

not "crop the flowery mead," but pulls it out, and tears, as it were, the soil. The goat is the worst of all. One day a deputation of peasants from the Jura had an interview with Napoleon I.; he asked them the stereotyped question, what he could do for them. "Sire," they replied, "make a law against the goats."

Sheep and goats scarify the soil where they graze, thus permitting the rain to enter, and make fissures which cut down to the rock. They were the cause of the ruin of Palestine, Greece, and Sicily, by transforming fertile champaigns into denuded rock, grilled by the sun. This is the scientific conclusion of the idyls of Theocritus and Virgil.

The action of man through agriculture provokes a change of matters on the surface of the globe, amounting to millions of tons annually. Does this affect the cosmic forces of our planet? Is the weight of the globe altered thereby? Will the centre of gravity, in the long run, be influenced, or the astronomic movements of the earth be deranged? A slight augmentation of matters about the region of the equator may, under the influence of the sun and moon, affect the direction of the earth's axis of rotation, causing a deviation in the form of the earth—making it more spherical than round.

M. YVES GUYOT'S "Letters on Colonial Politics" continue to be the *vade mecum* on the vexed question of French colonial expansion. Another edition has been called for. The author has no faith in official colonization; he believes only in the emigrant who sets out at his own risks and perils, to found a new home. Such are the inhabitants of Brittany, the Basque districts, and the southern regions of France, who shun Senegal, Guiana, and even Algeria, but who go, unaided by any subvention or encouragement on the part of the Government, spontaneously to the Argentine Republic, where they number 100,000, or to Montevideo; these are the real emigrants. Some go to the United States, a few also to Canada. The official colonies are insalubrious, and Tonquin is the acme in this respect.

No European, says Guyot, can reside in Tonquin beyond three years. The usual mortality of the French soldiers there is ten per cent., and three-fifths of the deaths result from dysentery. European mothers, too, invariably die in their accouchement. At Saigon, which is accepted as healthier, there were in 1880 only seven European marriages, forty-six births, but there were 142 deaths. And this is a sample of the other colonies. The military and civil agents return from Indo-China, wrecks, full of envy at those whom they have left behind—in the graveyards.

In Algeria there is an army of 50,000 men kept up, at a cost of 50,000,000 francs yearly. The imports to Algeria are but 154,000,000fr. In Cochinchina the colony buys eight francs of foreign against one franc of French goods. Eighteen months after the signing of the treaty of commerce with Annam (August 31, 1873,) not a single French ship had entered the Red River; while that new route to Western China had in the meantime become a monopoly in the hands of the English, Chinese, and Germans. The only clients in Tonquin are France's own soldiers, functionaries, and their followers. The only commerce on which she counts to obtain custom revenue is opium—the drug with which she accuses England of poisoning the Celestials.

In Algeria, pertinently remarks M. Guyot, the European colonist is a partisan of universal suffrage; but on condition that he and his 194,000 co-colonists possess all the votes, and that the 3,000,000 Arabs have only the right to obey, pay taxes, and hold their tongues. That colonist is a partisan of liberty, but demands an iron hand as necessary to keep the Arabs in check. He is advocate of equality, but on the condition that the Arabs must alone pay the expenses, be submissive to exceptional laws, while he himself can eject them when it suits his personal convenience. This is the Irishman's reciprocity—all on one side.

ZERO.

### THE EXAMINER.

POLITICAL phraseology was sharply edged in the days when Disraeli was young. Everybody remembers, of course, Macaulay's description of the scene which took place at the passing of the Reform Bill; how one honourable gentleman "looked like a damned soul," and another looked like Judas Iscariot taking off his neck-cloth for the final operation." In the letters to his sister, Disraeli uses some pretty sharp language also, and no doubt all is not given. People who gave a dinner to O'Connell were "some ruffians and 'refuse';" an honourable member rising "looked most hideous"; O'Connell makes a "ruffianly acknowledgment" of the Speaker's reprimand; Murchison is a "stiff, geological prig"; at the Coronation, "Melbourne looked very awkward and uncouth with his coronet cocked over his nose, his robes under his feet, and holding the great sword of

state like a butcher"; the Bishop of London is "a latitudinarian trimmer," and so on. It is not merely in the newspapers in our day that "low personalities" are used. There never was a time when they were not used. Nothing could be more scandalously abusive than the literature of the renaissance; the literature of the eighteenth century in England was grossly personal and abusive; the political writing of the beginning of this century was very personal; and a close investigation would show that the habits of the press and of politicians have not grown worse, but better, in the lapse of time.

It is very interesting to watch the progress of Disraeli's relations with Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, in going through these letters. In order to assist the reader it may be worth while to give a little "brief" on the subject. At page 6 he is "introduced (April 28, 1832,) by particular desire to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked 'silent, melancholy men.' I told her that I *had no doubt of it*." That was not just the best beginning for a romance, or even for a marriage; but sometimes marriage begins "with a little aversion." At page 100 we get the announcement of Wyndham Lewis's sudden death (March, 1838), with the cautious remark as to the widow, "She is, of course, at present extremely overwhelmed," etc. At page 110 things have improved, and Disraeli is evidently advancing; for in June, "I have got a gold (Coronation) medal given me as M.P., but I have presented it to Mrs. W. L.," an omen of what is coming. At page 112 (July, 1838), Disraeli, with old Lord Rolle, is the only guest at Mrs. Lewis's house to see the review in Hyde Park; and it is obvious that affairs are approaching the usual crisis. At page 134 (August, 1839), a decorous period having elapsed, "our marriage is fixed for Wednesday." And thereafter, all through the letters, there is a continual strain of pride in Mary Anne, of confidence in her, of interest in her pleasures, of satisfaction at her social triumphs, and of pleasure in her society. So it continued till the end of her days, and he mourned her ceaselessly. "I may commit many follies in life," he wrote in May, 1833, "but I never intend to marry for love, which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity." Whether he married for love or not, he certainly had felicity as far as the world knows; and most women, at least, will wish to believe that he did so in spite of his protestations, which were probably mere humbug.

EXPERIENCE teaches us that there are few subjects so fascinating as amateur medicine. Given a man, or a woman, with a good lively chronic disorder of respectable character and learned name, not fatal but troublesome, and you can always count him, or her, in for a medical conversation of any length. Proof positive of the fascinating character of amateur medicine is to be found in the endless variety of patent medicines all swallowed eagerly by people who are treating their own cases in their own way; and in the large popular literature devoted to the science of health, with very little direct effect that one can see, except perhaps to stimulate the demand for more patent medicines. To gratify those who may be eager to acquire new information and try fresh experiments with their probably overtaxed systems, there are some volumes recently published that can be recommended. First we have "Gout, and its relations to diseases of the Liver and Kidneys," by Robson Roose, M.D., whose name reads like a joke, but is no doubt a serious piece of nomenclature. It is dedicated to Sir William Gull, which gives it a respectable air at once. Most people, that is most amateurs, are of opinion that gout is a disease of the legs, superinduced (they generally get as far as superinduced in their scientific terminology) by indulgence in too much port wine and the general pleasures of the table. That is, to a certain extent, true no doubt; but Dr. Roose says, "I am fully convinced that functional disorder of the liver underlies the majority of gouty manifestations, and that the kidneys are only secondarily implicated." On the subject of wine as a cause of gout, this medical gentleman has some consolatory remarks. He says:—

It would seem that alcohol, taken in the form of brandy, whiskey, gin, etc., cannot be regarded as a cause of gout, inasmuch as in spirit-drinking countries the disease is almost unknown. The immoderate use, however, of distilled spirits is a common cause of disease of the liver and kidneys; and where gouty predisposition exists, any habit which tends to damage the kidneys must augment the constitutional disorder.

It is the old story: "Put the little cuss into fits, and then send for me; I'm a stunner on fits." This book is cheap, and may be recommended to any man who has a good family physician to remedy the student's mistakes.

The other volume is more likely to be generally read. It contains a good deal of very sensible information. It treats of "The Diseases of Sedentary and Advanced Life," and the author is Dr. Fothergill. About half the diseases of advancing life might either be prevented or postponed