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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE ostensible grounds for demanding a reversal or commutation of sentence in the case of Riel are three in number:—(1) That the form of trial was illegal and the conviction consequently invalid; (2) that the prisoner is insane; (3) that the civilized world has pronounced against the infliction of punishment, or at all events of capital punishment, for political offences. On the first point we offer no opinion. The nation must be advised by its Government, and must assume that the Government has taken the legal course till the tribunals, on appeal, shall have decided otherwise. Legal ingenuity was sure to be set at work to discover flaws in the proceedings, and the flaws which it flatters itself it has discovered are so dissimilar in their character, and, at the same time, so technical that we are impressed with the apparent absence of any broad and substantial objection. The question of insanity we have already discussed, and that ground is practically abandoned by those who take their stand on the third plea, since it is clear that the commission of a political offence implies a mind capable of understanding a political object and of selecting the means for its attainment. The third plea, it appears to us, is unsupported by fact. The Communists were punished, and many of them with death, in France, while the Anarchists are being punished there still. Intransigent and brethren of the Black Hand have been punished with death in Spain. In Germany political assassins have recently been sent to the scaffold. In England the law of treason remains on the statute book and would undoubtedly be put in execution. The murderers of Cavendish and Burke suffered, though their motive was undoubtedly political; and so did Guiteau, though he also was a political murderer. Russia may perhaps be said to be unqualified to speak as a civilized nation, yet nobody deemed it an act of barbarism to execute the murderers of Alexander II. It is true that Jefferson Davis was pardoned, and we have no desire to detract from the credit so eminently due to the people of the United States for their wise humanity after the close of the Civil War. But it must be remembered that the war, waged, as it was, not merely between two political parties, or between a body of insurgents and a government, but between

two commonwealths, each thoroughly organized and with distinct territories, had assumed an international character and had been carried on with all the rules and courtesies observed by regular belligerents. Jefferson Davis, and all who had borne arms or acted on the Confederate side, were morally covered by the capitulation of Appomattox. Let those who claim impunity for political crime consider to what their principle would lead. It would place social order, and with it the lives and property of citizens, at the mercy, not only of conspirators, but of buccaneers. Any ruffian, by styling himself an Invincible or an Anarchist instead of a burglar and assassin, might acquire the privilege of throwing society into confusion and looting for purposes which he would call military. "Let the murderers set the example," was the apt reply given to one who proposed the abolition of capital punishment. Scott was put to death by Riel for the political offence of adhering to the established Government; those who fell at Duck Lake, and indeed all who were killed by Riel's adherents in the late conflict, were put to death for the political offence of upholding the law against rebellion. That compassion attends to the scaffold the sincere and high-minded enthusiast, however misguided he may have been, who with no selfish aim has taken up arms against what he believed to be misgovernment is true; but perhaps such a man would not be the last to admit that in risking the lives of others, it was right that he should be prepared to lay down his own; that having appealed from the law to the sword he was bound to abide by the appeal, and that society could have no other guarantee against an anarchy worse than misgovernment itself. It has already been pointed out that in the present case there are circumstances of great aggravation, especially the use of Indian allies. We are as far as possible from desiring to minister to any lust of vengeance, which should be banished from the heart of a civilized nation. We only say that in this as in other cases, unless good reasons can be shown to the contrary, public justice ought to take its course, and that in the absence of special ground for interference the Executive has no right to interpose. Those advocates of a remission of Riel's sentence who accuse every writer on the other side of the question of cowardly pandering to political passion, while they are somewhat uncharitable in estimating the motives of their opponents, are perhaps not entirely free from self-delusion in regard to their own. Neither the political passion nor the temptation to pander to it is confined to one side.

To the nature of the mongrel race of Half-breeds Mr. Adam, in his "North-West," traces the germ of the recent troubles: "In cohabiting with the dusky womanhood of the plains, the trader has left us a legacy of mischief." The Half-breeds are divisible into French, Scotch and English. The old North-West Company had in its service a large number of French-Canadians, whose progeny is found everywhere in the woods and on the plains. The Hudson Bay Company's servants were for a long time drawn chiefly from the Orkneys. Many of these men, as well as Lord Selkirk's colonists, left behind them offspring whose mothers were Indian squaws. Of Mr. Astor's fur-trading enterprise, of which Astoria was the centre, the Missouri Company and the Rocky Mountain Company, which flourished later, no account need here be taken, the hunting-grounds of these several organizations having been practically distinct from those north of the parallel of 49°. Separate from any organized company there was a large number of "free-traders," whose careers were more or less isolated, or who moved in small bands, and whose history remains unwritten. We only get glimpses of them here and there; and it is doubtful whether a consistent story of their exploits will ever be woven. What is certain is that of three hundred and fifty of these fugitive free-traders the last two were killed in battle near the foot of the Rocky Mountains in 1810. But a new race of free-traders afterwards came into existence, chiefly on the American side of the line, where some of them made temporary connections with the Missouri Company or the Rocky Mountain Company. These free-traders were of various nationalities, the Irish perhaps being predominant. The sexual connections which they formed in the forests and on the plains were quite irrespective of any legal ties they might have left behind them; an irregularity which found in Harmon, whose practice accorded

with his theory, an open defender. Such are the various sources whence the Half-breeds of to-day have been drawn. The white men imitated the habits and fell passionately into the pursuits of the Indian. Their life was one of excitement and of war. The French Half-breed, as might be expected, is more easy-going and less provident than his Scotch congener. His reputation for gluttony and indolence are well earned—as an employé of the North-West Company six pounds of fish formed the daily ration of each man—though he is capable of great exertion and great endurance. Washington Irving may be suspected of an undue bias of patriotism when he puts into the mouth of a foreigner the assertion that one American trapper is equal to three Canadians. In the recent outbreak the only Half-breeds found in numbers were the French; some Scotch Half-breeds suffered great hardships in their successful attempts to escape the vigilance of Riel's kidnappers. To this extent the insurrection had a semi-national aspect; and this is the explanation of the new outbreak of sympathy with Riel, which once more threatens to overrun the Province of Quebec. As a rule, the ties of race are strengthened by the bonds of religion; but in Riel's case race has proved stronger than religion. When six priests joined in decrying him, the feeling of race fell into a slumber; but coincident with his renunciation of his heterodoxy, whether as a consequence of it or not, he again comes into favour. Mr. Adam had no sooner finished his book than a new edition was required to tell the story of the fate of the insurgents. What is lasting in it is the spirit of judicial fairness with which the subject is treated.

SEVERAL years will probably pass before all the conditions of the navigation of the Hudson Bay and Straits can be learned. This year the *Alert* has been jammed in ice three weeks before getting into Hudson Strait; the stream of ice coming down from the north made it impossible to enter the strait, at the mouth of which, within sight of Revolution Sound, the vessel was imprisoned. This stream of ice, which annually comes down from the north, interferes with the entrance into Hudson Strait, when it would not prevent a vessel penetrating much farther north in Davis Strait. The ice stream follows the ocean currents and leaves the other parts of the Strait comparatively free. There may have been an unusual quantity of ice this year in this Strait; but the ice current so long as it runs, must always impose an obstacle to the entrance of Hudson Strait. The fact that thousands of Dutch and other fishing vessels have for two centuries made voyages far north in Davis Strait throws no light on the navigation of Hudson Strait. On the east side of Davis Strait the current runs northward and is an aid to vessels going in that direction. The *Alert* did not come out of her icy prison uninjured; on the 17th June her stern plate was carried away, and she had to return to Newfoundland for repairs. As she contained a relief party who are to change places with the men on the stations established last year in the Straits and Bay of Hudson, her detention will be a cause of serious anxiety in those desolate regions. The experience which we are getting of this navigation is very far from complete; but so far as it goes it can scarcely be said to be encouraging. The difficulties encountered last year were explained by the alleged exceptional nature of the season; the same plea is being put in again, though it is one the repetition of which must greatly lessen its force.

THAT the Liberal Party in England will win, though probably by a reduced majority, if it can go into the elections a unit, or anything like a unit, seems to be conceded by the most cool-headed of the Tories. But its going into the elections anything like a unit appears to depend on the health of "The Old Man." "Old Cause," to which Whigs like the Duke of Argyll and Radicals like Mr. Chamberlain owe common allegiance, there is none. An "Old Umbrella" may perhaps be said to be supplied by the traditional policy of the Whigs, which has led them hitherto to cultivate a union with the Radicals, and include a Radical representation in Whig Cabinets, not from love of their associates, but in order that they might keep the revolutionary movement under their control. But a condition of this policy has always been the subordination of the Radical to the Whig element, and at subordination the present leader of the Radicals spurns. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain intends to be Prime Minister of England, let that blessing cost the country what it may. Already, while a member of a mixed Cabinet, he has taken up a position of ostentatious independence, not to say of antagonism, to his Whig and Liberal colleagues. In his hands centre all the wires of the great sisterhood of caucuses planted under his auspices and by his confederates over the large boroughs of the Kingdom. In spite of disappointments and rebuffs, he still evidently hopes to capture the Irish Vote, or at least so much of it as Mr. Davitt can give him, and he is ready to pay any price for it even to the dismemberment of the realm. To the populace of the cities he offers the "ransom" of the property-holders and a system of progressive taxation, the proceeds

of which are to be spent for the benefit of the poorer class of voters. That Mr. Gladstone is endeavouring to muzzle him and prevent him from breaking up and ruining the party is a very probable report. If Mr. Gladstone is able to retain the leadership, as condemnation by him would be fatal to Mr. Chamberlain, his endeavours may be successful; otherwise there will be a split; Mr. Chamberlain will go off with the Radicals, and try, as their leader, at the election or after it, to storm the seat of power.

IF the battle in England were to be under the old Suffrage law, with the constituencies as they were at the last election, we should say that the result would depend upon the comparative force of the repulsion produced respectively by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill. To every one who has been engaged in British Elections it is well known that beside the active parties there is a large residuum of inertia which can be awakened into activity only by alarm. It was the inertia awakened into activity by alarm at the dangerous foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government that gave the Liberals their immense majority on the last occasion. The Tories polled as many votes as they had polled when they were victorious, so that there can have been no great amount of rattling. But Lord Derby's secession from the Ministry and his letter proclaiming that his late colleagues were bent on perilous adventures were sure to bring, and did bring, all the Quietists to the polls against the Jingo Government. To a dead certainty Mr. Chamberlain's threats of semi-socialistic dealings with property would bring them all to the poll against him and his policy now, if Lord Randolph Churchill were not there to drive them back with Tory Democracy and the Parnellite alliance. To these Lord Randolph appears now inclined to add a revival of Jingoism. He announces on the part of his Government a policy which shall give new strength to the Empire and security to India, security to India meaning, in his mouth, the humiliation of Russia. He is very right in thinking, as he appears to do, that doughty deeds are not to be done with big words, and that he will have to provide himself with "an overpowering fleet," a fleet powerful enough to cope not only with that of Russia but in the end with all the navies of Europe. How the money for its construction is to be found is a question on which he has probably never bestowed a thought. He protests, in the performance of his part as a demagogue, against the taxation of "the poor man's beer," and he will not find that a tax on the poor man's tea or tobacco is more popular. If he means to treble the income tax, he will have to put upon the devotion of his Conservative followers a strain which it will scarcely bear. Not the least of the difficulties of Tory Democracy will consist in the arrangement of its financial system, which it will be difficult to make at once prodigal, popular and conservative. It seems presumptuous to say that a leading English politician is in a fool's paradise with respect to English opinion. Yet we cannot help thinking that London, its clubs and its music halls, together with the haze generated by the heat of faction in the atmosphere of the House of Commons, greatly mislead members of Parliament about the feelings of the country at large. It was quite evident that by the country at large the dispute with Russia was taken with comparative coolness and that the efforts of the Government to preserve peace on honourable terms were viewed with general approbation. What the new constituencies may do, on this as on other points is a matter of the vaguest speculation, though we can scarcely imagine Hodge being a Jingo; but the electoral England of 1880 pronounced decisively and finally that, while it was ready to uphold at need the rights and honour of the country, it would not be dragged for the sake of anybody's ambition, or for the purpose of playing the game of any party, into a course of reckless and immoral adventure which must in the end draw upon the nation which pursued it the enmity, and the deserved enmity, of the world.

THOSE who best know the agricultural labourer in England will be the least ready to risk any confident prediction as to the way in which he will use political power. He is honest and hard-working but his intelligence is low: the little knowledge which he gains at school he generally forgets; the power of writing often totally forsakes his horny hands; and his faculty of reading is not exercised, like that of the labourer in the town, by names over shops, signs, bills and advertisements always before his eyes. Rural intelligence, moreover, has been decimated of late years by the railway service and other employments more highly paid than farm labour, which have drafted away the best educated and the most active-minded men. There are a few boroughs which already include within their precincts a number of farm labourers: Cricklade is one of these, and Woodstock, which Lord Randolph Churchill was fighting the other day, is another; but in these cases the local influences are so special as to forbid a general inference. Sentiment would probably draw Hodge to the side of his squire, at least where the squire is resident and has kept up his personal influence:

an important qualification in these days, when the squire, like other people, has become restless and, instead of living among his tenants and the peasantry, spends a great part of his time as a pleasure-seeker in London or on the Continent. Industrial antagonism on the other hand would lead the farm-labourers to vote against the farmer, on whom he was the other day making war as a Unionist under the generalship of Joseph Arch; and if the tenant farmer adheres, as he has hitherto very steadfastly done, to the standard of the landlord, there will be a cross action of the attractive and repulsive forces the upshot of which it is difficult to forecast. A strong appeal to material interests, such as the promise of a cottage and garden rent free could hardly fail to turn the scale. The condition of Hodge is still not such as to put him above the influence of a bribe; and a bribe—any bribe that will bring the vote—the Radical leader is prepared to offer.

“WHAT has hitherto been the vital distinction between English parties will disappear, and the contest will henceforth be between two organizations, one in name Tory, the other Radical, but both in character equally Radical, and bidding against each other by democratic and socialistic measures for the suffrages of the masses.” Thus do English journals forecast the politics of the future, assuming, and with too much probability, that the violent element in each faction will prevail, and that moderation and patriotism will be eliminated on both sides. Supposing the forecast to be correct, while it may not be easy to predict the immediate issue of the conflict, it is easy enough to predict the ultimate result. On the part of the Tories democracy is factitious, and is adopted or affected merely as a desperate device for the purpose of saving aristocracy and the institutions, political or ecclesiastical, which aristocracy regards as its outworks. On the part of the Radicals the democracy is genuine, and the genuine is always the strong. Tory concession must come to an end as soon as aristocracy, or anything fundamental to it is touched. To Radical concession there is no limit, and the Radical will go on bidding higher and higher when the fund of the Tory is exhausted. But the fact is that on the most vital of all questions the bounding-line of Tory demagogism lies near at hand and full in view. If Local Government is the first question on the order book, the second is Land. It is more than possible even that the Land Question may be raised first. Agrarian revolution is not only in the air, it has commenced in Ireland, and is advancing with rapid strides. The Radicals are preparing to push with all their force, and with the tide of popular opinion evidently and strongly in their favour, legislation which will break up the great estates, if even it stops of partial confiscation. But this to Toryism is the last ditch. Pedigrees longer and more illustrious than most of those of the British peers would be a frail foundation for the House of Lords when the great estates were gone. The catastrophe then of Tory Democracy, in other words, of the attempt to keep aristocracy alive by demagogism, is merely a question of time, and probably of no long time. Such strategy will most likely precipitate the fall of the Conservative Party, while it cannot fail to strip of national respect and confidence the leaders of the class in which the force of Conservatism resides.

THE life of a politician is now trying to the health. So we should infer from the number of those whose strength fail and from the process of reconstruction which our present Cabinet is always undergoing. Yet Sir Francis Hincks managed to live to a patriarchal age, and has died at last not of decay but of an accidental disease. Perhaps in his youth and early manhood, while there was a good deal of rough work and even of violence, the exactions of public life were less severe and there was less in it that was trying to the nerves and destruction of sleep. The quondam associate of Lyon Mackenzie and the editor of the *Examiner* was the very last of his political generation. He had taken part in a struggle which had a real object, and had enlisted in a party when the dividing lines between the parties were clear and strong. But he lived into a time in which, the questions of 1837 having entirely receded into the background, real objects of contention no longer existed and the parties degenerated into connections competing for place and manufacturing artificial issues as the ostensible subjects of their strife. In the tissue of intrigues and personal combinations which ensued he found himself in office with the political heirs of the men against whom he had fought in his youth. The name Liberal-Conservative, which, in common with them he assumed, is aptly expressive of an absence of any definite opinions and of a desire to attract votes from both sides. The conversion of ex-revolutionists into reactionists is not uncommon; in the case of Sir Francis Hincks it could hardly fail to be facilitated by Knighthood and a pension; nor is it often that there is found in the convert a decent recollection of the past. Sir Francis understood all financial questions thoroughly well and wrote upon them with great clearness and force: in that line he has not left his peer among us.

“THE expression of public sentiment on the occasion of General Grant's funeral may have seemed overdone; but the sad circumstances of his later life should be taken into the account. There was also a certain feeling of compunction at the harshness with which he was treated while in the Presidency. Mistakes he made, but some things he did which were very good and statesmanlike. He resisted the tendency to take vengeance upon the South; he vetoed the Inflation Bill; he withstood the attempt to raise a storm of Anti-British feeling in the Alabama Case and gave his voice in favour of arbitration. In the contrast drawn between his military and his civil career there is truth, but there is also falsehood: he had a native preference for strong and genuine men, a dislike of the weak and foppish. His antagonism to Mr. Sumner, though it made him enemies, was creditable to him in the judgment even of friends and admirers of Mr. Sumner, if they understood the case. His defects were the defects of his qualities. It was his misfortune to trust too blindly when he trusted at all.” Such in substance are the comments of an American who, though friendly to Grant, is as well worth hearing on the question as any man can be. If some distaste has been shown for this vast pomp of death it is partly because people had been condemned for many months before to read the daily details of Grant's sick bed, partly because the flood-gates of obituary eloquence being inevitably opened, a torrent of false rhetoric and spurious sentiment was poured forth. In our friend's version of Grant's political career there is, we doubt not, much truth. While the faults committed, especially in supporting corrupt or unworthy adherents against public opinion, were serious, the services rendered in the three cases specified were real and great. Opposition to the prodigious egotism of Mr. Sumner, who to salve his own wounded vanity would have wrecked arbitration and perhaps plunged two nations into war, stands in no need of apology in our eyes. Yet soldiers, if they have had no other training, seldom make good statesmen. Cæsar and Cromwell had been politicians before they were soldiers. The character of Grant and that of the Duke of Wellington had a good deal in common. In both there was the same iron fidelity to duty, the same strong but narrow good sense. Wellington would perhaps even have been capable of forming a prejudice against Motley because he parted his hair in the middle. The Duke's opportunities of educating himself in politics had been much greater than Grant's. He had sat in Parliament, and had held subordinate office. Some of his Peninsular despatches show a remarkable power of dealing with quasi-political and financial subjects. Nor can it be said of him any more than of Grant that he did the country no service as a statesman. He was able, without dishonour, to give the word for retreat, and he gave it in the case of Catholic Emancipation and again in the case of the Corn Laws. Yet few will doubt that it would have been better for his reputation had he remained Commander-in-Chief or entered the cabinet only as Minister of War.

ANY mystery that may have hung over Farquharson's defalcation is dispelled by the failure of four brokers with whom he had connections. The brokers were no doubt the agents he used in carrying on transactions by which he lost the money of the Munster Bank, for which he figures as a defaulter. When a bank manager is found speculating in stocks it may be taken for granted that he has entered the road on which not one in every hundred passes safely to his destination. La Touche, the manager of the Munster Bank, died within two years, when Farquharson appears to have got full control in connection with directors whose dealings with the trust funds under their charge became a subject of public scandal. The original La Touche, who started a private bank on which the Munster Bank was founded, about ten years ago, was a French *émigré* whom political exigencies drove into exile; and the first manager of the joint-stock bank was one of his descendants. At his death a dishonest manager came into contact with directors whose needs tempted them to borrow from the Bank on inadequate security, and whose want of scruple did the rest. It is a farce to suppose that a bank director should scrutinize with necessary care the paper which he himself offers for discount, and if several directors be borrowers like himself, they may be expected to become dumb on the subject of the borrowing of any one of them. A very necessary safeguard is removed the moment a board of directors acts on the rule of dispensing loans to its own members.

“IRELAND'S worst enemy” is now Mr. Bright. That bad eminence he has attained at a bound by protesting against an outrage upon the character of Lord Spencer which must be repudiated as dishonourable to the country by every Irishman in whose heart honour has its seat. Throughout his long public life Mr. Bright has been the steady, ardent and powerful advocate of justice to the Irish people. He has done more for the promotion of practical reform in Ireland than has ever been done by

Disunionist agitators, who in fact have never shown real zeal in the cause of practical reform, even of such a practical reform as Disestablishment, preferring to let grievances remain in existence that there might be fuel for disaffection. To Coercion he has been even above measure opposed, and one of the most doubtful steps in his career is the vote which he gave against the Coercion Bill of Sir Robert Peel on that night on which the great Free Trade Ministry was overthrown by a coalition of the Whigs and Liberals with the Tory Protectionists bent on revenge for the repeal of the Corn Laws. But he has done all this from love of the right not because he wanted the Irish Vote. Therefore when the right changes sides he changes sides also, and no doubt if it were to change sides again, again he would be "a renegade." His downright deliverance of truth and justice is odious and confounding not only to Parnellites but to that class of politicians whose character is a compound of metaphysics with intrigue, and whose policy on the Irish question may be described as a philosophic pursuit of the Irish Vote. To fasten upon John Bright the charge of Jingoism will not be so easy. Of him, at all events, it may safely be said that he would rather that his country should become the least of all the nations than that it should remain the greatest through injustice. As a Liberal and a friend of humanity he is not bound to leave out of sight the consequences which would follow to European civilization from the dismemberment and destruction of the foremost of Liberal powers. But he knows very well what to Ireland as well as to Great Britain would be the result of Separation. He knows that instead of an increase of liberty there would infallibly ensue a tyranny of demagogues; that this would be followed by a war of races and religions; that the relations between the two islands after the divorce would be hostile from the beginning; that hostility would end in an open quarrel, and that re-conquest with all its attendant calamities would close the scene.

SINCE the strange manifesto of the *Pall Mall Gazette* upholding the vested interests of prostitution, misgiving must have arisen in the minds of high ecclesiastics as to their wisdom in identifying themselves with an editor who with passionate eloquence describes himself as "standing in the belfry of the world and ringing a tocsin whose peal clashes discordant upon the ear of civilized mankind." Nor will they, who have no interest in the circulation or the advertisements of any journal, be much reassured by the gratifying announcements that this collection of "awful truths" was "reprinted in America before it was reprinted in England"; that "of English reprints, authentic and pirated, over a million and a-half have already been sold"; that "one hundred thousand copies have been sold in Paris, where the report has been reproduced in book form, as well as in innumerable newspapers"; that "it has been translated into Danish, and is now in course of republication in German, Russian and Polish." We can conceive nothing more decisive as to the real motives of the *Pall Mall* than this boasting. Supposing the revelations to be necessary in order to awaken the conscience of the nation in which the vices prevail, what ground or excuse can there be for disseminating the filth over other communities? This reflection may perhaps occur to the excellent Bishop of Durham who, in an article in the *Contemporary* on "The White Cross," defends the conduct of the *Pall Mall*, though in so doing he associates himself, it should be remembered, not only with the publication of unclean matter, but with the deadly and cowardly practice of half-veiled libel. We are not sure that in these questions ecclesiastics are our best guides, though they are laudably anxious to put themselves at the head of moral movements, and thus to strengthen the hold of the Church upon the people. Their strong convictions as to the general depravity of human nature are not favourable to exact measurement of the evil with which they have to deal. In the language of the pulpit and in the imagination of the preacher the whole community becomes guilty of acts which are really confined to the few, and London is a Babylon or a Gomorrah because in some dark dens of the city with a population of four millions nameless vices have made their lair. The minister of religion feels himself, as it were, placed in direct and personal antagonism to the Power of Evil, whom he thinks of attacking only with spiritual weapons. But the Power of Evil, as well as the Power of Good, acts through secondary causes, with which we are practically concerned, the careful study of which is the indispensable condition of success, and with which wisdom will often deal in a manner such as the General of the Salvation Army would denounce as a compromise with vice. The redundancy of a fierce and dangerous but natural passion, and the circumstances of a wealthy and luxurious society, are sources of mischief which no ringing of tocsins in any belfry, editorial or ecclesiastical, will do much to remove. Violent and spasmodic treatment of a social malady sometimes only drives in the eruption and makes bad worse. Theology denounces sin, but science must investigate disease, and frequently that is in part disease which theology can only look

upon as sin. A heavy responsibility would no doubt attach to any one who should attempt to suppress truth, however hideous, if its publication could lead to reform, above all in a case in which the treatment of women was concerned. But the means of regular, trustworthy and decent investigation were not wanting, nor, so far as we can see, had the Government and Parliament shown any indisposition to use them. We feel confident, for our part, that the almost unanimous decision of the Press, both in England and on this Continent, against the republication of these scandals has been wise, as it certainly has been disinterested. That no good purpose could have been served by sending through our streets a host of newsboys with their arms full of filth to be thrust into the hands of persons of all ages and both sexes is at least an opinion which we may be permitted to hold without exposing ourselves to the imputation of sympathy with monstrous vice.

BOSSUET eloquently, and with effect, dilated on the divisions of Protestants. Cardinal Manning seems to have been treating the same delightful theme, and perhaps with almost equal eloquence. If in religious discussion retorts were of any value Protestantism might not lack materials for a retort. The unity of Rome is not perfect, nor has she really remained unchanged. Widely different is the spirit of her earlier doctors from that of the Jesuits and Ultramontanes of the present day. Bossuet, as a Gallican, would now be under a ban: under a ban died the chivalrous champion of free Catholicism, Montalembert, and no one can suppose that the acceptance of Papal Infallibility by Bishop Strossmeyer was anything but an outward submission. But it would be curious to hear what Cardinal Manning had to say about the practical effects of perfect unity of faith in the case of Spain. The fearful ravages of cholera in that country are mainly the consequences of a total neglect of cleanliness and of all sanitary precaution which strikes the eye of every traveller. And whence does that neglect arise? Has it not probably the same root as the indolence, the ignorance and the superstition which are also characteristics of Spain? Apologists for the Spanish Inquisition tell us that it saved Spain from religious war which was the lot of those countries in which the Reformation was allowed to acquire strength; a singular plea, since it treats as totally out of the question the idea that the Church of Rome might have obeyed the precepts of Christ and forborne attempting to exterminate with the sword those who conscientiously differed from her in opinion. Religious war it is true was avoided, though at the cost of atrocities more hideous and more depraving to national character than any war. Unity was preserved by force; but what has enforced unity produced? In the earlier period of her history Spain gave every promise of greatness. Why was her promise not fulfilled? Why did she sink after the complete triumph of the orthodox faith within her realms to the very lowest place among the nations? Of her wealth, an enormous portion was devoted to the enrichment of the Church and monastic orders; the very palace of her kings was half a monastery: why was she not blessed in proportion to her orthodoxy and her piety? Her sons lacked neither the spirit of enterprise nor the sinew for achievement; why then did her colonization produce nothing better than Mexico? If the decadence had been only material, not moral, the Church might perhaps have been able to ascribe it to untoward accident and wash her hands of it; but the annals of Spain from the triumph of the Inquisition over heresy down to the commencement of the revolutionary movement are not less full of moral degradation than of material wretchedness. Hope of national regeneration has dawned with the diminution, by advancing Liberalism, of Church influence and with the confiscation of Church domains. This surely affords a fruitful subject for study as well as the divisions of the Protestant Churches.

"DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS" is the title of an article by Mr. Edwin Arnold in the *Fortnightly*. The theme is attractive, but the writer does little more than dally with it in graceful style and in a half-poetical vein. His most serious argument is that thought and will are forces, and that we must suppose them to be included with all other kinds of force in the general law of conservation. This will not help us much. We have no reason to believe that thought and will in men as mere forces are essentially different from thought and will in animals; and we are certain that among the most forcible, both of thinkers and of writers, have been some of the worst and most noxious of mankind. But what we mean by immortality is the continuance after death of our individual and conscious being, not the conservation under other forms and perhaps in other animals of the matter and force of which our organism is composed. No tracing of transformations and transfigurations in nature therefore affords us any comfort or in any way corresponds to our hopes. The spirit finds no satisfaction whatever in the thought that its elements will re-appear and perhaps be scientifically traceable in the kneaded clod. The momentous thing, however, is the

appearance of a paper treating this question in a light eclectic way, though with an inclination apparently to the side of faith, and clearly assuming that it is an open question in the minds of readers in general. Fifty years ago it would have been difficult to find ten people among the educated classes of England who did not believe in the immortality of the soul; those who did not believe in the Christian version of the doctrine were a small minority. The materialism of the French Revolution which inscribed Eternal Sleep over the gate of the cemetery was regarded as a portentous manifestation of the atheistic madness of those times. But now the number of disbelievers is large, that of the doubters still larger; and disbelief or doubt is evidently gaining ground. It is impossible to conceive a revolution more profound. The effects of great changes of belief are not fully felt at once, because men still live in the penumbra of the old faith and continue mechanically to act upon the traditional motives. But when they begin generally to act on the conviction that their individual existence, their aims, their hopes and their responsibilities are entirely limited to this life, this life itself will surely undergo a fundamental change. If the belief in a future existence departs, Theology can scarcely survive, at least it can retain little practical interest. The conditions of our existence here are fixed; we no longer expect them to be altered by miracle; we have only to study them and acquiesce in them; and it can signify little to us practically whether they are the laws of an intelligent Creator or the mere manifestations of a blind force.

POLITICAL PAUPERISM IN QUEBEC.

If the principle of Representative Government is to be judged by its results in the Province of Quebec we may venture to predict that it will not survive the days of the present generation; but even then it will have done incalculable mischief to the community as a whole. The apostles of "Representation by Population" honestly believed that they had discovered a potent remedy for all the evils to which the body politic was heir, and many of them have died under the pleasant illusion; but those who still survive and who follow the course of events in the sister Province of Quebec must have their faith in representative institutions put to a severe test by the daily revelations which, somehow or other, work into publicity. In former years corruption was limited by distinct boundaries and occasionally involved very serious consequences; but in the main the people were not criminally involved, being as a general rule more sinned against than sinning; however, all this has been changed, and so far from representative institutions affording a guarantee for honest Government the reverse appears to be the fact. It may be that certain inevitable defects must always cling to our present methods, and more particularly so while these methods suffer from the aggravations and hypocrisies of party Government; but apart from these we are obviously on dangerous ground, and if the people of Ontario escape the humiliations of Quebec politics, it is because the people of Ontario possess a certain constitutional aptitude for representative government which appears to be utterly absent in the Lower Province. Why this should be so is in itself a curious problem, which we cannot at present discuss.

One thing is very clear, when we get the average Quebec politician under analysis we discover in the first place that he is desperately in need of money, and in the second place, like a good many other people, that he is not over scrupulous as to his methods of obtaining it. The French Canadian politician lives under the pressure of poverty and of keen competition with others of his own nationality not richer than himself; and here let it be noted that the French Canadian politician is not the highest, nor even a high type of his race: he lacks the simplicity and faith of the *habitant* and is an utter stranger to those high principles of honour and chivalry which distinguished the early French colonists. He often begins his career by fawning upon the Church and ends by hating her; he affects a liberality in religion which he does not feel, or feeling it, which he is too politic to avow. When in opposition to the Church he is an Infidel, and as Infidelity is no recommendation to the suffrages of the French of Lower Canada, he has a difficult time of it in keeping up appearances. His race is prolific, and each year increases the number of competitors for the few political or other positions to which he may hope to aspire; but as these are mostly filled his business is to empty them with all convenient despatch, and it is at this stage that his poverty plays him the shabbiest tricks; he cannot afford to wait because he must live, and he is therefore compelled to have recourse to desperate methods and the employment of the least scrupulous agents. This constitutes the weak link in the chain of wrong-doing and is about the only protection which the public has. Under other circumstances he might possibly be just and even generous, but as it is he cannot afford to be either. The English minority are at present

the greatest sufferers, but by-and-bye it will be French against French, and for the simple reason that for every provincial loaf there are at least one hundred hungry French Canadians to eat it, so that everything considered it is tolerably certain that some of them must go to bed fasting.

The necessities of existence which are causing the French Canadian politician to monopolize everything in Quebec are steadily forcing him into Dominion politics, where unfortunately the exigencies of party Government have given him a foot-hold which he is well able to appreciate and sufficiently adroit to turn to the utmost advantage. When he speaks in hearing of English audiences he never wearies of pointing out the loyalty of his compatriots, and of drawing fancy pictures of the destinies of the two great nations going arm in arm to cut down great forests and to settle vast prairies; and if we are to place the least reliance upon his post-prandial eloquence the presence of the English in Lower Canada is the thing above all others which makes the cup of French Canadian happiness run over. Of course nobody treats his statements seriously, and I confess the truth the speaker himself never intended that they should be so treated. He simply gives you a display of oratorical fireworks which costs little but are very admirable as an exhibition. Your admiration is all he expects, and if you give more or treat his eloquent periods as the expression of French Canadian opinion, you have really nobody to blame but yourself. It would be an advantage if we could always ascertain from some trusted leader of the race on what lines French Canadian thought was moving, but at present this is an utter impossibility and in the future will be still more so.

The politicians who are now finding their way into the front ranks are utterly lacking in those high moral and patriotic qualities which compel respect; in a word, they are "the sharpers" of their race, without principle, frequently without religion, and nearly always without honesty. To see the ruin that these men are working in the commonwealth and the discredit they are bringing upon representative institutions, we have only to turn our attention to the course of current history in the Province of Quebec. While a strong English element preponderates in the Dominion Parliament the enterprising pauper politician from Quebec will be held in check, and his presence will only be felt in his vigorous efforts to make somebody's nest his own. Just now his voice in Dominion matters is the voice of Jacob; but give him a chance of power and you will find that he has the rough hands of Esau. We are not of those who have much faith in the stability of Confederation. Ontario may be quite willing in the future, as she has been in the past, to make sacrifices in the interests of a great national ideal; but when that ideal presents itself in the shape of a hungry set of French Canadian politicians, we think that even Ontario will refuse to bear the burden. In Quebec the French Canadians, Liberal and Conservative, give it to be understood very distinctly that they only value the partnership for the advantages which it brings them; and, in their own pauper Province, they never lose an opportunity of discrediting the ultra-loyalism of their Ottawa representatives. We have no desire to remind them that for a conquered people they have been treated with a degree of consideration unprecedented in the history of nations; but we do remind them that their Anglophobia is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste and ought to be held in check.

BUT Canada has the right to adjust her duties on imports as she pleases. And if the adoption of our tariff were understood to be the preliminary to absolute freedom of trade with us, she might find the means both to alter the tariff and to abolish the custom house line on her southern frontier, without asking imperial leave. It is true that the most natural way of approaching the question would be for Canada to declare her independence of the Mother Country. There already is a strong and growing party which favours that policy. It includes nearly the whole French population of Canada, all the Irishmen except the Orangemen, and a considerable number of business people, who see that Canada is sacrificing its prosperity and murdering its finances for merely political objects.—*The American.*

CHARLES LAMB in the briefest and wittiest autobiography in the language, confessed that he had been "a fierce smoker of tobacco," though he desired at the time of writing to be likened to "a volcano burnt out and emitting only now and then a casual puff." Years before he had written, I design to give up smoking, but I have not yet fixed on the equivalent vice," and in a letter to Wordsworth on the occasion of sending him the "Farewell to Tobacco," he says, "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years. I have had it in my head to write this poem for these two years, but tobacco stood in its own light when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises." His "loving foe," his "friendly traitress," the "great plant," as he variously denominates tobacco, seemed to him the cause of that indisposition which Carlyle was inclined to attribute to his "insuperable proclivity to gin." Nevertheless the delights of smoking haunted his imagination to the last. "I once," says the late Mr. John Forster, "heard him express a wish that his last breath might be drawn through a pipe and exhaled in a pun."

THE ROYAL GAME IN CANADA.

JAMES I. of England once described the game of Chess as "philosophical folly." Ivan the Terrible died in an apoplectic fit caused by a checkmate given him by a subject. Whether it is that the cultured classes of Canada agree with the dogma of the pedantic and narrow-minded English monarch, or that they fear an ending to their terrestrial career similar to that which befell the Russian despot, it is difficult to determine. The fact remains, however, that the Royal Game, the favourite pastime of the court and the cloister, of the study and the camp, in many lands and during many centuries, receives but scant recognition in Canada.

That this state of affairs is much to be regretted will, after a careful consideration of the matter, be admitted by most thoughtful men. The influence of the game, when engaged in as a recreation and not as a life-work, can only be for good. Of course if the devotee of Caissa worships at her shrine morning, noon, or night, to the utter disregard of the sterner and more important engagements of life, there can be no doubt of the evil done. But this may just as truly be alleged of those who bow before the wine-god Bacchus, or whirl away the hours of night at the call of Terpsichore. Even Cupid will often lead his infatuated slaves much too far in the by-paths of pleasure. Temperance in this as in every other enjoyment must be insisted upon; but it in no way weakens the fact that this intellectual pastime is eminently qualified to strengthen and even create some of the most useful faculties of the human mind.

The neglect of the game in Canada seems very strange. The more closely its standing in this country is compared with its position in Great Britain and the older countries of Europe, the more marked does the contrast appear. In every department of life, public and private, a very remarkable difference exists.

Marshal Saxe, the illustrious general, and an enthusiastic chess-player, declared that the principles underlying the successful conduct of a game of chess were identical with the principles which guided a commander-in-chief on the field of Mars. Wellington and Napoleon were both chess-players, and during the exile of the latter in St. Helena he used to play the game, daily, going over on the board his many campaigns. At such times he was wont to declare that he ought to have won Waterloo. In Germany, and in fact in all the armies of Europe, the chess-board is as common as the sword. During the weary wait before Paris, while the siege guns were reducing the "Beautiful City" to ruins, every day saw hundreds of mimic battles on the chequered field.

The soldiers of Canada have just returned from a successful campaign of four months' duration. Many a monotonous day have they passed with not even "fatigue duty" to relieve the dulness. Yet it would be safe to say that not one game of chess was played among the troops during the rebellion, nor could a set of men or a board be found among the baggage of any man or regiment at the front. Surely the volunteers of Canada are as intellectual as the hirelings of Germany.

Turning from the camp to the study, do we find any difference there? Oxford and Cambridge possess chess associations equal to any in the country. At Leipzig, Breslau, and the other colleges of Germany, the game is encouraged and played by nearly all students, while the professors are among the best exponents of the art. In Canada there is not a chess club among all the colleges and universities in the country, and very few individual players.

Among public men again the neglect of the game is marked. In England Lord Randolph Churchill is a chess enthusiast and a Vice-President of the British Chess Association, while Lord Tennyson is President, and Sir Robert Peel, M.P., and John Ruskin are also Vice-Presidents. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., is President of the Leeds Club, and Queen's counsel and members of Parliament contended together in a late tourney. In France the President gives annually valuable prizes to encourage the game, and in Germany it receives Imperial countenance and aid. In Canada not one single name of note in art, science or literature, law, medicine or divinity, is ever mentioned in connection with the game.

What can be the objection to it? It does not interfere with literary effort. Buckle the historian was champion of England while writing his "History of Civilization." It does not interfere with legal success. Golmayo was champion of Cuba and Attorney-General at the same time. It does not interfere with financial success. Kolesch, the Vienna banker, was champion of Austria and one of the richest men in the empire as well. The Astronomer-Royal of England is a chess-player. The Astronomer-Royal at Berlin was not long since a chess-player. We have seen that it does not interfere with military success. What can be the objection to it? There is one, and that, until the people of this country change their nature, is insuperable: the game of chess is inimical to gambling. You cannot

gamble at it. The element of chance is wanting. The best man must win, and this, until poker, euchre and stock gambling lose their hold on the affections of the people, will render it unpopular.

Let philanthropists, therefore, who bemoan the haggard forms and bloodshot eyes, the wasted energies and impoverished pocket-books of the inveterate poker-players, too frequently followed by the suicide's end, adopt the remedy and endeavour to replace the card-table by the chess-board, initiating our rising generation into the mysteries of "check" and "checkmate," rather than let them lose their way in the mazes of "ante," "bluff" and "flushes."

PAWN.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

Two pieces of engineering at widely separated points are now interesting the railway men of the Dominion, and though neither of them can be classed among the principal achievements of modern engineering, their effect on traffic will make them of great importance. From New Brunswick comes word of the recent completion of a cantilever bridge at the City of St. John, and at Sarnia the Grand Trunk have begun the excavation of a tunnel to Port Huron, under the St. Clair River. The bridge connects the terminus of the Intercolonial with that of the New Brunswick Railway in the Town of Carleton, and crosses the River St. John immediately north of the fine suspension bridge that has long adorned the city. Here the river narrows to about four hundred feet, furnishing with its banks of solid rock the best if not the only feasible bridge site within many miles. Through this gorge the great tides of the Bay of Fundy rush with irresistible impetuosity, wholly precluding the possibility of erecting any false work, and so necessitating the adoption of either the suspension or cantilever principle. In the newer style of structure the cantilevers are so arranged that an arm reaching out over the river is exactly balanced by a similar arm reaching shoreward, while the additional weight of an intermediate span of trusswork is sustained by anchoring down the shore ends of the cantilevers. In erecting, the shore ends are first put up with the help of staying, and anchored, and the river ends can then be built out piece by piece without staying until they meet in the middle of the gap. The St. John Bridge, being entirely constructed of mild steel, has a very light and graceful appearance. It carries a single track, and consists of the two cantilevers, with horizontal bottom chords, resting on granite piers built on the edges of the river. The intermediate span is 142½ feet long, and a tresslework approach 400 feet long at the west end. The bridge proper is 811 feet long, with a central span of 477 feet. The west cantilever is much the larger of the two, being 382 feet long, with pier posts 80 feet high, the east one being 287 feet long, with posts 65 feet high.

The tunnel has been located opposite the Great Western terminus at Sarnia instead of at Point Edward, where the terminals of the Grand Trunk proper are situated, because the river though narrow at the latter place is seventy feet deep as against twenty-four at the former. The work presents no great difficulties of either an engineering or a financial kind, and would probably have been done long ago had the Grand Trunk had control of the site. Only those who know the immense amount of freight now ferried across the river, the expense of maintaining the huge steamers, and the risk of damage or detention by ice in the winter, can realize the advantages which will follow the completion of this tunnel. It is estimated that the net saving of \$40,000 per annum will be made.

The first essay of this year's Hudson Bay expedition to pass through the strait and gain the "Mediterranean of Canada" has resulted in failure, Lieutenant Gordon having been obliged to put back to St. John's, Newfoundland, for repairs to the *Alert*. The voyage was begun as early in the season as there was any probability of piercing the strait, Cape Best being reached on the 16th June. Here the vessel was caught in the ice, and after being drifted backwards and forwards in a perfectly helpless condition for three weeks she escaped from it almost at the same point on the 6th July, with her bow plates ripped off and her stem so badly damaged that it was deemed advisable to refit before proceeding. The season may be an exceptionally severe one, but experience proves that only a very short season can be counted on, and that only specially strengthened vessels can under any circumstances be used for the strait. There is little doubt but that Lieutenant Gordon will succeed in relieving the observing stations at a later date.

EXTENSIVE experiments are being made both in Europe and America to acclimatize the tea plant. It will grow in the open air in the vicinity of Florence, and Prof. Beccari, who went to India for the purpose of investigating its growth, thinks it would succeed in Italy if plants or seeds were brought from a climate similar to that of the peninsula. A large order for tea plants has consequently been sent to Japan by the Italian minister of agriculture. In the Southern States it has been pretty clearly established that tea can be profitably grown. Some plants raised from seed in South Carolina attained a luxurious growth of eighteen inches within a year, and in Georgia and Mississippi it has been successfully cultivated. The Government tea gardens at Summerville, for the maintenance of which an appropriation of \$3,000 was made last year by Congress, are said to be badly located owing to the dry soil and lack of other suitable conditions.

THE chemical wonder of the London Inventions Exhibition is said to be the manufacture of oxygen by the process of Brin Freres. Common air is drawn by means of a partial vacuum, through a vessel of quicklime, which absorbs all the carbonic acid and moisture, leaving only the oxygen and

nitrogen. These gases are then drawn into retorts heated to 500°, where an artificial lung, so to speak, of anhydrous oxide of barium absorbs the oxygen, while the nitrogen is drawn off to a gasometer for conversion into ammonia, etc. The use of baryta for the purpose is not unknown, but hitherto it has required frequent renewal at great expense. The Brins claim to make it virtually indestructible and unchangeable, so that with a lung for the machine and the atmospheric air for the material they can make just as much oxygen as they like. If such an almost fabulous reduction in the cost of oxygen could be secured its production in large quantities would mean a revolution in half the process of chemical industry, and the adoption of numberless new processes. For ventilation, aerating water without carbonic acid, for increasing the heat of blast furnaces and the light of lamps its uses are self-evident.

This year considerable interest is being manifested by entomologists in the periodical cicada because two extensive broods, the one having a period of thirteen, the other of seventeen years, will reach maturity together, an event that last occurred in 1664, and will not occur again till the year 2106. By the popular but erroneous name of seventeen-year locusts, most people have heard of one form of these interesting insects, which occurs in the eastern and middle States; the thirteen year form is confined to the Southern States and is consequently less familiar to us. The progress of the larvæ during their long underground sojourn has been carefully studied. Their development is extremely slow, and they cast their coats two or three times a year. When the term for transformation into the perfect insect has arrived the pupæ come to the surface and get into trees to make the change. Their sudden appearance is most surprising to the uninstructed. A writer on *Science* thus describes it "The unanimity with which all those that rise within a certain radius of a given tree crawl in a bee-line to the trunk of that tree is most interesting. To witness these pupæ in such vast numbers that one cannot step on the ground without crushing several swarming out of their subterranean holes and scrambling over the ground, all converging to the one central point, is an experience not readily forgotten, and affording good food for speculation on the nature of instinct. The English sparrow having declared war on the cicada, it will no doubt rapidly disappear, its distribution having been already narrowed by other causes.

The colossal Washington Monument seems destined to play the part of an immense lightning conductor in addition to its other uses. On the 5th June it was struck by a flash and slightly damaged, the point of its aluminium cap being fused and one of the four stones immediately under the cap stone being split. The damage has been repaired without difficulty, but it is apparent that while there is sufficient conducting capacity in the four heavy iron columns extending up the monument, between which the elevator runs, the aluminium apex alone does not possess sufficient collective or distributing power, and this will doubtless have to be increased by the addition of more metal.

In a country like Eastern Canada, where cedar logs are cheap and good, these will doubtless remain the standard telegraph poles for a long time to come, but in other countries metal poles have already been adopted with signal success, and it is now proposed to replace the poplar poles on the Government lines on the prairie section, which have a life of only two or three years when it is not further shortened by prairie fires, by hollow tubes of galvanized iron that will be everlasting. GRADGRIND.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS, FRANCE.

M. RÈNE BELLOC does not admit that the French nobility is a close borough or a caste. It seems the union of family parchments, of genealogical trees, more or less authentic, with sacks of crowns, is as commercially active to-day as in the time of Louis XIV.—a monarch who detested manufacturers and traders, as he did Parisians—when a broken-down nobleman married the heiress of a fabricant "to manure his title." This desire of the rich *parvenu* for the penniless Duke, Marquis, or Viscount, has survived revolutions because springing from even the heart itself. The motive of the union between aristocrats and plutocrats is economy, the desire to sustain the house. Democracy loses nothing; the value of a title has not fallen; on the contrary, it is still good for exportation; it attracts colonial and American girls; a titled bachelor has only to choose, in France as elsewhere; no matter what branch of industry the bride may belong to, no matter whether she be plain or pretty, she is for his picking. A grand name in this commercial age is like Lafitte, Clos-Vougeot, or Margeaux wines—which have a sole locality for production. The amateur must pay for the monopoly. Titles *versus* cash form a barter that has become a custom. But the rich middle-class ladies cede in nothing to blood, more or less blue, in point of cultivation and manners; and it would be difficult to detect the difference between an improvised duchess and a *grande dame* whose quarterings are irreproachable. These marriages are more or less political; the nobleman transforms to his advantage the financial potency of the age. When a member of the industrial class thus respire in an aristocratic atmosphere, he discovers what he wanted on the eve—prestige and space; he no longer elbows among the feverish crowd. The experienced eye of woman can alone detect the *parvenu* under impertinences and the airs of the false gentlemen. A noble lady, vegetating on three thousand francs a year, once observed of millionaires: "They are people of nothing; they have worked all their life." Decadence, in the eyes of such a lady, commences with work. And yet how the Messieurs Jourdain would be less grotesque, did they but listen to their wives before donning the travesty of aristocrats. It is only when the

grand seigneur, dating from Pavia, Marignan, or—yesterday, approaches public life that he experiences how low he is quoted in popular estimation.

There seems to be an undying interest in the manners of the eighteenth century. M. Gustave Desjardins, in his "Petit Trianon," contributes some curious chapters to this subject, and above all to that side which relates to the life of Marie Antoinette. He gives the history of the constructions and of the grounds of the botanic garden, specially created by Jussieu, and of the comic opera dairy erected by Migur, to humour the caprices of her Majesty. There are also most interesting descriptions of the fetes and theatrical representations given at the Trianon, and valuable details on the taste and arts of the period. The work is historic also, as it lays bare the frivolous, the almost licentious life of the unfortunate queen at Trianon, and the compromising friendships she formed while closing the doors against her heavy and wearisome husband. It results from all the grave accusations directed against Marie Antoinette that, while they cannot be precisely brought home to her, they fully justify the severity of the judgment passed upon her, and that she showed herself worthy of her character, her rank and birth, only the day when she fell, and suffered a punishment which, as an expiation, was out of proportion with her faults.

M. G. MONOD takes a sober view of Victor Hugo's career. In the extraordinary honours associated with the poet's interment, he sees a little of the national instinct for the theatrical which unconsciously dominates his fellow-countrymen, while attributing a large part to that national vanity intended to glorify France in Hugo. To estimate the importance of a writer, not only must his literary talent be judged, but also his acts and the *rôle* he filled. As a dramatic poet, Voltaire is not superior to Racine, nor as philosopher to Descartes, nor as a historian to Montesquieu; and yet he exercised a greater influence during his epoch than they did, and so incarnated the spirit of his age as to eclipse them in glory. Similarly with Hugo, his influence does not spring exactly from the beauty of his works as from the *rôle* he played, and the power he wielded in politics, as well as in literature. It was thus, that while living he had become a kind of national monument; criticism was suspended respectfully to allow his declining years to enjoy pacific glory. He became for not a few a demigod, who canonized him before his death as the symbol of France of the current century, the sonorous echo of the most generous sentiments of humanity. He chanted all the political schools in France, but there was ever the revolutionary spirit in his works. It is thus that in his dramas—Hernani, Marion Delorme, and Ruy Blas—the most beautiful *rôles* are allotted to the insurgents, to the conspirators, to the vassals even; he there claims popular rights, and flagellates the crimes of royalty and ministers. It was his hate against the Empire which achieved his fortune. His exile to Guernsey made him the symbol of the Republic. There upon his rock he was for the imperial Don Juan a statue of the Commander, predicting the day of divine vengeance. The multitude in its imagination accepted the Channel Island as the antithesis of St. Helena. In the literary point of view, his great merit is to have revised the poetic form of the French language; he has been the renovator of Parnassus; he has renewed the chords of the French lyre while augmenting their number. He was neither critic nor savant, and had but little esteem for science. But he saw clear into the past, and his imagination has clothed disappeared epochs with animation, and vanished characters with life. He is far from being as great as Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, but like them, he is unique in his kind in the creation of images, and draping almost the impossible with reality.

DR. BLANCHARD, without going as far back as "the missing link," maintains that "all men without exception possess a tail," and quotes the demonstrations of Paul Broca to support his assertion. Lord Monbodo long ago made the same observation, adding that it was modesty made man conceal that appendage. However, the tail of man is so rudimentary, undergoing no augmentation, that it is concluded ordinarily, we have no tails. Dr. Blanchard states the human embryo in one of its stages presents a caudal appendix in no way differing from other mammifera or reptiles. But after the third month, the tail retrogrades in proportion as the spinal marrow develops downwards; at the fourth month it disappears, because the spinal marrow remounts into its case—to remain on a level with the body—which is the second or third of the vertebrae. Hence, in mammifera, the more the spinal marrow ascends the smaller is the tail, as for example, in the wild boar, pig, rabbit and several species of monkeys. Per contra, the more it descends the longer is the tail, as in the ox and the squirrel. The bat approaches most to man in respect to a tail; it is large in the embryonic stage, but disappears rapidly with the ascension of the spinal marrow. De Maillet cites the case of De la Cioutat, the intrepid enemy of Turkish pirates, famous as much for his bravery as for his prolonged vertebrae or tail. His brother had a similar development. One Barsabas and his sister were similarly endowed, and the latter was so annoyed with the deformity that she entered a convent. De Maillet saw at Tripoli a negro named Borneo who had a tail six inches long—an anomaly hereditary in his family. In 1869 Professor Gosselin amputated the tail of a male infant aged six weeks, and which was nearly two and a-half inches long. Dr. Greve removed the tail of a lad eight weeks old; it possessed mobility and was covered with slight hair. Dr. Corrie testifies to a Chinese youth of eight years having a tail five inches long, and Dr. Lissner had a patient with a caudal appendix half-an-inch long.

Respecting teeth, Dr. Blanchard remarks, man is the only mammiferous animal whose teeth are regular and uninterrupted. When the canine teeth protrude, such is a sign of inferiority of race, as with the aborigines of Australia. No existing mammifera has preserved the type of its primitive dentition, so important have been the changes. Indeed the superior races of humanity, the Europeans, are, respecting teeth, in a period of transition approaching the time when the two jaw bones shall

have only fourteen teeth in each. In white people the wisdom teeth, which appear at seventeen years, or at a more advanced age, have only two teeth, and these are smaller as compared with black races, with whom they are voluminous and possessed of three roots. The tendency of wisdom teeth is to diminish in size, due either to our dependance on cooked food or to intellectual development, which in augmenting the skull has to encroach or draw on the face. In hydrocephalus it is well known the augmentation of the cranium reduces the face.

In regard to Esau traits, the examples of persons covered with hair are numerous. In Burmah, a mother gave birth to a male child who, when ten months old, had a thick moustache and beard; later the features became covered with hair. At St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, there was a girl aged twelve, whose neck, bust and arms were so covered with hair as to resemble a monkey. Professor Lombroso had a female patient of the same age with a beard and moustache; the whole body was also similarly covered, save the hands and feet. Then there was the Russian peasant, the "Man Dog," exhibited in 1875, whose face and head, back and legs were covered with a brown woolly hair over one inch long. Imperfect teeth always exist with these anomalies. Professor Topinard states the Ainos tribes are veritable Esaus, being covered with hair six and a half inches long.

HERE AND THERE.

INDUSTRIOUS if not well-meaning writers continue to assure the Canadian public that the recent change of Government in England has resulted in the Mother Country once more resuming her legitimate place in the council of nations. Now that Gladstone has been eclipsed by Salisbury, the growl of the British lion is heard with respect if not fear. To Jingoists this sort of thing may be comforting; to honest men it is very pitiful; to the average intelligence it is insulting. In no material point has the Tory Government departed from the policy of their predecessors. In every point of consequence they have swallowed their previous protestations. They, and not the enemies of England, have "backed down," and the latest cablegrams assure us that Russia's terms have been accepted by the minister, who dubbed that country a nation of liars and swindlers, whilst the Irish rebel leaders still dictate terms to the *soi-disant* defenders of "our ancient constitution." And this is the policy which dishonest and interested writers assure their readers is regaining the *prestige* of England.

DESPITE their almost invariable blundering, certain American and Canadian writers continue to discuss the inner workings of English politics in amusingly positive terms. Now we are assured that the Tories will retain power after the elections; anon a complacent quidnunc avers that Home Rule is inevitable, not alone for Ireland but for Scotland. (Why should Wales be left in the cold?) English political students—even those upon the spot—it should be observed, are much more modest: the more intelligent amongst them confess to considerable uncertainty about possible developments. But one and all see the absurdity of proposing to divide the empire into four in order to save it from being split into two.

LORD HOUGHTON's death has removed one of the best known and the most popular if not the most important figures of English society. In his youth he had been a poet of no mean order and a social enthusiast, though he could hardly ever have been a martyr. In his later years he was an epicurean philosopher and a literary amphitryon. In the latter capacity he was the most genial and entertaining of hosts. Everybody had breakfasted with him, and to know that everybody had breakfasted with him was his delight. Indolent in his general habits, he would compass heaven and earth to make the acquaintance of one notoriety. So well was this understood that the person who for the first time sat down at Lord Houghton's breakfast table could not help feeling that he was welcomed as an accession to a menagerie. With his passion for notorieties Lord Houghton combined a kindred passion for autographs, his collection of which was superb. He had a most interesting autograph of Cromwell. He could show on the same page of his album a set of love verses written by Robespierre as a youth and a death warrant signed by him as Dictator. When Grant went to the inevitable breakfast, he was regaled with the sight of a round robin which he had signed as a cadet at West Point. This Laughing Philosopher used to speak of himself as merely a complete phenomenon, and to declare that he looked forward with perfect calmness to the hour of his dissolution. The tidings however that the hour has come will be received with sorrow by countless friends.

THOSE who have seen or heard of "La Bible Comique," "La Vie de Jesu," or any other of the blasphemous publications issued by the French Societe Anti-Clericale, will be curious to note that "Léo Taxil," otherwise Gabriel Jogand, founder of the association and editor of its publications, has made a public recantation in Paris, to the intense disgust of his converts. The free-thought president, in the course of some denunciations of the recreant atheist exclaimed:—"After having obtained 17,000 adherents, after having created the great anti-clerical movement, you abjure it all, and this at the supreme hour of the struggle. This is more than infamy; it is a crime. It would have been better had you killed the men than deceived them thus." Thus do certain so-called freethinkers respect freedom of thought. M. Léo Taxil declared that he was thoroughly disgusted with the Republic, and after an exciting scene the following motion was put to vote and unanimously adopted: "Considering that Gabriel Jogand, called Léo Taxil, one of the founders of the Anti-Clerical League, has abjured all the principles which he defended, and has betrayed freethought and his

co-religionists, the members of the league present at the meeting of July 27th, without pronouncing on the motives which have dictated his infamous conduct, expel him from the Anti-Clerical League as a traitor and a renegade." The President then ordered M. Léo Taxil to withdraw, and he left the hall amid furious denunciations from the entire assembly.

It is very well known that any person discovering a printer's error in an Oxford Bible will be paid a guinea if he will take the trouble to point it out to the Controller of the Press—provided, of course, that it has not been discovered before. The editions of the Sacred Scriptures issued by the University are very numerous, and from one or another of them errors are now and again picked out, and several times during his term of office the present controller has been called upon for the guinea, and has paid it. When the Revised Bibles were about to be issued, says *Leisure Hour*, the question arose as to whether guineas should be paid for printers' errors in this enormous issue of entirely new print. Every edition, of course, is an independent work of the compositors and proof-readers; and in an undertaking of such magnitude it could hardly be doubted that mistakes would in the aggregate be numerous, and prudence seemed to suggest that no undertaking should be entered into until the work had for a time had the benefit of the gratuitous criticism of the public. However, after running the gauntlet of public scrutiny for a good month, only three printer's errors have been discovered in all the editions. In the pearl 16mo edition there is an error in Ezekiel xviii. 26, where an "e" is left out of righteous, and the word is printed "rightous." In the parallel 8vo edition there are two mistakes. In Psalms vii. 13, "shatts" appears instead of "shafts," and in Amos v. 24, in the margin, "overflowing" should be "everflowing." Of course there may be others to be found yet, but that so far only these should have been brought to the notice of the authorities is astonishing, considering the magnitude of the enterprise.

It may be hoped that the decision of the American Rowing Association in the Laing-Enright-O'Conor case will put a check to the growing practice of betting upon amateur contests, and the still more reprehensible system of arranging races in which "backers" have a monetary interest. The moment that relations are set up between amateurs and makers of betting books or pools there is danger of collusion and fraud. It is in the true interests of gentlemanly sport that the meaning of the term "amateur" should be clearly defined, and that a strict adherence to the spirit of the definition should be insisted upon by regatta committees. The N. A. O. A. could adopt no other course than that explained by Mr. Garfield in face of the evidence connecting the three Canadian oarsmen with betting transactions, even though it did not transpire that they figured in those transactions as principals.

THE *Globe* does our neighbours scant justice when it ridicules the "freeing" of American Niagara, alleging that the Falls hackman demands and collects eight dollars an hour from unwilling "fares." On the contrary, under the new *regime*, he who runs may read the tariff in black and white on the public thoroughfares in Niagara City, and that tariff is exactly one quarter the figure quoted by the *Globe*. Thanks to the public spirit of New York State, those charming coigns of vantage, Prospect Park, Goat Island, Luna Island, are now as really free as is the badly-kept Canadian shore—a great boon to heads of families who have come to look upon an occasional trip to the Falls per the good ship "Chicora" as amongst the most attractive of summer outings.

It is said that a New York physician has discovered a new remedy for sea-sickness, which is, he declares, caused by a lack of blood in the brain. It is to invert the sufferers; in other words, stand them on their heads, when the blood will immediately flow to the brain and all unpleasant sensations will cease. The treatment, it is satisfactory to learn, need not be long continued; in ordinary cases twenty-four hours would be quite sufficient. It may be that women would rather endure sea-sickness than endure being cured in this way. Yet sea-sickness is a miserable experience, nor can it be supposed there is any universal preventive against it. A great many people aggravate their liability to it by keeping on taking nips of this, that and the other—chiefly brandy—to keep it off. In the case of a short trip old travellers think it is best to take a good meal about three hours before starting, so as to give strength; and after that to abstain either from eating or drinking until the voyage is accomplished. At this season of short holiday trips, this hint may be worth remembering, and people who think of it may not require to stand on their heads in an open boat.

THE New York *Town Topics* bewails the prevalence of piracy amongst newspaper writers. There can be no question the practice is too common; but those who throw stones should be careful of their surroundings. The *Critic* and the *Sun* are twitted with having appropriated a paragraph on the formation of a Ladies' Club from *Town Topics* without properly accrediting the cutting. On another page of the same issue our contemporary reproduces as original a paragraph on the "electric party" which previously appeared in THE WEEK. *Voilà une autre chose.*

THE day seems fast approaching when all the show mountains of the world will be provided with railways. Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn seem safe for a few years longer. But Englishmen tremble at the thought that Ben Nevis and Snowdon are too surely condemned ere long to go the way of Rigi and Vesuvius. Mount Kearsarge, one of the eminences of the White Mountain range, in New Hampshire, is a favourite resort of

visitors, on account of the extreme beauty of the views which it affords. A circular, or rather spiral line, is to be made up this mountain, to be worked by ropes attached to a stationary engine. Perhaps it is wise not to be too sentimental about these matters. There are many tourists of the Mark Twain school, to say nothing of the aged and infirm, who would never to get to the top of a mountain at all unless they were carted up bodily. For the daring and the strong there will be plenty of mountains left affording boundless facilities for breaking their necks. From the Gorner Grat there are nearly one hundred peaks visible of over twelve thousand feet in height, and we venture to predict that it will be several years before their summits are all accessible by railway.

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 to that purpose.

LEGISLATION AND THE CHINESE COMMISSION.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—I see that in a recent issue you state that the Government has legislated contrary to the Report of the Chinese Commission. I doubted from your reference to the report soon after its appearance whether you had read it or not. The report consists of a report signed by M. Chapleau; one signed by Mr. Justice Gray, and a large body of evidence. The report signed by Mr. Justice Gray might be fairly described as a pro-Chinese report; the writer is evidently opposed to the exclusion of the Chinese from British Columbia, or to even any effective restriction on their immigration; the writer of the other report is opposed to their admission, and in favour of gradually shutting them out. He does not, indeed—like anti-Chinese orators—indulge in vile and vulgar abuse of the Chinese, and he acquits them of nearly all the charges brought against them, but he shows conclusively, elaborately, exhaustively, that the immigration of Chinese into Anglo-Saxon communities is undesirable. The very Act which has been passed is suggested by the first report. See its conclusions, secs. 20-22, pp. cxxxiii. and cxxxiv., and also pp. ci. to cix.

Regina, N.-W.T., August 4th, 1885.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

[Without the aid of the ex-Secretary to the Commission, few readers would have been able to gather from the Report that M. Chapleau "is opposed to their (the Chinese) admission, and in favour of gradually shutting them out." Ordinary readers, we venture to say, put a very different construction on the language of the Report. No one, perhaps, except Mr. Davin, could find in M. Chapleau's language a justification of exclusion. M. Chapleau distinctly states that "no one, save a few persons of very ill-considered opinions, desires to exclude Chinese merchants, or any class of Chinese save two," the vicious and the criminal; "That Chinese labour is a most efficient aid in the development of the country and a great means to wealth"; "That their (the Chinese) morality is not lower than that of the same classes of other nationalities"; that the evils which "Chinatowns" generate "might be dealt with by police supervision"; that these immigrants "do not burden public charities nor unduly swell the calendar of crime." If the object of M. Chapleau was to justify the exclusion of Chinese immigrants, his Report must be pronounced a failure. It is true, he tells us, that "the very best friends of the Chinamen think their immigration should be regulated." But regulation is one thing and exclusion is another. The question of exclusion is touched on in the Report only to show that complaint against it by the Chinese would be "illogical." The strength of the Report lies in its facts; while the conclusion which requires our assent to the assumption that if one Chinaman takes the proceeds of his savings—a mere fraction of his gross earnings—out of the country, we are justified in excluding all other Chinamen, is economically unsound. It rests on another assumption—that the withdrawal of the proceeds of the savings nullifies the public benefit of the exertion of the labour which produced them and leaves an adverse balance against the country—which is certainly untrue. The profit of the employer of labour remains to enhance the riches of the country. The facts given in the Report are conclusive against the policy of exclusion. Even on moral grounds, on which anti-Chinese orators are wont to dwell, they do not justify it. Economically, there can be no justification of a policy which shuts out an important element of wealth. As well might it be said that, because foreign capital used to set labour in motion in Canada is sometimes withdrawn with the profits of its employment, the ingress of foreign capital ought to be prohibited. M. Chapleau distinctly states that he desires to exclude only the vicious and the criminal; and yet the Act of last session mulcts the servant and the labourer, against whom there is no objection on the score of morality, in the fine of \$100 each. This restriction must operate as an exclusion of every Chinaman who is not able to pay a tax of \$100 for the privilege of being able to enter a Canadian port as an immigrant. In effect, this means the exclusion of the kinds of labour most in request, and which no other nation is willing to supply in sufficient quantities and at a reasonable price. We repeat, on the strength of the facts, that the Chinese Immigration Act of last session is contrary to the spirit of M. Chapleau's Report; and the extra-official exertions of the amanuensis of the Commission will scarcely convince the public to the contrary.

—Ed.]

ESQUIMAULT AS AN IMPERIAL PLACE D'ARMES.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—I have read your article on the injurious results which would follow applause from Canada and Australia to the war mania prevailing in England. I cannot agree with you that there is a "war mania" at home. There is great alarm at the progress of the Russian army, more especially among those who, like myself, have not only served against that army, but have several times visited Russia, and therefore know that the Russian Imperial army may be likened to the hill side of one of your great rivers in the North-West, when, as often happens, it moves *en masse* towards the river. The Emperor, Imperial family, and educated public are as trees on the hill side, all bound to go with the move, some standing, some falling. No doubt a Southern seaport is much wanted, but the reason above is the immediate cause of the disturbance. General Komaroff and his officers have been pacified for the present by the handsome rewards from the Emperor, who really desires peace, and is troubled with his Frankenstein. There is, however, grave

cause for alarm, and for the preparations for defence now being made at home. I read the Canadian newspapers carefully, but cannot remember any careless applauding of a war mania, though some think the utmost limits of concession in favour of peace have been reached and the next move is regarded with anxiety. Some papers hint that Canada should fly from the scene of danger, and throw herself into the arms of the United States. I believe Canada's destiny is to become a nation and an example to the United States in all those qualities which distinguish a superior race, and I am far from being alone in this belief.

You consider it childish to send torpedo boats to British Columbia, and you are right in that limit. The late Government, however, were considering something more definite, and the papers concerning it have been handed to their successors in office. It is no less than the formation of a formidable *Place d'Armes* at Esquimault for the British fleet and an army corps opposite to Vladivostock, "The Queen of the Pacific." Canada's great strategic railway has by its completion given birth to this great naval and military position, only eighteen days from Plymouth, while its rival and "queen" is 3,000 miles distant from the nearest railway station. Russian officers will be the first to appreciate the true value of this new feature in the theatre of war. If there be a landing on holy Russian soil they *must* march to turn out the intruders. Hence a grave disadvantage. They are now giving "check to the queen" in India. We shall soon be able to say "check to the king" on their Pacific coast near China, with which nation they are not on good terms. Our admirable *Place d'Armes* occupies a central position for England, Canada and Australia. It is easy of access, has abundant and excellent coal close to it, with numerous harbours to shelter the Imperial fleet. With regard to provisions there is all Canada and British Columbia to be drawn on. Should a landing be effected and earthworks and guns mounted on Russian soil, the lumbermen with timber from British Columbia could house the troops. Russian officers would have to consider how they could turn out 20,000 British troops supported by their fleet. Would their army march over the wastes of Siberia, or come by sea? Those would be the questions. The answer would probably be that they were not ready yet, and that meantime pressure on India should be relaxed; in other words, there would be no war.—Your obedient servant,

Gleichen, Alberta, July 31st, 1885.

EDWARD PALLISER.

FISHERIES QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—In your issue of August 6th there appears an editorial suggesting a parliamentary policy for the Dominion. Amongst other things you say that "The Fisheries question raises the more general question of the customs line"; that "this is a great, practical and vital issue," and that "it is the only great, practical and vital issue, which now is, or is likely soon, to come before the country," and you argue or hint that this policy will be acceptable to the great body of the people of the Dominion. One is led to inquire, What is the policy to be advocated that will gain so many adherents? Are we to infer that it is the abolition of all customs houses and tariffs, "along the line," and that an Utopia is to be found in a mutual embrace between ourselves and our cousins over the line? Such an embrace, between young men and maidens, there can be no objection to (with benefit of clergy). Annexation if you will in marital bliss, but any other form of embrace, methinks, would take all the vitality out of us—a huge pressure, fifty millions to four millions, simply means absorption.

Again, you say that "Canada has been taken out of the Commercial Union of the Empire." I am at a loss to conceive what meaning should be attached to the statement. I am not aware that Canada has discriminated in her tariffs in favour of any country, as against Great Britain. I am free to admit that there has been a slight divergence from the old beaten paths, but Canada's vast public works and other unforeseen contingencies have rendered necessary a slight revision of her customs and excise tariffs, and her rulers are rather to be commended than condemned for preparing the "ways and means" to meet the increased expenditure.

The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was a very unsatisfactory one to Canada (proper), whose fisheries were bartered for a very questionable equivalent, and it was rendered still more objectionable from evasions and other causes. The Treaty of 1872 was more satisfactory to Canadians generally, inasmuch as they were made consenting parties to its provisions. In discussing the clauses of the Treaty, the Imperial House was almost an unit in expressing its desire that Canadian interests should be adjudicated on by the Dominion Parliament. Consequently due care was taken, and saving clauses embodied in the Treaty, that commissioners should be appointed to determine the relative value of the fisheries of Canada and of the United States. By instruction of the Government the Fishery Acts were drafted by those whose practical knowledge of the subject was a guarantee that every care would be taken to effect the protection of the fisheries and the organization and consolidation of the fishery service generally. I dare affirm that the Fishery Act was almost perfect in its inception, simple and practical in its operation, and comparatively inexpensive.

The evidence—pro and con.—taken before the Halifax Commission appeared to justify the Award. The United States, however, evidently deemed the amount excessive, so, for that and other causes, they have considered it necessary to amend the Treaty, hence we open up a new chapter in our trade relations with our friends "across the border," for on the 1st July, 1885, the Treaty of Washington died a natural death. We have been given to understand, however, that the President will, on the meeting of Congress, submit the consideration of Reciprocity to the people's representatives. Whatever subsequent action may be taken, it is earnestly to be hoped that a fair and equitable arrangement may be made, so that, though not formally annexed, we may become so in all good offices and in mutual regard and esteem—the one for the other—induced by honesty of purpose.

Ottawa, August 15th, 1885.

SPECTATOR.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND REVENUES.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—I have read your article upon this subject and also the extracts from letter of Rev. John May, Manitou. Although I cannot agree with you as a whole in what you say, I do think you are much nearer the mark than the champion of Oxfordism. Mr. May is evidently "at sea" in his knowledge of history when he writes of the great "Catholic Renaissance" as taking "her (the Church) by the neck" and shaking her "into life." The great awakening, as everybody knows, took place in the last century and in the early part of this, when the evangelical spirits founded the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (1701), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (1698), Incorporated Church Building Society (1818), Church Missionary Society (1799), National Society for Education of Poor (1811), Colonial and Continental Church Society (1828), London Society for Promoting Christ amongst the Jews (1809), etc. May I ask Mr. May if we owe the

Episcopate in India to the Oxford movement? Was New Zealand evangelized by "Tracts for the Times"? Were Rebman and Kraff, the pioneers of Livingstone, Burton and Stanley, of Oxford or of Germany? Was Henry Martyn a fictitious name? Or one might ask him who were the apostles of Newfoundland, of Labrador and the North-West Territories? It is true the Oxford movement increased the velocity of movement within the Church, but alas! that movement has been at times so "run up" by "zeal without knowledge" that in a few instances there has been a crash and the outcome "Rome" and "Rationalism." The tendency of the present day is to "forget God's dead" and to think there were none in the olden days so gifted or so great as modern giants. Ontario, according to Mr. May, ought to placard upon her churches: "No Irish need apply." He forgets the history of the "Saxons in England" and the "Celts" in Europe. He forgets "Columba" and "Patricius" and "Alcuin" and "Aidan," etc., inasmuch as there has lived in "princely Oxford" and noble England, not "missionaries," but "missioners," not "monks" and "prelates," but "priests" of an order so old as A. D. 1835. Wonderful age in which we live! We shall have new "Gods" before long if we go ahead at this pace. No longer shall we hear of the *Vox populi*, whether they be English, Irish or Scotch, it must be the voice of a man who more than a Canute dares Heaven itself.

C. A. FRENCH,

Church of England Missionary, formerly Chaplain St. Mary's Ripon.

P. S.—An Irishman wishes to tell Mr. May he will allow the "Catholic Renaissance" the "neck" he so beautifully describes, but as for his body in Ontario, they are satisfied to take the head believing to a certain extent in the old saying: *Caput est sedes omnium sensuum*. Had Newman and Pusey left the ease of England and tried to surpass Xavier or Schwartz or Judson or Patteson, they would have had, no doubt, many more followers than they have, but the Church of to-day delights in *Facta non verba*.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Down by the sea
Where the wavelets are lapping along the sands
And a soft breeze blows from the sea there stands
A maiden looking across the bay,
And happy is she as a child at play;
For she sees far away on the sea's blue breast
The white sails of a yacht that is bounding west,
And she knows it is bringing a lover's kiss,
And that is the reason why, I wis,
She stands where the wavelets touch and flee
Down by the sea.

Down by the sea
The days grow dark with a sudden chill
And the sun sinks down 'neath a western hill,
And up from the east there comes a breath
Of a wind that is keen and cruel as death,
And the deep blue sea is white with foam
As the snow-capped swells come racing home;
And the maiden is filled with a nameless fear
As she watches the white sails reel and veer.
O maiden! the winds are bringing to thee
Thy lover, but never a kiss will he
Place on thy lips in the days to be
Down by the sea.

Down by the sea
The twilight fadeth, and to the sky
Creepeth the stars and from heaven high
Look on the earth and see again
The old, old dramas of joy and pain.
The sea is quiet: against the shore
The waters are breaking as of yore;
But the white waves are many a fathom deep
And the lover has passed to dreamless sleep—
A slumber which morning will break no more.
Just where the water touches the sand
He lieth prone and in either hand
He holdeth closely the brown sea sand.
Life with its pains and pleasures are past:
Though his lips be pressed and the tears fall fast
On his face and brow, yet in peace rests he
Down by the sea.

Montreal.

JOHN W. DAFOE.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

III.

DAY had hardly dawned when the hunting-party assembled next morning in front of the house to partake of the fragrant Turkish coffee prepared for them by the skilful hands of the ex-chasseur. The river-fogs as they rolled over the plain became thinner and lighter as they ascended, dispersing towards the neighbouring range and gradually dissolving, whilst the slopes of Babadagh, splendid with the yellow beauties of autumn, were already glowing in the full, clear sunshine. The last to leave his couch had been the engineer; accustomed to the ready service of a bustling city where attendance was to be obtained for the paying, he had looked around in vain for some one to brush his coat and black his boots, and evidently, felt by no means comfortable in his smart, fancy hunting-suit whose splen-

dour was already considerably dimmed and tarnished by the mud and dust of yesterday's march.

"May the devil fly away with these Bulgarian houses, beds and bedding and all belongings," he exclaimed in a cross, ill-humoured tone as he entered the little circle. "Vermin in shoals, and the air poisonous. Every window closed hermetically with paper so that not a single breath of fresh air may reach our Bulgarian friends and their tender spouses, or cleanse the stuffy rooms of the fever-breeding miasmas carefully preserved in them the whole year. And then, to make amends for all this, never once to catch a glimpse of the divine Eurikleia of whom that Bulgarian fellow, Ilia, babbled and raved so yesterday. Where is then the heavenly creature? Have any of you fellows been blessed with a sight of her? And where is Ilia Michalovitch, the happy bridegroom?"

Demir Keran, as soon as the name of the fair Greek reached his ear, turned his eyes quickly upon the speaker; he muttered a few words in an undertone, which the members of the hunting-party did not understand, and which, indeed, were not intended to be heard by them; then turning to the ex-chasseur, with whom, since their conversation of yesterday, he appeared to be upon a friendly footing, he asked:

"Are the waggons ready? It is high time to start if we wish to reach the monastery before the midday heat!"

"The waggons left at daybreak," answered Werner, who on his part, but for very different reasons than the engineer, had likewise never closed an eye, and already booted and spurred had been patiently waiting for his friends to finish breakfast. "Ilia said that the road wound in and out among the marshes, and the foot passengers could easily overtake him, at the foot of the mountain in an hour's time!"

"By Allah!" exclaimed Demir Keran, "the Bulgarian is clean crazy; the swamps are just as easy for waggons as they are for those on foot!"

Headed by the gendarme the little party now moved off. Isakcha was soon lost to view, and they took their way towards the mountain, through the half-dry, low grounds, the path twisting and turning hither and thither amid tall bushes which completely concealed them on either hand. Werner, who, not without design as it seemed, strove to keep abreast with Demir, and who endeavoured in all possible ways to maintain a conversation with the silent Turk, be it ever so interrupted and difficult, from time to time suffered his eyes to sweep anxiously over the ever-nearing horizon as as though he were seeking something behind the tall bulrushes.

Suddenly Demir Keran rose in his stirrups, put spurs to his horse, and dashed up the road where Ilia's waggon, surrounded by several hunters, was standing. Werner hurried after the gendarme. But already the shouts of men, the neighing of horses, and the loud cracking of whips arose in wild confusion. With a rapid bound Werner burst through the tangled brake of bushes. He had taken his gun from his shoulder; the Engineer, excited and not knowing what he was doing, followed his example, and both rushed towards the waggon around which the other hunters thronged with wild shouts and still wilder gesticulations. From a distance they perceived, Demir Keran, who, on his rearing and snorting horse, towering above the surrounding group, sought to snatch a young girl from the foremost waggon. The maiden, however, defended herself bravely; clutching firmly the rack of the waggon with her left hand, while with her right she brandished Ilia's heavy whip, and with burning cheeks and flashing eyes struck fiercely at the Turk with the inverted handle.

"Help, Ilia! help!" she cried to the Bulgarian, who had seized her firmly round the waist, as if he had wished to prevent her being dragged away. At the same time, however, he never ventured to do battle with the Turk on her behalf; but seemed timidly and anxiously rather to implore the aid and interference of the hunters.

"What is the meaning of all this?" shouted Werner, turning furiously upon the Turk, and dealing him a heavy blow upon the hand with the butt-end of his fowling-piece; "set free the girl. What is this you are daring to do? What business have you with the maiden?" and seizing the horse by the bridle dragged him away from the waggon and over to the other side of the way.

"By Allah!" replied the gendarme, wheeling his rearing steed again towards the waggon, "the girl belongs to my master!"

"You have nothing whatever to do with her!" retorted Werner; "she is under my protection. Do you understand that? The waggon is mine, and you have no claim upon my property."

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the Engineer, who had followed closely upon the footsteps of his friend; "has the Pasha given us a ravisher as a protector against highway robbers? Hands off the girl, my lad, or I will teach you reason with powder and shot."

The ex-chasseur, whom a reminiscence of the old war times in the Crimea had drawn into a soldier's companionship with Demir, now strove to interfere in the affray, and make his friends understand that this honest soldier was only obeying the command of his chief, and that instead of thwarting him they ought the rather to support him.

His expostulations, however, were of no avail. With loud shouts the hunters thronged between the Turk and the threatened maiden.

Demir Keran appeared impressed by their resolute and determined bearing. With his head bent slightly forward, he sat motionless upon his horse, and surveyed thoughtfully, though somewhat irresolutely, the group before him. Upon the foremost waggon of the train, her long, black hair flowing loose over her shoulders, her flashing eyes fearlessly confronting the emissary of the Pasha, the lash of Ilia's whip wrapped around her hand, her fair, round arm raised in self-defence, stood Eurikleia, the living picture of an ancient war goddess. It is true she was of middle height and might even be called little, but with such a remarkably beautiful symmetry of form, such noble, delicately-cut, classic features, and in her poor attire, which had been torn during the struggle, and fluttered in the morn-

ing air, so picturesquely draped, that the assembled hunters gazed upon her with admiration and delight; and as for Werner, who was still holding the bridle of the Turkish horse, he seemed utterly oblivious both of the gendarme and the whole affair, and continued to feast both heart and eyes upon the beautiful spectacle. A keen struggle was going on in the breast of the Turk. Whom should he obey? Where lay the path of his duty? His general had ordered him, yesterday, to bring the Greek girl to his house, and this order his honourable sense of soldierly duty told him he was bound to execute, no matter at what risk to himself. On the other hand, however, dared he abandon these Europeans who had been committed by his general to his guidance and care? Abandon them on the first morning of their excursion and return to Isakcha with his booty?

Werner, who seemed to suspect what was going on in his mind, put an end to his embarrassment by suddenly asking:

"Who has the right to command here, thou or we?"

The gendarme remained motionless for a second or two, then gathered up his horse's reins, and answered, with a dignified and soldierly salute: "I obey."

"Forward, then!"

Immediately the hunters resumed the seats they had occupied the day before. Werner swung himself up on the foremost seat, beside Eurikleia, and the waggons once more rolled onwards towards the monastery, whose tin-roofed turrets were already gleaming behind the distant belt of timber.

"Parbleu!" whispered the ex-chasseur to the Turk, beside whom he was riding. "I would not have done so. Your general wants to see the little Greek in his own house, and were I in his place I should like it myself. I would have taken her to him, had I been you, living or dead."

Demir Keran glanced sideways at his comrade and replied, winking his eye significantly:

"Who wishes to hit the mark must not spend all his powder at once!"

Werner sat lost in thought beside the fair Greek, who, with a woman's ready hand, had already repaired the disorder in her dress, and was binding up her dishevelled hair in tastefully braided plaits about her head. Eurikleia's eyes glowed, her bosom rose and fell quickly, and her thin delicate fingers quivered with feverish emotion. It seemed to the young German, deeply impressed as he was by her appearance, by her whole demeanour, so brave, so alluring, and withal so thoroughly womanly, that there was a touch of angry, almost contemptuous reproach in the short, sharp answers which she gave to Ilia sitting at her right hand.

It seemed to him that he felt again the pressure of the little, warm hand which had been stretched out to meet his the previous night through the half-open door of the Bulgarian stable; that he heard again the energetic, yet sweet-toned voice of the persecuted girl as she whispered to him: "I trust thee. Thou art a man!" And now it seemed to him as though her glance and her thoughts were seeking his eyes and were reading his inmost soul and were irresistibly drawing him towards her, as if he were compelled to turn towards her, as if he must say to her—and yet what ought he, what could he, what dared he say to her? Had he not promised Ilia to protect both him and her? And how could he commit such an act of treachery against the poor Bulgarian, who, cowed and crushed by the cruel fate which hung over him and her, gazed sadly before him? For it was an act of treachery—his honest young heart told him so, a most vile act of treachery—if he, with careless hand, strove to steal away the affections of his betrothed from one to whom, of his own accord, he had promised protection.

The maiden was the first to break the silence.

"Thou hast saved me twice," she said, in a voice which struggled to suppress her deep emotion; "I want to thank thee, but why dost thou keep thy face averted?"

Werner looked round upon her. The warm blood mantled in his cheeks. The eyes of the young Greek sparkled like two black diamonds. Werner seized her hand in his.

Then he met the sad, speaking look of Ilia, who had turned round to him, as if he also wished to thank their deliverer.

Werner cast down his eyes.

"Eurikleia," said he, "the day is not yet ended. Thank me later, when the hour shall have come."

The young girl gazed upon him enquiringly, as if seeking to fathom the meaning of his words. Then slowly withdrawing her hand from his she replied:

"I will wait then. Yet tell me not the hour for I will choose it myself."

The waggon rolled heavily onward. The way to the monastery was longer than the hunters had imagined, winding round about the hills and amid the morasses in endless zigzag.

"How comes it that you are an inmate of Popovich's house in Isakcha," asked the Secretary at last, as if continuing a commonplace conversation; "for you are not a Bulgarian and your name is borne by none of the girls in these villages?"

"I am a Greek," answered Eurikleia. The words were simple in themselves, but there was something in the tone in which they were uttered which seemed an echo of the proud *civis Romanus sum* of former times.

"When my father died in Isakcha he left me in charge of Popovich, the friend of his youth, and he brought me up as one of his own children."

"Are you happy with Popovich?"

"Happiness lives only in the house of one's parents—or at the hearth which one builds for one's self."

"So you are longing to get away from here?"

She was silent a moment.

"Who would care to live in a land where the Turks hold sway? They put my father and mother to death: my——"

She checked herself of a sudden and it seemed as if she was forcing back the words which trembled upon her lips.

"What was it you meant to say? Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"None, no more," she exclaimed in passionate excited tones, and Werner could see her hands clasped convulsively together.

"Poor child! are you alone then? are they dead?"

"Dead?—No!—Yes!—I do not know. I cannot tell. But why do you question me? And why must I answer you? How is it that you exercise this power over me, which no one else exercises? Yes; my sister is still living—only she is dead to me,—alas! worse than dead! For she is living in Constantinople: she is yonder in the great city—what the Pasha of Isakcha wished to make of me! But, by the Holy Virgin, Eurikleia is not made of such weak stuff! No! And if there is no longer any one to protect me—I will not follow this Turk alive. And I will still find the strength to die!"

"Calm yourself, Eurikleia," said the youth soothingly. "I knew not that my questions should awaken such gloomy memories in your heart. But," continued he, while he strove to give the conversation another and more cheerful turn, "you will soon build a house of your own, then you will be happy!"

"My own house? where? and how?"

"Ilia Michalovitch—"

"Yes!" she exclaimed, interrupting him quickly, "Ilia Michalovitch will marry me, but——"

"But?"

"I will not remain in this land. Over yonder—over the Danube—over the sea—anywhere provided it is not here. Ilia's house lies too near to Isakcha."

Ilia turned slowly towards both, but as if restrained by timidity from addressing his bride whose sharp words cut him to the quick, it was to the Secretary that he said:

"How is it possible for me to leave this land? Here lie my houses, fields and meadows: and if I leave what will become of my possessions? The Turks confiscate everything and surely you do not wish that I should bring Eurikleia to beggary when——" Eurikleia interrupted him quickly:

"So speaks not the man who loves Eurikleia!" Ilia started; without giving heed to the horses or the waggon he seized both hands of the maiden in his. Demir Keran, who had noticed the movement, sprang quickly to the horses' heads and, plucking the reins from Ilia's hand, exclaimed: "By Allah! thou art surely mad, Bulgarian! Where dost thou intend taking us to? The monastery lies straight before thee. He who means to guide horses should not sit beside a girl!"

The horses stopped. A few steps in front of the waggon the way opened, which, ascending a gentle acclivity, led to a rickety door in the crumbling walls of the convent. Near the wall and partly hidden by the trees and shrubs which grew in wild luxuriance in the courtyard a few low, straggling, straw-thatched buildings were visible, while amid the yellow, foliage gleamed the bright, tin-covered roofs of the cupolas. The hunters were at the end of their journey. The monastery of Kokosh lay before them.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

JOHN WILEY AND SONS, New York, are about publishing the first part of Ruskin's autobiography, "Præterita."

IT is said that S. Stepniak, the author of "Under the Tzars," is Prof. Drogomanof, formerly of the University of Kiev.

THE J. B. Lippincott Company will publish this autumn a three-volume edition of Van Laan's translation of "Gil Blas," with numerous etchings by Laluze.

The name of the author of "Obiter Dicta" is no longer a secret. *Good Words* for June contains a short article on Emerson by "Augustine Birrell, author of 'Obiter Dicta.'"

A BALLAD, in three parts, entitled "Canada," by Mr. James Whitman, B.A., barrister, of Nova Scotia, has just been published by R. G. Smith, of Halifax. It is dedicated to the Earl of Dufferin.

THE London *Spectator* proclaims Matthew Arnold "one of the greatest, perhaps the very greatest, of our elegiac poets." It thinks Mr. Arnold has written a half-dozen poems of this order that are superior to Gray's "Elegy."

QUITE unexpectedly to the world at large the announcement is made that General John A. Logan has a book of war experiences ready for the press. The chances are that it will be a very interesting work. It will probably, in some important issues of fact, take General Sherman's "Memoirs" to task.

MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS forward "A Handbook of Psychology," by J. Clark Murray, LL.D., F.R.C.S. For the moment it is necessary only to say that the work apparently sustains the reputation of the gifted author, and is a valuable contribution to the higher literature of Canada. We propose to refer to it at greater length on a future occasion.

THE *North American Review* for September contains: "Shall our National Banking System be Abolished," by four contributors; "Tendencies of English Fiction," by Ouida; "Reminiscences of Famous Americans," "Decay of Ecclesiasticism," "The Great Psychological Opportunity," "Naval Tactics of the Future," "Grant's Memorial" and "Comments."

"ST. NICHOLAS SONGS," a large volume of selections from *St. Nicholas*, is announced by the Century Company. It will consist of poems and jingles set to music by the late Dr. Damrosch and other composers expressly for this work. Dr. Damrosch's ten songs were his last musical compositions. J. L. Molloy and J. W. Palmer are the only English contributors to the book.

MR. ERIC MACKAY writes to the editor of the *Independent* apropos of Paul H. Hayne's tribute to Victor Hugo published in their columns that it is "equal to Swinburne at his best." The *Independent* prints a long poem by Mr. Mackay, on Willie Blair, the Queen's late fiddler; and it announces him as the author of the anonymous poetic volume of "Love-Letters by a Violinist."

ANOTHER edition of "Inspector Bucket" is the most prominent feature of a good detective story, entitled, "Struck Down," published by D. Appleton and Company. The book once taken up will by most not be laid aside until read, although it will not bear detailed criticism. Mr. Hawley Smart is evidently pot-boiling. His language is in many cases impossible—rough untutored sailors and educated gentlemen being made to talk in the same strain and style.

UNDER the general title of "Annabel and other poems," Mrs. Ellen Palmer Allerton, of Hamlin, Kansas, has put forth the freshest volume of purely American poetry which has appeared for many years. The longest poem, which gives title to the volume, is now published for the first time. Most of the others—about one hundred in number—have appeared from time to time in various newspapers in the Far West. They breathe throughout the spirit of the fresh life of the broad prairies, deriving their inspiration from purely American themes.

THE latest arrival in the journalistic world is *Man*, a semi-monthly publication "for the family circle, devoted to physical, mental, and moral culture and progress," and issuing from Ottawa. Dr. Edward Playter has assumed the rôle of editor, and contributes in several departments of the first number. He is promised literary assistance from several well-known Canadian writers, some of whose names appear to papers in the initial issue. Both on account of its excellent programme as formulated in the salutatory editorial, and on the ground of its attractive get-up (apart from the heavy heading), *Man* appears to merit the sympathy of cultivated readers.

MESSRS. BENJAMIN H. and Thomas B. Ticknor, and George F. Godfrey have succeeded in making arrangements with the creditors of James R. Osgood and Company, and are now ready to start under the new, yet very familiar, firm name of Ticknor and Company. The new firm announce for early publication a novel by Blanche Willis Howard; "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott, edited, with notes and introduction, by W. J. Rolfe, and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by William D. Howells. For Christmas they announce Byron's "Childe Harold." This will be an entirely new edition of the famous and popular poem, from new plates, with more than one hundred new illustrations by leading American artists.

LITERARY circles could not fail to take a lively interest in the announcement, made a short time ago, that a new magazine of the highest class would shortly appear in New York under the direction of Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons. After some intimations by newspaper "interviews," that it was not agreeable to that house to have such an announcement made, the following paragraph appears in the *American Bookseller*:—"We are authorized to state that the report that a new monthly magazine is about to appear, under the auspices of Messrs. Scribner's Sons, is utterly and entirely unauthorized." But this appears to leave the matter in just the same situation it was before. The *American Bookseller*, it will be observed, does by no means deny the statement; it simply says it was unauthorized.—*American*.

A SUBJECT which has lain dormant for some time has been revived by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Company, in connection with the "Journals of General Gordon at Khartoum." In a circular letter addressed to the editors of newspapers the publishers make a very fair appeal, requesting that the extracts given in reviewing the book should be confined within reasonable limits, believing that "any excessive quotation, as distinguished from comment, would tend to diminish the sale of the work." It is evident that among reviewers the practice of adding to the pith of their notices, and at the same time reducing their share of actual work, by the introduction of long quotations, is largely on the increase. This is a remarkably easy method of "reviewing," but it is very unjust to authors and publishers.

If the 1,065 votes which have been cast in reply to certain questions recently propounded by the *Philadelphia Weekly Press* may be taken as representative, then Harriet Beecher Stowe is the most popular living novelist, "Evangeline" the most popular poem, Webster the greatest American orator living or dead, Mr. Blaine the greatest statesman, Pennsylvania the best State to live in, the telegraph is the most useful American invention, religion is the source of the greatest amount of happiness to the human race, women should not be permitted to vote, American sympathy would be with England in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, and the substitution of light wines and malt liquors for stronger alcoholic drinks would not remove the evils of intemperance to such an extent that further prohibitory legislation would be unnecessary.

THE September number of *Harper's* is one of the best ever issued both from a literary and artistic standpoint. The opening paper is a delightful account of a cruise along the Labrador coast; following is an interesting sketch of the rise of Murray's famous publishing house; Charles Dudley Warner gives some valuable "Impressions of the South"; "Sewage Disposal in Cities" will command general attention in view of the cholera epidemic; Horace Porter's "Reminiscences of Grant" constitute one of the most readable contributions to the flood of Grant literature; Julian Hawthorne has a charming complete story, and Mary E. Wilkins has another; and besides chapters of Mr. Howell's and Miss Wilson's serials there are "The Earliest Settlement in Ohio," "Antoine Louis Bayre," "Across the Country with a Cavalry Column," poetry and editorial notes.

Too late for more than passing reference, *Godey's Lady's Book*, just to hand, is as usual rich with designs, hints and instructions such as will bring delight to the feminine portion of the fashionable world. The illustrations, coloured and otherwise, are not the least attractive portion of this old established favourite—Another well-known ladies' favourite is the *New York Fashion Bazaar*, published by George Munro. From the handsome illustrated cover to the crotchet designs on its last folio, the whole of the sixty-eight large pages which are comprised in the August number are filled with so great a variety of subjects dear to ladies' hearts as to render it impossible to give an adequate idea of the contents in the space at command. Besides a coloured plate there are scores of illustrations of "the latest," elaborate explanations to which are given, as well as a quantity of fashionable chit-chat, stories, long and short, music, etc.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press and will shortly publish in London and New York, "The Light of Asia and the Light of the World," by Professor S. H. Kellogg, D.D., of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., formerly for many years Missionary to India. The work is a careful comparison on the basis of the most recently published original authorities, of the legend, the doctrines and the ethics of Buddhism, with the gospel history and the doctrine and the ethics of Christ. In this examination, the author has had specially in view the modern theories of the dependence of Christianity in some respects on Buddhism, and the exaltation of the latter to the disparagement of the former which is to be observed in many modern writers. Those whose faith has been shaken in this way, or who have been disquieted in mind by the coincidences with the Gospel narrative which appear, e.g., in Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," will find their difficulties carefully considered in this forthcoming book. It is believed that in its scope and contents it will be found to occupy a place previously covered by no other book in defence of Christian truth.

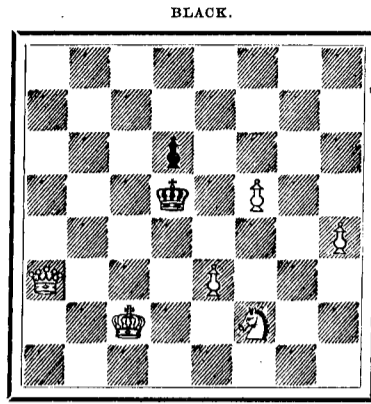
CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor, office of THE WEEK, Toronto."

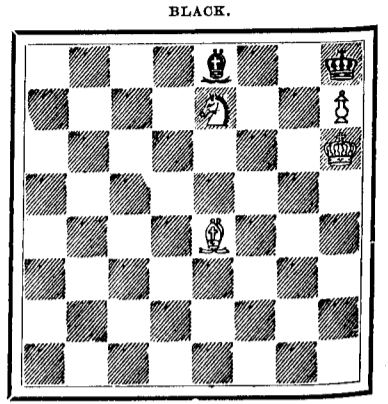
PROBLEM No. 121.

By H. Legler, Dresden.

END GAME.



White to play and mate in three moves.



White to play and win.

END GAME.

The above remarkable position occurred in a game played in the Café Huttig, in Vienna, between Messrs. Schauss and Goldschmidt, and was abandoned as drawn. The position was published in the *Schach Zeitung*, of Berlin, with an intimation, however, from Herr Melzer, the problemist, that White might win; but several months have passed and no solution has yet been vouchsafed. The *British Chess Magazine* now republishes the position, with a demonstration that White can not possibly win, and that it must result in a draw. It was shown to us yesterday for the first time at the rooms of the New York Chess Club, and we tried our new solution machine upon it, with the following spontaneous results, which we submit to the problem critic of the *British Chess Monthly*.

White first plays K to Kt 5, which seems to have been entirely overlooked by the analysts, and the game will proceed as follows:

- | White. | Black. |
|---|------------------|
| 1. K to Kt 5 | K to Kt 2 |
| 2. Kt to B 5 ch | K to R sq (best) |
| 3. Kt to Q 4 | K to Kt 2 |
| 4. Kt to B 3 | B to B 2 |
| 5. Kt to K 5 | B to Kt 6 |
| 6. B to Q Kt sq | B to K 3 or Q 4 |
| 7. Kt to Kt 6 | KxP |
| 8. Kt to B 4 dis ch, and wins the Bishop. | |

The key to the situation is to place Kt on K 5, so as to cut off the guard of the Bishop by playing B to Kt 6, as in Anderssen's immortal problem (No. 56). This could be attained at once by 2. Kt to B 6, if Black takes away the protection of the Bishop. It requires some clever knight play to out-manceuvre the Bishop, but it will be found that Kt to Q 5, K 3, Kt 4 or B 4 (or Q B 2) will enable you to get Kt on K 5, and a *coup de repos* forces the adverse Bishop from Q Kt 6 or Kt 7, as shown in the main solution, to a square within reach of the radius of the Kt.—N. Y. *Evening Telegram*.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

Game played July 9th, 1885, at the Toronto Chess Club.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Phillips.	Mr. Anderson.	Mr. Phillips.	Mr. Anderson.
1. P K 4	P K 4	9. P Q B 3	P Q 3
2. B B 4	Kt K B 3	10. Kt Kt 5	Castles
3. P Q 3	B B 4	11. Castles	Kt K B 3
4. B K 3	Q K 2	12. R x Kt (a)	P x R
5. Kt K B 3	B x B	13. Kt x B P (b)	P x K P
6. P x B	Kt Kt 5	14. P Q Kt 4 (c)	Q R 5
7. Q K 2	Q B 4	15. Q R 5	Resigns.
8. P Q 4	Q R 4 ch		

NOTES.

- (a) The sacrifice is perfectly sound.
- (b) Ditto.
- (c) After this there is nothing left for Black.

CHESS NOTES.

THE final result in the team match between the New York and Manhattan clubs was a tie. This will necessitate another trial, which, however, will not take place until cooler weather prevails.

THE entries in the Hamburg tourney, which began on July 12th, comprise Berger, Bier, Bird, Blackburne, Englisch, Gottschall, Gunsberg, Mackenzie, Mason, Minckwitz, Noa, Riemann, Schallopp, Schottlander, Tarrasch, W. Paulsen, Taubenhaus, and Weiss. At latest reports Mason was leading all and had nine won games to his credit. The *Telegram* says that when Mason plays up to his full strength he can beat any player in Europe.

MR. COHN, of Berlin, has purchased the chess library of the late Dr. Franz, containing about 1,057 works in various languages, among which are two copies of De Cessolis, dated 1477 and 1483, in German and Dutch, and a valuable Ruy Lopez of 1561.

WE have seen chess departments in various papers in the following languages: English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Russian and Bohemian. In addition to the countries represented by the above languages we have seen chess columns from South America, New Zealand and Japan. Is there any other game in the world so widely diffused or so almost universally practised as ours?—*Sunday (Newark) Call*.

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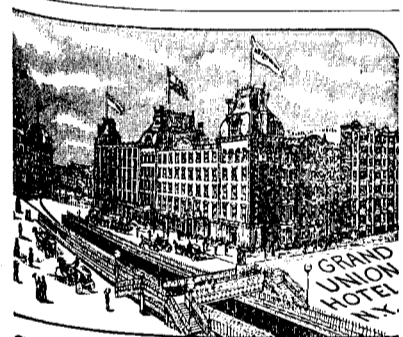
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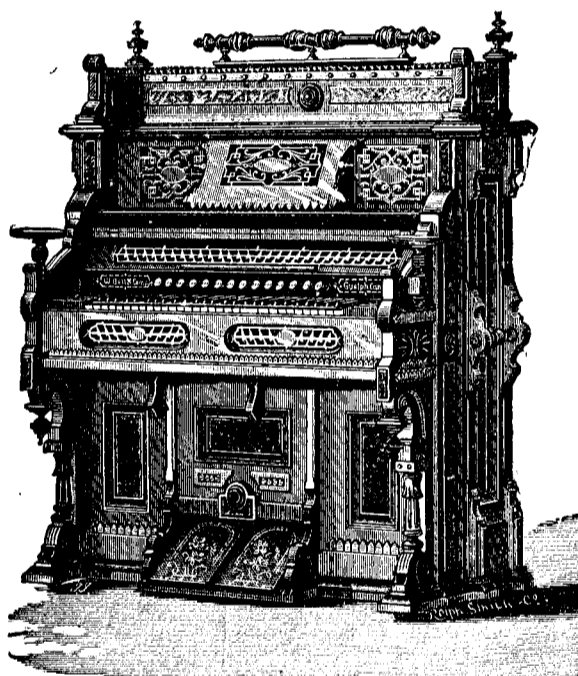
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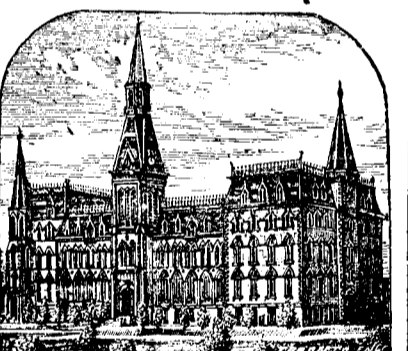
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