibly, the Russians themselves are beginning to wish they had given good government to Poland and Siberia, before carrying that dubious commodity to Bulgaria and Armenia. But if a necessary care for the all-important concerns of the British Empire should oblige us by and by to take up a position where our action must indirectly benefit the patient and fearless men who are bleeding unaided for their Sultan and their country, it will be seen how little there is in these mean and uncandid objections to give the English nation pause. A Turk, with all his faults—and we have no desire to extenuate them—would scorn this false morality which deceives, this bitter philanthropy which massacres, these tender religious scruples which none the less greedily annex an old ally's possessions; and it is in the sense of such spurious virtues only that the British nation is so constantly implored not to do anything which might indirectly 'help the Turks.'"

A St. Louis lawyer has been disbarred for advertising that he would procure divorces without publicity.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

BY CUNARD STEAMER.

From Liverpool, July 7th.

THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.

In an article on the Canadian Fisheries Commission the *Times* observes:—

A good many of our readers, when they hear about a Commission of great international lawsuit between the United States and Canada, with a special body of Judges appointed in connection therewith, may think some very grave question is at issue, but when they are told that all this has been done to settle the value of some codfish not yet caught, and, we may add, not yet hatched, the explanation at first sight seems scarcely adequate. But in reality there are points of importance. The yearly value of the Canadian Shore Fisheries does more than redeem them from the charge of nothingness. Upwards of eleven million dollars, with an export trade of more than five and a-half millions, is the official calculation of what they are worth. But the need of putting an end to this old standing matter of dispute is not to be measured by the mere money value of the rights in dispute. The rights, undoubted as they are, are in practice very difficult to maintain, and the attempt to assert them by force is too costly and too dangerous to be made as fully and as frequently as the case calls for. The peaceable disposition of the fresh water angler is not to be found in the bolder and rougher types whose sphere of adventure is on the sea. The contentions respecting real or fancied encroachments have led, in sea-fishing questions, in times past to grave national disputes, and even to downright war, and that will recur again and again as often as the same series of temptations offers. It seems necessary that on some terms or other United States boats should be admitted to fish in Canadian waters, and this is the object of the Commission. With one most important branch of the fisheries question the Commission, it seems, has been given by the Treaty no power to interfere directly, while on every point that comes before it for decision the unanimous consent of all its members is by the terms of the Treaty necessary before an authoritative verdict can be given. Of the three Commissioners one is an Englishman, the second is a citizen of the United States, and the third a Belgian. Supposing two of these were to assess the sum payable by the United States at something like the amount of the Alabama claims, is it likely the third would consent, and is it not possible that the United States Government would repudiate, as it has a strict right to do, the decision of a mere majority? The Alabama case, in which it was certain that England would have to pay something, was not thus ill looked after. It was expressly stated that it was to be decided on all points by a majority of the Arbitrators to whom it was referred. The liability of the United States is not thus easily to be secured. We shall have first to convince the United States Commissioner, and he may possibly be a little deaf to arguments which seem clear enough to others. We hope, at any rate, that the case will be decently conducted on our side. No sum should be asked for from the United States beyond that to which we are prepared to maintain our right, beyond that which we believe the Commissioners would assign if they judged correctly. The possibility that they may choose to save themselves some trouble and some odium by taking a half-way line and splitting the difference between what we ask and what the United States offer is no reason why we should ask for more than we are entitled to. It concerns our honour to give a better example of the way in which an international lawsuit should be conducted on the part of the plaintiff. Compared with this, the result is a matter of indifference. We shall acquiesce in anything which in some way or other settles the Fisheries questions between the United States and ourselves, and prevents them from being again left open as a perpetual subject for us to quarrel over.

THE REDUCTION IN THE BANK RATE.

We are again, says the *Economist*, in a period of very cheap money. The bank rate has been reduced to 2½ per cent., and the question naturally arises—Will it return to 2 per cent., or rise again without descending lower? The chances in favour of its dropping lower seem for the moment to be stronger than those in favour of a rise. The month of July is often a time of cheap money. At least, the average rate for that month for the last twenty years or so, taken collectively, is below the average of the year for that time. The rate of exchange with France is slightly lower, but there seems no probability at present that any large sums of money will leave for that country; and we seem likely to retain much of the gold always being sent here from the producing countries.

SOME NEW STIMULANTS.

Much has been said lately, says the London *Globe*, about the invigorating properties of the "coca" leaf, and the sudden notoriety into which this drug has sprung has caused the rival claims of other similar agents to be brought forward. In Mexico two beverages known as "Pulque" and "Mezcal," the products of the same plant—the agave, or American aloe—are largely used in various diseases, and especially in cases where there is a loss of vital energy, either through fatigue or sickness. The former liquid is less potent than the latter, and is largely consumed, its immediate effects being similar to those of alcoholic stimulants; taken in excess it causes drunkenness, but in moderation it restores the sickly to strength and keeps the hale and hearty in perfect health. The "mezcal" is a less exciting, but more powerful tonic. Its flavour is said to be exquisite. Taken in small doses it sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, and generally gives a tone to the constitution. Such, at least, are the virtues of these Mexican products, as described by a native gentleman, who has forwarded samples of the stuff to be examined by the medical faculty in Paris. The other rival to the "coca" comes from Australia, and is the product of a plant of the order *Solanaceæ*. It is known by the name of "pitury," and is much patronised by the natives of Central Australia. Baron Ferdinand von Muller, who has been long trying to find the origin of a stimulant which he knew to be used by the inhabitants to invigorate them during their long foot journeys through the deserts, states that he has at last proved it to be the produce of a species of *Duboisia* which thrives in many parts of Australia. The leaves have a burning, acrid taste, and are carried in small bags and occasionally chewed, just as the "coca" leaves are used by the natives of South America. It is quite possible that in the simple medicines of the untutored blacks of the antipodes we may find a new and important product, yielding valuable results in the hands of the skilled physicians.

KENSINGTON HOUSE.

Mr. Albert Grant's costly mansion opposite Kensington Palace has been offered for sale at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, and bought in for £165,000. Mr. R. C. Driver, the auctioneer, in a speech lasting three-quarters of an hour, described the house and grounds. The bidding lasted half an hour. According to Mr. Driver's statement the costs of the house and lands was £300,000. Of this sum between £175,000 and £200,000 was expended in the building. The rest was consumed in gradually buying up the site, which occupies seven acres, and is freehold. He himself had sold some neighbouring land, near Mr. Millais' house at £100,000 an acre, and the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 had let one piece of land with 70 feet frontage to Mr. Samuel for £700 a year, while half an acre opposite was let at a rent which, capitalised, would give the price of £100,000 an acre. That would give some idea of the value of land in South Kensington. There was a good deal of chaff interchanged throughout the proceedings. One of the crowd suggested that the building would make a good "lunatic asylum."

LETTERS FROM THE CLAIMANT.

The London papers contain the following letters addressed by the Claimant to Mr. and Mrs. Onslow:—

"A, 1139, Thomas Castro.—26th June, 1877.

"Dear Onslow,—Thanks for your letter of the 1st and 2nd. I have just read it over again and find that you say that the doctor will make an application for an investigation into the treatment I receive.

"I fear my physical strength will be exhausted ere it is done, so please write to my friend and thank him for his great kindness to me, and ask him to use his influence in causing an enquiry to be made ere it is too late. I see you also say that my wife was about to appeal to a certain gentleman. Please write and give my love to her and my dear children, and tell her she might just as well have appealed to one of the idols worshipped by the Anthropophagi of Tongataboo, but I sincerely thank her all the same. There were so many things I wished to say to you, all of which I quite forgot when I last saw you. I had no idea I was going to see friends. I had not heard a word of your coming. Of one thing rest assured, that no action of mine has, or ever will, bring disgrace on you or those who are supporting my cause. The treatment I receive is no fault of mine. Please thank those kind friends who have been fighting so hard for me of late. But unity is what is evidently wanted. Let us hope the denial arose through ignorance. I need hardly say how anxious I am to hear the result of Mrs. Jury's trip to Paramatta. What of my cousin? Has he forsaken me altogether? Please remember me to him and all friends with whom you come in contact, and believe me, my dear Onslow, yours truly,

"ROGER."

"My dear Mrs. Onslow,—Many thanks to you for your kind letter, and I am truly sorry to hear of the death of so many kind friends, but truly thankful to God for having so many yet left to me, especially you and your dear husband, and many others in your neighbourhood and other parts both of the county and country. I know how severely you must have felt poor 'Jenny's' death, and how lonely you must be without her, when your dear husband is away. But you have a noble heart, and will not murmur at the will of God. Please remember me to all, and thank them for their kind exertions on my behalf. I fear it is not destined for us to meet again on this earth. To be a captive at any time is unpleasant, but to be a captive in the hands of . . . is bad indeed. Let us hope that the Almighty, in His great goodness, will yet soften many obdurate hearts, then perhaps a more heinous crime will not be added, and we may have better hopes. Please tell Guildford to write to the doctor and tell him I shall be able to write a book some day—if I live—of slang and its accompaniments, that will outvie in language the ex-editor of the N——n. Space forbids, dear Mrs. Onslow, saying much more, except to ask you to drive over to Old Alresford and ask my old friend to use her influence with her brother and get him to cause . . . . . since my friends last visited me. Good-bye.—Your unfortunate friend,

"(ROGER) THOMAS CASTRO."

PARLIAMENTARY RULES.

In the House of Commons, in reply to Mr. Puleston, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the Government felt that the time was come when it was desirable, and even necessary, that the rules of the House should be revised, but he was unwilling that the subject should be discussed under any feelings of annoyance, or with reference to the conduct of any individual members. Though he was conscious that the Government had had many difficulties to contend with, he felt that the standing orders of the House, which had been sanctioned by the practice of so many generations, ought not to be dealt with without great care and consideration. The suggestion of his hon. friend was one which commanded the approval of the Government, and he had no doubt that of the House also, for he believed that the Government was in accord with the House and the country in thinking that something must be done to meet what had occurred during this session. Still he would suggest that they should go on as they were this session, for the reasons already referred to, and the Government would consult with the Speaker and the other officers of the House, and consider what revision of its rules and orders it might be desirable to propose.

CONDEMNED BY CONVOCATION.

On the 6th inst., in the Upper House of Convocation, a statement was presented from the Society of the Holy Cross to the effect that the book "The Priest in Absolution" was purchased from the executors of the author to prevent its passing into general circulation, and the original restrictions on its issue were retained. The Society was never called on to read, revise, or pass a judgment on the book, which they allege has been grievously misjudged, and the accusations against the members of using questions of a dangerous character are declared to be entirely unfounded. The resolution passed at last night's meeting of the Society of the Holy Cross are to the effect that, while distinctly repudiating the unfair criticisms on the book called the "Priest in Absolution," and without intending to imply any condemnation of it, yet in deference to the desire expressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Society resolves that no further copies shall be supplied. The members hold that their commission at ordination requires them to hear confession, but they hold that the Church of England teaches that confession is not a matter of compulsory obligation, but that all Christian persons have the liberty and right to make their confessions, as frequently as they feel the need. These documents having been read, the Archbishop said it was simply trifling to say that whoever circulated this book did not intend to revolutionise the teaching of the Church of England. He had that morning received a book inculcating the use of confession among children of six years old. The Bishop of London proposed, "That this House holds the Society of the Holy Cross responsible for the circulation of the book called 'The Priest in Absolution;' that, having considered the statement of the Society, the House is not of opinion that the Society has repudiated the book, or efficiently withdrawn it from circulation, and that the House strongly condemns any such practice of confession as renders such book necessary or expedient." The resolution was carried unanimously, and it was agreed that the statutes of the Society be referred to a committee of the Bishops.

HOME DRINKING.

The *Lancet* publishes a declaration against "the grocer's licence," which has been signed by 920 physicians, surgeons, and general medical practitioners. These gentlemen believe that women, servants, and "children of respectable households," who could not or would not procure intoxicating liquors from the public houses, are encouraged to purchase such articles by the opportunity offered when visiting the grocer's shop for other purposes. The result is to stimulate the practice of secret drinking, which is declared to be "more injurious to the health and moral and social prosperity of the community than the ordinary trade as carried on by the licensed victuallers."

The Manchester *Guardian* remarks:—It is quite possible that quiet dram drinking may have increased of late years. The doctors, indeed, appear to be unanimous on that point; but where is the necessary connection between the growth of this habit and the facilities offered to the public by the grocer's "bottle trade?" But before adopting the course recommended by the *Lancet's* 920 we should like to have these gentlemen put through an examination before a parliamentary committee. It is not enough to say that women—the "children of respectable households" may, we think, be left out of view—who formerly were never known to their clandestine dram are now regular customers at the grocer's shop. Cases of the kind are probably known; but how many? And on what ground is it assumed that the habit of tippling would not have been acquired had the tavern and the wine merchant's shop been the only available sources of supply? If the licence is to be condemned because people buy liquor at the grocer's, to be at all consistent we must go very much further. These medical men are actuated by praiseworthy motives; but Parliament will hesitate to abolish what is undoubtedly a great public convenience unless more conclusive evidence than is to be found in their protest can be adduced that the system is being abused to a serious extent.

Mr. Morrison, Secretary of the Grocers' Association, writes to the *Standard*:—

Sir,—Every lover of justice must regret that the *Lancet* cannot wait the result of the present inquiry by the select committee of the House of Lords on intemperance. It is not the practice of the Association I represent to follow such an example, but the action taken by the opponents of grocers' licences will not admit of silence. The charge that the grocer is the introducer and promoter of "secret drinking" is an invention, and its inventors endeavour to make it appear that until grocers sold wines and spirits secret drinking had no existence; but the grocer, wine, and spirit merchant is content to be judged by the free and impartial evidence to be adduced before an open and searching inquiry; and he believes he has such in the Lords' Committee on Intemperance. The purpose of calling your attention to this question is the importance attached to it from a social point of view. The grocer feels sure that when once the conditions under which he is licensed to sell wines and spirits are thoroughly understood by the public generally no society or combination of societies, whatever their aims, will be allowed to destroy an interest necessary to the consumer and advantageous to a very large proportion of the middle classes; and in appealing to you it is felt that he has at least the opportunity of laying his grievances before the public, and asking them to await the result of a fair and impartial investigation.

SUICIDE OF A BLUE-COAT BOY.

Mr. Payne, the coroner for the city of London has held an inquest in the infirmary of Christ's hospital, Newgate-street, concerning the death of William Arthur Gibbs, one of the scholars of the hospital. William Gibbs, a glass-painter, of Kingsland-road, father of the deceased, said his son was twelve years of age, and enjoyed good health. He had been for several years at the schools belonging to the hospital at Hertford, and only came to London just after the Easter holidays. Since then he had twice run away, the first time three weeks ago, and the other on Monday last. On the first occasion witness took him back to the school on the same evening. On arriving at the outer gates of the school the deceased gave witness the "slip," and although he searched everywhere for him, he was unable to find him that night, and in the morning the deceased came home and said that through fear he had slept in the summerhouse in the garden. Deceased had complained to one of his sisters of the treatment he received at the hands of one of the monitors. On Monday last the deceased ran away again, and witness did not see him till the following day, when he said, "Dear Pa, I will never remain under that monitor as long as I live, I would rather hang myself." Witness remonstrated with the deceased for talking in such a manner, and then he said, "he beats me cruelly, he is a tyrant." On the day after the deceased was sent back to school witness heard of the suicide. Mary Ferrin, assistant nurse, deposed that she found the deceased suspended by the cord attached to the ventilator in the window, his feet were nearly touching the ground. Robert Copeland, aged 15, one of the monitors, said that deceased was not a "good boy," and admitted that, though he had no power to strike a boy, he had several times struck deceased and made him cry. A verdict of "Suicide whilst in a state of temporary insanity" was returned.

NARROW ESCAPE OF MR. GLADSTONE.

The *Echo* says:—"The dangers of the street received another illustration yesterday. Mr. Gladstone was walking down to the House of Commons, when a cab dashed along at a reckless pace, and just as the cab-horse was upon him Mr. Gladstone—to whom the bystanders shouted to apprise him of his danger—jerked himself forward, and so saved himself from injury. It is not long ago that at this dangerous point a woman was killed. About three years ago Lord Beaconsfield was nearly knocked down by a cab at the bottom of Adelaide street. It may provoke a smile that Lord Beaconsfield jerked himself backwards while Mr. Gladstone jerked himself forward, but such were the facts. We must have some rule laid down as to the maximum rate at which cabs shall be permitted to travel."

THE MONEY-ORDER SYSTEM.

The report of the committee which has been inquiring into the money-order system of the Post Office has been issued. The committee are unanimously of opinion that the existing money-order system affords a secure mode of remittance, and that it would not be desirable, having regard to the safety of the post office as well as of the public, to alter the conditions under which orders are issued beyond the following readjustment of the scale of commission:—2d for sums under 10s, 3d for sums of 10s and under £2, 4d for sums of £2 and under £3, and so on, 1d being added for every complete £1 to £10. The committee are of opinion that the postal note as a remitting medium would be safer than the postage stamps, and more convenient than a money order, and that it would supply a public want and be a great boon to thousands of persons residing in places where there are no money-order offices. They therefore recommend the adoption of postal notes, the rates for which should, in their opinion, be fixed at 1d for notes under 10s, and 2d for notes of 10s and not exceeding £1.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

We read in the *Echo*:—The Russian soldier has been very much underrated by most European writers. We have heard a great deal about his dirty and drunken habits, and any observation as to his fighting powers has always been met by a reference to the Battle of Inkerman, where a handful of British troops was enabled to hold in check a whole Russian army. But, if we consult reliable authorities, we shall discover that the Russian soldier has since the Crimean campaign shown that he is capable of great things. Probably the conduct of the men who composed Kaufmann's army during the campaign against Khiva has never been surpassed. The army was almost entirely without water—the allowance per man, in the broiling heat of a desert sun, having been reduced to a pint a day; the Turcoman horse surrounded the small force, compelling them to fight every inch of the way; the camels and even some of the native guides died of thirst, but no murmur was heard from the Russian ranks. And when at last the army arrived at the edge of a small lake, although mad with thirst, not a man broke the ranks to get at the water until permission was granted. Mr. Schuyler tells us that General Kaufmann said, with tears in his eyes, that there were no other soldiers in the world capable of doing what these men had done. During all the privations of the Khivan campaign, the Russian soldier was always full of confidence in his officers, always light-hearted and merry, singing endless songs even when parched with thirst in the trackless desert. He is almost as great a fatalist as the Turk. Mr. Schuyler informs us:—"If no meat is given him, it is evidently because there is none; if the meat is rotten, it is on account of the hot weather, and there is no help for it. If his shoes are worthless, and his feet get frozen, it is by reason of the cold; if his biscuits are worm-eaten, it is the fault of the worms. If by any bungling mistake he is brought under fire, and his regiment undergoes sure annihilation, it is the will of God and must be submitted to." Taken at an early age from his native village to serve the Czar for fifteen or twenty years, he has nothing to love but his comrades and his officers, and for them his affection is unbounded. He has one very curious way of showing his affection for an officer who is a particular favourite, and that is by tossing the aforesaid officer some ten feet into the air twenty or thirty times. The Grand Duke Nicholas underwent this curious ceremony at the hands of the men of his regiment after the capture of Khiva. The Grand Duke appears to be still as great a favourite with his men as he was then. Only the other day a division passed through Plojesti, and defiled in front of the Commander-in-Chief's house. His appearance on the balcony was greeted with hearty and enthusiastic cheering, and each battalion replied to his enquiry, "How's your health, lads?" with "We are well, good father."

ITEMS.

Now we have adopted the Whitehead torpedo as the weapon of the future, says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, it is gratifying to find that no pains are being spared to ensure their being worked efficiently. The Shannon, for instance, will carry a torpedo lieutenant, and her chief engineer and special engineer for torpedo service will also be fully qualified by passing through a course of training in the use of this invention.

There has been a friendly shooting match at Altcar between the Canadian team and some representatives of the Liverpool Rifle Brigade. The score of the former was 1,383, and of the latter 1,472.

Sir Stafford Northcote has consented to become Conservative candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. The Premier is the present holder of the office, and the election takes place in November.

A "Broad Churchman" writes to the *Times* to protest against the name—"Crucifix"—of one of the horses which he sees by the *Times* of Tuesday had arrived at Newmarket for the July meeting. He says:—"Allow me to call the attention of the stewards of the Jockey Club to this monstrous and flagrant violation of every rule of good taste, setting aside every higher consideration for the moment. Ought a horse bearing such a name to have been allowed to be entered for any race over which the Jockey Club has control?"

At the Bristol Board of Guardians meeting a letter addressed from Quebec to one of the guardians, from a girl, named Polly M'Kinnon, was read. The writer in violent terms denounced the system of emigration of pauper children, and asserted that on their arrival there they were placed with poor wretches who could not afford to educate their own children, and who were only too glad to get hold of unfortunate English children to be their abject slaves, to saw wood, and shovel snow; receiving in return dogs' crumbs, and dogs' kicks, too. She had been there four years and seen nothing of school, and she expressed her delight at hearing that the Guardians had refused assistance to Miss Rye.

The wife of Charles Brown, a barman, of Kentishtown, was lately safely delivered of three children, and one of them died, and on application being made for the Queen's usual bounty of three guineas on such triply interesting occasions, an answer was returned that the bounty was only awarded in cases where the three children lived.

Yakoob Beg.

The sudden death is announced of Yakoob Beg, King, or rather Despot, of Eastern Turkistan, without exception one of the most extraordinary adventurers who have raised themselves from obscurity to the position of great rulers. In the case of Yakoob Beg there is exceptional cause for amazement and admiration. He was an entirely uneducated man, learned only in the arts of war and Oriental diplomacy, and in his long struggle for the independence of Eastern Turkistan he had not only to contend against such an overwhelming power as China, but he had to overcome the jealousies of his rebel chiefs, consolidate conflicting interests in the new empire, revolutionise the whole system of government by establishing himself as a despot of the purest school, and allay the suspicions of Russia while he enlisted the co-operation and moral support of Great Britain. Such a task could only be accomplished by a man of superlative genius for rude warfare, for reading the characters of men, and frustrating or aiding their schemes as it suited his purpose; and although he had planted himself very firmly on the throne, and strengthened his dynasty by placing his sons and near relatives in all great places of military and civil trust, the removal of such a man cannot but be regarded with some anxiety by England, at least, who had in Yakoob Beg a loyal friend who looked with jealousy on Russian advancements eastward. The same telegram which announced the death of Yakoob Beg stated that "the Chinese troops are slowly marching into Kashgar." This foreshadows the recommencement of hostilities between China and Turkistan. For nearly 100 years, up to 1872, Turkistan had been in a chronic state of rebellion against China, of which it had been a tributary State. Matters came to a crisis in 1863, and the one man capable of leading the people to victory came with the hour. This was Yakoob Beg. He was only a General of division in the small army under the Khan of Khokand. To this position he had risen from the ranks, and when Boozoorg Khan, an effeminate but venerable member of the Khoja family, was detached by the Khan of Khokand to effect harmony among the different tribes who had revolted against Turkey, Yakoob Beg was appointed his military *aide de camp*. The astute general profited by the weakness of his master, and the dissensions among the rebels. At Kashgar the utmost disorder prevailed. This was in 1874. Boozoorg Khan sank into a life of sensual indolence, and Yakoob Beg at once seized the reins of power and put down disorder with iron-nerved severity. He rallied around him his sons, nephews, and other near relations. He pointed out to them the chances of founding an Empire if they would loyally support him, which they readily assented to. In a short time he had annexed Khotum (by means of an intrigue which would have been worthy of Warren Hastings), packed off the feeble Boozoorg Khan, restored peace at Yorkund, Aksoo, Osh Toorfau, Koochor, and in other large towns, all of which he immediately fortified, garrisoned, and placed in command of his own sons or nephews. By this means, and by the exercise of a despotic rule, justified on the patriotic ground that this temporary infliction must for a time be endured in order to make the nation strong enough to resist the Chinese, it must be admitted that Yakoob Beg ruled his people effectively and for their good, even if he violated all our principles of "civil rights." He was the means of abolishing temporary marriages, which had been encouraged under Chinese rule, and had been fruitful of abominable immorality. He encouraged trade with India and Russia, and at the present moment his nephew, Yakoob Khan, one of the most acute of living Eastern diplomatists, is in England trying to form an alliance offensive, defensive, and commercial with that country. Yakoob Beg at the time of his death was about sixty years of age. He leaves a family of five sons, all of whom have been trained to arms, and are distinguished for their loyalty to "the house" founded by their illustrious father. His eldest son, who ascends the throne, has had a fair education, and is considered a very strong friend to a British alliance, and opposed to Russia.

Duties at Home.—I dropped into the midst of a fashionable congregation in a Mayfair church last Sunday. A stranger was preaching, but he evidently knew his people. Instead of urging parents not to spare the rod, he earnestly entreated them to turn their hearts towards their children. Society, he said, seemed to have so many demands that drew them away from their most sacred duties at home. Their infants were handed over to hirelings from their birth, and it was expected that money should buy maternal care "through disturbed nights and harassed days." I wondered if the reverend gentleman had composed his sermon in the Hamilton Gardens, where I have watched many interesting scenes between the wet-nurses of gorgeous babes and their lovers. One case within my knowledge got "reported," and the gay deceiver was forbidden the sacred precincts; but, gallant to the end, he was found kissing the fair hand of the frail one through the railings. How many of these little future lords and ladies know life only through Betsy Janes and John Thomases! As a rule they find more sympathy under a powdered flunkey head than under their mother's diamond necklace.—*London World.*

The monotony of existence at the insane asylum of Pau, France, has been relieved by a singular accident. A keeper put an insane woman in a bath, her hands tied, she being a violent patient. She complained that the bath was cold, and the nurse turned on the hot water; then, her attention being attracted by a noise elsewhere, left the room. Result—a boiled lunatic and an official investigation not yet concluded.

CANADIAN.

Bradford has a Board of Health.

Bush fires a little north of Shelburne.

Another Guelph Councillor has resigned.

A new paper is soon to be published in Aurora.

Threshing machines have commenced work in Kent.

Walkerton is talking of building a $20,000 hotel.

A large eagle was captured at Sturgeon lake last week.

Wednesday, August 8th, is to be the civic holiday in Seaforth.

A cigar and tobacco factory has been started at Sandwich.

W. Hinde shipped 1,000 lambs from Harriston for the States lately.

The cod fishing at Caraquet is said to be the best for many years.

Several valuable dogs have been secretly poisoned in Clinton recently.

New rye sold for sixty cents per bushel at Belleville on Thursday, 19th inst.

Delaware farmers have commenced cutting wheat, the crop turning out very fine.

Harriston will vote on a $5,000 by-law to purchase a fire engine, on the 20th of August.

There are thirteen applicants for the position of assistant constable of the town of Lindsay.

The shipments of wool from Watford station for the season foot up to about 23,000 pounds.

Settlers are following the surveyors into Proudfoot, the new township east of Muskoka.

The first new wheat of the season was ground at the Vienna grist mill on Tuesday, 17th inst.

A tramp, name unknown, was run over and killed by a train of cars at Cobourg the other day.

The oldest inhabitant of Hope township does not recollect a harvest so early as that of this year.

Middlemarch post office will be continued as usual, the stoppage having been only temporary.

Mr. Rothwell has resigned as Clerk of the town of Listowel. Mr. J. W. Devlin is his successor.

Mr. Robert Broadfoot, of Morris, has flax growing on his farm which measures fifty inches in length.

The little pleasure steamer, Maggie Somerville, was burned at Harwood on Sunday night, 15th inst.

Mr. Samuel Bell, Gore, Westminster, has a hen in his possession which is raising a litter of kittens.

The Township of Brant, County of Bruce, has purchased $10,000 worth of St. Thomas debentures at par.

The English Church congregation, Delaware, county of Middlesex, sends $25 to the St. John sufferers.

The burnt districts of the Town of Cayuga are being slowly built up with good substantial brick buildings.

Judge Miller, of Berlin, has sentenced Stephen Roadhouse to one year's confinement in the Central Prison for bigamy.

The teachers and students of the C. L. Institute, in Woodstock, have sent $40 and a box of clothing to the sufferers at St. John.

In the nine months ending June 30th Coaticook shipped $63,616 worth of potatoes to the States, and Lineboro (same county) $57,929 worth.

John Mack, who resided in Lindsay, fell from his chair while taking tea at his home recently, and died instantly. Apoplexy was the cause.

Recently Mr. Robert Macfee, an old and respected resident of Napanee, while walking through the streets of Newburgh, suddenly dropped dead.

Waterford is building a fine Baptist church at a cost of about $12,000. When completed it will add greatly to the appearance of that thriving village.

Mr. Richard Wilson has found gold on his farm, five miles north of Parry Sound, on the Northern Road. It is said that the "show" is rich, and will be worked.

In an altercation at Rodney over a game of base ball a lad named Johnny Hertel stabbed a comrade, Robert Rotharmel, in the chest. The wound is not dangerous.

Of thirty-three candidates who presented themselves for admission into the Trenton High School, only nine were successful in obtaining the requisite number of marks.

The barley harvest began in South Ontario last week (ending 14th inst.) The *Vindicator* says that it is short in the straw, but it is well filled. The late barley is not so good as the early sown.

Typhoid fever is said to be raging violently in Stratford at present. The matter is not made public through the papers, but we are credibly informed that there are fully one hundred cases in that town.—*St. Mary's Argus.*

Squire Kitchen, near Copetown, lot 28, 1st con., Ancaster, has just harvested one of the finest fields of Clawson wheat ever grown in this county. It stood on an average fully four feet, and the heads were heavy, and the grain an excellent sample.

A recent frost did considerable damage in the vicinity of Oil Springs. Potatoes were completely cut down, and the fall wheat suffered a great deal. Mr. John Shepherd had a magnificent field completely destroyed, and his loss will be some $300 or $400.

It is really a sad scene to witness the crowd of men who gather around the rum shanties at meal time and when the day's work is done. These places are established in the very centre of labour, and reap a rich harvest from the hard earned pittance of the poor.—*St. John Globe.*

Donald Bell and Wm. Deering were on Thursday sentenced by the Mayor of Guelph to six months' imprisonment and a fine of $500 each, for illicit distilling in the Township of Erin. Wm. Lason was sentenced to a similar penalty for selling them the still and other apparatus.

On Monday, July 16th, Mr. Frederick G. Snider, sen., died at his residence in the Township of Ancaster, at the good old age of 84 years and seven months. Mr. Snider had been a respected resident of the township for over fifty years, and he was one of the militiamen of 1812-15 who drew a pension for his services.

The Milton *Champion* says the Credit Valley railway has purchased right of way through several farms recently, and are about commencing operations. Gangs of men have already been put to work cutting thistles. It is the intention of the Company to have a large portion of the road in running order before winter.

The Crown Land Agent at Parry Sound has been notified of the intention of some fifty families from Kincardine and neighbourhood to take up land in the township of Shawanaga as soon as it is placed in the market. A large number from the same locality have already taken up land in the adjoining township of Carling.

Mr. John Pike has on his farm, lots 12 and 13, in the 10th Con., Markham, as many as fifty varieties of grain from samples that he and his son procured at the Centennial last year. Mr. Pike has fifty acres of spring wheat, all looking remarkably well, of which thirty acres is Eldorado, which he claims will be from present indications the most profitable crop that he has ever raised.

Farm labour is cheap and plenty of men are out of employment; men are asking every day for work; but until harvest comes farmers do not feel inclined to secure hands—and then there will be a want. Plenty of hands could now be employed on the root crops, and eradicating noxious weeds in grain fields, and no more profitable investment could be made than to clear the farm of Canada thistles and the numerous other weeds our farms are infested with.—*Cobourg Star.*

A meeting of the members of the Executive Committee of the Liberal-Conservative Association of West Northumberland was held here on Saturday last, with the object of making preparations for the approaching campaign. It is satisfactory to notice that the meeting was one of the largest and most enthusiastic of the kind ever held in this riding, and the warmth of feeling exhibited showed that all were in earnest and were determined to "go in and win."—*Cobourg Sentinel.*

A school census has been just taken in Oshawa, by which it appears that there are 924 children in the town of school age, that is between five and sixteen years old. Of these 588 are attending the public schools, 94 the Separate school, and 50 the private schools, leaving a balance of 192 who are attending no school. The *Vindicator* thinks that the compulsory law should be put into force, and the children made to attend school. The expenditure for school purposes in Oshawa amounts to about $7,500 annually.

The Next Election in France.—Let us consider, says the *Examiner*, the only three hypotheses which are admissible: 1. A Conservative majority; 2, a Republican majority, but smaller than in the last session; 3, the return of the 363 strengthened by fresh members. 1. The first hypothesis is scarcely probable. The dangers of the exterior situation of France are too great, too evident, for the *Voltairienne bourgeoisie* and the peasants to consent to give to clericalism the blood of the country. 2. In the case of the Republican party's losing without compensation a small number of seats, the Ministry would decide to demand yet again a new dissolution, but in this case the new Chamber would separate before the Budget of 1878 was voted. The Ministry would find themselves in a position from which they would have a difficulty in getting out. 3. If the Chamber returned in force, that would signify the substitution of M. Thiers for the Marshal, for it would be impossible for MacMahon to find even in the most moderate party of the Left a Cabinet which would consent to make him the concessions on which MM. Dufaure and Jules Simon have been tolerated. It would be necessary then that the Presidency should change hands, even if the head of the Executive had not been compromised, as he has been for the last month, by his Ministers, and as he does not cease to be from day to day.

An Indian maiden having curiously watched the marking of barrels of flour in a flourishing flour mill in Winona, Min., entered unseen, and marked her blanket "Ellsworth's choice." She paraded the streets delighted with this mark of distinction, and greatly to the disgust of Mr. Ellsworth, who is a confirmed bachelor.

Indians, or white men in the guise of Indians, have been making pretty extensive depredations in Kimble county, Texas, and the country to the west. A few days ago a body of State Rangers captured a party of five in the act of running off valuable stock, and taking them to a creek, made them wash, when they all proved to be white men.

The Paris Fashions.

(From the Queen.)

The fashions are now fixed for the season, with the exception of a few modifications fancy will suggest during our *élégantes'* sojourn at the seaside. For the next three months we are to wear cuirass bodices, polonaises, Breton jackets, mantelets *à la bonne femme*, Louis XVI. bonnets, and shoes barred across the instep. All these details are pretty in their way; and a charming point about the present fashions is that every woman can vary her toilettes *ad infinitum*, provided she takes as a foundation the models I have just indicated.

Several gay weddings are coming off during next week, and among them that of Mlle. Goldsmith with Baron Gunsbourg. Worth is making several of the toilettes, and the one called the "robe de contrat" is pale pink silk, covered with white muslin, and artistically trimmed with silk and muslin plaitings. It is easy to recognise a muslin or leno dress made by Worth, because of the large amount of silk trimming upon it. Take, for example, a pale blue and red striped leno dress; the skirt is bordered with a deep plaiting of the leno, the polonaise is trimmed with a plaiting of pale blue silk, with the tiniest red edge; the pockets consist of deep plaitings of blue silk, with red bows, which are edged with blue, and round the neck there is a blue plaiting. The same style of toilette is also made in stripes of pink and white, mauve and écru, grey and blue, &c. For pink and white cambric a plaiting of black and pink is effective, and straw-coloured plaitings on pink dresses are also pretty.

Real China silk, which has more substance in it than foulard, is in great demand for summer dresses. White is selected in preference to colour, and in the Maison Roger the most original embroideries of worsted chenille on écru linen are used for trimming it. The chenille forms arabesques of three shades of green, and tilleul. China silk dresses also look well in both pearl and white in tilleul, trimmed with the new silk chenille bands, which have a claret foundation, and are worked with gold and ruby-red lozenges. The tunics, made of chenille network, especially moss-green ones, are worn over tilleul China silk; they are edged with silk and chenille tassels, and there are some tunics made entirely of tassels. I saw one worn at a gay wedding a few days ago. The dress was stone-coloured foulard, and the plastron in front of the bodice was embroidered with chenille of several shades of the same colour; the tunic and small jacket looked a mass of small blue tassels; the crown of the Tuscan straw bonnet was also blue tassels. The effect was original and even pretty, but too singular to be generally adopted. For dinner dresses during the present warm weather there is nothing prettier than white muslin, trimmed with coloured embroideries. Red is generally selected for the embroidery, which is arranged in bands down the polonaise, and in the front there is a cascade of Louis XIV. lace, studded with claret-red bows. The back is more difficult to describe, as it is a mysterious combination of lace, muslin, and embroidery; but on one side there is a large red bow. The white muslin skirt is trimmed with a plaiting of the same, barred longitudinally at regular intervals with strips of embroidery, the plaitings being partially concealed with lace.

Embroidery is still the most fashionable style of ornamentation, and is likely to remain so for some time. There are two varieties—the embroidery worked directly on the dress, and consequently done by hand, and the embroidered bands and galons which are sewn on the material. The former is the better style; but then, like most good things, it is costly. A very pretty trimming for white dresses consists of bands of white muslin, embroidered with wool of pale shades, in such simple designs as cordons of rosebuds, etc. These bands are lined with blue silk, and the cap worn with the dress is always embroidered to match. Summer hats and bonnets of fine straw for seaside wear are embroidered with wool, the design in all cases representing flowers; but this I believe will be only an ephemeral fashion.

Next to embroidery the coloured laces take rank; I have already described the coloured Torchon laces so lavishly used, and now we have Italian Valenciennes laces with the figures carried out in colours—either buff, navy blue, or pink—these form very appropriate trimmings for summer dresses.

There is no doubt but that coloured beads (or as they are called in Paris "coloured jet") will play a prominent part in autumn trimmings. They are already appearing on the new galons in several shades of brown, blue, and grey. They should be used with judgment, and should in some measure match the faille, cashmere, or galon which they ornament. The beads called "jais brulé," or bronze or sunlight, are worked on brown; "clair de lune," or azure beads are seen on blue faille, and myrtle jet on dark-green materials. The effect is then not so loud as either steel or gilt beads, and they brighten a costume without contrasting with it too strongly. The milliners have already commenced using bands of net embroidered with coloured beads on straw bonnets; and they are very novel looking when the bonnets are of coloured straw, and the beads or jet match the straw. Bonnet strings are now made of both black and white tulle, with tassels of floss silk tied in the meshes; white tulle has either black or blue tassels; black tulle has tilleul, cardinal, or marine-blue. Black tulle dotted with straw cream colour, and tilleul is used for the same purpose. Faint shades of colour are introduced wherever white was hitherto only considered admissible; for instance, coloured crêpe lisse is now worn for plaitings inside the neck and cuffs of a dress. It is manufactured in all the fashionable yellow shades, cream, buttercup, mandarin, and the creamy green tilleul. Colour is also introduced largely into white lingerie, in fact lingerie is in the course of transformation. The new mousquetaire cuffs, to be worn outside the sleeves, and the deep Cavalier collars are certainly taking the place of the straight narrow bands of either linen or lace we have been accustomed recently to call collars and cuffs. The mousquetaire cuffs are six inches deep and square, or else they are closed in gauntlet shape, for the hand to be slipped through. The collars are broad and fasten behind, and have either a bib or jabot in front. The coloured Torchon laces are used for them, blue and white, pink and white, or red and white, according to the costume worn at the time. The straight band of linen in the centre of the mousquetaire cuff should be two inches wide, and edged on both sides, and at each end, with wide Torchon lace gathered on somewhat full. The new Cavalier collars are all white; they are round at the back, with points in front, and are of linen trimmed with fine guipure lace, in close designs. The form of them recalls the collars seen in portraits of Charles I.

A pretty ornament in great favour with Parisian ladies, is a graceful little gold or silver bell, with indented sides, and an inscription in Greek letters, copied from one discovered during the excavations of the Esquiline in 1875, and first worn by the Crown Princess Margherita, whence its name. This antique tintinnabulum was used as an amulet by the Roman ladies in olden times. Its inscription is said to mean, "I was made to ward off the evil eye." It is worn as a charm on the watch chain or bracelet, or suspended from a brooch formed of a bar of pale yellow gold, with a silver lictor's axe at each end, or else as earrings.

Another novelty is a carriage parasol of very small size, made to turn over on the side of the stick in a way used many years ago. It is made in very dark heavy silk, brightened by a butterfly embroidered in gay colours on one of the gores, and by long loops of ribbons of two contrasting colours tied in the centre. The stick is of natural cherry wood, and very thick. The frame is brass, and there is no lining of the silk gores. It has received the name of "parasolette," in accordance with the usual style of diminutives this season — shawlette, girlette, pokerette, and now parasolette.

Travelling costumes will be occupying our minds shortly, for, although Paris is charming, the gay world will ere long be taking flight. A change has come over the manner of dressing for a journey, for since travelling cloaks and dusters (as American ladies call them) came into general use there is less necessity for a special costume for travelling. Formerly every lady provided herself with a costume of dark grey or brown material, plainly made, and with inconspicuous trimming, to wear on journeys by boat or railway. Now this is scarcely necessary, as the long wrap entirely conceals the dress, hence more dressy costumes that are suitable for various occasions are also used when travelling. Very neat toilettes of the low-priced summer silks in small checks or broken bars, either brown or grey with white or with navy blue, are chosen for short journeys, and are protected by long cloaks. In this uncertain climate it is better, however, to use woollen goods for travelling dresses. Among these are light qualities of pure wool, or of the stiffer mohair that will not cockle from moisture, and sheds dust like water. The plain de bèges are still used, but are being replaced by those with armure figures or with open stripes. The French bunting, which is all pure wool of even lighter quality than de bège, and of rough surface like camel's-hair, is much used for such costumes, and is excellent wear for the seaside and mountains. This is made up in the Breton styles, and trimmed with galon or with light Hercules braid. It was the preference for this soft pliable bunting that brought into use the more harsh and wiry American bunting for dresses. Linen and batiste suits wrinkle easily, and are so cool that they are not to be depended upon for more than a day's journey. The polonaise and walking skirt—short enough for the latter to escape the ground—is the favourite design for such suits, having for its rival the Breton basque and overskirt and the habit basque and square plastron.

For some time past there has been a silent revolution going on in the world of stockings, and much controversy whether in the striped silk ones that have been in vogue, the lines should run down the stocking or across it. This problem has been set at rest by the new fashion of embroidered stockings, in which the foundation is either pink, blue, or salmon, and the long instep is worked and studded with buds, flowerets, and miniature foliage. The stocking should match the toilette in colour, and these latest introductions are worn with two varieties of shoes. The silk or satin Princesse shoe, with short front, and two bars of the same material across the instep, and the Louis XV. brocaded shoe.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

On the 11th inst., George Stroud, 60 years of age was drowned at Cobourg.

The Australian Blondin, Mr. H. L'Estrange, has several times crossed the Middle harbour at Sydney on a rope extended from cliff to cliff on either side. The length of the rope is 1,400 feet, and the height above water is considerably more than 300 feet. He is a native of Fitzroy, in the vicinity of Melborne, and is about thirty years of age.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

British Interests.—The *Spectator* thinks "no question is so dangerous as that of the freedom of the Dardanelles. The English people believe that not only does it involve the safety of Constantinople—which is untrue, for Constantinople could be rendered by torpedoes in 48 hours inaccessible by sea, and we could fight Russia at sea far more easily than by land—but that Russia can only desire passage to the Mediterranean in order to imperil British interests. She wants to stop the canal, or intercept British trade with Asia, or keep us out of the Black Sea, or do something dreadful in the maritime way. There never was such nonsense uttered. Russia, so far from being a strong naval Power, is at this moment paralyzed at sea by Turkey, which sweeps the Black Sea, captures her maritime fortresses, and insults her great seaports at discretion, while in future the very last field on which she would choose to encounter Great Britain would be the ocean. The Russians may be barbarians, but at least they are not fools, and none but fools would, with immense armies at command and no ships, choose to fight England through the methods of a maritime war. Russia may get ships, no doubt, but so may France; while England has already got them, but is not going to attack anybody without a motive, nevertheless. Germany might just as well shut the Sound because England could get into the Baltic, as England close the Dardanelles because Russia could get into the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, we freely admit that it is about the Dardanelles that our people, partly from tradition, partly from sensitiveness about their trade, and partly from misguidance, are least susceptible to advice, and in arguing for a dissolution on that question, we give Lord Beaconsfield the very field he would choose, the very subject he would select, the very cry he would be most eager to raise. 'Disraeli and the Dardanelles,' would be entirely to his taste—redolent of his genius, a cry at once personal, sonorous, popular, antithetical, and rubbish."

Russia and Mahomedanism.—Speaking of the excitement produced in the Mahomedan world, the *Times* argues that the position of Russia in reference to Mahomedanism is quite unique. She is brought more directly into conflict with it than any other Power. The Turks, not merely as Turks, but as Mahomedans, are her hereditary foes. It is not merely, nor even primarily, as Asiatic invaders that they have for centuries found in her their deadliest enemy. By the force of circumstances she has become the representative of the Greek Christians whom the Turks subjugated, and the combined fanaticism of race and of religion has gathered itself around her. With her right hand thus grasping the hilt of her sword on her Danubian frontier, she has, whether wisely or not, rendered herself the one great foe of the Mahomedan Principalities in Central Asia. Something of the intensity of primitive races seems to mark the people of that region, and their Mahomedanism is of a more fierce and bigoted type than is to be found elsewhere. The Russians may very possibly have had no alternative but to subdue them, but the result is that the left hand of the Empire, as it were, is inextricably engaged in the government and control of some of the most turbulent and reckless of religious fanatics. In ordinary circumstances, indeed, it may well be that the religious antagonism between Russia and her subject populations would not be brought into prominence. The Russian conquest has been made for political, and not for religious, reasons, and there has not for a long time been any special occasion for religious excitement among the Mahomedans. But it is evident that if there is any explosive force whatever in Mahomedanism, Russia is sitting, as it were, on a powder magazine. In these circumstances it would almost seem as if she herself had supplied the spark necessary to excite the explosion.

Abortive Diplomacy.—The *Guardian* remarks that the experience of the last two years seems to show that Congresses and Conferences are shamefully incapable of dealing with the Eastern difficulty. The Foreign Offices of Europe have been unable to make a step towards the settlement of the most momentous question they have had in hand since the Treaty of Vienna, because they have approached it in the spirit of a jobbing board of turnpike trustees, among whom a question perfectly simple, if dealt with on the principle of public interest, becomes insoluble, because every man desires to make out of it his own comparatively petty advantage—because, instead of looking straight at the state of Turkey and settling it with a view to the interests of those whose interests were primarily in question, they perplexed and obscured it by imaginations of danger to the security of British rule in India, or the ascendancy of Hungary in Austria, or the balance of power in Europe. The question is now in the hands certainly of a determined Government, and, we hope, of a just Sovereign; and though none can prophesy the future—especially if the sceptre of Russia were to change hands—the war has at least swept the question beyond the region of diplomatic deadlock.

The Bishops and the Confessional.—There will be a general feeling of satisfaction throughout the country with the strong condemnation which the Archbishop of Canterbury has pronounced on the Holy Cross Society and the practices it is trying to introduce among us. The Primate has faithfully reflected the national sentiment on the subject. Whatever doubts or questions might have been raised by other modes of advocating voluntary confession, the fact of imposing it as a duty upon children of the tenderest years—"six and six and a half" we are told—makes it impossible to accept the assurance that it is only voluntary confession which is urged by the "conspirators," as the Primate deliberately calls them. Whether they designedly set it before them as their object or not, they have really adopted, and are seeking to imbue the minds of the people of this country with, the doctrine of compulsory and habitual confession, and therefore approve the institution of the confessional such as we have it in Roman Catholic countries. Those poor little children who are taught at six years of age that there is no forgiveness of sins for them unless they go to the "priest" to confess, will to a moral certainty regard it as an obligation to do so; and is not that making confession compulsory? It is, so far, well that the ground is clear on this point. Unfortunately it is clear also on another. The Society of the Holy Cross have in a restrained and reluctant manner signified their willingness to suppress "The Priest in Absolution," but the very way in which they do it proves that they intend to go on inculcating the practice it encourages. Now there must be no mistake on this matter. Whatever their religious or political differences may be, Englishmen will be unanimous, or with trifling exceptions, in their firm resolution to uproot this odious and revolting system of juvenile catechising, which is destructive of the purity of youth, and they will adopt whatever means are necessary to do it. This is not a question of Ritualism, but of national morality.—*London Globe.*

Priestly Absolution for Children.—The *Times* says that, if any further motive were needed, to show the character of the Confession in the English Church, it would be found in such an illustration of what this system comes to as was supplied by the Archbishop of Canterbury recently. He read extracts from a "Series of Books for the young, edited by a Committee of Clergymen." This book recommends that the teaching it contains should be inculcated upon "children at the age of six, to six and a half years." At that tender age the little children are to be told that "it is through the priest, and the priest only, that the child must acknowledge his sins, if he desires that God should forgive him." The poor little thing is to be frightened into submission by being told of other children who had concealed their sins and had been tormented with remorse, and who, "if they had died in that state would certainly have gone to the everlasting fires of hell." If the child is too modest, or does not know how to confess, he is to tell the priest, and "he will question you." The Archbishop denounced such vile practices as these with the vigour which became him. It is, however, comparatively a small matter to say that any person who disseminates the book "revolutionises the whole system of the Church upon the subject of Confession." Such persons do much more. They outrage the first instincts of English nature, and they should be scouted as persons who are in a conspiracy to corrupt every innocent and healthy impulse in the young. Few things, however could illustrate more forcibly the extent to which these poisonous practices have spread than that such a book as this should, according to the title-page, be in its eighth thousand. It is evidently somewhat late in the day for the Bishops to do "what may appear to be their duty in the endeavours to counteract this conspiracy," as the Archbishop called it, "against the doctrine, the discipline, and the practice of our Reformed Church." But they may be quite sure that unless they can get rid of these "conspirators"—be they good or bad—the people of England will before long make short work of the institution which shelters them.

Confession in the School.—The *Times*, in an article on Convocation, says that Dr. Jackson, whose experience is now very extensive, states that the revelation made the other day in the House of Lords is "only an indication of a widespread system of Confession." He adds what is calculated to arouse no little indignation in the public mind, and probably to stimulate some decisive proceeding in educational affairs. The diocesan inspector, he said, had but recently asked him what he should do in regard to schools under the care of members of this society, "where the fact could not be hidden that children were subject to a system of Confession of this character." One thing that will be done has already been intimated at the London School Board. Notice has been given of a motion to withdraw from all such schools that recognition of efficiency which entitles them to be reckoned as a regular part of the school system of the Metropolis. A question to the same effect has already been asked in the House of Commons, and the subject is not likely to be lost sight of. We have it now on the authority of the Bishop of London that these priests, not content with receiving the voluntary confessions of adults who may apply to them, use their authority over the children in their schools to induce them in their tender years to submit to this demoralising practice. This fact must be sufficient to sweep away all the special pleas which are raised in their defence. It is a mockery to pretend that the system is not practically enforced when school children are thus subjected to it. The evident truth is that it is enforced to the utmost extent to which the influence of these confessors can reach. As the Bishop of London says, it has become "widespread," and it is inculcated upon young and old alike. We repeat that no tardy repudiation of a particular book can undo this broad and scandalous fact, and it is earnestly to be hoped, in the interests of the Church, that the Archbishop will not listen to any compromise on the subject.

SUMMER.

Lo! lazy summer, swarthy, in the sun
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendours into dusky splendours run,
And sultry glory all the heaven o'erfills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves—
Since wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn
Came, flashing through the east, the regal morn;
No throated twittering gurgles round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quaint farm gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jasmined honeysuckles twine,
And close beside them sunflowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lay me down,
And into visions swarms the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown
Out hiding in an Orient purple glare.

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
Baalbec and Babylon—I see slow streams
Gliding by mosque and minaret—see the gleams
Of seas in sunset—slips of strands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
Of silken courtiers;—through half-open doors
Catch the spice odours, and the cool of springs
Leaving forever in a maze of wings,
See light forms dancing over pearly floors:

Sleeping seraglios, spire and tremulous dome
Winking in drowsy splendour all the day—
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam—
See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam,
Leap terrible as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled
Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak—
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the hay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into slendour by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again!

—*London Athenæum.*

A BRILLIANT BEING.

(A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER I.

"I'll introduce you to the nicest woman in London; she has an 'At home' to-night, and she gives me carte-blanche to bring any of my friends," Pendleton says to me, after five minutes' intellectual intercourse in the dining-room of that most æsthetic and immaterial of clubs, the "Young Mutton Chops."

"Hadn't you better find out whether or not I'm divorced, detrimental, or disinclined first?" I suggest, for Pendleton and I have been parted for several years, and he knows nothing of my ways and means.

"You may be either, or all three," he replies, with determination; "Mrs. Carruthers won't care. If you're divorced, she'll swear it's your wife's fault. If you're detrimental, she'll swear it's Fate's fault; and if you're disinclined to go to her house, she'll overcome that disinclination with a power and promptitude that will compel you to proclaim her, as I do, the cleverest and most charming woman in London."

"What is she?" I ask, with dawning curiosity; "to quote the Wizard of the North, is she

"'Widowed wife or wedded maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, or betrayed?'"

"The whole lot together, I should say," Pendleton replies calmy, and I am shaken to my centre, for though not beautiful I am young and innocent. "Anyway I am sure of this, that she's a woman of genius, and a most adorable creature; you shall hear her sing! By Jove! if she doesn't fetch you with her singing, you're not the fellow I take you to be; she might make a fortune on the concert boards or on the operatic stage if she liked, but the woman's heart is anchored in her home and in her work."

"Crewels?" I interrupt timidly.

"Work, I said, not frivolity," Pendleton replies sternly; "haven't you read any of her books? they're fought for, sir, at Mudie's, in a way that would turn any other woman's head; she writes under her maiden name of Constance Terriss; are you disposed to cavil at that?"

I bow my head in meek deprecation of having any such intention. Already I am more than indisposed to cavil at anything concerning her. For I love peace, and Pendleton positively bristles as he speaks of Mrs. Carruthers.

Pendleton is one of those who are at best a contradiction still to the end of one's acquaintanceship with them. He delivers himself of the most roseate-hued and gushing sentiments, in the saddest coloured voice and manner imaginable. I like Pendleton! He reminds me of that knight of courtesy, Sir Gawaine. Every feminine goose he mentions becomes, by his process of mentioning her, a swan.

"Are you disposed to cavil at that?" he repeats. "Are you inclined to add yourself to the number of the pack of hounds who are trying to hunt her down for having had the pluck to break those chains of slavery which were forged about her in her childhood by a man who was base enough to marry her before she knew what love or her own mind was?"

Pendleton pauses and scowls a note of interrogation at me, and, completely humbled, I stammer out my readiness to lay myself a votive offering on Mrs. Carruthers' shrine without delay. There is discretion in my doing this. Pendleton is a man of sufficiently good property to justify him in gratifying the dictates of his heart and inclination in marrying. Evidently his heart and inclination tend toward Mrs. Carruthers, who is probably a widow well inclined to be a wife again. Congratulating myself on the keenness of perception which has enabled me to see the way in which the cat is jumping in the case of my friend, I separate from him with the promise to rejoin him in the evening, and be conveyed under his wing to Mrs. Carruthers' "At home."

London and I have been strangers for five years. My old haunts know me not, and in return for their forgetfulness I find no pleasure in them. The girls I flirted with in days gone by have forgotten my name since their respective marriages, and I have forgotten the address of the woman who loved me. The men with whom I used to run at Lillie Bridge and row on the river smile at the recollection of those idle days now, as they give me an absent hearted hand, and an invitation to dine with them "some day." Altogether I find that the hours of the first day of my sojourn in London hang fire terribly, and I am in the mood to be grateful for the smallest of mercies, when I enter Mrs. Carruthers' drawing-room in the wake of my friend Pendleton.

The room is small, pretty, comfortably cool, and admirably lighted. About twenty men and half as many women are disposed about it in knots of three and four, talking, this majority of them, loudly and volubly. But above all other tones one voice rises with a changing clearness that catches my ear and regard at once. I look in the direction from whence it proceeds, and I see a fine, fair, tall woman smiling vigorously at Pendleton, and demonstrating to him across the breadth of the room that he is to stand at attention, as she is about to sing. He comes to an obedient halt, I fall into position by his side, and in another moment Mrs. Carruthers bursts into song.

Unquestionably she sings with unusual dramatic powers and effect for an amateur. Unquestionably Pendleton is justified in almost purring with satisfaction, as he does while he listens to her. The song belongs to the highly suggestive order. The words are warm and the air is sultry. As Mrs. Carruthers rings out the refrain, "I love thee so dear, that I only can leave thee!" Pendleton is like a reed shaken by the wind. He totters in his rather tight patent boots, and murmurs to me:

"Her voice is as fresh as a lark's in that trill, isn't it?"

"I never happened to hear a lark try that trill," I say, striving to be critical, not to say cynical, and feeling that my powers of being either are failing me rapidly as I gaze upon a large expanse of black velvet, over which a magnificently massive pair of white arms are arranged. I agree with Pendleton without a moment's hesitation, when he says to me:

"You don't often see anything like that out of marble, do you, old fellow?"

"Very rarely indeed," I say hastily and timidly, for our hostess has finished her song by this time, and is evidently waiting to receive our plaudits.

"That woman is all heart and soul." Pendleton goes on enthusiastically, after he has introduced me to her, and she has accorded me a most genial welcome as "Charlie Pendleton's friend."

"Lucky fellow! she calls you by your Christian name," I say, enviously, and Pendleton chuckles with ill-restrained elation and conceit as he replies:

"Yes, she's good enough to put me on the pedestal of her intimate friendship, and I believe that I only do myself justice when I say that I appreciate the honour; one doesn't often meet with a woman whose genius is so versatile as hers. There are half-a-dozen women here to-night who write for instance, but she's up to their mark in that branch, and beyond them in everything else. You've heard her sing? Well, she acts and writes as well as she sings; and with it all she's as frank and unaffected as if she didn't charm every man, and eclipse every woman, who came near her."

"A woman of genius! essentially human," I suggest admiringly.

"Don't quote Owen Meredith about Constance Terriss," Pendleton says with severity; "by Jove! in his most inspired moments he never conceived anything half so grand as she is!" and Pendleton, as he speaks is so irresistibly attracted toward his theme, that I am left stranded alone in a corner with full leisure to look at and mark her well. She is—but room for Mrs. Carruthers! a description of her demands a fresh paragraph.

She is the "whitest" woman without being insipid, and without resembling unbaked bread, that I ever beheld. Her skin is magnificent! "You wouldn't think she was forty, would you?" a little lady who notices my earnest regard of our hostess says bravely, and I feel ready to go out and do doughty deeds at the instant against any one who dares to associate so brilliant a creature with aught so prosaic as middle age! I gaze at her again, rather more intently than before, and I see that her complexion is as fine and delicately-coloured as that of an infant. She has light fluffy hair, dressed in a way that would have been trying to an ordinary woman, but that is extraordinarily becoming to her. She has small, scintillating, grayish-blue eyes, that do not seem to belong to such a gorgeously large and fine physique as hers. The eyes are not merely observant, they are suspiciously watchful. They wander from the face of the one she is addressing, and take passing notes as to the feelings that are flickering through other people's minds on to their faces. They look vague, and stray even when she is speaking in apparently the most earnest and heartfelt manner. Yet soon I discover her to be the frankest woman I have ever met! It is impossible to account for this that so strongly resembles deceitfulness in her expression. Accordingly, not being able to account for it, I forthwith forget it. Presently she disarms my powers of observation by sweeping me away to a remote corner of the small, pretty room, and beginning to be confidential with me. Her frankness is a staggering thing to my inexperience. Before I have been an hour in her society she has informed me rather fully of a good many of the late Capt. Carruthers' follies in general, and faults toward herself in particular. She has taught me to understand that the talents she possesses as writer, reader, vocalist, and histrionic, are respectively of the very highest order. I learn that under auspicious circumstances of appreciation and cultivation, she would have been a second George Sand, Adelaide Kemble, Grisi, and Ristori. She informs me that Swedenborg was an extremely clever man, the only leader of thought worth following, the guide of the fine "coming race," and the solitary instance in literature of complete congeniality of sentiment with herself. She liberally adds that "the bonds of Christianity were only intended to rule in those inferior minds who were incapable of understanding the more subtile mysteries of German philosophy," and winds up by saying that she "expects her little girl to be a triumphant refutation of the theory that religious culture and careful guardianship are requisite for the production of a good woman."

If my hair were not cut in the orthodox military crop, it would stand on end as I listen to these views. I long for an introduction to this cursorily-mentioned little girl. The daughter of such a mother must be the reverse of commonplace, to say the least of it. I am a young man, and my head reels with gratified vanity as she gives me to understand that her "frank ungarded nature leads her to rebuff every new acquaintance in whom she does not feel deeply interested." I feel inclined to purr like Pendleton, for she has not rebuffed me. I begin to preen myself on the fact that her quick intuition and matchless discernment have discovered that there is more in me than in the majority—more in me indeed than any one else has ever had sufficient enterprise and research to find out! I pity Pendleton for that delusion he nourishes as to his position on a pedestal in her estimation, and think that she has perhaps erred a little in good-naturedly feeding my friend's absurd vanity. I shall give Pendleton a word of friendly caution by and by.

There is an immense amount of force about her I gather, as in bright incisive sentences and loud accents she gives me a rapid resume of her career. She appears to hold a variety of arts in the hollow of her hand, to practise them all with proficiency, and to command almost unprecedented success in their exercise. Her publishers tell her that letters from the highest European literary authorities assure them that, if she did but give herself time the genius of George Eliot would dwindle into insignificance before her. Her singing-master constantly mentions, with tears in his eyes, that he cannot have the presumption to go on teaching one from whom Patti herself might learn! For the rest, she informs me that she is "an actress born," that she can't help doing the right business and giving the right reading in every part she plays, and that she has in consequence to run the gauntlet of a great deal of amateurish ill-feeling and jealousy.

"You will find, when you know me better, that most women hate me, Mr. Power," she says, quite cheerfully; "they're afraid to confess it openly, but they show it in a thousand little undefinable ways and meannesses, and ill-conceived and worse-executed slights. Even those who are here to-night accepting my hospitality are betraying it in their hearts. They come because they will try to meet men, and men will come here, but they one and all detract from me as far as they find it possible to do so. I can't help out shining them, and they can't forgive me for doing it."

"Utterly ignoble of them," I say, warmly, and she smiles a seraphic acknowledgement of my partizanship, and says:

"I'll introduce you to my daughter; we're constantly taken for sisters—there she is!"

She points out a nice-faced, usual-looking girl of about twenty. "The combination of George Sand, Adelaide Kemble, Grisi, and Ristori has turned out an extremely nice average girl for a daughter," I think as I watch the young lady, who is chaining the attention of a group of listeners very successfully.

"She's a very entertaining child," her mother says, following the direction of my eyes. "Most girls of her age are *gauche* as soon as they find themselves the only speakers in a circle of listeners; but Elinor avoids that pitfall, as you'll already have perceived. I suppose she has learned the art of conversation from me, for she has been my constant companion ever since I began to think for myself."

I suppose I looked amazed or amused, incredulous or appalled, for she resumes, with a running accompaniment of laughter:

"My dear sir, I suppose you think that I am historically inaccurate in making the dates of my 'beginning to think,' and of her becoming my companion, contemporaneous? Not at all; I only began 'to think' after I married and found out that I had made a mistake in doing so. Then, luckily, I had Elinor, and made her my companion."

"And a very charming one you find her, I am sure," I say feebly. Not that I do not thoroughly mean what I am saying, but that I feel convinced that the lady whom I address fancies that all the charm of the companionship has emanated from herself.

"Yes," she says affably, "Elinor is what I have made her; if mothers are such fools that they can't mould girls after their own pattern, they deserve to have the burden of stupid unmarriageable girls laid upon them. Not that I want Elinor to marry now or ever. I'd infinitely prefer keeping her to myself to giving her to a second edition of her father, for example; besides, she's much too clever a girl ever to marry a man who would insist on being her master, and she's much too clever a girl to be satisfied with a nonentity, and it isn't easy to find the happy medium."

"Have you never found it?" I ask encouragingly; for if Mrs. Carruthers feels herself justified in talking in this strain, I, as a young man eager for experience, feel myself to be perfectly justified in leading her on to continue it.

"Yes, once, when it was too late," she says, with an affected half-checked sigh and a singularly bright and untruthful smile. Oddly enough, though the affectation and untruthfulness strike me, they don't shock me as they would have done a few hours ago. The spell of Mrs. Carruthers is upon me; she is a law to herself! Nevertheless, though, I own that the glamour is upon me to the extent of making me accept her dicta unquestioningly, I tell myself that if Elinor is what her mother has made her, then Elinor must be about the last person in England I should like to have for my wife. I think this as I get away from the vivacious matron's side at last, and, foregoing my original intention of seeking Elinor, I go meditatively to my club.

Mrs. Carruthers favours me with another side view of her character in a few days, and succeeds in doing away with my first impression of her in a singularly conclusive way, for a time. Opportunities for the public display of her talents as actress or reciter not offering themselves at this juncture, she spends a large portion of her time in the privacy of her own home, to a participation in the intellectual pleasure of which she freely admits me. Her "little girl," I observe, often listens to her mama's narrations with an expression of admiring, affectionate incredulity that would lead a sceptic to suppose that Mrs. Carruthers is a romancist of a fine order in private life. But the time is not yet ripe for me to be sceptical in the slightest degree about aught concerning Mrs. Carruthers. In the parlance of myself and the few men on whom I have conferred the inestimable boon of an introduction to her, she is "the frankest woman out," and we all applaud her to the echo whenever she makes a brilliant statement, even though it may savour more of the ideal than the real.

Poor Pendleton I remark, about this time begins to estimate himself rather more modestly and correctly than he did of yore. He allows it to dawn upon him that Constance Terriss is merely tolerating him. (We all call her "Constance Terriss" behind her back, and assoil our consciences by declaring that we only do it because she is a public character; I go so far as to say I should as soon think of speaking of "Mr." Shakspeare as of her by her married name.) "She's a splendid creature," Pendleton says gloomily, looking up at his goddess from a distance; "but she's just the least bit in the world selfish, Power, old boy, I don't say to you, 'Beware! trust her not, she's fooling thee,' but I'll just mention that she used to recite to me by the hour, and if I ask her to do it now, she says she can only 'get the steam up when she has an audience!' I've done more for her on the press than any of you fellows will ever do, and now she'll hardly look at me when you're in the room, and makes a point of always having neuralgia when I call on her alone. She's selfish, that's what Constance Terriss is, and when a man has served her ends and gratified her cursed vanity, she'll drop him without even a decent show of hesitation. I don't want to caution you, but take care!"

"I'll tell her you're nettled at her seeming neglect," I say carelessly, for I feel very sure of my ground with the candid and clever cause of Pendleton's discomfiture. Poor little fellow! I am really sorry that self-conceit should have led him to this bitter end. Nevertheless, it is a wholesome lesson to Pendleton, and that it will be given is doubtless for his ultimate good. I don't like that allusion of his to having served the current queen of my soul on the press. It does not become the mouse to remind the lion of any little assistance rendered, in the matter of nibbling any ignominious cords that may have fettered the noble animal at any time. That the friendship of Constance Terriss repays a man fully for the staunchest service he can render her is my firm conviction. And I ought to be able to form a correct estimate concerning her, for I am seeing a great deal of her in the most delightful possible atmosphere of social unrestraint just now.

We—Mrs. Carruthers and I—have fallen into the habit of interchanging thoughts, sentiment, and experience to a considerable extent. That is to say, I imagine an "interchange" is going on. Pendleton (who is bitter) says that the obligation is a one-sided one, and that I am simply the receptacle for the loose thoughts for which a brilliant and versatile friend desires to find a store-house. He says that the mere fact of my expressing a view makes her remember that she holds it! Accordingly, she presses a vast number of uncommonly