

opinion which excited much surprise and was the object of not a little animadversion. He declared emphatically—and his utterances were those of a man who knew whereof he was speaking—that those who were fixed in the United States would not desire to come back, and they were a very numerous class. It would be impossible for many to return, as the businesses in Lower Canada are already overstocked. Admitting, however, that a large number would be willing to come, it was more than doubtful whether the means proposed to induce them to return were either desirable or effective. The reliance on a paternal Government had been tried time and time again, and had never been known to succeed. It was not legislation that was wanted; give these men work; pay them as well as they are paid in the United States, and they would come back soon enough. At the time when Judge LEBŒUF thus expressed his belief in the utter uselessness of the means proposed and subsequently adopted for bringing about the *rapatriement* of the French-Canadian citizens and sojourners in the States, we strongly expressed our concurrence in his opinions. But while thoroughly convinced of the soundness of his predictions, we were hardly prepared for so speedy a realization thereof as has just taken place. Barely three months have elapsed since the convention held its meetings, and Judge LEBŒUF's words have been fulfilled to the letter. At the convention of United States St. Jean Baptiste Societies, just held at New York, it was declared that the United States is a better country than Canada for French-Canadians to live in. So strong was the sense of the meeting in favour of this opinion, that a resolution looking merely to the union of American and Canadian societies was rejected. This is a stunning blow to the hopes that promised so well in June last, and we fear that in many quarters it has been an unexpected one. The reception that met Judge LEBŒUF's outspoken words betokened a far too great confidence in speedy success—a confidence in which it was impossible for outsiders to share, and the vanity of which was amply proven by the empty measures to which the convention confined itself. The question of French Canadian repatriation has received its quietus. It was a laudable and a patriotic scheme, but the egotism and blindness of some of those who had it in hand shook its chances of success at the outset, and the childish helplessness that was displayed by the majority throughout the deliberations, the want of *vim* and independence which trusted to "a paternal Government" for setting things to rights, proved its final ruin. The result of the deliberations of the New York Convention is deeply to be regretted, but in view of the facts it is not to be wondered at. The American societies would not have been true to themselves had they decided otherwise than they have done. What the effect of their decision will be upon the, of late years decreasing, emigration of French Canadians to the States, yet remains to be seen, but we shall be much surprised if it does not cause a considerable exodus among the lower classes of our French brethren.

ATOMICS AND AUTOMATA.

In regard to the introductory address of Prof. TYNDALL before the British Association, at Belfast, two stand-points of criticism should be taken. As a historical sketch of the origin and progress of the materialistic cosmogony, the discourse is full, lucid and eloquent. As an argument drawn from new facts or discoveries, in favour of that theory, the speech is by no means so satisfactory. We are not surprised at the deficiency, for it exists in the very nature of this branch of scientific inquiry. Students in the physical, as in the metaphysical domain, are sternly limited in their search, and there is a point at which they must exchange conclusion for conjecture.

There is absolutely nothing new in the atomic theory propounded by Professor TYNDALL. Any student of the history of philosophy knows all about the molecules and empty spaces of DEMOCRITUS, the fixed and eternal laws attributed to matter by EPICURUS, and LUCRETIUS' sublimely poetic conception of a plurality of worlds. He is also aware that GIORDANO BRUNO anticipated the theory of Evolution, in the sixteenth century. Why Prof. TYNDALL devoted a large portion of his lecture to a summary of the doctrines of these men, we are at a loss to divine, for their rank materialism will not bear examination, and surely he can have no sympathy with them. Following up the interesting phenomena of natural evolution is one thing. Referring them to a final cause is quite another thing. The first process belongs to the naturalist; the second to the metaphysician. Atoms exist. They are plastic and multiform. They produce and are reproduced. But in studying their evolutions we cannot go back and back into that infinite progression which is an absurdity in dialectics. We must at last come to the first atom, the *causæ causæ*. There physics end and metaphysics begin. That first

cause, the *ultima ratio*, belongs essentially to the spiritual. The material can be created only by the immaterial, the finite by the infinite, the imperfect by the perfect. Existing atoms may be everlasting, as EPICURUS states, that is they may never have an end, but they must have originated from a Cause which is eternal, that is which had no beginning. These are elementary ontological truths, indeed, but it is because they are elementary that we are astonished to see how generally they are forgotten, and what a stir the implied negation of them makes in the scientific world. GASSENDI, in the 17th century, recognized them when he formally acknowledged that God in the first place produced a definite number of atoms which constituted the seed of all things. DARWIN and MAXWELL follow the same course when they assert that atoms are the prepared materials, "formed by the skill of the Highest" to produce, by their subsequent interaction, all the phenomena of the material world. With this rational and indispensable basis, the atomic theory and its manifold deductions, under various new names, may be a battle against revelation, but not against reason, and, as such, can well demand that fair field and no favour which Prof. TYNDALL so eloquently claims for them. The Professor himself evidently takes this view, as is clear from his attacks on theologians, both in the way of historical allusion and open defiance. But even here, he should be followed with caution. Theology does not rest wholly for its conclusions on revealed truths or the interpretation of Scriptures. It ought and does rest mainly on reason and irrefragable ratiocination. Philosophy is the hand-maid of theology, and its noblest flights of analysis or synthesis are those which are applied to the elucidation of dogmas and mysteries. It follows, therefore, that the physicist or the naturalist must not blindly array himself against theology, as such, whenever it applies its lens to the examination of new scientific discoveries. Give both sides a fair chance. Surely if DARWIN and TYNDALL consider themselves competent to discuss theology, TORGIORI and MORENO may prove themselves able to investigate the natural sciences.

Prof. HUXLEY, in his address before the Association, is fairer and more discriminate than his colleague. In treating the delicate and interesting Cartesian question—whether animals are automata—he calls philosophy "the mother of all sciences," and admits that there are problems which cannot be solved by physical science, as such, but must come within the scope of philosophic decision. All he asks is that logical consequences, whatever they are, should be honestly accepted. Every conscientious, unbogged student will agree with him there, because, as he ably states, logical consequences, while they are the scarecrows of fools, are the beacons of wise men. Following these principles, the Professor has discussed the question of animal automata in a manner quite satisfactory to the searcher after truth.

The untrammelled liberty of scientific inquiry which both TYNDALL and HUXLEY contend for should and must be granted. The *odium theologicum* is not quenched, but it is gradually melting into something like forbearance. The fires which burned around the marauded BRUNO, at Venice, are dead forever. Religion, properly understood, has nothing to fear from science. Every discovery in the ether above, in the rocks beneath, in the living organisms on the earth; every new fact connected with the smallest beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower and shell adds not only substantial strength and logical completeness, but also authentic fulness and moral beauty to the argument which religion has built up in honour of the great First Cause.

It seems to be no uncommon practice, judging from the revelations of the last few controverted election cases, for Parliamentary candidates and canvassers who are members of Good Templar lodges, to resort to the time-honoured practice of supplying voters with intoxicating liquors. We have always been under the impression that persons joining such societies invariably pledged themselves not only to abstain personally from fermented and spirituous beverages, but also that they undertook to do all in their power to further the cause of temperance. It was therefore with no little astonishment that we read of two prominent teetotallers violating, if not the ordinance, at least the spirit of the societies to which they belong, by lavishly spending money in treating electors. The custom is of itself an objectionable one, as being the immediate cause of nearly all election riots and disturbances. But when it is indulged in by those who have publicly set their faces against the sale of liquor it becomes doubly disgraceful. We are not informed what action will be taken by the lodges with which the gentlemen implicated in the cases alluded to are connected. But we trust that speedy steps will be taken to efface the stain that has

been placed on their record. An incalculable injury has undoubtedly been done to the temperance cause, and one which its enemies will not be slow to convert into a powerful weapon.

The controversy about the authorship of Shakspeare's plays is a chronic malady. It breaks out every now and again, in the dearth of more exciting subjects. This time the author is said to be Lord Bacon. Even that theory is not new. It was broached seven or eight years ago by Judge Holmes, formerly of Missouri and now professor of Law in Harvard University. As usual, nothing is proved, for the simple reason that there are no data whereon to base any proof. Meantime the very doubt is shorn of interest. Whether the Rhapsodies were written by Homer or some other bard; whether the songs of Ossian were composed by the old scald himself or by Macpherson, is less a matter of importance than that we have the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Odes of Morven for ever. Whether Shakspeare only played what Verulam sang—if Verulam, indeed, could sing aught that Shakspeare would stoop to play—is as nothing to the fact that the "Tempest" will always murmur its sea song through our lives, that Falstaff will delight us with his philosophy in hours of gloom, and that the eternal loves of Romeo and Juliet will throw a morning light of glory on the moral sunsets of the world.

The poor unfortunate South has at present another of its periodical volcanic eruptions. Trouble is rife between the Whites and Blacks. The long predicted war of races is said to be coming on. Carpet-bagger have given the cry of alarm and President Grant has been prevailed upon to interfere with armed force. As usual, it is almost impossible for outsiders to get at the true facts of the situation. Southern accounts either do not reach us at all, or we read them only in garbled shape. The reports from Northern sources are exaggerated for the purposes of sensation or to further personal ends. But whatever the real circumstances may be and whoever may be to blame, the lamentable fact remains that the South is to be put under stricter military surveillance than ever. The cases of Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi are not sad enough. South Carolina, which is ruled through all its departments by negroes, must needs submit to the further incubus of military interference. The chasm of the war is not bridged yet, spite of Greeley's exertions.

Mr. WALKER has been made a member of the Royal Geographical Society. This distinction is usually conferred upon gentlemen who have contributed to the spread of geographical knowledge by explorations, discoveries of unknown localities, etc. In view of the prevailing ignorance among English people of matters relating to Canada, and especially of Canadian geography and history, we may be pardoned the question: Did Mr. WALKER receive the honour of membership of the R. G. S. as the discoverer of British Columbia, or merely as a gentleman who has spent many years in perfect safety in an almost unknown and totally uncivilised country? A propos of unknown countries might the Geographical Society advantageously drop for a while the heart of Africa, the Fortunate Isles, the Land of Cockaigne, and other interesting but equally unimportant places, and devote itself to spreading information at home respecting the colonies? We are convinced that the majority of educated people in England are far better acquainted with the topography of the source of the Nile than with that of the origin of the St. Lawrence.

The opening of two magnificent opera houses within one week speaks volumes for the progressive spirit of the people of Toronto. They understand the proper uses of the drama. By providing suitable premises for its reception, they ensure its elevation, at the same time that they draw to their city the best artistic talent to be found on the continent. In Montreal, the reverse is the condition of things. We have here only one theatre, of ungainly exterior and situate in a dark narrow street. Fashionable people will not go to it. Religious people refuse to be seen in the locality. Actors and actresses of the first class will not play there, because their services cannot be required. These facts are positively injurious to the æsthetic standing of the commercial metropolis.

The Crystal Palace quarrel in this city is one of the grimmest jokes of the day. The Government interference with axes was bad enough, but the continued guard of the water police there, with Spencer rifles slung over their shoulders, is worthy of a comic opera scene. People try hard to get angry over it, muttering fears of communistic outrage, but the absurdity of the situation surmounts everything, and jokes thereof are the order of the day.