

THE WEEK:

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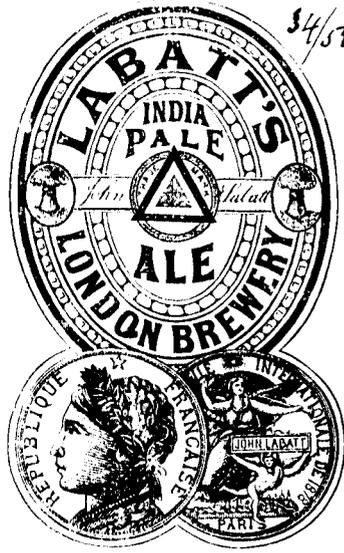
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ENGLAND AND ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

THE last few days have been passed by me in a scene which, amidst all this political turmoil, seemed an oasis of religious peace. Salisbury Cathedral, which is unquestionably the most perfect and uniform in design and execution of all the English cathedrals, appears to me also the most beautiful; at least when it is taken with its surroundings, the broad expanse of lawn from which it rises, and the Close, full of ancient and ecclesiastical houses, which forms its calm and congenial domain. This cathedral has, moreover, to me a special historical charm, since, being in the early English style, it belongs to the freshness of medieval faith. The later Gothic styles bespeak the decline of Catholicism, and the great ecclesiastical buildings of the fifteenth century are rather works of architectural taste and magnificence than of spiritual aspiration. But Salisbury Cathedral, we may be pretty sure, was a work of spiritual aspiration, and a more divine employment can hardly be imagined than that of rearing this pile of loveliness in the belief that it would not only delight the eye but save souls.

The Cathedral Chapters, in common with all whose income is derived from land, are now financially in a critical situation. Their revenues have sadly fallen off, and there appears to be no prospect of recovery. On the contrary, matters are likely to grow worse if our North-west provides wheat to the extent to which we suppose it will. The incomes of rectories have declined in like manner, and those of which the endowment is glebe are miserably impoverished. Colleges and other patrons begin, I am told, to find difficulty in getting suitable men to accept their livings. Whether the Church of England is destined to be disestablished or not, she seems in imminent peril of being disendowed by the operation of economical circumstances without any revolutionary legislation. The landed gentry are even in worse plight, since their estates in many cases are heavily mortgaged through the improvidence of their predecessors, who spent money recklessly when rents were high, or are encumbered with jointures and with rent charges in favour of younger children. Not a few of the great country homes are shut up, and more would be were it not that their possessors have often other sources of income, such as house property in towns. It is needless to say what a change the ruin of the squirearchy would make in the social life of rural England.

In the meantime the outward aspect of rural England never was more lovely than it is now. The greenness and richness of the landscape, the perfection of finish, the signs of wealth and taste which everywhere meet the eye, with the grey church towers, old manor houses, and immemorial trees, which mingle with the gay creations of modern opulence, are, to one who comes from a new and unfinished land of promise, a perpetual feast. Every cottage garden is full of flowers, every cottage wall is covered with them. Everywhere appears the picture of prosperous and joyous life. All is so trim and delightful to the eye that, as an American friend said to me the other day, it seems as though the whole country were on exhibition.

POLITICAL events march. While I am writing, the Cabinet is sitting in Downing Street to ratify the resolution to resign formed at the Cabinet

dinner of Saturday last. I thought it would be so. Mr. Gladstone seemed to be in the temper for desperate courses; his last letter was so violent that people began to think it was almost time for Dr. Andrew Clark to appear upon the scene. But Mr. Gladstone's colleagues are not like him "in a hurry;" most of them have a political future, and their hope lies in a reconciliation of the Liberal party; but the reconciliation of the Liberal party would be impossible if the Government had met Parliament and constrained the Unionist Liberals to concur in a vote of censure. It is not at all likely, however, that Mr. Gladstone will feel at liberty to enjoy his "long coveted repose." His exasperation at his defeat is far too keen. If a French interviewer may be trusted, he has already declared his determination to continue the great work of his life, which he represents as being the deliverance of suffering nations; as though the Catholic and Celtic Province of Ireland were, or ever had been, a nation by themselves, and as though they were suffering under any practical grievance which the Parliament of the United Kingdom is not perfectly willing and able to redress. Mr. Gladstone is still physically strong, and if he is resolved on proceeding in his unpatriotic course, his powers of injuring his country are far from being exhausted. Not the least of the wrongs which he does is by propagating with his great authority, and impressing on the minds of all foreign nations, especially on that of the American, a version of British history in relation to Ireland which, so far as the period since the Union is concerned, is the calumnious offspring of an imagination heated almost to frenzy by the struggle for power, and utterly reckless of national honour.

THE political horizon as yet is very far from clear. The highest necessity of the country is a strong and stable government, but it is not easy to see how such a government is to be formed. The Conservatives have not a majority of their own, and if they are weak in number, they are still weaker in men, especially, where strength is most needed, in the House of Commons. But Lord Hartington, it seems almost certain, has, to the general disappointment of all Unionists and all who care for the country more than for Party, let it be understood that he will not take office with the Conservatives. He has been renewing of late his pledges to Liberalism, and it is very likely that he would have great difficulty in inducing some of his supporters actually to cross the House. It is too probable, however, that his view of the case as a statesman is seconded if it is not partly suggested by his personal dislike of the toils and responsibilities of office. This is his weak point. On the question of the Union, with regard to which he feels strongly, he has acted with noble energy, and his conduct during the last three months has raised him immensely in public esteem. But he is by nature a man of pleasure, averse to labour and unambitious. A story was current about him some time ago which, whether it was true or not—and I have reason to suspect that it had some foundation,—shows the general opinion of his character. He wrote, it is said, when a member of the Government, to a friend, who was also a member of the Government, for information about a horse. The friend, being unable himself to furnish the information, handed on the note to a member of the Carlton Club. He had not, in reading the note, turned the leaf; but the member of the Carlton Club did, and found on the second page the postscript, "When will this confounded Government of ours go out?" There is, I am convinced, a large element, especially among the commercial classes, of moderate Liberalism which, even apart from the immediate exigency, would welcome a Liberal-Conservative Government; but it would require, as a justification for its allegiance, the presence of some trustworthy representative of Liberal principles in the Cabinet. There is a recoil from Disunion and the general tendency to revolution with which Disunion is connected; but there is no Tory reaction, nor would it be possible for any reactionary government to maintain itself in power. Lord Hartington's refusal, therefore, whether inevitable or not, is a great calamity.

For my own part I am not a Conservative, but I look upon the Conservatives as the only body of men capable of forming a strong bulwark against Disunion. I am not a believer in the permanency of the hereditary principle, but I regard the monarchy as forming, at the present juncture, the symbol, pledge, and rallying point of national unity. As a citizen, I should deem it my duty, were I resident in England, simply to support the Queen's Government in resisting the enemies of the State. There will be

time enough for reforms of the Constitution when the integrity of the nation has been secured. Moreover, anything national is more wholesome than the worship of an Arch-demagogue.

APPREHENSIONS were entertained of a dangerous outbreak in Ireland if the election went against Home Rule. I cannot say that I ever shared them. This rebellion has not a particle of military force, and its leaders must be aware that anything like an appeal to arms on their part would at once close the scene. The people of whom it is truly said that they are very bad to run away from, are, for the same reason, very good to have running away from you. All Parnellite speakers and organs, including even the *Irish World*, are just now unusually mild in their tone; and though this moderation may be partly politic, and imposed by the necessity of playing into Mr. Gladstone's hands, it is perhaps also partly due to the crushing blow which Mr. Parnell's faction has received. The victory of the Unionists in the Tyrone election, following their general triumph, seems to show that nothing succeeds in Ireland like success. Everything that has occurred in the course of these events confirms me in the belief that, while the roots of the agrarian difficulty in Ireland are deep, the political revolution is weak, or derives its strength from British faction, and would be easily repressed if Parliament would only lay faction aside for a time and support the National Government in the performance of its duty.

AMERICANS, I see, are saying that the interest displayed in the election here was slight compared with that which is displayed in Presidential elections: they judge by superficial appearance. There were no torchlight processions or banners hung across the street; but a hotter or fiercer conflict never took place at any polls. Every nerve was strained. The Unionists fought as men on whose efforts depended the integrity of the nation. Of abstention, it is true, there was a large amount. But this did not betoken indifference; what it mainly betokened was the unwillingness of the rank and file of the Unionist Liberals actually to vote against their party. At this, one cannot be surprised, considering how ingrained the party feeling is. But it threw light again on the real relation between Party and the interest of the country, as does the present difficulty of forming a Government, even in the hour of the direst national exigency, out of the discordant sections of the House of Commons. There will have to be a change some day in the basis of Parliamentary government, if Parliamentary government is to endure.

THE profoundest sympathy would naturally attend a statesman like Mr. Gladstone, hurled at the end of a splendid career from power, and balked of the grand achievement on which he had set his heart. But he has sought the object of his ambition, or if you will, of his philanthropy, by forbidden paths. He has thrown himself into the arms of the armed enemies of the realm, he has traduced his country and its Government before the whole world, and he has done his utmost to poison the heart of society by repeated and deliberate appeals to class hatred. No doubt he has the faculty of justifying all this to himself. His breaches of patriotic duty seem to him to be obedience to the dictates of a higher morality. I have not soared into those ethical altitudes, and I suspect that if I did, the atmosphere would be too rarified for me to breathe. There can be no true greatness without righteousness: this I heartily believe; but, the world being still what it is, I prefer to be in the hands of a statesman who retains a moderate preference for his country. GOLDWIN SMITH.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

It must have been with feelings of no small satisfaction that the Royalists beheld the drenching rain on the morning of the 14th. Retribution is at hand! But no! before the day closed the sun shone out brightly, and the night was all that could be desired. At an early hour the cannon boomed from various points of Paris, and continued at intervals till evening. The first event of interest was the review of the school battalions on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. A very pretty and amusing sight, these hundreds of lilliputian soldiers, intensely serious, and intensely brave; in uniforms of dark blue, with sailor caps, short guns, and knapsacks. This is the French army in embryo; look at it now in its full development.

No more picturesque spot could be found for a military review than Longchamp. On one hand the Bois de Boulogne, on the other, the Seine and villa-dotted heights; then to the west, in grim contemplation, the sombre fort of Mont-Valérien. The crowd of spectators was enormous, the enthusiasm boundless. This was really the *pièce de résistance* of the fête. The troops who have just returned from Tonquin were there, and were greeted naturally with the most passionate *vivas*. In tribunes overlooking the field sat the President of the Republic and the diplomatic corps. But the hero of the day was the new Minister of War, the General

Boulanger. He has completely gained the people. Shouts of *Vive Boulanger!* resounded through the air.

Instead of distributing the crosses and medals in the respective barracks, it had been decided that they should be given on the field. This is performed in a way much the same as they dubbed knights of old. The giver and the recipient stand face to face, then the former striking the latter on both shoulders with the flat of his sword, declares that in virtue of the power vested in him by the President of the Republic, he has the honour of bestowing such and such decoration.

As usual, every theatre in which a gratuitous matinée was given was besieged by thousands.

So much for the performances of the day; now come to the night. You can dream of nothing more fantastically beautiful than this illuminated Paris. A thousand of her grand buildings all outlined in light; and streets, boulevards, and squares, a dazzling blaze. But if you would penetrate to the very heart and meaning of this fête, you must not shrink from threading the narrow streets of the eastern part of the city. Here the modest Chinese lanterns and bits of tricolour have something intensely sincere about them. There is no incongruity that these dark corners should rejoice. The Bastille is no more. The "R. F." in coloured lights is no mockery here. In every available space an open-air ball was held. Each had its orchestra, comprising usually a flute, a fiddle, and a drum! But for such untiring, wild feet even these were unnecessary. The shooting-stalls, "game of dolls," which latter stand for nine-pins, and "knife-game," formed the minor attractions. Very frivolous all this seems to sedate British ears; but were a French and English national fête compared, I fear it would be not a little to the detriment of the latter. Oh, those dreadful public holidays of England! those crowded trains, crying children, tired women, and tipsy men!—excursions, when poor townfolk take long journeys to find in the end—"there is naught to see but wood and water!"

Last week was inaugurated the statue of Diderot on the Place St. Germain-des-Prés. Some French philosopher might have been expected to speak on this occasion, but, on the contrary, it was Doctor Büchner who had come expressly from Germany. The people's knowledge of great men is little greater to-day, seemingly, than in the time of Aristides. One of the crowd surrounding the statue of the philosopher was under the impression, according to a French journal, that one of the chief reasons for Diderot's now posing before him in bronze was, "that he had strangled the last priest *avec les boyaux du dernier roi*."

To add to his fame, the General Boulanger fought a duel, last Friday, with Monsieur de Lareinty. Neither was "touched." The cause of the rencontre was a discussion between these two gentlemen in the Senate, apropos of the letter addressed by the Duc d'Aumale to President Grévy, on the occasion of the former's expulsion from the army. General Boulanger decided that this letter was "insolent"! M. de Lareinty, a staunch Royalist, deeply resented such an epithet, calling it cowardly thus to attack an absent one. Whereupon the noble senators entered into anything but a dignified squabble. It was fortunate that so slight a cause had no more serious effect.

Paris, July 21st, 1886.

L. L.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ANGRA-PEQUENA, which means in Portuguese "little bay," situated on the west coast of Africa, may be considered as the "first take" of Germany for her colonial expansion. Dr. Canolle has recently visited the region, and on the first French gun-boat that has so debarked since fifty years. He states the country was little known, save as a guano district, till Herr Luderitz, on the invitation of some German missionaries, founded there a commercial dépôt. It is a country absolutely desert, without water, and devoid of life.

The Bay of Angra is five miles long, but only navigable for half that distance. The supply of drinking water—never very great—is now less. To secure some, M. Luderitz has to send a distance of twenty miles into the interior; it takes oxen five days to accomplish the journey, and the cattle must remain without drinking till they return; when they arrive home, they become so furious to reach the wells that it is impossible to unyoke them. Luderitz finds it cheaper to import drinking water from the Cape, at a cost of 33 shillings a ton. It rarely rains at Angra, but the dews are heavy, and the fogs full of humidity.

As compared with the Gaboon, the climate is healthy. The region of the interior produces cattle, ostrich feathers, ivory, and skins, which the Germans purchase in exchange for common household European goods. No alcohol is sold to the natives. The latter resemble other Negroes, save

that the muscles of the women are encased in enormous masses of natural fat. The huts are built with the bones of seals, and the floor is covered with skins of various animals. By a sardine-box-plan of packing, a hut which is built only for three persons, accommodates twelve. An agriculturist has been brought from Germany to instruct the people in the culture of the soil; he has commenced by sinking artesian wells.

The doctor, who is a Frenchman, believes there is an excellent future for the Germans in their new colony, which is fairly rich in mineral wealth, iron and copper especially. Children of European parents, if born there, can also be reared. Climate for a colony is almost everything, and the most powerful stimulant to tenacity. He does not believe in connecting Angra with the Congo, the district between 1570 miles, being devoid of water and full of obstacles. Nor can any great resources be expected from agriculture, owing to the winds and natural drought. By planting cypress trees as a protection, they would afford shelter for kitchen gardening. Germany could convert Angra into a coaling and victualling station for her navy; it could be protected at a little expenditure.

AFTER the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, quite a colony of the Huguenots settled down in Brandenburg, and formed, till fifty years ago, quite a French colony in Berlin. Prussia—like other countries—was only too happy to receive the refugees, who represented the cream of the commercial and industrial intellect of France. The welcome made to the banished by the royal family of Prussia is one of the brightest pages in the history of the Fredericks. At present this French element is completely blended with the rest of the population, and can only be traced in a few remnants of traditions. The absorption has been slow, for the exiles being Celts, had all the tenacity of that race, plus the severity of their own Calvinism.

Up to 1813, the descendants of the French Pilgrim Fathers could be distinguished in the streets of Berlin by their small stature, brown eyes, quick and nervous movements—clearly indicative of their Provençal origin. At that epoch, too, several families in Berlin spoke French as in the days of Louis XIV., displaying that talent of conversation—half grave, half serious, which we call *causerie*. But similarly as in Louisiana, the French colony has been absorbed in the nation by which it is surrounded. Several descendants of the Huguenots have inherited the special gift of their family—as the Ancillon, the Naudé, the Achard, the Erman, etc., in the departments of theology, philosophy, the physical and mathematical sciences. Singular coincidence—the conqueror of France in 1870-71, Kaiser William himself, has Huguenot blood in his veins. Louise, daughter of Coligny, was the fourth wife of William of Orange, and grandmother of the first wife of the Grand Elector, Louise Henriette. The latter's son was the first king of Prussia.

BERLIN is not a pretty city, but its inhabitants love it not the less, as a mother doats most on a malformed child. Before the war of 1870-71 made Germany an empire, Berlin, the empire city on the Spree, was only viewed as the capital of Prussia. Other cities were capitals and centres of attraction previous to 1866, as Hanover, Dresden, Darmstadt and Carlsruhe; now these have to hide their diminished heads in presence of Berlin. Hence, their hatred, their antipathy for that city, which has reduced them to inferiority and cut out their traditions. Bismarck himself is suspected to sympathize a little with these views; at least he resides in Berlin only during the time necessary to govern Germany—and a little the rest of Europe also, after which he is as eager to decamp as a boarder for school vacation.

Signor Verpucci, of Turin, has just visited Germany after an absence of twenty years. He finds Berlin so changed as to be absolutely a new city; Baron Haussmann's spirit has passed there; new streets have been made, old ones improved; light, air, and cleanliness everywhere. True, its streets want animation; all is as peaceful and as grave as in the days of Frederick II. In travelling through Germany, "we do not like Berlin!" is a household word. "See Rome and Naples and then die"—"All good Americans go to Paris after death," are proverbs. People will save up money to visit London, Paris, Rome, etc., the capitals of their native lands; but no such idea ever comes into the head of a provincial German respecting Berlin.

The vivacity of Paris cannot be expected certainly in Berlin: the *vivacita parigi*, is a flower which will not bear transplanting. Happily, the Berliners themselves are proud of their city, and believe their provincial fellow countrymen do not possess a tithe of their natural gifts. This affectation of superiority is more highly resented in the case of Berlin, especially by the eclipsed rivals, than is generally done by provincials against the head centres

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND PARTY GOVERNMENT.

MINDFUL of Canadian indifference to our internal politics, and of their little worth, in the mass, as objects of serious attention, I venture only to sketch broadly such aspects of the situation as may aid us to answer those questions of universal interest: Where are we? Whither are we going?

Our present circumstances, nationally considered, are, on the whole, comfortable. Trade is fairly active, wages good, and profits some degrees above the vanishing point. The swollen pretensions of the working classes, or those who presume to speak for them, have materially abated; the just claims of capital find protection in the extension of the principles of trades-unionism to the employing classes, and the deeply-seated legal instincts of the people have armed the law with sufficient power and vitality to deal successfully with manifestations of violence and irrationality that were but lately flagrant and alarming. The danger that impended over our commercial and industrial stability a year ago, through the steady substitution of silver for gold in the public treasury, under the operation of the Bland Act, has been averted by skilful management of the national finances, and time gained for the ripening of public opinion toward a suspension of the silver dollar coinage till juster relations can be established between the two precious metals. A long and sterile session of Congress is closing amid freedom from scandalous jobbery or serious injury to any of the great interests or industries. The purification of the civil service, by separating it from the arena of partisanship, is slowly but surely gaining ground, and the friends of the reform find solid reasons for encouragement and hope. People have been taught by a cheering experience that the Government may be as safely entrusted to one as the other of the great parties, and thus new guarantees have been won for good administration of public affairs. The "Solid South" has disappeared in the numerous contentions that have divided Congress upon any lines other than those that mark the boundary between the loyal and insurgent States of the Civil War. The body of voters that holds itself aloof from partisan ties in the dearth of real partisan issues, and thus restrains the corrupt dispositions of professed politicians, has grown in size and determination, and is helping to carry the nation safely through the long period of transition. The aggregated corporate power that but a few years ago seemed so threatening, has been greatly broken, and looks as though it is as susceptible to the law as its later rival, the boycott. Altogether, we have much reason, during our coming respite from political agitation, to rest and be thankful.

In respect of the future, the most disquieting feature is the steady decline of the Senate in tone and *morale*, and in the public esteem and confidence. None of our political essayists have yet ventured to tell us how the Constitution is to continue to work should the Senate greatly and permanently descend from the high character and respect it has hitherto enjoyed. To-day a formidable minority of its membership consists of men for whom seats have been bought by great corporations, or of millionaires who have bought seats for themselves; and the elements of this minority act together, and can block or shape legislation as desired by themselves or their masters. As the influence of the Senate lessens from these causes, the public interest is left more and more to the keeping of the House of Representatives, which is already disabled from doing much else than to pass the annual appropriation bills that keep the indispensable wheels of Government in motion; the time and energies of the members being chiefly spent in foisting improper persons into the public employments, and performing lowly services for constituents before the Departments and bureaux at the capital.

The incorrupt but still hurtful incapability of the House to perform useful legislative functions results, at the present time, largely from the views of duty entertained by President Cleveland. The Democratic party has a good working majority in the House, and is likely to retain it during the remainder of the Presidential term. At the National Convention, in 1884, it was resolved that the legislative work of the party should consist in reducing taxation, revising the tariff, creating more intimate commercial relations with the peoples of North, South, and Central America, and in promoting honest civil service reform. In connection with this declaration of legislative duties, Mr. Cleveland was chosen to the leadership of the party and gave his adhesion to the declaration, or "platform." In his first message to Congress, he commended to legislative attention, reform of the tariff, suspension of the silver coinage, commercial reciprocity with Canada and Mexico (including the Fisheries in the arrangements with the first-named country), strengthening of the civil service reform measures, revival of the navy, improved relations with the Indian tribes and in respect of their reservation-lands, and reclamation of forfeited or fraudulent land-grants to railways. At the same time he let it be known that

no distinction would be made, in recognitions by the Administration, between Democrats who supported these Democratic measures and those who opposed them. Naturally, the policy and the usefulness of the party disappeared at once, so that the only practical meaning of the term Democrat is one who has a claim upon the Administration, for public employment, superior to the claim of one who calls himself, or is called by rivals, a Republican. The personal exemption from party trammels extends even to the members of the Cabinet, none of whom is obliged to agree with his leader upon any of the measures enjoined by the National Convention or in the Presidential address to Congress. This license extends itself down to every grade in the Executive, whereby we see the vast and complex machinery of a great party operated solely for the purpose of enabling the men, who are now drawing salaries from the public treasury, to continue to draw them. In the face of this single function left to the active members of the party, the President counsels the office-holders not to be too busy in political matters, because their time and services belong to the whole people, and the rights of those not in public office are impaired by the interference of those who possess the influence of office-holding. Naturally, the office-holders do not understand such an admonition, do not believe it has any other purpose than to tickle the Mugwumps in preparation for the autumn elections, and do not pay it the slightest observance.

President Cleveland takes literally the written provisions of the Constitution of the United States, forgetting that a considerable portion of the actual Constitution does not exist in writing, and that it is because we have incessantly added to the customary Constitutional provisions that we can get along with so few changes in the text. It is probably too late for him to regain a proper control of his party during his present term of office, but as it will doubtless be impossible for any Democrat but himself to carry the Presidential election in 1888, he may yet have a chance to restore sound methods to government by party, which is the only kind of government we are likely to know anything about for many years ahead.

Washington, July 31st, 1886.

B.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE U. P. R.

ALL the afternoon of Friday, July 2nd, we sped on over the prairie, with its inevitable buffalo trails and bones. Apropos of these animals and their extinction in North America, I came upon an article the other day copied from the *Washington Star* on this very subject. The writer gives an account of a hunting trip made by two gentlemen to Montana in pursuit of buffalo during the spring of the present year. "In all their explorations," he says, "they came across only two herds of buffalo. The largest of these did not contain more than seventy-five head. Formerly they used to roam in such numbers as sometimes to stop railroad trains." (Hence the deeply cut trails I have referred to.) "The buffaloes," he continues, "are being rapidly exterminated, and in another year or two will be extinct. The cowboys and tourists shoot them recklessly, leaving their bodies to decay where they fall. The plains are so thickly covered with buffalo skeletons that a company has been organised in Montana to collect the bones for use in the manufacture of fertilisers."

Evidently the same remarks may be applied to the prairies of the North-west as to Montana, substituting Indians and hunters for cowboys and tourists. Four years ago, buffalo meat sold in Regina at ten cents per pound, a lower price than beef brought; in many instances the animals were slaughtered simply for their skins. This accounts for the destruction of the buffalo in Canadian territory, marked by the thousands of bones and skulls which I saw between Winnipeg and the Rockies.

To return to my journey, however. We stopped occasionally to water our engine at the various tanks erected along the line for this purpose, with no sign of a habitation except a signal station beside them. A tremendous wind blew dead against the train, and greatly retarded our progress, the conductor said. Some idea of its velocity could be formed by the force with which it whistled and rushed through windows and ventilators, causing a prompt closing of those on the weather side of the cars. It was, however, merely an extra-powerful prairie breeze, such as generally sweeps over these exposed plains, and whose effects reach even to the far distant Winnipeg, and may be felt there, outside the city limits, on the hottest summer afternoon. The sky was a deep, intense blue, with a few soft, fleecy clouds drifting over it and lying low in banks upon the horizon.

At sundown, we were, according to Mr. Fleming, "on a broad plateau, between the Bow River and Red Deer River. The outline of the valley of the former is distinctly visible away on the horizon; the latter is too far distant to be traceable. We expect soon to see the Rocky Mountains. The soil improves as we advance, and the prairie has long, gentle ascents,

with occasional heavy gradients." The air is keener and fresher as the sun descends; the shadows grow longer, and chase one another over the broken ground as we rush along due west into the sunset. The clouds on the horizon are golden, those on the east a rosy pink, on a bed of steel-blue sky: not a sound is heard but the rattle of the train; not a living object is visible as far as the eye can reach. The wind has fallen with the sun, and perfect silence prevails. Still no Rocky Mountains rise slowly into view to break the line of the rolling plain, and a horrid fear seizes me that owing to the prairie wind, which has retarded the train an hour or more, night will have closed around us before I can see the first mountains my eyes will have ever rested upon.

After a time, the plain ceases to undulate, and settles down once more into a flat sea of green and brown, shading away in the distance to gray and purple, an unbroken line of land and sky. Gleichen was reached at 8.30 p.m. There is a large Indian reserve in this neighbourhood, and Chief Crowfoot, accompanied by six or seven squaws, appeared upon the platform and entered the train: he passed through every car, nodding and shaking hands with all the passengers. He is a fine looking, intelligent man, and retains the national costume of his forefathers, which, on this occasion, was resplendent with beads and embroidery, and adorned with several medals. Crowfoot was decorated by the Government, and his character established in the country by his proved loyalty during the late rebellion. He received quite an ovation from the gentlemen on the train, and was presented with the freedom of the Dining Car in an elaborate address, and a substantial souvenir was collected for him in a purse of seven dollars; in fact, he so much appreciated the attention bestowed upon him that he was very loath to part with his hosts, and in the end he and his squaws had to be forcibly lifted from the last car by a stalwart porter and conductor to prevent them being carried off in the train, a proceeding which they evidently treated as a good joke, judging by their shouts of laughter, as one brown dame after another was encircled by a pair of strong arms. The end car of the long train was quite outside the platform, and the descent from its steps was some feet to the ground below.

Half an hour after leaving Gleichen behind us, the stars came out one by one, and, as there was no moon, the landscape was soon blotted into obscurity. Sections were made up all about me for the through passengers to the Coast, and I was soon left companionless to await my destination—Calgary; which was reached at 11.30 p.m., exactly one hour behind time. Here I was met by friends, and made my way on foot to the Royal Hotel, five minutes' walk from the station. It proved to be a large frame building, on one of the principal streets of Calgary, which, even in the darkness, I recognised as the largest town I had seen since we left Brandon; Regina, two hundred miles west of there, the capital of the North-west, being passed in the middle of the night.

E. S.

PHœNICIAN ANTIQUITIES.

MANY interesting antiquities have been found in Phœnician tombs, which may be classified under the several heads—sculpture, metallurgy, glyptic art, jewellery, ivories, glass, terra-cottas, and fictile ware. We will begin by noticing Phœnician metallurgy, under which head we possess a class of objects of which the varied *provenance* proves the extent of Phœnician trade in the Mediterranean, from the eighth to the sixth century, B.C. These are the cups or bowls in gold, silver, or bronze, which have been found in Nimrud, Cyprus, Rhodes, Etruria, Palestrina, and Southern Italy. The Phœnicians must have been metallurgists at a very remote period, because we find them represented on an Egyptian mural painting of the date of Thothmes III., bringing metallic vases and cups of various forms as tribute. In this picture they are styled Kefa. Later on, we find mention in Homer of a silver crater of exceeding beauty, the work of Sidonians, and of a silver crater given to Menelaus by a King of Sidon. Most of the specimens of Phœnician metallurgy which have been preserved, resemble in form the shallow saucers or pateræ, without foot or handles, which were used for libations. Those fabricated by the Phœnicians are ornamented inside with figures, flowers, or geometrical patterns, beat out in low relief or incised with the graver. Phœnician inscriptions found on some of them. The first specimen of these cups was brought by M. de Sanley from Cyprus, in 1851, and is now in the Louvre. It is of silver gilt, and is said to have been found at Dali with eleven others, all of which were melted down by a goldsmith of Larnaca, except two rescued by M. de Stanley; since then others have been found. When we study the scenes and figures on these cups, we find throughout a constant medley of Egyptian and Assyrian mottoes. This was recognised by archaeologists, when the first specimens of these cups were known, but it was the great treasure of Palestrina which furnished the surest evidence as to the characteristics of Semitic metallurgy. In that treasure were a quantity of objects in gold, electrum, silver-plated with gold, ivory, amber, glass, bronze, and iron. Among these precious objects was a silver-gilt cup, inside of which was a central group in relief, representing an Egyptian king, about to despatch with a club three enemies who are huddled together in a helpless kneeling attitude; behind the king is a bearded

attendant armed with a lance and carrying a dead body on his shoulder ; in front is the hawk-headed god Amonra, holding out to the king the palm branch, the symbol of his victory. A lion, the symbol of force, walks between the king's legs. This group is encircled by a band of hieroglyphics, and below the line on which the king stands is another line of hieroglyphics. Around this central group is an outer frieze in which four Egyptian boats alternate, with groups of Isis suckling Harus, set in a palmated arrangement of lotus flowers. In two of the boats are Egyptians, worshipping the sacred scarabeus ; in the other two are three Egyptian deities.

On a second cup, from the same treasure, the principal composition is strikingly realistic. Inside this cup is a central medallion encircled by two concentric friezes the outermost of which contains a succession of groups, in each of which recurs the same principal actor. M. Clermont Ganneau has proposed an ingenious interpretation of this frieze. He conceives that the groups arranged on the cups represent actions successive in time. The starting point of the story, according to this view, would be the groups representing a king or hero, issuing forth in his chariot from the fortress of a city, which is symbolised by two towers connected by a curtain wall. In the chariot are two figures, one of whom is the charioteer. In the next scene the hero, having dismounted, shoots an arrow at a stag on a mountain. The next scene represents a halt in a grove of palm trees ; the horses, unharnessed, are being fed by the charioteer ; the hero is seated under his umbrella, offering a libation to the gods before the banquet, in front of him is an altar kindled to broil the venison, the spoil of the hero's bow. At the side of the altar is a sacrificial tripod. The presence of the gods at the banquet is symbolised by the moon and the solar disc, between a pair of immense wings. After this halt, the hero resumes his march, but is attacked by an immense baboon, who has issued from a cave under a mountain. Here a tutelary female deity intervenes, and carries off the chariot into the air, to avoid the stone hurled by the ape. In the next scene, the chariot is replaced on the level plain ; the hero overtakes the ape, which is trampled under the horses' feet. The hunter descends and despatches his enemy with the blow of a club. A vulture hovers over the scene waiting to devour the slain. After this exploit the hero returns to his castle.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A MODERN "SIR GALAHAD."

SHE was the fairest in the land ;
To day she had bestowed her hand
On Gerald,—worthiest of all there,
This her heart did oft declare.
And now she waited, standing there,
The evening glory on her hair,
Turning its richness into gold,
As lingering it did unfold,
And seem to guard each waving tress
And tremblingly its love confess.
And she—a smile is on her lips,
And oftentimes she downwards dips
To catch a daisy in the grass,
And count its leaves, to make time pass,
Until *he* comes, and then she will
Long for swift time just to stand still.
And presently, the measured sound
Of distant footsteps on the ground
Strikes on her ear, and fills her breast
With love's sweet joy and love's unrest.
To-day he won her ;—*he is here*—
Ah ! how could care or pain be near ?

Across the meadow, in the shade,
Stands watching there another maid—
A village maiden, clad in brown,
A simple-fitting, clinging gown,
Made by her hands, and made that she
In *his* dear eyes should lovely be.
See ! here he comes ; his face, how fair—
Could e'er deceit or wrong hide there ?
And then he whispers in her ear,
How fair she is—all she would hear ;
How much he loves her. Welladay !
That hours like these should pass away.

'Tis morning, and there seems a hush
Unlike the busy village rush.
What is it ? Comes the smothered sound
Of weeping : *Gerald Wright is drowned !*
How was it done ? His boat o'erturned ;
How this was done was thus discerned :
He had been reaching for a flower,
Overreached, and lost his power
Of swimming ; there he lay quite dead,
His damp curls clustering round his head.
And on the way to see him, bent
Cora, his bride to be. She went
With face of marble, tearless eyes.
But see—*another* goes ; surprise

Strikes her. Who moves so sadly on
With weary step and stifled moan ?
A village maiden dressed in brown,
With hair to match, which clusters down
Around her shoulders, shielding her
From noonday sun and curious stare.
"Who are you ?" whispers Cora, low—
She feels the sympathy of woe ;
"I'm Margaret," she faltering said,
And Margaret's love is lying dead.
What is it strikes with sudden ruth
Cora, a *shadow* of the truth !
"Your love's his name ?" she breathless cries ;
An agony lies in her eyes.
"He bade me call him Gerald when
He met me first in yonder glen."
Silence. Oh ! Cora, it was bliss
Which filled your heart, compared to this—
The knowledge he was faithless ; youth
And all seems gone with hope and truth.
And side by side the maidens move—
What shall she do—the right to prove ?
At first she thinks, I now will keep
This burden ; let the maiden weep
In peace for him, nor let her guess
His heart was false—no more nor less.
But then there came across her mind
The knowledge—Margaret would find
Someone most ready with her tale
Should *she* now hide it ; what avail ?
Better tell Margaret now and keep
The wretched secret buried deep.
So she began : "How much," she said,
"Did you love him, who now is dead ?"
"How much ?" said Margaret, "could I weigh
The love which strengthened day by day ?"
"Could you love him so—did you know
That he was faithless ?" faltered low,
Cora. "Faithless ! you know him not ;
He had no stain, of wrong no blot."
"But *were* he faithless, would you turn
From him ?"—looking, she could discern
Contemptuous smile on Margaret's face.
"I'd love him on, through dire disgrace."
"Now listen, Margaret, while you hear
My story. In one happy year
I was to wed ; my heart was given
To one I thought just fit for heaven ;
But then he died"—here her voice broke,
And for a moment neither spoke.
"He died ?" said Margaret—"Well, we know
The deepness of each other's woe."
"Yes," murmured Cora, and the name
Of him *we loved*—*we cannot blame*.
Then Margaret knew, and for a space
She turned away her pain-filled face.

"We love him, Margaret, let it be
A bond between both you and me—
We love him, let no slur or stain
Rest upon his well-loved name ;
Let us not tell, but hide it deep
That he was"—here she could not speak.
Then both together there they turned,
They would not see him, though they yearned
To look once more upon his face,
And there his wondrous beauty trace ;
For if the village maid was seen,
Many would guess at what "had been ;"
And Cora, feeling Margaret's pain,
Turned, and retraced her steps again.

He lies there, in his beauty rare ;
Who has seen a face more fair ?
Judge him kindly—heedless, vain,
But with no thought of giving pain.
Ah ! judge him kindly, Death has dealt
Her blow ; he can't defend himself.

FERRARS.

ONE day when Colman and his son were walking from Soho Square to the Haymarket, two witlings, Miles Peter Andrews and William Augustus Miles, were coming the contrary way, on the opposite side of the street. They had each sent a dramatic manuscript for the Summer Theatre, and being anxious to get the start of each other in the production of their several works, they both called out, "Remember, Colman, I am first oar." "Humph," muttered the manager, as they passed on, "they may talk about first oars, but they have not a scull between them." This reminds one of a witticism of Douglas Jerrold. Two conceited young authors were boasting that they rowed in the same boat with a celebrated wit of the day. "Aye," replied Jerrold, "but not with the same sculls."

The Week.

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THE Conservative Government has sustained a defeat in the election of Mr. Prefontaine, the Opposition candidate, for Chambly. It is true this county has sometimes gone Liberal, sometimes Conservative: it is an uncertain constituency, in fact; but then, never before have such measures been taken as in the present contest to make it a certainty. The ministerial case was personally conducted by Mr. Chapleau, who went from Ottawa express, and used all the influence at his command as Secretary of State. The defeat of his candidate seems to have been due to an alliance between the *Parti National* and the Ultramontanes and Rouges—these latter an incongruous combination, which, if it were general over the whole Province, might upset the present Local Conservative Government, but would substitute for it, not a Rouge-Ultramontane, but a Jesuit Government tempered by the *Parti National*, the Rouges probably disappearing in the process. Each of these parties is numerically weak. The Rouge abounds in the neighbourhood of the larger cities; the Castors or Ultramontanes may probably be found sprinkled lightly over the whole Province; and the *Parti National*, wherever briefless advocates can scent the smallest prospect of vaulting from the "sonorous hustings of the Regina scaffold" into a Government office at Quebec. Separate, neither of these parties has any chance of getting "in"; but working together in alliance they may be able to turn a great many elections against both the Local and Federal Governments. That of Chambly is ominous in this respect, but not decisive; for it is hardly likely that the Rouges and the Ultramontanes will be found everywhere to work together in harmony, for both leaders and rank and file are generally at deadly feud. The more dangerous combination is that between the *Parti National* and the Ultramontanes, whose strength, however, is an unknown quantity. These might form a workable party; for, both Catholic, the one is set against the British race, the other against the Protestant religion, and in the rural districts of Quebec this is a promising platform.

THE hearty welcome accorded Sir John A. Macdonald in the North-west and British Columbia is a much better earned tribute than that previously paid to Mr. White. This gentleman, it is true, as the first in the field, has skimmed off some of the cream of the enthusiasm; but this was only as representing the Government that carried the Canadian Pacific Railway enterprise to completion: the personal element present in the warm reception of Sir John was wholly lacking in that of Mr. White, the glory of whose triumphal procession indeed must be considered as belonging of right to his Chief. We would not, however, depreciate Mr. White; on the contrary, we think his journey a very commendable one, as likely, by acquainting him with the country, to aid him very much in the conduct of the business of the Department over which he presides: it might have been a happy thing for the country if Sir David L. Macpherson had taken the same pains two years ago to inform himself of the condition of the North-west. And so, from the present visit of Sir John nothing but good can result: he will learn more from his flying tour through the country than volumes of official reports can teach him. His keen eyes will perceive many cracks where all was supposed to be sound; and many false conceptions will be left behind with the smoke of his locomotive as he continues his explorations. Would that Mr. Blake could be induced to take the same journey: he, perhaps, then might see that to decry the C. P. R. is about as useful to the Liberal party as would be the railing against steam and electricity. It is very fitting that the veteran statesman to whose genius the several ill-connected or wholly separate provinces of twenty years back owe it that they are now bound together, by a band of iron of inestimable commercial value to all, into a Dominion holding good promise of one day becoming a powerful nation,—it is most gratifying that Sir John should be able to traverse the scene of his great achievement—view it from the horizontal, as he expressed it lately—before he ascends into another sphere. When, on a famous occasion, he hopefully spoke of looking down on the grand work in after years (somebody suggesting it might be upward), he himself evidently little expected that he would live to travel over the completed road, with Lady Macdonald riding part of the way, through mountains and river canyons, in front of the loco-

otive. This was a true stroke of genius; for, attesting in so public and unmistakable a manner the substantial character of the road, it has served effectually to dissipate unfounded rumours as to its insecurity. The projection and successful carrying to completion of this enterprise—the construction in so substantial a fashion of a railroad of this magnitude, within seven years, by a people numbering less than five millions,—is an achievement of which any statesman of any age might justly be proud. It is the crown of Sir John's life-work; and Canada, too, is proud both of it and of him; and in honouring him as the North-west and British Columbia are now doing, these western provinces are but expressing the genuine sentiment of the whole country.

WHILE Sir John has rendered a vast service to the Far West by bringing it into readier touch with Eastern Canada and so with Europe, it is probably Eastern Canada that will at first profit most by the connexion. Manufactures have been successfully established here, and we are on the keen lookout for foreign markets, without which, with our present limited population, manufactures must be extremely limited too; and the opening of a road to the Pacific opens up to us possible markets to which we may reasonably aspire, but from which we have hitherto been cut off by a trackless continent. The trade of Great Britain with Australia is large—twelve or thirteen times as large as the trade of the States with that country; but Quebec and Ontario are fifteen days nearer to Melbourne than is Great Britain by her shortest road, through the Suez Canal. This advantage is counterbalanced, it may be, to some extent, by the greater cost of land freight across Canada; but surely there must be a margin left, sufficient to offer a fair prospect of successful competition to such industries as have been thoroughly well-rooted and are flourishing among us. If, as is the case, Great Britain sends in one year to Australia, \$9,000,000 of ready-made clothing (twice the whole product of Canada); \$3,665,000 in boots and shoes; \$5,520,000 in ale and beer; \$9,260,000 in cotton goods; and so forth;—surely, with a line of steamships to Australia, running in connexion with the C.P.R., these trades, however much they may be developed, cannot suffer very severely from so-called overproduction. Great Britain annually supplies goods to Australia to the value of \$134,000,000 as against \$10,500,000 supplied by the States,—a vast disproportion, due no doubt to the high-protective system of the latter country, and the foreign flag; and though we cannot expect to make much impression on the British figures, yet we ought to do so on the American. We are under the same flag as the British; we are a junior partner in the British firm, and so have an enormous advantage over foreign competitors; and finally we are not under so prohibitory a tariff as the States; and, therefore, with a shorter route, and, as we understand, lower rates than by the American route *via* San Francisco, we ought to be able at least to do a fair proportion of the business with Australia that is done by this Continent.

THE *London Advertiser*, commenting on a statement made by Mr. Goldwin Smith at the Merchant Taylors' dinner, that a firm government independent of Party is what England now wants, asks what Mr. Smith means by "a firm government independent of party"—whether it is "a government that will practise coercion? A government that will practically administer the civil rights of the population, independent of law, and outside of the provisions and regulations made by Parliament?" This latter clause is arrant nonsense—as nonsensical as the *Advertiser's* after comparison of the condition of Georgian slaves at the worst period of American slavery, with that of the Irish peasantry; or the blood of these calling for redress, with the blood of Abel. If the comparison had been made with the brother of Abel it would have been nearer the mark. But as to a government that will practise coercion—we take on ourselves to reply—yes; that is what Mr. Smith means, if coercion be taken in the proper sense of coercive justice. A letter lately received from a gentleman who is on a fishing expedition near Killarney, says:—"Out of 114 cases of murder and outrage in one month throughout the whole of Ireland, this lovely county proudly claims ninety-six! Not a single weapon of any sort can any gentleman keep. The moonlighters are down on them at once, and consequently are perfectly armed and equipped. I passed poor old Curtin's house yesterday. The daughters have a guard of eight policemen on protection duty, and wherever they go they are hooted and groaned at by every man, woman, and child. What a noble race is the Irish peasantry!" Then again, look at the murder map of Ireland, published a few weeks ago in the *St. James's Budget*, with a record of the murders and attempts at murder committed during the years 1880-2. The site of each crime is marked with a black dot; and in result, the provinces of Munster and Connaught, with the western half of Leinster—Celtic Ireland—look as if deeply pitted with small-pox marks—while the eastern half of Leinster,

the coast nearest England, and Ulster, are almost wholly clear. It is to make the whole country at least as clear of crime as Ulster and the seaward half of Leinster that firm government is desired by all who can perceive that Mr. Gladstone's proposed system of government by love is hardly the thing to suppress moonlighting, boycotting, and general terrorism.

THE uneasiness occasioned by the Czar's infraction of the Treaty of Berlin has died out in England, only to revive in Austria. When the incident of Batoum first became known, the German and Austrian press very unconcernedly shrugged their shoulders, alleging it was a matter that chiefly concerned England; but now that it appears England is not disposed to fight the Austrian's battle, it is being discovered at Vienna that Russia has committed a flagrant breach of international law. The truth is the Eastern Question must and will be fought out between Russia and Austria: so far as England is concerned, the main interest of the Eastern Question has been transferred to the steppes of Central Asia, and with the power of Italy growing on the Mediterranean, with Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus in the possession of England,—there is no fear of the Mediterranean becoming a French or Russian lake; and as to the road to India, manifestly with the alternative routes across the Dominion and round the Cape, the road is always open. If Russia should ever think of invading India, or if she should find herself from any cause at war with England, it is from her territory almost contiguous to the frontier of India that the attack will come, and here if anywhere will the Anglo-Russian fight take place. England is bound if possible to see that the nations inhabiting the Balkan Peninsula shall have the opportunity to grow if they can into the place now filled by Turkey, but in resisting an invasion of the Peninsula by Russia she would be simply fighting Austria's battle. Any such invasion must, for sheer self-protection, be resisted by Austria. Thrust out of Germany, this is the side on which she hopes to expand, and she cannot permit a Russian occupation of these countries; but she will not bear the brunt of the battle if England can be induced to do so: she will content herself with occupying the Western Provinces, while England is fighting to keep off the Russians.

THE recent concentration of Russian troops in Bessarabia is evidently intended chiefly to encourage the Bulgarian Opposition, and to keep Prince Alexander in a state of anxiety and unrest. It was announced lately in a Hungarian newspaper that a special military commission had arrived at Bucharest from St. Petersburg to treat with the Roumanian Government concerning the passage of Russian troops through Roumanian territory; but it is highly improbable that any such request would be complied with. The reward of the Roumanians for assisting Russia in the last war against the Turks was the loss of Bessarabia. They have not forgotten this, and they know that if they were now to help in the termination of Bulgaria's independence their own extinction as a free people would soon follow. The cause of Bulgarian independence is in fact their own. There is a close analogy between their own early struggles, as Wallachians and Moldavians, and those of the Bulgarians and Roumanians towards unification; and this has forged a link of sympathy between the two countries which, with the personal friendship of King Charles and Prince Alexander will forbid Roumanian aid to Russian designs on Bulgaria. Moreover, an attack on Bulgaria will be an attack on its suzerain Turkey; and for this Russia is hardly ready. It would probably, under the now different circumstances in the Balkans, bring the Austrians at once into the field on the flank of the advancing columns, while Germany might create a diversion, in the heat of the contest, by seizing the Baltic provinces.

WE believe Russia's designs on Constantinople might be safely left to be dealt with by Austria and Germany. Neither of these Powers intend that Russia shall extend westward. As far as England is concerned, a contest with Russia must in all probability and in any case take place sooner or later in Asia, and the more so that, inevitably, Russia will one day be thrust out of the European system by Germany. Transformed into a semi-Oriental State by the loss of her German provinces, and the dispersion of the Constantinople vision, Russia may then seek compensations in Asia—Persia, India, China, or Corea; and then will come the tug of war with England. And England in the meanwhile should keep her powder dry—fulfilling honourably all obligations in Europe of course, but allowing her allies, where they are able, to take the first place in their own battles.

"So long as Ireland was silent under her wrongs, England was deaf to her cries," is a delicious bit by a leader-writer in one of the foremost Nationalist newspapers.

WHAT a commentary on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Purchase Bill is the reported order of the National League to its branches in Kerry to prepare for a general strike against the payment of rents! Can any sane man suppose that the Irish would have been more willing to pay rent to the British Government than they are to the landlords?

THERE is a delightful account in T. H. S. Escott's *Politics and Letters*, of a reception at George Eliot's, where, if any one spoke in too loud a tone or spoke at all when the lady happened to be speaking herself, he was at once met with a "Hush" of reprehension by Mr. Lewes, and "made to feel that he had perpetrated a sort of iniquity." How Dickens would have revelled in describing it!

IN "American Diplomacy" Mr. Eugene Schuyler tells us that Mr. Buchanan was excluded from the diplomatic tribune at the opening of Parliament because he refused to wear Court-dress; Sir Edward Cust told him that "he hoped he would not appear at Court in the dress he wore upon the street," whereupon he presented himself in evening dress, with a sword and a cocked hat!

IN reference to the recent attempts of France to get a foothold in the New Hebrides, a military correspondent of the *Times* says it is doubtful if these islands can now be annexed by any Power; for Canada, taking advantage of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is turning the hitherto remote and somewhat obscure naval station of Esquimaux into a formidable arsenal and *place d'armes*. This arsenal is now within easy reach of Plymouth and Woolwich. It dominates the Pacific, and absolutely commands the rear of any ring-fence of islands foreign Governments may think to set up round Eastern Australia.

THE health-giving properties of rain are not appreciated by the general public. Rain is an essential to physical vigour in localities that have any extensive population. Man and his occupations lade the air with countless and unclassified impurities. The generous, kindly rain absorbs them, even as the washerwoman extracts the dirt from soiled clothes. The ammoniacal exhalations, the gases resultant from combustion and decay, all are quietly absorbed by a brisk shower. People talk about a "dry climate," but it is a snare and a delusion. There is nothing in it. A very dry climate will never support a large population, for it would soon become so poisoned that it would be fatal to the human race. A scattering few might inhabit it, but not the multitude.

THE Bishop of Peterborough made one or two observations lately on the tendency of certain recent legislation which come with especial force from a Churchman. The subject was the Intoxicating Liquors (Sale to Children) Bill, and this was his lordship's criticism of that measure:—"He was afraid that this measure was an evidence of the ever-widening and too fast advancing tide of paternal legislation, intended to enforce morality by Act of Parliament. He thought the movement in this direction was a perilous one, as it might lead to a violent reaction in the public mind on the subject. Many of the evils of the present day arose from the fact that the State attempted to do the work of the Church, and the Church attempted to do the work of the State."

AMERICA is, it seems, the only Power that claims the right to send ships of war through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea. But at the same time "no attempt has ever been made to exercise these rights." One remarkable passage may be quoted precisely as Mr. Schuyler gives it in his "American Diplomacy"—extracting it from his own "Peter the Great." It is the answer returned by the Porte to Peter's request for permission to navigate the Black Sea. "The Ottoman Porte guards the Black Sea," was the reply, "like a pure and undefiled virgin which no one dares to touch; and the Sultan would sooner permit outsiders to enter his harem than consent to the sailing of foreign vessels on the Black Sea. This can only be done when the Turkish Empire shall have been turned upside down."

CANADA persists in holding the United States to the observance of the Treaty of 1818: being refused the compensation of an open market or reciprocity, she in turn refuses to permit the infraction of the treaty by the States; therefore, in retaliation, a bill is introduced into Congress authorising the President to deny to Canada all commercial rights, including the right to transport vehicles or cars in the United States. This is the mere insolence of brute strength, and ought to be resisted at any cost. We do not for a moment believe the Executive would aid such a purpose; but what a spectacle does this great nation present when its legislators

can seriously propose, with blunderbuss in hand, to bully a much weaker neighbour into giving up its property and rights, totally without compensation.

LAMARTINE, like Chateaubriand, had the misfortune to outlive himself. Both men ended a career of unusual brilliancy in gloom and obscurity; but Lamartine had to bear in addition the pressure of poverty, and poverty of a dire kind, amounting almost to absolute want. The author of the "Meditations" and "Jocelyn," the brilliant orator, the nine days' idol of the democracy, had to eke out a livelihood in his old age as best he could by doing hack-work for the newspapers. M. Blavet, of the *Figaro*, says that he met the old man, who, under the accumulated evidences of poverty and decay only too apparent in his exterior, preserved much of his former exceptional dignity of presence, in the office of the *Petit Journal* some four years before his death. "What is M. de Lamartine doing here?" he asked the attendant. "Waiting to be paid for his 'copy,' as usual sir," was the answer.

A LETTER of Lord Macaulay's protesting against the American proclivity of lionising has just fallen into the hands of a New York collector of autographs. It was written in 1849. In it Lord Macaulay says:—"And what I hear of the form in which your countrymen show their kindness and esteem for men whose names are at all known, deters me from visiting you. I need not tell you that I mean no national reflection. Perhaps the peculiarity to which I allude is honourable to the American character; but it must cause annoyance to sensitive and fastidious men. Brougham or O'Connell would have liked nothing better. But Cowper would have died or gone mad; Byron would have insulted his admirers, and have been shot or tarred and feathered; and, though I have stronger nerves than Cowper, and, I hope, a better temper than Byron's, I should suffer much pain and give much offence."

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* fully expects a *coup d'état* in Servia. The people, it appears, were bitterly disappointed by the result of the war with Bulgaria, and are irritated by the taxes imposed to pay for it. The electors have consequently resisted the pressure put on them from Belgrade, and have sent up a Skuptschina in which the Radicals are so numerous, that their withdrawal would deprive the Assembly of a quorum. Should this step be taken, King Milano intends, it is stated, to dissolve the Skuptschina, and pass laws by his own authority, assuming the position, in fact, of an absolute Prince. He has neither the genius nor the popularity for a Caesar; and as the people are already attacking the tax-gatherers, he may be deposed, in which event either Austrian troops will occupy the country, or the Servians, protected by Russia from occupation, will elect a new Sovereign, who may not impossibly be the Prince of Montenegro. In any case, a revolution would produce a most strained situation, and perhaps precipitate the struggle between Austria and Russia, which cannot be postponed for ever.

AN extraordinary and a rather unpleasant telegram has been received in London from Tientsin, through Reuter's Agency. The Chinese Government announce in it that "the dacoits in Burmah are supported by Black Flag agents." That Government is, however, "hampered in dealing effectually with these indirect manifestations of Chinese sympathy with the rebel Burmese," owing to the unsettled state of the question about the decennial payment made by Burmah to Peking. This is a serious notification. It means that if Great Britain does not acknowledge the old vassalage of Burmah to Peking, and soothe the pride of the Chinese Court by renewing the tribute, the authorities in Yunnan will help the Burmese Princes as they did the Tonquin insurgents. The statesmen of Peking do not make announcements of that kind without reflection, and the alternative before Great Britain is to yield, or to send an expedition to Shanghai. As a rule, says *The Spectator*, it is wiser never to yield in Asia; but considering that the demand was not originally unreasonable, and that an alliance with China is of the last importance to most serious interests, we should not be inclined to hold out, but rather to stipulate that Peking should make her agreement with London widely known in Burmah. If our diplomatists are not careful, they will find Lord Dalhousie right after all, and all advantages arising from the possession of Burmah outweighed by the disadvantages of an immediate and hostile contact with China.

ONE day lately the special organ of General Boulanger, *La France Militaire*, called upon the Government to lose no time in supplying officers with campaigning uniforms similar in colour to those of the rank-and-file, adding that they would want them soon, and that the great day was

closer at hand than was generally supposed. On the following Sunday it was semi-officially announced that sixteen regiments of infantry and seventeen battalions of foot chasseurs, belonging to the 5th, 6th, and 7th Army Corps, whose headquarters are respectively at Orleans and Chalons-sur-Marne, are by the 10th of August to be supplied with repeating-rifles. The reason for this matter is thus stated by the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*:—"It is known that certain battalions of German infantry, especially those quartered in Alsace-Lorraine and the Rhine fortresses, have been recently supplied with repeating-rifles on the Mauser system. Since the fact became known in France, the question has been asked whether, in this grave matter of the armament of our forces, we were going to allow ourselves to be forestalled, as was the case with the breech-loading rifle and the breech-loading cannon in 1866. It was not without apprehension that the prospect of our neighbours stealing a march upon us in the improvement of our war material was regarded. Therefore, it is with the greater satisfaction that we hear that General Boulanger has decided to supply our army with repeating-rifles. It is essential to note that the initiative of this transformation was taken by Germany, and that we have only followed its example."

ENGLISHMEN, says the *St. James's Gazette*, who in the face of troubles and disorders from Ireland to Burmah, are beginning to ask whether the old imperial instinct has forsaken their race, may well take heart on reading Sir Robert Biddulph's description of what has been done in Cyprus. The record of progress within the short space of eight years is one that any administrator has a right to be proud of. After slavery had been abolished and the law courts reformed (the latter, however, not till we had been in occupation four years), Sir Robert's attention was directed to financial measures. By reforming the currency, of which the English shilling is now the standard unit, and carefully reassessing the land tax, he has brought the revenue into a thoroughly satisfactory condition. Each year it has shown an advance on the preceding year, till at present, in spite of a tribute to Turkey of £90,000, a full half of the gross revenue of the island, there is a surplus of not less than £60,000. Sir Robert makes no mention of his famous "locust war," thinking, perhaps, that his audience at the "Colonies" could study that subject for themselves by a visit to the ever-popular model in the Cyprus Court. Those who remember the outcries that were raised a few years back against sending English troops to die in this pest-house, as it was then believed to be, will be startled to hear from Lord Wolseley that, of "all the stations in the world, the percentage of sickness among our troops had been least in Cyprus." Indeed, since the occupation of Egypt it has been the recognized sanatorium for the army of occupation.

AN interesting discussion was carried on in the *Brewers' Guardian* a short time ago as to the definition of the term "malt." In popular and commercial phraseology "malt" has always meant germinated barley, but chemically it has always included any cereals which have undergone partial germination. The monopoly of barley passed away with the removal of the duty, and attention is now being turned to other grain. Oats, for example, deserve to be malted more freely than hitherto. But of late the term "malt" has become so extended as to embrace grain which has never vegetated, but has been prepared for the mash-tun by "gelatinization." In this process, which was invented in 1880, the cereal is steeped in water and then steamed under high pressure; and we believe that many tons of rice and other grain are thus gelatinized every week. It is held that the gelatinized preparation possesses many advantages over germinated grain, inasmuch as the elevated temperature and great pressure must needs remove all germs of disease ferments, while these can never be completely removed in malting; indeed the operation of malting tends to propagate the organic spores rather than to destroy them. Moreover the gelatinization is a rapid and certain process—so rapid that it can be completed in eight hours, whereas ordinary malting requires from ten to twenty-one days, and so certain that the brewer can determine accurately the composition of his wort. Although it is not to be denied that good beer may be made from inferior malt, it is nevertheless a fact that the malting determines to a large extent the character of the wort which is to be fermented.

MOODY never neglected any opportunity in preaching. He went into the city to insure his life; having done so, he said: "I have insured my wretched body, but who is to insure my miserable soul?" A matter-of-fact clerk answered: "Our Mr. Thompson of the Fire Department will see after that."

THE TOYS.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
 And moved and spoke in quite grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkiss'd,—
 His mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 And found him slumbering deep,
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put within his reach,
 A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept, and said :
 Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

A TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.—II.

HALF-AN-HOUR later we were both standing on board the *S. S. Plover*, a long, narrow vessel, filthily dirty and dreadfully overcrowded. It was a fine morning, and we got away pretty punctually. I stood in the stern of the vessel, leaning on the taffrail and watching the white foam racing away from the steamer's propeller, now and then glancing at the scenery, and sometimes, with less interest, at the passengers, who, including the usual proportion of crying children, sick and helpless mothers, and unkempt men, seemed to me rather a motley gathering. Two, only, among them attracted my attention. The first was a tall, powerfully built man, rather past his prime, attired very brilliantly. His headdress was a blue Scotch bonnet, his coat white swan-skin, fastened into the waist by a scarlet sash of Indian texture. Drab corduroy knee-breeches adorned his legs, continued by dark-blue homespun stockings. The size of his feet was greatly exaggerated by their being encased in Indian moccasins, profusely embroidered, and decidedly nonconformist again. He was furthermore embellished by a diamond ring on the fourth finger of the left hand. He was standing amidships, where he rushed to the railing and bent his head suggestively over the angry waters from time to time. The other was a young man whom Melancholy had apparently marked for her own. Albeit his face was wonderfully handsome, with beauty in every feature of the well-shaped oval, richly brown in hue, from the dark-gray eyes, long lashed, expressive, the straight nose, finely formed if sulky lips, to the dejected curve of the small, dark moustache, heavy, straight, black brows gave an air of decision to the countenance. Even his attitude, as he leaned over the rail, was suggestive of a secret sorrow. His coat fitted him but ill, but I had previously discovered that to be a feature of Newfoundland garments. The natives are above such trivialities as the adornment of the outward man and woman, presumably. I was still engaged in contemplating this lord of creation, and conjecturing what could burden his noble mind, when, with waves rippling and dancing in the sunlight, that magnificent expanse of water, Conception Bay, unrolled itself to our gaze. In the distance the fir clad hills of Harbour Main were dimly visible, Harbour Grace and Carbonar forming a background, thus relieving the otherwise somewhat monotonous beauty of the bay. Cape St. Francis, with its sentinel lighthouse, lay on our left quarter. The bay was dotted with fore-and-afters and numerous schooners, their white sails showing in strong relief against the dark-blue waters. An occasional iceberg from the far away Arctic seas floated about in solitary grandeur. I noticed several whales lazily swimming about in the sunshine, now and then throwing up jets of foam, like miniature Icelandic geysers. About four o'clock we reach Bay de Verde, reminding me of Portugal Cove, as it was nothing more nor less than a crevice, a mere fissure in the rock, surrounded by tangled and stunted birches. A more lonely, repulsive place it would be hard to find. Seagulls wheeled through the air, and various other water-fowl whirred mournfully past; whilst the breakers dashed themselves thunderously against the rocks. I racked my brain to imagine why it had been called Bay de Verde, and came to the conclusion that it must be because there was not the smallest trace of vegetation to be seen. The passengers, one woman and a small boy, were landed, likewise the mails, consisting of three letters. We afterwards found that our lady passenger

for this place had been defrauding the Government to the extent of six cents, in that she had carried a supplementary mail consisting of two letters. Altogether I was not sorry when we steamed slowly away, and the *Plover's* head was turned in the direction of Trinity Harbour. As we passed between Baccalorie Island and the mainland, I was more than ever impressed with the stern beauty of this rock-bound coast, rugged and rent, and worn by time and the waste of waters into mysterious openings and hollow resounding caverns.

A five hours' run brought us to Trinity, universally conceded to be one of the finest harbours in the world. There was a delay of some hours there, during which the male passengers, without exception, went ashore. The gorgeous old gentleman in moccasins strode magnificently down the gangway, closely followed by my stepfather, who was so hilarious at having so far escaped sea-sickness as totally to forget my insignificant existence. Feeling greatly injured and neglected, I sat down near the wheelhouse, gazed wistfully at the pretty Swiss-looking town and the green hills beyond, and sighed as wistfully. "Oh, dear!" I soliloquized; "Is there any animal in the world quite so selfish as a man?" I addressed my remark to space, open, vacant, and had no idea of an auditor, but as I spoke, my disconsolate friend of the morning appeared from somewhere, and blushing darkly came to my elbow and lifted his hat somewhat irresolutely.

"I beg your pardon. Can I do something for you?" he said in a diffident tone.

I was about to begin a civilly worded refusal of his offer, when I bethought myself that I might as well see as much of the country as possible on this occasion, for I should very probably never see it again, and that I needn't stand on very much ceremony with this young man, for probably I should never see *him* again. I rose and began buttoning up my light-gray ulster in a business-like fashion. "Ah, thank you," I said; "you may take me on shore." Whatever his feelings were, he hid them. I tied a veil over my hat, took his arm, and we stepped out on the wharf. We went for a long and delightful ramble, and reappeared at the wharf at half-past ten o'clock on one of the loveliest nights a cloudless moon ever shone upon. It was shockingly improper, no doubt, but surely in these wilds one can afford to dispense with conventionalities. My stepfather had not yet returned, and I did not think it necessary to tell him of my escapade when he did turn up an hour later, barely in time to catch the boat.

The next day was foggy, but the weather cleared at sunset just as we arrived at Cape Bonavista, where we were obliged to land the mails, the ice being so closely packed in the harbour that access was impossible. Here my melancholy friend, whose name I discovered to be Lighthall, and who seemed to have acquired a vast deal of information respecting Newfoundland, informed me that this part of the coast was famous for shipwrecks, and he proceeded to recite, with evident relish, several dolorous tales, one, in particular, about a crew of sailors who drifted out to sea on the ice-floes, and were all lost, until my nerves were wrought up to a tremendous pitch of excitement. His voice seemed the harbinger of woe, and each cadence fraught with echoes from the perils of the ice-laden sea. At last I could bear it no longer, and beating a precipitate retreat, I left the astonished young man, and retired to my stateroom, or rather to my infinitesimal share of one, to ruminate.

By some happy fortune I had not been sea-sick. Once, for an hour or so, it is true, I retired to my berth with somewhat vague and undecided notions upon the subject, but after a short sojourn in that quarter, listening to the extraordinary and far from cheerful sounds that emanated from the other berths and staterooms in my vicinity, I made up my mind decisively on this point, and sallied up on deck again, convinced that no circumstance or combination of circumstances could induce me to change it. When I went on deck again we had left Cape Bonavista, the weather had grown decidedly disagreeable, and my stepfather was already invisible. The prospect was not a cheering one. From the mast-head of the *Plover* nothing could be discerned over the thirty miles of water between Green's Pond and Bonavista but the dull, steely gleam of a motionless sheet of ice. Close view revealed many rents and fissures (*Newfoundland slashes*), in its surface. Our way now lay through heavy drift ice, hard as adamant, the loose outer crystals having been completely removed by the combined action of the tepid sea water and the hot summer sun. Mr. Lighthall and I walked up and down the deck of the vessel, and resumed our discussion on Newfoundland and its inhabitants. The walk, though exhilarating, was not without drawbacks. Whenever the steamer struck a more than usually heavy floe, the concussion was so great that it knocked us up against one another, took liberties with my garments, and made a spectacle of me that was astonishing, nearly (not quite) succeeding in bringing a smile to my companion's face. Our remarks were, as a matter of course, disjointed, but I discovered that my companion possessed a vast fund of information on a variety of subjects, which he was dying to impart. He had studied Newfoundland, and learned that her resources, practically undeveloped, were infinite. "Men come to this country," he remarked, "and waste their capital and the best years of their life speculating in the fishery, when in the interior of Newfoundland is a vast agricultural country, with good fertile soil, fine climate, every requisite for farmers. The mines all over the country are not half worked. Why, in Notre Dame Bay, where I'm going—"

"Are you going to Notre Dame Bay?" I interrupted: "we are going there, too."

"I am going there on business connected with my firm in St. John's."

He was going on indefinitely, when the steward approached, and in a low tone informed me that Mr. Black was very bad, and wanted to see me. I excused myself to my companion, and went below. Mr. Black was very

bad, and thought himself even worse than he was, and as he preferred my ministrations to the steward's, I remained with him until a late hour that night, and sat some time with him the next morning. At last I was released, and I went on deck feeling faint and weary.

"Look, Miss King," said Lighthall, as soon as I emerged from the companion way, pointing to a seal that was shooting up its head some yards off the vessel's bow on the ice, and while we looked as swiftly diving again into the water, his native element. "Isn't this altogether a novel experience? This hot summer morning, this incongruous sea of ice around us, and those rugged cliffs yonder with the sunshine glinting on them. It looks like an ocean of ice bounded by the sea on one hand and the sky on the other."

"Very pretty," I commented, wondering if this little speech was impromptu. "I'm not sorry I took this trip."

"Neither am I. I did not expect to find it so pleasant."

Then, aware that he had said something the weak feminine mind might construe into a compliment, he coloured and looked inclined to withdraw his statement. At about twelve o'clock we sighted Wadham Island, a stern, inhospitable rock, dotted here and there with a few straggling huts, relieved by a handsome lighthouse tower on the summit. I was standing in the stern, looking at this island, when Mr. Lighthall came up to me. "There is a story connected with that island," he remarked, settling himself comfortably in an attitude favourable to narration. "In the spring of 1852 about thirty sailing vessels were dashed to pieces on this island and the contiguous reefs, driven by a furious and resistless gale of north-east wind, and their crews, numbering many hundreds of men, perished. The number of lives that were lost rests on vague tradition, but myriads of creatures must have starved to death on those bleak and desolate ocean rocks, then untenanted by a single human being."

In the afternoon a south-west wind set in, and drove the ice all out to sea, and in a few hours nothing could be seen of it but a thin white margin over the blue glancing waters. We reached Fogo at about five o'clock, and as we were to remain some hours Mr. Lighthall and I went ashore, though getting into the village over the ice in the harbour was by no means the easiest feat in the world. Such a repellent spot I had never seen. Nothing but rock, no green, not enough grass for a Sunday-school picnic. I could not understand how people could be content to spend their entire lives in one place, and that place, Fogo. I suppose, however, that they were happy enough, as they had never known anything better. We ascended to a high hill in the vicinity of the village, from which we got a good view of Notre Dame Bay, with its myriads of islands, the outline of its north shore faintly defined in blue hazy distance.

"Do you see that tiny speck yonder?" asked Lighthall, with a comprehensive sweep of his hand that included almost the entire horizon.

I answered truthfully that I did not.

"It is Gull Island," he observed, "inhabited by seagulls, hence its name. It was once," he paused, and cleared his throat, "the scene of a most dreadful tragedy. It was in the bleak November, many years ago, that a vessel named the *Queen* was on her way from St. John's to Tilt Cove, one of the great mining centres of Newfoundland, with supplies and passengers. They had a prosperous journey for the first few days, and had just passed Notre Dame Bay—"

"Why, I thought Tilt Cove was in Notre Dame Bay," I interrupted.

"It does include it," he answered. "A north wind and a blinding snow squall came up. They had a skilful and experienced pilot, native of the Bay, but, through some error or miscalculation, the *Queen*, having reached out to sea, so as to be able to take the harbour on the inward stretch, was unhappily too far north, and struck heavily on the east side of Gull Island. The bows of the vessel were shattered, and it was evident she must soon sink. A boat was immediately lowered, and a hawser paid out to the shore. This was successfully secured to the rocks, and the prospect of rescue seemed encouraging. Then twelve passengers and part of the crew were safely lowered over the vessel's side and safely reached the shore. The captain and the remainder of the crew were still on board. The boat, they intended, was to return to the vessel and take off necessary stores, food and other requirements for a contingent wintering on that gloomy and desolate rock. Unhappily, just as the boat reached the shore with the passengers, the hawser that held the vessel, overstrained by the violence of the wind, parted suddenly, and the ill-fated *Queen*, now rapidly settling down into the water, drove out to sea and perished miserably. No tidings of her ever travelled back. Picture the situation of the passengers (said my companion). Here were twelve human beings on a lone, sterile rock, in midwinter, in the vast Atlantic, without a particle of food, no shelter, without the means even of kindling a fire to warm their freezing limbs. Eleven days of cold and starvation passed, during which the number decreased one by one, and in that fearful time they experienced the unutterable horror of cannibalism. Early next spring some fishermen landed on this island, and the silent drama unfolded itself in ghastly garb. A note-book, containing a diary of one of the victims, was found, which rehearsed the fearful tale. There, Miss King, if you want to write a romance, here's material for you!"

"I should choose a more cheerful subject," I retorted with a shiver. "I can't think how you remember all these ghastly stories."

"I don't try to remember them," he said. "They stay with me. They haunt me. I can't get rid of them. That's the trouble. If I read anything hilarious, its effect is evanescent; but a dismal tale will remain with me after hearing it once for years and years, every detail firmly fixed in my memory. The more doleful it is the better I remember it."

I believed him.

Here we discovered that it was later than we had thought, and as we hastily wended our way down the declivity I felt that, if existence possessed

no other charms for me, I ought to thank my lucky stars that, at least, I was not compelled to take up my everlasting abode in Fogo. When we reached the boat she was about to be put under weigh, and my stepfather was prancing about the deck in a state of great agitation, his eyeglass elevated.

A heavy storm, with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning, overtook us after leaving Fogo, and obliged us to put out to sea. My revered stepfather, who, not having paid his usual amount of tribute to Neptune this voyage, had given himself insufferable airs, passed me (encased in Elsinore, mackintosh, and rubber boots, I refused to go below) in the companion-way and rushed below. "What is the matter, sir?" I asked cheerfully. "Can I do anything for you?"

He placed one clammy hand over the region of his heart—like Mark Twain's old men—ejaculated, "Oh, my!" and disappeared.

We passed Twillingate, and the next day reached Tilt Cove, passing Notre Dame Bay, rich in fine timber.

Mr. Lighthall and I had another talk before we separated. We walked up and down the deck exchanging sentiments of enjoyable sadness. He reminded me that we should only be a few miles apart when we reached our respective destinations, and might look forward to renewing our acquaintance on terra-firma.

"How do you like Newfoundland," he queried, "what you have seen of it?"

"Oh, well enough," I answered vaguely. "I like the names of the places. I picked up some very desirable names while I was in St. John's. Do you know that there is a place near there which rejoices in the name of Hell Hill?"

He had not heard of it.

"Piper's Hole, Butter Pot, Maggoty Cove, Devil's Hole,"—these are pretty names. But did you ever notice what a dulcet mixture the accent of some lower-class Newfoundlanders is? As near as I can make out, it is compounded of Dutch and Irish, with the latter preponderating. I remember accosting a small boy, who was beating a dog one day in one of the principal streets, and he politely requested me to 'Gwow-wi-dat,' which, being interpreted, means 'Get out of that!'"

"What nonsense geography is!" he exclaimed irrelevantly. "My earliest impressions of Newfoundland were that it was a cold, barren country, enshrouded by fog, and abounding in Newfoundland dogs."

"And seal-skin jackets," I added.

"Precisely. Whereas Newfoundland dogs can be obtained anywhere almost save here; and as for the seal-skin jackets, they are a myth."

I could fill a volume with descriptions of the sort of life I led in Tilt Cove. It was rough and hardy, but healthy, as may be believed when I say that three months later I arrived in St. John's, my weight increased from one hundred and ten pounds to one hundred and thirty-five pounds, fresher and rosier than I ever looked before in my life, and with more exuberance of good health and spirits than I knew what to do with. I recommend all feeble, debilitated men and women who are wondering what to do with themselves this summer to emulate my example and take a trip to Newfoundland. It is by no means so expensive a trip as it is generally thought. The *Bonavista*, with her jovial captain, leaves Montreal fortnightly for St. John's, Newfoundland, and the price of the round trip, back to Montreal again, is fifty dollars.

Ottawa.

PORTIA.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE KINGFISHER.

IN the eighth volume of the *Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological and Natural History Society*, Mr. Arthur Cox records a strange change of habit in a kingfisher, which should be remembered and pondered on by all those who are interested in what vague people still call the "instincts" of animals. Mr. Cox lives in Derby, and has a garden of about an acre in extent. In this garden is a reservoir which supplies water to certain engines. This is sent back again by a return pipe, and thus all the water in the reservoir is warm and is the happy dwelling-place of many gold fish. A solitary kingfisher by some means or other found out this place, and has for more than a year discontinued its timid and secret habits, and taken up its residence in this town garden for the purpose of preying on the denizens of the tank. We do not remember to have heard of a more striking instance of sudden change of habit.—*The Athenæum*.

THE WHIG.

THERE is one pleasing peculiarity about the Whig as we know him in these days. The Radical is 'cock-sure,' and so is the Tory; whereas the Whig is argumentative. He feels the responsibility which rests upon him. Tory and Liberal fight for place and power, and sometimes for principle. The Whig has for thought only his country. A sort of Atlas, he laboriously picks his way through life, bearing on his shoulders the weight of his native land. This condition prevents him from being 'cock-sure.' But to a young gentleman of Mr. Brand's profound research, quick insight, and great gifts of speech, the aggregate weight of Great Britain and Ireland are as a mere knapsack. He can carry them under one arm, while with the other he gracefully points his periods. But this is only an addition to the ordinary substratum of Whig nature. It is an addition from the wealth of Mr. Brand's nature, and underneath these, lies, as with all the Whigs, that serious, argumentative, unemotional, prophetic nature which is born with a man, and cannot be acquired.—*H. W. Lucy: Diary of Two Parliaments*.

REPELLING INVASION.

AN amusing incident which occasioned the repulse of the first attack made by the Spaniards upon Terceira, during the operations which marked the conquest of Portugal by Philip II., is thus related by Mr. W. F. Walker, F.R.G.S., in his *The Azores*.—

Early in the morning of July 25, 1581, the inhabitants of the village of S. Sebastian were alarmed at the sight of a squadron, consisting of seven large Spanish war galleons, anchored off the little bay of Salga, the operations for landing a hostile force being actually in progress. Hastily summoning some companies of militia, and collecting behind a neighbouring knoll a large herd of the semi-wild cattle from the neighbouring pastures, the islanders quietly awaited the massing of the Spaniards on the beach. When this had been accomplished the Terceirenses advanced close up to the foe, as if to the attack, when suddenly opening out into two long columns, and leaving a wide open space between, the herd of cattle were sent thundering down the centre, goaded on by picadores on horseback. So unusual and unexpected a charge threw the Spaniards into the most complete disorder, and being at once set upon by the islanders scarcely a man escaped to the ships, several guns, which had been landed, falling as spoil to the conquerors.

TWO PICTURES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

THE "Hundred Falls" extend the whole length of a gorge some sixteen miles long, and excavated to the depth of 300 feet in hard granite. . . . On one occasion Mr. Farini and his companions found themselves at the foot of the Hercules Fall when a mighty roar gave warning that the rising waters were coming down upon them. They effected a hasty retreat to a rocky islet, where they spent the night in no small discomfort. Here they watched the "oncoming flood, the swollen river sweeping everything before it with a sullen roar. The rocks on which we were standing soon became surrounded by a raging torrent; the wall of water, not taking time to follow the streamlets, burst over the rocks on all sides, and rushing headlong into all the holes, pools, and cracks and crannies, overflowed them in an instant. The main channel was soon filled, and absorbed each little winding stream in the general flood. What a grand transformation scene! On every side of us was the boiling waters, bearing on its surging bosom uprooted trees, logs, poles, and other *débris*. The booming of the drift-wood as it bumped against the rocks, and the roar of the rushing and falling waters, were deafening. If the flood rose much more our fate was sealed, for, although the rock we were on was a large one, and appeared to be the dividing line between two channels of the river, it bore unmistakable traces of its being water-worn, and no doubt was quite submerged at high water."—*The Athenæum*.

TEUTONIC ENGLAND.

SAD as it is to confess it, the truth must nevertheless be told, that our beasts and birds, our plants and flowers, are for the most part of purely Teutonic origin. Even as the rude and hard-headed Anglo-Saxon has driven the gentle, poetical, and imaginative Celt ever westward before him into the hills and the sea, so the rude and vigorous Germanic beasts and weeds have driven the gentler and softer southern types into Wales and Cornwall, Galloway and Connemara. It is to the central European population that we owe or owed the red deer, the wild boar, the bear, the wolf, the beaver, the fox, the badger, the otter, and the squirrel. It is to the central European flora that we owe the larger part of the most familiar plants in eastern and south-eastern England. They crossed in bands over the old land belt before Britain was finally insulated, and they have gone on steadily ever since, with true Teutonic persistence, overrunning the land and pushing slowly westward, like all other German bands before or since, to the detriment and discomfort of the previous inhabitants. Let us humbly remember that we are all of us at bottom foreigners alike, but that it is the Teutonic English, the people from the old Low Dutch fatherland by the Elbe, who have finally given to this isle its name of England, and to every one of us, Celt or Teuton, their own Teutonic name of Englishman. We are at best, as an irate Teuton once remarked, "nozzing but second-hand Chermans." In the words of a distinguished modern philologist of our own blood, "English is Dutch, spoken with a Welsh accent."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TURNER'S WORK ON HIS PLATES.

THE first thing Turner did was to make a drawing in sepia for the guidance of the engraver. These drawings are in the National Gallery. They are the ghosts of what they were, and are almost in every case, and naturally so, inferior to the prints. The copper was then sent to Turner, who, with few exceptions, etched with the needle the essential lines of the subject, always with a reference in his own mind to the mezzotint which was to be added. When the plate was etched and bitten in, the engraver roughened the whole plate with a multitude of little projecting points of copper made by a special tool. This is the mezzotint, or more properly the *bur*. All the points catch the ink in printing, and would yield an intense black were they not removed. They are accordingly partially removed with the scraper when lighter darks are required, and the lighter removed the more the bur is cleared away, till finally, in high lights, it is removed altogether, and the plate in these places is burnished. It is plain then that the mezzotint engraver can gradate the light and shade of his plate from absolute black to pure white, or rather from the deepest dark to the highest light,—and no better vehicle could have been chosen for engraving his drawings by an artist who, like Turner, was a master of gradation, and especially careful in developing his whole subject from or

towards a dominant light. The engravers were not then left to themselves. Turner had proofs of the plates at various stages of the rubbing-down sent to him, and wrote on them his instructions and advice, following the engraving almost day by day, and sometimes working on the plate with his own hands. A few he mezzotinted and engraved himself, and I have drawn attention to some curious things in these plates.—*Rev. Stopford Brooke: Notes on the Liber Studiorum of F. W. M. Turner.*

MOURNING IN COREA.

IN walking through the streets of Seoul one often meets with figures clothed from head to foot in a grayish yellow sackcloth, with bright yellow hats, or rather broad-brimmed straw baskets, on their heads; men, moreover, who further disguise their identity by holding a strip of sackcloth stretched on pieces of stick in front of their faces. These are mourners. In the year 1882 a Japanese traveller who landed on the north-east coast found the officials and all the inhabitants in this lugubrious masquerade. They were in mourning for the queen, who was supposed to have been murdered, but who, after the people had worn sackcloth half a year for her sake, emerged safe and sound from the hiding-place where she had taken refuge from the pursuit of her wicked father-in-law, Tai-on-Kun. For a queen it is customary to mourn twelve months, for parents and near kinsfolk three years. What a deep influence this prescriptive usage has upon the life of the people is illustrated by the following story of an aged bachelor who was asked why he had never taken a wife. "My parents as well as myself," he said, "were desirous that I should marry, and a suitable young lady being found our betrothal took place. Then my future father-in-law died, and we had, of course, to wait three years. I had hardly put off my mourning than I had to bewail the loss of my own poor father; necessarily here was another term of three years' waiting. When these were up, the mother of my future wife took sick and expired, and thus we were obliged to delay our marriage another three years. Lastly, I had the misfortune to lose my own dear mother, which naturally caused a further adjournment. So that, as four times three makes twelve, that number of years had passed over our heads and made us both the older. At this time my betrothed fell ill, and as she was at death's door I went to pay her a last visit. My future brother-in-law met me at the door and said 'Although you are not formally married, yet perhaps I may for this once look upon you as man and wife; come in and see her.' I had hardly entered and been for a moment face to face with my poor wife than she breathed her last. When I saw this all thoughts of marriage fled from me and I have remained a bachelor ever since."—*London Times*.

AMONGST THE SHEAVES.

AMONGST the sheaves when I beheld thee first,
That happy harvest morn a year ago,
A thought crept through my heart with sudden glow,
That never sunny mountain top had nursed
A fresher, fairer flower—the very air
Kissed thy dear face and seemed to feel it fair,
And the serene, deep, summer heaven above
Leaned down to gaze on thee with looks of love . . .
Oh! child-like woman, that hast kept thine heart
So pearled with morning dew—my flower, my flower!
How passing dull my thought was in that hour,
Owning thy beauty, yet devoid of art
And insight to discern, that by God's grace
My life's best angel met me face to face.

T. WESTWOOD: *Gathered in the Gloaming.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ON COMPROMISE. By John Morley. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Morley's works are so well known to the reading public, that the publication of a new edition necessitates hardly any comment except upon the excellence of its printing and binding. Mr. Morley represents the views of one of the most advanced and liberal schools of thought in England; and represents them fully, fairly, and forcibly. His convictions are those of a plain, blunt man, who scorns the slightest adventitious aid in presenting them, yet rates rhetoric at its proper value; his motive apparently less the playing of the *role* of cultured casuist than the imparting of such casuistry as he is master of. There is a very even temper in his writing, which is sometimes laboured, but never obscure. He deals always with the verities of things, and often in the discussion of the perceptible current of events, shows a broad, deep comprehension of the resistless tides that dictate, far beneath, the tossing moods of the upper waters. His warmest admirers must complain of Mr. Morley, however, that he is too elaborate, in the sense of pains-taking, in his hypotheses and demonstrations. He uses up our patience sometimes by taking us over a long and laborious route to reach a conclusion that we are convinced a by-path leads to. There is an atmosphere of calmness and justice in the book, and its logic, granting its premises, is unimpeachable. Here is its keynote:

Everyone may help to keep the standard of intellectual honesty at a lofty pitch, and what better service can a man render than to furnish the world with an example of faithful dealing with his own conscience and with his fellows? This at least is the one talent that is placed in the hands of the obscurest of us all. And what is this smile of the world, to which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood: this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering up of truth and the slow going out of light within the souls of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose, in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for our prize and the mark of our high calling. Measure, if you can, the empire over them of prejudice unadulterated by a single element of rationality; and weigh, if you can, the huge burden of custom unrelieved by a single leavening particle of fresh thought. Ponder the share which selfishness and love of ease have in the vitality and the maintenance of the opinions that we are forbidden to dispute. Then how pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of the hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one hears the wail of misery that is forever ascending to the deaf gods; as one counts the little tale of years that separates us from the eternal silence. In the light of these things a man should surely dare to live his small span of life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholeness.

ROMANCE AND REVERY. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Edgar Fawcett's Muse is growing very earthworn. When she essays a flight her pinions are too dusty to bear her very far, for, as a general thing, she lets them drag along the common highway while she pursues the most ordinary pedestrianism. "Romance and Revery," while it contains some beauty and exaltation, strikes a lower average than any book of poetry Mr. Fawcett has yet written. There is a little silver, but much tinsel; a small amount of gold, but any quantity of iron pyrites. One can also detect the presence of a composite metal which defies analysis of this sort, from the verses about "Poverty":—

At toil they are stabbed with cold or scathed with heat;
Tear-soaked, blood-stained, is the scant food they win;
From earliest youth round their unheeded feet
Bloom tanglingly the blood-red flowers of sin.
Whatever bodily pain has worn them thin,
Whatever sorrow has racked them, still they hear
Starvation's rancorous wolves behind them press,
While vice and ignorance, each with ghastly leer,
Exult in mockery at their wretchedness.

This is not poetry; there is no true ring in it. It is a fabrication of unpleasant thoughts strung laboriously together to rhyme. It has no uplifting spirit; it reads like the metrical version of a police report. Fifty years ago it might have been accepted as in accordance with the poetic spirit of the age; we find it tiresome now.

The best writing in the book is contained in "The Magic Flower," a sustained piece that gives body and dignity to the collection, which would otherwise be woefully thin and tawdry. "The Magic Flower" is really a beautiful conception, wrought out with care and skill. But the shorter pieces show in the main growing barrenness of ideal, and tendency toward the glorification of the commonplace, that Mr. Fawcett's friends will regret. Their sentiment is often cheap and its expression trivial.

"Now friend, you know my story
And you—can you forgive me?
Ah, well, I shall not blame you,
However cold your answer.
We cannot all, we mortals,
Be great, like sister Brenda!"

This is simply vapid, and there is not a little of it. Burlesque seems to have claimed Mr. Fawcett for her own. "The New King Arthur" was one of last season's most palpable hits. But he is in disgrace with the immortal Nine for his sacrilegious treatment of their elder favourite, Tennyson, and they will have none of him.

THE SAUNTERER. By Charles Goodrich Whiting. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

This is a book which makes one realise that nature's beauties are infinite. There is a sweetness and truth in all its words which touch a chord in our inmost hearts. It is plainly visible that the writer is indued with the spirit of "artist and poet," and he has written, not only of the world of nature, but of the nature of man, which is most difficult, as one must seek below the surface to do this, while nature stands bare to those who have the sense of appreciation to see and know.

"Which is the hardest," he says, "to sever in one sharp quarrel, or to watch the slow divorcing years eat away the dear communion, until on some dreary day one reaches out to his friend, and grasps a hollow mask—who can say? for it is a matter of temperament."

We quote a passage which is very striking and beautiful in its intensity of thought and truth—

"There is nothing more desperate in experience than the fading of the personal human hope of happy life. When something is taken out of one's living that has been inwrought into his being, that he has measured life and known its pain and profit by, there ensues a strange and incomprehensible vacancy. In some way the gap gets bridged as the remorseless step of time treads down feeling and memory, but the one sense of reality cannot return. Life, in a profound sense, must become a suspension, and whatever intervenes into death, a stoppage, since the real inner self is whelmed in what was, and never can attain what succeeds and is. Whatever exists, there is nothing that ever can be so real as that which does not exist 'whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in.'"

The author puts into words thoughts and feelings which *must* come to all, though to some so vaguely, they are undefinable until uttered by others' lips, when the soul recognizes them and responds, "It is so, it is so."

We have received also the following publications:

MAN. June. Ottawa.
OUTING. August. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. August. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. July 31. Boston: Littell and Company.
THE PANSY. August. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
CENTURY. August. New York: Century Company.
BOOK BUYER. August. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
SCIENCE. July 30. New York: 47 Lafayette Place.
ART INTERCHANGE. July 31. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.
METHODIST MAGAZINE. August. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. August. New York: 31 Lafayette Place.
BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. August. New York: 7 Murray Street.

THE next school year of the Hellmuth Ladies' College commences on September 7, when the authorities are preparing for an even more successful term than last. An elevator and gymnasium will add to the conveniences of the college; and a model kitchen for lessons in cookery will be a new feature, a graduate of the South Kensington School of Cookery having been engaged as instructor. Lessons in riding, driving, tennis playing, and other out-door sports form a special feature of the advantages of the college; and a scholarship offered by the Leipzig Conservatory, to the college, entitling the winner to a full year at Leipzig, is a valuable prize in the school of music.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is writing an article, for one of the English reviews, on George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends. Mr. Goldwin Smith's object is not so much to delineate the character or to sketch the career of the remarkable Quaker as to present a picture of the Puritan society in which he was so notable a figure.

THE last letter from Thomas Stevens to the Editor of *Outing* is dated Suez, July 3rd, 1886. In it Mr. Stevens says: "I expect the steamer, on which I take passage to India, to arrive here to-morrow or next day. The monsoon season will be in full swing when I reach Kurrachee, but I don't know yet whether it will delay my start across India."

DR. H. C. HANGETT, whom Miss Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) is to marry, is a practising physician of New York, with an office on West Ninth Street; he is also an expert musician, and the organist of Ascension Church on Fifth Avenue—in brief, directly the opposite of the Tennessee mountaineer the gossipers have described him to be.

THE August *Eclectic* begins its bill of fare with a strikingly suggestive paper by James Sully on "Genius and Insanity," which cannot fail to interest the thoughtful reader. Dr. Morell Mackenzie discusses the problem, "Is Medicine a Progressive Science?" with a good deal of sense and vigour, and H. D. Traill has a strong article on "International Copyright." Prof. Max Müller's discussion of "Goethe and Carlyle" will engage the attention of all interested in literature, as a fresh and notable contribution to the lives of two great men. "The Greek Home according to Homer," by E. W. Godwin, is a scholarly piece of work. Mr. Swinburne's criticism of the old Shakespearian dramatist, John Webster, is marked by all the peculiar freshness and strength of the celebrated English poet, who appeals little less strongly to the public as a prose critic than he does as a poet. Other notable papers are those on "Gustave Doré," "In Osman Digna's Garden," by Phil Robinson; "The Development of North-west Canada," by W. Shelford; and "Théodore Agrippa D'Aubigné," by P. F. Willert. The various short papers are all timely and suggestive. The August issue worthily supports the high reputation of the magazine as a representation of the best periodical literature of the time.

THE numbers of *Littell's Living Age* for the weeks ending July 17th, 24th, and 31st contain Bagwell's "Ireland under the Tudors," *Edinburgh*; "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," "A Fight for Art," and "Goethe and Carlyle," *Contemporary*; "Benedict's Travels in Lycia and Caria," and "Eton Worthies," *Fortnightly*; "The Greek Home according to Homer," *Nineteenth Century*; "Fallacies of Reading Lists," *Scottish*; "The Templars," *Good Words*; "Some Famous English Gardens," and "The Humours of a Menagerie," *Leisure Hour*; "To Millicent, from America," and "A Pembrokeshire Parson," *Temple Bar*; "General Barrios, late President of Guatemala," *Macmillan*; "The Orleans Manifesto," "The Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria," "The Blue Mountains of New South Wales," and "The Disquiet in France," *Spectator*; "Recent Bavarian Kings," "Coral Fishing," "The Tower Bridge," and "The Thames Levee," *Saturday Review*; "Stonyhurst and its System," "A Lost Universal Language," "Russian Music," and "The Lotus," *St. James's*; "A Norman Stronghold," *Chambers Journal*; "In Heligoland," *All the Year Round*; with instalments of "In an English Country House," "An Autumn Holiday," "Treasure Trove," "The Passion Flower of Talvere," "This Man's Wife," and "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep," and Poetry.

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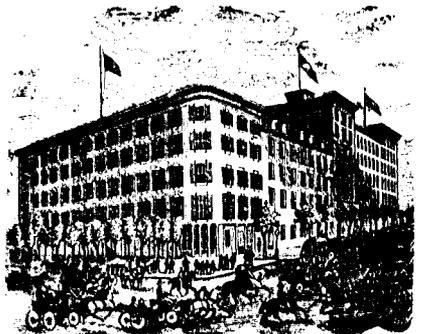


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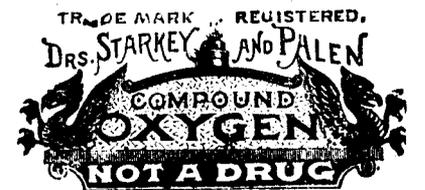
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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1886.

- Portrait of Louis XVI. Frontispiece.
- Home of Major-Gen. Henry Knox. "Montpelier." Illustrated. E. Marguerite Lindley.
- The North-West Territory: Its Ordinance and Its Settlement. Israel War I. Andrews, LL.D. [Mariett College, Ohio.]
- Convention of New York, 1788. A. W. Clason.
- Cedar Mountain. II. Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-Gen. U. S. A.
- Negro Slaves During the Civil War. Col. Charles Jones, Jr., LL.D.
- At the Death Angle. Charles A. Patch.
- A Canadian View of Annexation. J. L. Payne.
- Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
- The Ages of Military Commanders. Hon. James G. Blaine.
- President Lincoln's Story-Telling. Hon. George W. Julian.
- Anecdote of Anson Burlingame. Levi Bishop.
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POLITICAL SCIENCE.

SCIENCE is now presenting a discussion on disputed questions in Political Science, between the adherents of the so-called old and new schools. To this discussion able articles have been contributed by Professors Sumner and Hadley of Yale, Laughlin and Taussig of Harvard, Ely of Johns Hopkins University, James of Philadelphia, Simon Newcombe of Washington, and others.

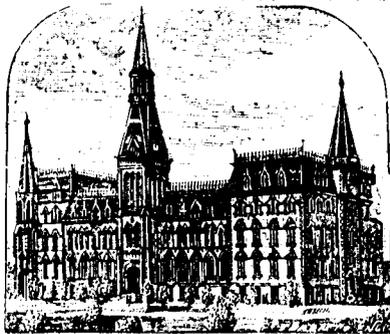
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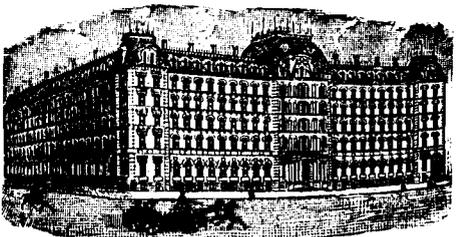
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