

relations with our colonies, I have a letter from one travelling in America about the Canadian question. 'I am not surprised,' he says, 'that people who emigrate to the new continent choose the States as a rule rather than Canada. With every desire to be respectful to the British colony, I must say that Canada is sleepy, and, as the Americans say, a very one-horse country. The people are neither English nor American, but a kind of half-breed, which has the defects of both and very few of the merits of either. Then the Canadians are very restless about their future. They say that the Colonial Office is always ignorant (which is not surprising); that it never understands the real interests of Canada; that they could make much better commercial arrangements with the States if they were left to themselves; and that they ought to be allowed to appoint their own Governor-General. Add to all this that business throughout the North-West is in a very depressed state, that land is lying idle and enterprise almost entirely lacking, and you may imagine that the present humour of the Canadian is not happy. The contrast when one crosses the frontier is astounding. The general briskness and alertness makes Canada seem a land of dreams. Yet the depression of trade in the States is very serious. Thousands of spindles are lying idle, and the miners in the Hocking Valley who have been fighting the military are in a condition which is only a little more exaggerated in one place than in many others.'

FORTUNATELY nothing more serious than a few scratches and a quantity of broken glass resulted from the explosion on the underground railway in London. Whoever the miscreants may be, whatever vile object they have in view, it is fortunate that they stop short of the attempts of Hédél and Nobiling, of Kùchler, Rupsch and Reinsdorf. It is certainly a poor vengeance against the British nation to injure a few servant-maids, to raise a scare in a railway tunnel, and act the philanthropist to the glazing fraternity. O'Donovan Rossa takes to himself the credit, or rather discredit, of these demoniacal outrages. It is quite time that the English Government should ask that of the United States in plain terms no longer to shelter a man who, on his own showing, is guilty of tentative murder, or rather massacre. The "wrongs of Ireland," whatever they may be, have no more to do with dynamite outrages than the wrongs of Fiji. Agitation by outrage is a matter of business—a brutal trade followed solely for money—and until statesmen admit this and mould their action upon it, they must remain open to the charge of obtuseness or worse.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE is a somewhat prominent man in the States, and is trying to purchase notoriety in England through his "syndicate of papers." He has written a couple of fairly readable books, and has been "interviewed" at Pittsburgh. He is, however, a humbug. He believes, he says, in Socialism; but he is not prepared to divide his own millions. He is the prototype of the humourist's character who would cheerfully sacrifice all his wife's relations as food for powder. The advent of Socialism will be contemporary with the millennium. Men will be content to share their riches; yet Mr. Carnegie has reduced the wages of some of his employés thirty-three per cent. Mr. Carnegie should remember that the school-master is abroad. He insults the working classes by such blatherings.

EDITORS in Ireland occupy scarcely a less perilous and feverishly exciting position than the editors "out West," whose implements of industry are generally set down as a revolver, a scissors, a pair of boxing gloves, and a paste-pot. A certain section of the Nationalists in Tipperary, not approving of the tone adopted by the proprietor and editor of the *Tipperary People*, have had notices posted in and about the town advising him to repent of his conduct in attacking "the cause," and threatening him with death if he should not. This is doing business in a smart off-hand style, without any doubt! Nor is his the only grievance in the premier county of the green isle, for the foxhounds there are doomed to die victims of the Land League agitation. The other day, near Fethard, four of them dropped dead from poison during the hunt, and subsequently six others died in the kennel.

A CORRESPONDENT of a newspaper recently sued the editor for, among other things, "extra wear and tear of mind." Did the law allow an editor to sue for, and obtain, damages from many of his correspondents for extra wear and tear of mind in reading the manuscripts they send him, conducting a public journal would be rather a good thing.

THE Prohibitionists in England are not to have all their own way. A "Moderation Alliance" has been formed by a few moving spirits, inspired by a powerful anti-teetotal article in the *Times*, and a paper on "Moderation or Total Abstinence" in the *Fortnightly*. State coercion of the liquor-traffic is roundly condemned, and the efficacy of compulsory total abstinence is denied; the moderate and reasonable consumption of alcoholic drinks has, it is claimed, a distinctly salutary effect upon the great bulk of the inhabitants of cold and temperate climates; and interference with the liberty of the individual or of trade is protested against as tending to the deterioration of the moral fibre.

CHAGRINED at its failure to promote Irish discontent by disingenuously representing itself as voicing American sentiment on English politics, the *Nation* in its ultimate number gets off a petulant puerility worthy of O'Donovan Rossa. *Harper's* and the *Century*, the Fenian New York journal declares in alarm, are pandering too much of late to England—"read as if some sheets of *Cornhill* or *Macmillan's* had got bound up by

mistake with the home product." *Harper's* staff has even been demoralized by the addition of an Englishman—and eagles do not bring forth pigeons, mind you. But the *Nation* will find steam and electricity are too much for it. Increasing inter-communication between the Old and New Worlds are gradually breaking down the mutual misapprehensions fostered by unscrupulous journalists. Americans and Englishmen understand each other and their respective countries better than ever they did, and are anxious to enlarge that knowledge. One consequence of which is a rapidly-increasing demand for American magazines and newspapers in England—an increase all the more displeasing to the *Nation* since that journal does not share in it.

THE Cobden Club have rendered a service to commerce for which economists will be grateful by the issue of a shilling edition of Cobden's "Three Panics." In a prefatory note the Committee explains its purpose in the distribution of this re-issue. It is intended as a note of warning against any hasty or ill-considered increase of English naval estimates arising from a feeling of panic such as has more than once in times past proved both groundless in itself as well as unworthy of England's greatness. The Committee admit that England requires an efficient fleet, but reiterates Cobden's opinion that "the best security to our vast sea-going trade would be the adoption of the principle that all private property, not contraband of war, should be exempt from capture at sea."

MR. RUSKIN has written his last *Fors*. With the ninety-sixth of his letters to the workmen and labourers of Great Britain, the series of his epistles on every possible subject from courtship to the land question came to an end. There is no extravagance in this his final appeal to the conscience of the nation. It is mainly taken up with the story of a home for orphans "in the beautiful city of Bassano, on the Brenta, between the mountains and the plain." It is a touching story of the devotion of a sister who has taken no vows for the good of her people. Mr. Ruskin comments very little upon it, but says that its example explains in teaching. Then he says farewell. Looking back upon his efforts for the last twenty years, he reproaches himself with his compromise with the infidelity of the outer world and his endeavour to base his teaching upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindness instead of upon the primary duty of loving God—foundation other than which no man can lay. He has preached to the crowd of visible utility, nor was he aware how many people still had as vivid and practical a faith as ever was reached in the early enthusiasm of Christendom. His illness undid him. He was shown "with lovely initiation in how many secret places the prayer was made which he had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets, and on how many hills which he had thought left desolate the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire." He calls upon these faithful ones to lift up their standard on high, that the children may dwell in peace. Not to be taken out of the world that they may dwell in monastic sorrow, but to be kept from its evil in shepherded peace; ought not this to be done for all the children held at the fonts beside which we vow in their name to renounce the world! Renounce! nay, ought we not at last to redeem. And so Mr. Ruskin's letters end. He has not always been wise, but he has ever been high in aim; and to the man who desires good, surely a little extravagance will be forgiven.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

W. O. EASTWOOD.—The matter has been written upon *ad nauseam*, and we do not think it would serve any good purpose to insert your letter, which does not throw any new light upon the controversy.

W. H.—Your communication is reserved. The subject has been almost done to death of late.

### A MARCH IN THE DESERT.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Now that our men in Egypt have the prospect of a march across the desert before them, an account of a French forced march in Algeria, in 1844, in pursuit of Abd-el-Kader, may not be uninteresting to your readers. It is from a work that I purchased in Algiers twenty-five years ago. It will be seen that the French depended upon the wells for water. Our men, however, will undoubtedly be accompanied by camels carrying water.

The expedition, composed of picked men, started from Tlemcen. Each man carried eight days' rations of biscuit, rice, sugar, coffee, and salt; part of a *tente d'abri* and pole (a small, low tent with pole about the size of a broomstick), tin canteen containing about a quart, sixty cartridges, etc. Besides, to every mess of seven to ten men there were three objects of *cuisine* to be carried by turns, viz., the large can, the cooking-pot (*bidon* and *marmite*), and the wooden-dish. Three men carried these strapped on their backs, so that about every two or three days some of the mess had an extra load to carry. The meat carried itself, as a herd of cattle was driven with the column, and every day the quantity necessary was butchered.

The first day they marched at daybreak, and halted for five minutes every hour. At ten they halted for one hour for coffee. They marched until four or five p.m., and bivouacked by a wood and river, having marched about ten leagues. The second day was pretty much like the first. The third day they started an hour before daybreak. With difficulty they found water enough for the coffee, and afterwards met none until they arrived at the bivouac in the evening, when the order was given: "The enemy are near, and must be taken by surprise in the morning. No tents are to be pitched. The halt is to be of three hours, and then the march must be continued all night." They did march all night, and although many of the men fell asleep constantly while marching, stumbled and slept again, still only five or six succumbed and were obliged to be carried on the bat