

the police, who were simply discharging an arduous and painful duty, attacked a Roman Catholic institution, and went a mile and more out of their way to demolish the house of a man, whose property has been destroyed wantonly and without provocation more than once before. Unhappily the story of that night's disgraceful deeds does not need recapitulation. Had these lawless roughs treated the Fenian leader with the contempt he deserved, his utter worthlessness would have been made manifest and the reputation of Toronto vindicated. The only advantage gained by the riot, the shooting and the destruction of property, was abundant proof that the Fenian Bombastes is a bag of wind, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," and an abject coward to boot—all which everybody well knew before, and certainly ought not to have been brought to learn at such a terrible price. The Catholic Bishops of Ontario did everything to prevent the possibility of disorder, and the vast majority of our Irish Catholics cordially seconded their spiritual leaders; they are certainly not to blame. Neither are we disposed by any means to press too heavily upon the Orangemen, who, as a body, certainly deplore these untoward

events. Still it is to be expected that they will at once disclaim all sympathy with the rioters and purge themselves of the unruly element which unquestionably exists amongst them. That there was a nucleus of disciplined men and boys in the crowd is unquestionable, since the notes of the bugle and the word of command were heard and promptly obeyed. It would not be more just to blame the railway men in Pennsylvania for the lawlessness which destroyed five millions worth of property last July than to lay these outrages to the charge of the Orange Association. Still the latter riot gave an opportunity for action to the roughs of Toronto, and it becomes a serious question whether such an organization, which trains up bigots and fanatics from boyhood, ought to receive encouragement from any enlightened Protestant. Had there been no such body, it is not at all probable that the baser elements of the population would have had any pretext or opportunity for the display of their peculiar talents or tendencies. Unhappily, every such disturbance aggravates the mischief, and no one can look forward to the next twelfth of July without terrible misgivings.

March 25th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND. By Florence J. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

We cannot praise Mrs. Duncan's novel, and yet it is by no means bad enough to be spoken of severely. Like Mahomet's coffin, it hangs suspended between heaven and earth, but, unlike that phenomenon, excites no curiosity in our minds as to how it got there. The process is too clear. Mrs. Duncan is, presumably, a steady novel reader, and, from the awe with which she first assayed the flavour of a work of fiction, has gradually fallen into that state of familiarity which is too apt to breed something worse. Seeing a certain number of incidents cropping up in all the multitudinous tales that are flooded upon the market by prolific writers, with just so much difference as is noticed in a badly shuffled pack of cards, our authoress has tried the daring feat herself, believing that originality lies in the sequence in which the pasteboard aces and knaves are played. So our old friends the concealed marriage, the deserted wife, the school life, the rich, but too-soon

ruined father, the hidden attachment, and the confidential correspondence are whisked together again for our delectation; the deaths are sprinkled in with unusual depth of determination towards the end, and the whole bolus is sugared up with the oil of reconciliation in the last chapter.

The heroine, unsophisticated Lucia, makes our acquaintance at a convent. The school at this convent is chiefly patronised by Protestants, and the Sisters are most strict in not attempting any proselytising. This we are told without the least attempt at irony, although we find the children taught to repeat "Hail Mary's," to say their "rosaries," and to pray for each other's "intentions." Here they are taught rhetoric, but, judging from the only specimen given of the lectures they received on this subject, we fancy our authoress must have meant the less grand, but more prosaically useful one of grammar. Of this, indeed, the Unsophisticated and her "Intimate Friend" must have been in considerable need, if we can form an opinion from the following sentences: "I do not know as I ever entertained the idea," "I