

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 44.

Toronto, Thursday, October 1st, 1885.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents.

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AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.
Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

TERMS.—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

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Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN Mr. Mowat was taken from the Bench to lead a political party, Conservative journals were loud in their denunciations, and whatever was their motive, their censure was deserved. The perfect independence of the judiciary, essential in all communities, is doubly essential in a democratic community like ours, where reverence for authority is not strong; and a judiciary cannot be perfectly independent if the judges are to be still aspirants to political promotion. How can a judge be trusted to try a political case, say a case of political libel, with a letter in his pocket from a Party minister offering him an appointment? Would the decision of our judges in election cases command the confidence which they command now if it were felt that the judge himself might have a Party interest in the result? But what will Conservative organs now say of the arrangement which takes Mr. Justice Thompson from the Bench, brings him back into politics, and gives him a seat in a Party Government? The judiciary was the one thing which, in British Canada at least, commanded the respect not only of a section, but of the whole community; and even Sir John Macdonald, while he sacrificed the Senate and everything else in the form of patronage to Party, had shown a laudable desire to redeem his name by good appointments to the judiciary. But Party swallows everything, and the judiciary at last is going into its devouring maw. We shall presently have here some counterpart of Chief Justice Chase, who, when at the head of the Supreme Court of the United States, offended all right-minded citizens by courting a nomination for the Presidency. This evil tendency is the more provoking because in England, from which we are supposed to derive our constitutional principles, the severance of the judiciary from politics has recently been made more complete than ever. Saving the customary claims of the Law Officers of the Crown, Party is now entirely set aside in appointments to judgeships. A law requiring a certain interval of time, say two years, between a judge's descent from the Bench and his appointment to any political office would be a valuable

addition to our constitutional safeguards. It would practically secure independence and preclude solicitation. But a judge who is worthy of his high position, when he takes his seat upon the Bench of Justice, will put the thought of politics and political patronage behind him forever, and regard himself as inalienably dedicated to the service of public justice.

WITHOUT going again into the unpleasant details of the case of *Dugas v. Sheppard*, it may be well to re-assert the principle that mere misinformation on the part of a newspaper ought not to be deemed criminal, provided there is a willingness to correct. The public demands the freshest news; competition among the purveyors of the article is keen, and it is seldom that sufficient time for thorough inquiry into facts or cross-examination of witnesses is allowed. The community, therefore, must be lenient to its servants in the Press. We assume, of course, that there is no malice, and that the matter is public. For the publication of private scandal without thorough assurance of the fact there can be no excuse. Among public matters must be reckoned the conduct of a regiment, which is a body of public servants. Two officers of the very regiment concerned in this case left their commands when the regiment was in the field against the enemy. It has since been explained that the departure of one was caused by urgent affairs, and that of the other by the state of his health; but misapprehension in both cases was natural, and a newspaper might have been easily misled. As a weekly journal does not furnish news, we are disinterested in the matter, though, being beholden to our daily contemporaries for the news on which we comment, we are specially cognizant of the difficulties under which they labour in providing it. But the point in this transaction to which the serious attention of all who care for the liberties of the British-Canadian Press ought to be directed is the removal of the case under a technical pretext from Toronto, where the alleged libel was published; to Montreal. There could be no reasonable doubt of the fairness of a trial in Toronto. For the removal to Montreal there seems to be no assignable motive except the desire that the trial should be held in the midst of a French-Canadian population, and under the local influence of the regiment which was the real plaintiff in the suit. The court-room was filled with a crowd which sympathized with the plaintiff, and which, after the trial, mobbed the defendant, one man even attempting to strike him. Let the jury be selected as it may, the surrounding atmosphere cannot be kept out of the jury-box, and French influence is so strong in every sense that a jury of British-Canadians at Montreal would scarcely be a greater security for justice than one composed of Frenchmen. To carry the defendant into the social stronghold of the plaintiff for trial was the way to secure his punishment; but it was hardly the way to clear the plaintiff's honour. A verdict given at Toronto and published at Montreal would have much more effectually purged the escutcheon. Whatever prejudice there may have been against the defendant on account of his literary antecedents has been converted into sympathy by the mode in which the proceedings against him have been conducted. If the character of his journal is questionable, it is generally in the persons of the weak and discredited that public right is assailed, and in such cases the character of the victim becomes the least part of the matter. That a criticism on the collective conduct of a public body, such as a regiment of militia, should be deemed to give each member of that body severally a right to bring a civil action for damages as though he had been individually libelled is surely most absurd and most unjust. A journalist might in this way be tried and punished several hundred times over for the same offence. The subject, we repeat, is one for the serious consideration of all who tender the rights of the British-Canadian Press, especially at a time when French susceptibilities are growing keen; and it is to be hoped that none of our contemporaries will allow themselves in their treatment of it to be seduced from the defence of the liberties entrusted to their hands by the exigencies of party tactics or the influence of party fears.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Orange Sentinel*, the other day, took umbrage at an article, the writer of which had said, with reference to the reception of Grand Master Kennedy, of the United States, by Canadian Orangemen,

that Orangeism was quite as much at home under a president as under a king or queen. "I maintain," said the correspondent, "that the moment an Orangeman forswears allegiance to the British Crown, and swears allegiance to the government of a country whose constitution recognizes neither altar nor throne, he ceases to be an Orangeman to all intents and purposes." Such a dogma would be the ruin of Orangeism on this continent. Was not William of Orange himself the Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic? Have not many of the Orangemen in Ireland always been Presbyterians, who never bowed at the altar of the Established Church? To be a bulwark of Protestant civilization in all lands, whatever their political institutions, in which the English tongue is spoken, is the mission of Orangeism, if Orangeism still has a mission, as all the signs in the political heavens seem at present to portend that it has. Such a bulwark is not less necessary in the United States than it is in Canada or in Ireland. William of Orange carried on the work of Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, and William the Silent. He was the heroic chief of Protestantism in Europe, and its defender against Roman Catholic Reaction seated on the throne of the Bourbons, and wielding, for purposes of religious persecution as well as of territorial rapine, the victorious sword of France. To that cause and the cause of European liberty his life was devoted: he recked little of dynasties, or, what the correspondent of the *Orange Sentinel* calls altars. The English dynasty of the Stuarts he overthrew; the Anglican Church of Scotland he disestablished. He was thwarted, traduced and persecuted into his grave by that very Tory Party which slavishly worships thrones and altars, and with which Orangeism, in its degenerate hour, allowed itself to be identified. The Tory Party supported the exclusion of Roman Catholics from civil privileges, not out of hatred of Roman Catholicism, to which, throughout its history, it had been rather inclined, but out of love of exclusion. This, however, was the cord which bound the Orange Order to the wheels of the Tory car in the Mother Country, and in Canada has dragged it into a servitude of the same kind. How can it be strong if it allows itself to be marched to the polls in support of Roman Catholic ascendancy? To regain his strength, Samson must let the locks of his freedom grow again. The reception by Canadian Orangemen of the Grand Master of the Order in the United States, instead of being an act of apostasy, is a signal recognition of the real character and proper objects of the institution. If a struggle comes, it will be a continental struggle, and Orangemen will have to cast political prejudices to the winds, and join hands across the line in defence of Protestant civilization.

THE visit of Archdeacon Farrar to Canada was, as it was sure to be, entirely successful. Both at his lectures and at his sermons crowded audiences bore witness to the influence of his writings and the popularity of his name. Nor did anyone go away disappointed. Some, indeed, seem to have expected a pulpit-orator like Ward Beecher or Lacordaire, but that character can hardly be sustained by a preacher who reads his sermons, though the Archdeacon's freedom of delivery is not greatly impaired by the necessity of keeping his eye upon his manuscript. Through the United States the Archdeacon's progress will certainly be triumphal. His sermon on Grant has thoroughly touched the American heart, and prepared for him a more than hearty reception. But apart from this, he is really the great divine of the people of the United States. His regard for fundamentals alone, and his liberal treatment of all secondary questions, though viewed askance by the eye of English orthodoxy, precisely suit both the tendencies of the American mind and the exigencies of the American situation. The breadth and boldness with which he gives utterance to his liberalism is also extremely pleasing to the Republican heart. Nothing could possibly suit American tastes more perfectly than his doctrine respecting the future state. The humanitarianism of Democracy rebels against the belief in Eternal Punishment, and the only considerable Church to which America herself has given birth, that of the Universalists, is the expression and monument of that feeling. Even Roman Catholic writers of the more liberal school in the United States have felt the influence, and have been disposed to substitute mere exclusion from the Beatific Vision for the everlasting torture-house of Dante. Those who wish to see good-will between the English-speaking people of America and those of Old England could hardly desire a better missionary than a Canon of Westminster Abbey who is the author of the sermons on Eternal Hope.

THERE are some controversies so absurd that immersion in them gives us the sensation of being drowned in a puddle. Among these is the question whether the wine mentioned in the Gospel and used by Christ and his disciples was really wine or the unfermented juice of the grape, and identical with the stuff advertised by Yankees as Sacramental wine. The Rev. John

Carry, however, has felt it necessary to prove once more by learned arguments that the wine of the Gospels was wine. He even allows himself to become somewhat heated by the discussion, though the only emotion which it is reasonable to feel on the subject is that of sorrow at the astounding gullibility of mankind. A man who has persuaded himself that the wine quaffed at the marriage feast; the wine for tasting which our Lord was called a wine-bibber, and his use of which proved a contrast to the ascetic abstinence of John the Baptist; the wine employed in the Eucharist, and with which some of the Corinthian Christians were drunken—was unfermented wine, will be proof against all Dr. Carry's reasonings and any array of quotations. The Rev. R. Wallace, in a pamphlet which comes out at the same time with Dr. Carry's, maintains these paradoxes; but then a glance at his pages will show in what spirit he has approached the work of exegesis. It might be supposed that he who champions a reform in the name of Christianity would be particularly anxious to fulfil all righteousness, and that when he was ruining men whose trade, as he must admit, has been specially sanctioned by the State, he would rather eagerly propose compensation, which he can well afford to pay if, as he asserts, immense commercial gain is to accrue to the community from Prohibition. But the worthy man apparently has convinced himself that everyone who is opposed to him on this subject is a child of perdition, and he evidently exults in the prospect of reducing the satanic brood to beggary and hearing their howls. He would fine the liquor dealers for their sins in the past as well as ruin them for the future. From all churches which have not synodically endorsed the Scott Act he withholds the title of Evangelical. Our eminent guest, Archdeacon Farrar, in his reply to Baron Bramwell, earnestly abjures on the part of total abstainers the most shadowy feeling of severity or unkind judgment with respect to those who, with the most entire right to their own opinions, continue to indulge themselves innocently in a perfectly lawful enjoyment, and his charity must of course extend to the sellers of the liquor as well as to those who drink it. But when he penned his disclaimer he had evidently not read Mr. Wallace. That Archdeacon Farrar believes the wine of the New Testament to be wine will be clear to anyone who reads the passage in his "Life of Christ" respecting the miracle at Cana. In that passage he pointedly contrasts the "genial innocence" of Christ's ethics with the "crushing asceticism" of other systems. So that we come to this, that on a question of morals, all important in the eyes of Mr. Wallace and those who agree with him, the Holy Spirit dictated to the Evangelists and St. Paul language which not only misled, and inevitably misled, all theologians, all celebrants or participants of the Eucharist, and the whole Church for eighteen centuries, but now, in the meridian light of Mr. Wallace's discovery, misleads a writer who is at once an advocate of total abstinence, and one of the most distinguished divines of the day. After this, how can we feel sure that we understand the plainest words of Scripture, and that there does not lurk beneath them some pitfall of non-natural meaning into which we may slip to the destruction of our souls? If *oinos* does not really mean wine, how can we know that *charis* really means charity, and not the temper of a familiar of the Inquisition?

A GRINDER at Sheffield, as we learn from an English journal, woke the other night to find his wife sawing at his throat. On investigation, it turned out that she had formerly been a woman of notorious character, but was then a shining light in the Salvation Army. The English journal is led to remark that the grinder, when healed, would doubtless like to sharpen General Booth's scissors free of charge. Religious enthusiasm ranks high among the causes of madness, and madness often takes a homicidal turn. Is that a ground for suppressing religion, or even for proceeding to extreme measures against enthusiasm? The other day an unhappy woman in Toronto tried to cut the throats of her three children. It was stated that she was given to drink. But it also clearly appeared that her madness had its source in melancholy caused by the destitution to which she and her family had been reduced. Crimes are often set down to drink when the fact is that the crime and the craving for drink have some common cause antecedent to them both, and when drink perhaps, instead of hastening, may, by the solace which it affords, evil in its excess though that solace is, have delayed the commission of the crime. But we were told, and from a quarter in which we generally look to find a union of good sense and humour, that if whiskey had done nothing else since Toronto was Little York, violent measures for the expulsion of whiskey would have been justified by this incident. The Maine Prison Report gives intemperance rather a low place among the causes of crime; but if everything which in its abuse or excess leads occasionally to crime were on that account to be doomed to legislative extirpation, little would be left of human life.

THE question, however, is not for how much of the crime and misery that is in the world intemperance has to answer. All declamation upon this theme is entirely beside the mark. So are all discussions as to the nutritious or innutritious character of alcohol, and the expediency or inexpediency of including it among our articles of diet. The question is: What are the effects of Prohibitory legislation. The last experiment is that made in Iowa, an agricultural State, the social circumstances of which are very favourable to moral legislation. In Iowa, Prohibition has been in force one year, and we may be sure that zeal is warmest, and the effort to enforce law greatest, at the outset. The *Dubuque Herald*, as we learn from a correspondent of the *New York Nation*, in its issue of July 26th, had reports from one hundred and five towns and cities covering the ninety-nine counties, and its conclusions were: that in the cities the law had had no effect, the saloons being open as usual; that in the towns, though the saloons were closed, liquor and beer were sold on the sly, especially by druggists; that the revenue obtained by saloon license had been almost entirely lost and replaced by taxation; and that the sentiment in favour of repeal had grown rapidly and was increasing. The *Dubuque Prohibitionist*, it was added, virtually admits that as a Prohibitory law the measure has been a lamentable failure. The writer himself comes to the conclusion that the law depends for its enforcement not on its own efficacy, but on agitation and popular sentiment, and that where the majority is against it, it is inoperative.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH has been again expatiating on that delightful theme the diversities of Protestantism as contrasted with the unity of Roman Catholic faith. The unity of Roman Catholic faith is not quite so perfect as the Archbishop imagines. The religious belief of Pascal was far from being identical with that of the Jesuits. The modern teacher of Roman Catholic seminaries, Suarez, differs, if not in formal dogma, certainly in spirit and in essential tendency from Thomas Aquinas and other theologians of the Middle Ages. The Ultramontanes of the present day differ widely from the opposite school. That Cardinal Newman writhes under the Syllabus, though he dare not directly impugn it, is manifest to all his readers. Archbishop Lynch has seen at his own door a fierce battle between the Gallican tenets of the Sulpicians and those of the Ultramontane invaders of Montreal. We say nothing of the feuds between different Monastic Orders, or the battles between Popes and Anti-Popes, in which, even if they were not in their main character doctrinal, there was usually some doctrinal element. Still, had the Roman Unity been preserved by free consent, without coercion of conscience, it might have been worth something as an evidence of truth. But how has the Unity of Rome been preserved? It has been preserved by fettering conscience and stopping the mouth of free discussion. It has been preserved by the massacre of the Albigenses, by the butchery of a hundred thousand Reformers in the Low Countries, by the extermination of the Huguenots, by the atrocities, literally without a parallel in history, of the Spanish Inquisition, by launching upon Germany the devastating hordes of Tilly and Wallenstein, by a series of crimes which have steeped the robe of religion in innocent blood and made her hateful in the eyes of mankind. If the people in Roman Catholic countries do not secede to other forms of Christianity they secede in masses to total infidelity. Let Archbishop Lynch, when he is indulging himself in flattering comparisons, compare the state of Christianity in any Protestant country with its state in France, that eldest daughter of the Church. Protestantism leaves conscience free, and the inevitable consequence is divergence in secondary matters, which, now that the intolerance with which the soul of Christendom had been deeply infected by ten centuries of Romish domination has departed, we are learning daily more to reconcile with agreement in fundamentals and coöperation in all Christian works. There was divergence among the early Christians, and the treatment prescribed for it by St. Paul was not the Index or the stake, but Charity, with a large measure of comprehension. But religion being a practical thing, unity in morals, as the Archbishop will probably admit, is not less essential than unity in dogma. Let him tell us, then, plainly and frankly, whether he deems the acts of the Spanish Inquisition moral. If he says they are, we shall know with what we have to deal. If he says that they were not, there is between him and the Popes who sanctioned the Inquisition, as well as the ecclesiastics who officiated in *autos-da-fé*, the widest moral divergence that it is possible to imagine.

In the *Nineteenth Century* there is a notable article by Earl Cowper, the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, entitled "What is a Moderate Liberal to do?" Earl Cowper is not a powerful man in any sense of the term, but he is a typical Whig. The Whigs have been compared to the great Roman houses which, with the Horatii and Valerii at their head, held a middle course and acted as a moderating power in the long constitutional

struggle between the Patricians and the Plebeians. But it is not known that the Roman houses had anything in the special circumstances of their origin to account for their inclination, against the bias of their order, to the side of liberty and progress. The Whigs are the lineal representatives of the grantees of confiscated Church Lands under Henry VIII. That inheritance, always menaced by the machinations or, at least, by the evil eye of the Roman Catholic Church, bound its possessors to the cause of Protestantism, and at the same time to the cause of liberty. Not till the danger of a Roman Catholic reaction had been buried in the grave of the last Stuart did this motive for the Liberalism of the great Whig houses finally expire. There is an allusion to it in a satire written by Fielding in 1745. Upon this solid, not to say coarse, groundwork of Whiggery, however, were in time superinduced political tradition, hereditary sentiment, and the pride of party leadership. Lord Russell died not only for Woburn Abbey, but, like Algernon Sydney, for a cause. With the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty, the Whig houses rode into power; formed, in the name of liberty, a powerful oligarchy, and, for three-quarters of a century, held all the great offices, monopolized all the patronage of the State, and reduced the monarch to a cypher. The unpopularity engendered by their exclusiveness and selfishness enabled George III., with the aid of Chatham's son, to cast off their domination and drive them from power. During the long suppression to which they were condemned by the reaction against the French Revolution, their Liberalism was revived by their feud with the Crown, and they headed with a reforming zeal amounting almost to demagogism the Liberal movement which culminated in the Reform Act of 1832. Since that time they have yielded again to the natural tendencies of aristocracy, and not a few of them have straggled over to the Conservative ranks; but the chiefs of the great houses still remain rooted in the Whig policy, if not in the Whig faith, by long tradition, by the love of leadership, and by the fear of the scandal which attends apostasy in so high a place. Something also there is of the feeling embodied in the aristocratic maxim that a gentleman never changes his politics or his religion. Of late, however, the Whig nobles have no doubt been animated by a distinct conviction that they best consult the interests of the aristocracy by remaining in the Democratic Party and exercising a control over its councils, the chief seats in which they have hitherto managed to secure. Whether they shall adhere to this policy or join the Conservatives is now, no doubt, a most serious question among them. That question Lord Cowper discusses, as is now the fashion, in the public prints, and his conclusion, after balancing the arguments on both sides, is, "We must stick to our own party, but we must not omit to make our influence felt." The first part of this programme will be carried into effect, and the Whigs will go with the Radicals into the election under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. Whether, when Mr. Gladstone's leadership comes to an end, it will be possible for the combination of Liberal aristocracy and landlordism with Semi-socialism to continue is the great problem of the political future in England.

THE full text of Mr. Gladstone's manifesto, which is now before us, seems to agree with the summary on all material points. It is the utterance of a Radical among Conservatives, and a Conservative among Radicals. On the Land Question Mr. Gladstone's view is essentially that of an economist, who wishes to unshackle the land and render its acquisition free by the abolition of entails, and by simplicity of conveyance; not that of the Socialist, who wishes to nationalize, confiscate, or create a small proprietary, by the intervention of the State. He condemns the action of the House of Lords in the past, and considers re-constitution necessary, but he wishes to reserve a share for the principle of birth, for which he has always, personally, shown a somewhat unaccountable deference, and which he represents as a link to the past and a check on the ascendancy of wealth. Disestablishment he regards, or affects to regard, as a question for the remote future; but he admits the universal tendency of European opinion, and, by trying to divest the change of its terrors, shows plainly that if his public life were to be prolonged he would, in the end, go with the current. Gratuitous education at the public cost he evidently, as an economist, dislikes, while he treats the proposal with respect, in compliment to his Socialistic wing. On the Irish Question he is somewhat vague and verbose, as well as somewhat unctuous. But he seems to have made up his mind that, while he concedes an extension of local self-government, he will uphold the legislative Union. Had he said this before, in plain language and in a firm tone, agitation would have seen its limits, and matters would not have come to the present pass. The intrigue of the Tories with the Parnellites is infamous, and no words which Mr. Gladstone can use in condemnation of it are too strong; but his own ominous silence, while the design of dismembering the nation was being openly avowed, has had some of the bad effects of an intrigue.

THE author of the Treaty of Berlin, in rejecting the claims of Greece to extension, proclaimed that it was the settled policy of England to strengthen Turkey. It was his policy, and that of his Party, but it cannot be said to have ever been the policy of the English people. It is true that the English people allowed themselves to be drawn into the war with Russia in defence of Turkey, but the actuating motive of the masses was not love of Turkey; it was hatred of Russian despotism and fear of Russian ambition. Popular sympathy had gone with Byron to the emancipation of Greece from Turkish rule. The Treaty of Berlin, founded on the policy of strengthening Turkey and keeping the Christian people of Eastern Europe under her barbarous and embroiling sway, is now falling to the ground like a house of cards. Events have once more conclusively shown the absurdity of expecting regeneration where there was no germ of moral life. All the galvanism of diplomacy has not been able to impart a spark of genuine vitality to the corpse of a great Empire of rapine. All the loans which Palmerston's endorsement, in an evil hour, procured for the Turk have run to waste in the filthy luxury of the Sultan and the Pachas. Of the promised reforms not one has been made. The passes of the Balkans have not been fortified, though, to give Turkey the privilege of fortifying them, the author of the Treaty of Berlin was prepared to go to war. Nature is asserting her beneficent supremacy over diplomatic selfishness, and clearing away the dead matter to make way for new life. Whatever turn may be taken by the imbroglia of intrigue, to which the revolt of Roumelia has given birth, the practical upshot will undoubtedly be another step in the ascent of the Christian races to independent nationality, and in the descent of Turkey to the grave. If the aggrandizement of Russia in the Eastern Mediterranean requires repression it can be curbed only by living and independent powers, such as a United Bulgaria and a Renovated Greece. Over Turkish councils she reigns by fear, and it is not surprising to learn that the solicitations of Lord Salisbury's envoy have been rejected by the Porte. So long as the Christian nationalities are held by a diplomacy, equally foolish and iniquitous, under Turkish sway, they will continue to stretch out their hands to Russia as their protectress; but once made independent and strong they will become barriers against her further aggrandizement. Even the petty kingdom of Greece from the moment of its liberation began to shake off subserviency to Russia. We need not regard as incredible the report that the statesmen of St. Petersburg view the consolidation of a Christian power, by the connection of Roumelia to Bulgaria, with very doubtful feeling. The restoration of the Greek Empire would be a broad and complete solution of the Eastern Question. Nor would there be any practical danger in satisfying Russian aspirations by seating a Russian Prince on the restored throne of Constantinople. Between the kindred dynasties of Constantinople and St. Petersburg no amity dangerous to the rest of the world would be likely to prevail. In royal families consanguinity is the strongest security against concord.

THE Freethinkers, in their recent conventions, have been going much too fast. They have a right to liberty of opinion, but they have not a right to unchristianize society: nor is it in their power or in the power of any one to do this, as, if they are philosophers and genuine evolutionists, they ought to know. Political franchises they already enjoy, at least throughout this continent, on a footing of perfect equality with Christians. Nor is there any restraint on the publication of their opinions other than the obligation which rests on every one, and which no right-minded man would wish to disregard, of respecting the feelings of their fellow-citizens. The only point with regard to which they have any substantial ground for complaint is that relating to the acceptance of atheist testimony in a court of justice; and it is evident that this grievance will soon be numbered with the past, though there is difficulty in parting with what, in the case of witnesses who believe in Deity and in future retribution, is a real guarantee for veracity and a real security for justice. Freethinkers, so long as they do not outrage the sentiments of others, may also claim perfect immunity from every social as well as from every legal penalty. Let a man be as firmly convinced of the truth of religion as he will, he cannot, if he looks upon the scene before him with clear eyes and with an open mind, doubt that in the conflict between religion and science, in the progress of historical discovery, and in the failure of parts of the foundations on which hitherto belief has rested, there is an abundant explanation of the scepticism which fills the world. Nor is it less certain that among the sceptics, and among the most pronounced of them, are to be found men whose only object is truth, and who, when Christianity first appeared, would have been among the first to embrace Christianity. But, when Freethinkers demand that the religious offices of baptism, marriage, and religious ceremonies at funerals shall be abolished, and secular ceremonies shall be

substituted in their place, either they are indulging in insult or they show a total ignorance of the position. The same may be said of their demand that the community shall not provide religious instruction and comfort for criminals in the gaols. It is also absurd to require that the State shall formally adopt the economical views of Freethinkers and renounce the Christian doctrine respecting the tendencies of wealth. To think that society can be suddenly, and by word of command, revolutionized in its fundamental beliefs, or in the practices expressive of them, is, we repeat, a gross inconsistency on the part of those whose philosophy is gradual evolution. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer has admitted the inexpediency of hastily pulling down religious systems, with which popular morality is bound up, and the fact that the morality of Christian communities has hitherto been bound up with their religion surely cannot be denied. As Sir James Stephen himself, a thorough-going Freethinker, says, it is as certain as the connection of light with the sun.

AMONG all the marvellous varieties and kaleidoscopic combinations of opinion with which the age has teemed we have hitherto not had a Roman Catholic Rationalist. But we have one now in the person of Mr. Lilly, who is coming to the front as a writer. In his work on "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought," Mr. Lilly, identifying Roman Catholicism with Christianity, undertakes to give scientific reasons for the hope that is in him as a Catholic. He distinctly admits that religion, to command our allegiance, must be reconcilable with the revelations of science, with the conclusions of literary criticism, and generally with the dictates of reason. "Any faith," he says, "to which the facts of any science can be fatal, must die." He takes a most liberal view of the whole situation, expresses his gratitude in no grudging terms to Darwin and Spencer, and rejoices to think that he has much in common not only with the Lutheran but with the Deist; in fact, in the dialogue, of which part of the volume consists, an extreme sceptic appears under the most amiable and interesting aspect; it seems, also, that he dies tranquil, if not happy, in his scepticism. Not only Mr. Lilly's tolerance but his religious sympathy extends beyond the Christian pale, and he disclaims "any wish to disparage the great non-Christian systems which have done and are doing so much to meet the religious wants of human nature." It is on Butler's doctrine of certainty, as improved but not made more satisfactory to ordinary minds by Newman, that he takes his stand, and his argument is a demonstration of the insufficiency of anti-Christian systems, such as Pessimism and Materialism, rather than a demonstration of the truth of Christianity. By destroying rival creeds he seems to think that he leaves Christianity practically in possession of the field. One of the most curious parts of his book is his treatment of the Bible. He claims the privilege of free criticism, declaring that what is commonly called the orthodox view rests upon no decree of Pope or Council, and "that he is in no way obliged to believe, as a condition of Catholic communion, that all our sacred books were written by those whose names they bear, or at the dates commonly attributed to them, or that their human authors possessed in all cases accurate conceptions of the matters, whether of physical science or of secular history, upon which they had to touch." For himself he declares that these questions possess little interest; that he "regards the Bible as the creation of the Church"; that he receives the documents on her word, and that he should not receive them at all unless her authority moved him to do so. Thus he finds himself at liberty to combine Renan with the Council of Trent. "It is absolutely certain," he affirms, with what sounds to us a rather suspicious vehemence, "that the Church in her formal teaching makes no claims for the sacred Scriptures which are or ever can be at variance with the ascertained facts, whether of physical science or of exegetical criticism or of history." The absolute certainty is hardly apparent to those who have in their minds the cause of the Church's quarrel with Galileo. Are, then, the clergy as well as the lay inquirers at liberty to rationalize about the Canon of Scripture? "Suppose any Catholic priest should teach his people what, as I suppose, few competent critics doubt, that the Book of Judith is unhistorical, that the same must be said of the account of Alexander's death in Maccabees, that the book bearing the name of Daniel was written by some one else in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, and that the Pentateuch is largely the work of Ezra—what would probably happen to that bold ecclesiastic?" To the question thus put by himself Mr. Lilly is obliged to reply that it would be little short of a miracle if the ecclesiastic escaped suspension *a sacris*. He adds that, in his judgment, apart from all questions as to the truth of the opinions, the ecclesiastic would richly deserve to be suspended. "His business is to watch for men's souls, not to unsettle their faith." We should have thought that his first business was to teach the truth; but the duty which Mr. Lilly would assign him is that of teaching practically every day of his life that which by competent critics

almost without exception is pronounced to be falsehood. Here we see the limits of Roman Catholic Liberalism. Evidently it is intended for the exclusive benefit of the learned laity, who secure practical liberty to themselves by restricting the authoritative creed of the Church to her perfectly formal utterances, as though spiritual life and truth were to be regulated by mere forms, and as though a Church could not preach falsehood through her ritual and her pulpit as well as through the decrees of Popes and Councils. However, in his treatment of the Canon, as well as in his treatment of miracles and legends, and in his attitude towards the Syllabus, which he professes to regard as a mere catalogue of errors without dogmatic force, and chiefly valuable from its references, Mr. Lilly shows plainly enough that something new is stirring within the bosom of the Catholic Church. How he may fare at the hands of the present Pope, or the present Congregation of the Index, we will not undertake to say; but we are very sure that Innocent III. would have ordered him to be smitten with the sword, and that Torquemada or Bonner would have burned him alive.

AN attempt will be made, on the suggestion of Sir Charles Tupper, to display the intellectual products of Canada at the forthcoming Colonial and Indian Exhibition. A collection of recent works in English and French can be made without difficulty; but the British public will not be much wiser for looking at the bindings, and if curiosity should lead a few persons to make a closer inspection they will find the French works are conceived in a spirit of exclusive nationality which does not blend with the British—which is isolated and aggressive, though not anti-British in the sense that the French-Canadians of the Papineau era were. In this French-Canadian nationality one strange contradiction will be found. The clergy are constantly telling the people to stand by their nationality as the sheet-anchor of their salvation, but they are themselves the most non-national of clergy. Under the French dominion they could in a subordinate way play the part of national clergy; but when the country came under a foreign power, of which the National Church was Protestant, the only thing possible for the French-Canadian priests to do was to look exclusively to Rome for guidance. They became Ultramontane by the necessity of their position; and the more non-national they are as a body, the more they seem to feel the necessity for developing other characteristics of French nationality. If they cling to their ancient language and laws it is that they may the better enforce the adherence of their flocks to a Church which is singularly devoid of national characteristics. The literature of Quebec is tinged by the all-pervading spirit of the non-national Church, which, for its own purposes, incessantly pretends to favour the circulation of a national spirit, though this in its own sphere it makes impossible. An irregular censorship of the press is exercised by the bishops. Under these conditions literature is placed under restraints which prevent its natural development. In Ontario the habit of writing for the market, producing books of which the book agent can sell the largest number, has had an extremely pernicious effect. Few books produced under such influences can be of much value. When classes, and even individuals, have to be conciliated, Truth is left to look after herself, and Justice, tearing the bandage from her eyes, no longer pretends to hold even the scales in which it is her duty to weigh the moral actions of the world.

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

WHAT has been designated as "the Castor" element in Quebec politics is probably very much stronger than many people—particularly Conservatives—are inclined to believe, and there can be no doubt that as a political force it is gaining considerable strength. It is unquestionably true that its ranks are composed, in the main, of disappointed and very hungry politicians; but behind these there is a moving force, determinedly seeking "to have and to hold" all power, personal, political and religious, in the deadly grasp of Ultramontanism. It is the old fight waged under new and somewhat modified conditions, but at bottom the issues are precisely the same, and Archbishop Taschereau is not wrong in believing that the triumph of the Jesuit or Ultramontane section would be the ultimate death of his Church in the Province of Quebec, and it is evidently on the strength of this conviction that he has opposed or held in check the secret and discreditable intrigues of the Jesuits, as well as their more open and defiant efforts to gain ascendancy in the Province. In the near future we shall likely hear a good deal of the Castor Party. In the meantime, however, their last move is deserving of more than a passing notice because it indicates very clearly a fixed determination to wage the battle along the whole line. In the early part of the present year Mr. Dunn, who held the position of secretary to the Roman Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, died rather suddenly, thus creating a very desirable

vacancy for somebody. The deceased was hardly an hour dead when "the wire-pullers" set to work, and it was hoped that the Government might be induced to exercise an undoubted right and make an appointment irrespective of the wishes of the Roman Catholic Committee; but this was manifestly "too ticklish" a proceeding where Archbishop Taschereau was concerned, and it had to be abandoned at sight, and finally the bold measure was adopted of fighting his Grace in the Committee itself. We stand aghast when we contemplate the audacity of this step, and think how very narrowly it escaped success. It appears that the Archbishop positively declared that no "Castor" should obtain the appointment, and it was therefore practically on this issue that the question was finally decided, and resulted in the nomination of a gentleman who, apart from political interests, was fairly entitled to the position, namely M. Paul De Cazes. Of course, it is still within the power of the Government to override the nomination of the committee; but the curious point about the contest lies in the fact that the Archbishop's candidate was only carried in a full committee by a majority of *one*. When the name of M. De Cazes was proposed it was moved in amendment that a Mr. Gagnon be nominated, and this was defeated, eight voting for the amendment and nine against. Our sympathies are entirely with the Archbishop, but honesty compels us to say that this is nothing short of a moral victory—for "the Castor" Party. To those at a distance the matter may appear very trifling; but it is just on such trifles that great interests frequently hinge in the Province of Quebec, and had the "Castor," or properly speaking, the Ultramontane Party, obtained the victory, a serious blow would have been struck at the educational interests of the Province. The excellent Superintendent of Education, M. Gédéon Ouimet, is almost as cordially hated by the Jesuits as the Archbishop himself, and this attempt to place a Castor in such close proximity to him cannot be otherwise viewed than as another audacious attempt on the part of the Jesuits to obtain control of the education of the Province.

The Canada Pacific Corporation has, at last, obtained possession of the North Shore Railway, and it will be operated in the future in the interests of that company. The City of Quebec has been loud in its demands for "the summer terminus," and now that it has apparently obtained what it asked for, it remains to be seen as to what good purpose it will employ it. There is not, however, much reason to suppose that the volume of summer trade to the port of Quebec will be greatly increased, if increased at all. Of course it will be in the interests of the Canadian Pacific to ship from Quebec rather than Montreal; but that will apply mainly to "through freight" controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and there is no great reason to lead us to think that this will ever amount to anything worth speaking of. Besides, the conditions of the labour market in Quebec are not favourable to the development of traffic; and if Quebec has failed, with all her manifest advantages, to retain a most lucrative timber trade, and that, too, as against a competitor like Montreal, handicapped at all points, it is a sort of "midsummer madness" to suppose her capable of raising her fallen fortunes from articles of commerce, in which competition has reduced the margin of profits so low as to render anything like timber rates an utter impossibility. This would be true, even if Quebec had grain elevators in full blast; but, as yet, she has no provision made for handling grain in quantities either large or small. To those not absolutely blind it must appear, however, manifest that the Canadian Pacific Railway has but an insignificant interest in the prosperity of Quebec, and that what the Company are aiming to attain is an all-the-year-round deep-sea port; wherever they obtain this, they will build their warehouses, grain elevators, and all other appliances for handling freight on a large scale. To build in Quebec, with its Arctic winter, would be to have the invested capital non-productive for seven out of the twelve months in the year. The true policy of the Canadian Pacific Railway points to Toronto as its first great distributing centre. Influences that have ruined Quebec are actively at work in Montreal, and it is just as well for English capitalists to keep themselves free from French interference, and this can only be done by giving both Montreal and Quebec a wide berth. Things will, however, go on just as they have been going, so far as Quebec is concerned, and those who hoped so much from the Canadian Pacific Railway will find themselves sadly disappointed.

It is hoped that the indirect results of the visit of Canon Farrar to this Province will not be inconsiderable in a literary point of view. Our successful merchants have had but little time for anything like literary culture, and it would be safe to affirm that not one of them knew by name, much less had ever read, the works written by the learned Canon of Westminster Abbey. This fact was made painfully manifest to them when they began to stimulate an enthusiasm about his arrival for which they could give no possible reason. Many of them hurried off and purchased copies

of his works, thus increasing the vast pile of unread books which commerce has placed upon its shelves. In some respects they are not to be blamed. Commerce is very exacting in its demands, and the exigencies of trade have created a fungus aristocracy, which attaches infinitely more importance to a well-furnished house than to a well-furnished mind. The frivolities and inanities of society are more attractive to the uncultured mind of the trader than all the intellectual grandeur of Dante or Milton. If Archdeacon Farrar's visit helps to remedy the existing evils it will have accomplished a great deal.

The *Montreal Star*, *Quebec Chronicle*, and other papers of less note, have suddenly discovered an amazing lack of cordiality between the French and English of the Dominion; both papers deplore the existence of such a state of things, and the *Chronicle* sees in it an element which directly endangers Confederation. Between the French and English residing within the Province of Quebec there is—so far as personal intercourse extends—much friendly feeling, and it would be a matter of great regret to see it disturbed. Unfortunately, however, the aspirations of the French are carrying them forward in a direction which must prove eminently distasteful to the English-speaking people of the Dominion, and eventually lead to the disruption of Confederation. To show how deep-seated the feeling of antagonism has become, it may be mentioned that a day or so before the French war ships left the port of Quebec the band of one of the vessels played on the Dufferin Terrace. There was a very large gathering of French citizens present on the occasion, including the Hon. Mr. Langevin, M.P., Mayor of Quebec. When the band played a French national air the enthusiasm was most unbounded, but it unfortunately subsided into dead silence the moment "God Save the Queen" was played; not a French hat was raised, and not the least mark of respect shown save by the few English that were present. Nobody asks for French loyalty, but it would be cruel to the progressive interests of the Dominion to keep them hampered by adhering to an utterly profitless and unsympathetic French alliance.

NEMO.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

MR. WILLIAM MATHER, an engineer and manufacturer of Manchester, visited America last year as Royal Commissioner to examine the methods of technical instruction in the United States and Canada. His report, brief but bristling with interesting fact, proves on every page that its writer is an acute and impartial observer. In the course of a visit extending beyond five months, Mr. Mather investigated the systems of every technical school and college of consequence from New York to California. While he found these institutions fewer than in Germany, where technical education is most widespread, he recognizes their superiority in practicalness in their actual preparation of a student for engineering or manufacturing work. In the Worcester Free School, which he specially commends, skilled workmen are employed, and the pupils work on machines in course of construction for sale. At the Cooper Institute, the classes in drawing, modelling and engraving earned during 1882 no less a sum than \$40,000, a substantial aid to them financially, and good proof of the thorough practicalness of the instruction. At the Workingmen's School, conducted by Prof. Felix Adler, New York, Mr. Mather saw children, ten years old, who were proficient in drawing, modelling in clay, and the use of the lathe. Throughout the Union the importance of manual training has forced itself upon public-spirited men interested in sound education. In cities as distant from one another as St. Louis, Cleveland, Lafayette, Ind., Providence, and Hampton, Va., excellent schools have within recent years sprung up for the education of the eyes and hands of their scholars, as well as their memories.

Mr. Mather deplores the tendency of the American school system, which, even more decidedly than that of Great Britain, unduly lifts literary culture among its aims, overcrowds the "genteel" walks of life, and inspires a dislike of downright hard work. All this, too, when the plain effect of trained dexterity is to increase intelligence, and when competition is ever reducing the proportion of men required for commerce. This literary and theoretical tendency he found haunting some technical departments in great universities, the traditions which would put words above things evidently dying hard. Mr. Mather says "the native-born American hates drudgery; and all the mechanical arts, when pursued without some knowledge of science to employ and interest the mind while the hands are active, are more or less drudgery. The American boy, with his in-born ambition and natural ingenuity, would cease to regard manual labour as drudgery if his hand and mind together were industrially trained through the school period. He would then be led into industrial employments by choice, as the readiest means to climb to a higher position in life."

Mr. Mather noticed in America, what has struck every observer from beyond the sea, the spur to ambition among the people, due to the vast natural resources of the country and democratic institutions. This leads to a greater self-respect than is found among other workmen, and one notable proof of this is the general sobriety of the people. Their surprising ingenuity and versatility he takes to be due to necessity, nearly every country youth being required to be "handy" about the house, on the farm, in the store, in repairing or making rakes or ploughs, or the threshing or other machines in universal use.

One adverse piece of criticism this candid observer has had to give: Since the majority of American manufactures are conducted by joint-stock companies the employers evince less interest in the welfare of their men than in Europe. Reading-rooms, schools, public baths and parks for their use are rare.

Mr. Mather also considers ten hours, the ordinary length of a day's toil in America, too long. Coming from an employer of many hundred men the remark has force. Citizen of Manchester that he is, our Royal Commissioner is a staunch free-trader; he believes that protection in the United States must go, and then England will have a new and most formidable competitor in manufactures. For that inevitable event he would prepare her people by a thorough system of technical education.

Since the ambition of Canada is to be a manufacturing country, it is evidently her first task to afford her youth the means of sound technical instruction, such as our American neighbours exemplify in Boston at the Institute of Technology. Mr. Mather suggests that the appliances for industrial training be added to the School of Practical Science, connected with the University of Toronto, which will then become an excellent technological school. He speaks in similar terms of the engineering, surveying and chemical classes of McGill University in Montreal. X.

THE GOLD REGION OF THE DOMINION.

SECOND CROSSING, C. P. R., COLUMBIA.

THE construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has opened up and made accessible a rich mineral belt lying in the heart of the Rocky Mountain district, and containing gold and silver ore in very large though as yet unascertained quantities. That the wealth is there is certain; the extent of it remains yet to be shown; and, the means of access being furnished by the railway, ere long the whole region will be thoroughly examined, trails cut on various lines, and the positions of the rich deposits mapped out. Only as recently as April of last year there were no means of getting west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains except by a pony-trail of very meagre construction and often dangerous character. The passes now traversed by the railway were quite uninhabited and but little visited by man. The trail in question had been made years ago, and kept open by the infrequent visits of some chance traveller, some engineer's party, or an occasional band of Plain Indians going through to buy—or steal—horses from the Kootenay Indians of the West. Such a trail as this, that had to be followed some hundreds of miles from the plains before any mineral deposits could be reached, was quite insufficient to bring in supplies for the working of mines, even had they been discovered. Early in April, 1884, the construction of the waggon road that preceded the railway was begun at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and during the year was pushed through the Kicking Horse Pass, down the Columbia Valley, and across the Selkirk Range to the Second Crossing of the Columbia River, a total distance of one hundred and forty miles. At the Second Crossing this waggon road met and joined with another which had been constructed to that point from the west during the autumn of last year; so that, for the first time in the history of Canada, communication by road was established across the continent.

During the season of 1884 the railway was built from the summit of the Rocky Mountains down the Kicking Horse Pass to where it enters the Columbia Valley (forty-five miles), thence northwards down the Columbia Valley for thirty miles to the mouth of the Beaver River, a stream flowing into the Columbia from the Selkirk Range lying to the west; and the rails were laid to this point by the end of last December, a total distance of seventy-five miles from the Rocky Mountain summit. In order to cross the Selkirks, the railway turns sharply westwards at the mouth of the Beaver, ascends the Beaver Valley to the summit of the Selkirks, and thence descends by the Ille-cille waet Pass to the Second Crossing of the Columbia, a distance of sixty-five miles from the mouth of the Beaver. Construction was carried on during last winter, and at present the rails have reached within a few miles of the Selkirk summit. The Second Crossing of the Columbia will probably be reached early in October, the junction with the rails from the Pacific Coast effected, and the line completed by November of the present year.

The geographical features of the country under consideration may be briefly described as follow: The general direction of the Columbia Valley at the point where the railway enters it is north and south, and its width about eight miles. The river flows north. This valley divides the true Rocky Mountain Range, lying on its eastern side, from the Selkirk Range on the west. As before mentioned, the railway follows the river for about thirty miles, until the Beaver Pass is reached; here the line turns west

and ascends the Selkirk slope. The Columbia River continues its northerly course for some eighty miles farther, and, at what is known as the "Big Bend," makes a bold sweep round the northern extremity of the Selkirks, then flowing almost due south through Oregon Territory into the Pacific Ocean. The Selkirks form, as it were, a long spit of land some two hundred and fifty miles in length and fifty to seventy in width, having the Columbia River on either side, and enclosing their northern end. The geological system to which they belong is the lower carboniferous, in which the dark slates with quartz veins interlaminated are a notable feature.

The rich mineral belt of which we have spoken is crossed by the line of railway a little to the west of the summit of the Selkirks. This belt is a prolongation of the gold and silver range that runs up northwards through Texas, Colorado and Montana. It enters Canadian territory between the 115th and 117th degrees of longitude, passes up by the Kootenay Lakes, traverses the whole length of the Selkirk Range, crosses the Columbia River near the Big Bend, and continues on northwards by the valley of Canoe River to the Cariboo Mountains and Peace River district beyond. Its general bearing is north-west, and it is said to be about forty miles in width by some five hundred miles in length in Canadian territory. All old miners have unbounded faith in the existence of this streak of mineral wealth, and their faith has been rewarded in some instances by unusually rich finds. It is a matter of direct observation with them that all the streams flowing out of this belt are more or less gold-bearing; that off it any indications of rich minerals are invariably misleading. In the Cariboo Mountains, in 1862, enormously rich placer mines were worked. It was no unusual thing to take out from two hundred and fifty to three hundred ounces of gold *per diem* from one claim, this immense yield being continued for some weeks. Gold is still found there in the creek beds in paying quantities; but the work is not so profitable as formerly, owing to the great depth of gravel that has now to be dug through to reach the bed rock where the gold lies. In 1866, on McCullough Creek and Gold Creek, near the Big Bend of the Columbia, large quantities of gold were found; but, in consequence of the great difficulty and expense of getting in supplies over rough mountain trails, the diggings were abandoned. Flour cost \$1.50 per pound, candles \$1 each, nails \$5 per pound, and so on; and, even at these prices, it was impossible to supply the wants of the community, and starvation forced the miners to leave. A few broken-down log-houses, and some surrounding the decaying remnants of billiard tables, mark the site of the former mining town, and suggest, amid the weird silence of the forest, the scenes of boisterous revelry incident to a miner's camp.

At the time these diggings were worked, all that could be done was to wash out and secure the loose gold lying in the creek bottoms. Though these deposits were a sure indication of gold-bearing quartz veins existing somewhere higher up in the mountains, it was useless at that time to search for or find them. The means of communication were such that, if found, it would be impossible either to bring in the heavy machinery necessary to crush the quartz, or to carry out the ore to crushing mills established elsewhere. By the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway this state of things is now changed. The Second Crossing of the Columbia River where the town of Farwell has been built is only forty-five miles distant from McCullough Creek and Gold Creek above mentioned, and at small expense a good pack trail is now being constructed thither, in the near future to be expanded into a waggon road. Miners and "prospectors" are already finding their way in to the gold workings that were years ago abandoned.

Nor is this all. Twenty years ago, at the time of the former excitement, a man who now occupies an important Government position was a working miner, attracted to the McCullough Creek gold fields by that desire for easily-gotten riches that has proved an *ignis fatuus* to thousands. One day, when clambering up the mountain side, he stumbled upon a rich quartz vein cropping out of the rock. He examined the material, found it to be of the best quality, and bearing a very large percentage of gold. For the reasons already given he was unable to make any use of his find. He wisely said nothing about it, but kept the secret until the time should come when it might be turned to profit. The construction of the railway has brought that time, and though no longer himself able to bear the hardships of a miner's life, he this spring fitted out a party of experienced men, and furnished them with accurate descriptions of the position of the vein. The result was that in May last the quartz vein was re-discovered, and the claim located and registered. Specimens of the ore have been brought in. They are extremely rich in gold. The material is the red, rotten quartz with which all Colorado and Montana miners are familiar. Men are now at work laying bare the vein, in order to be certain of its real extent before bringing in crushing machinery. About the same time another party discovered, higher up the Creek, a quartz vein rich in both gold and silver.

On the line of the railway in the Ile-cille-waet Pass, a few miles west of the Selkirk summit, rich silver-bearing galena lodes have been struck where the line crosses the mineral belt spoken of. All this mineral wealth will be made accessible by the opening of the railway in the near future, and districts that have hitherto been practically unknown will be brought within reach of scientific appliances.

Further to the south again, on either side of the Kootenay Lake, rich and very extensive deposits of silver ore are about being opened up by a San Francisco company. As far back as the year 1825, a young Scotch botanist, who gave his name to the Douglas pine that is peculiar to British Columbia, camped on the bank of the Lake. In smoothing off the projections of rock that jutted up in the floor of his tent, he was astonished to see glittering metal. Examination showed that this was galena, and recent assays yielded silver at the rate of \$80 per ton. For more than half a century this wealth has lain undeveloped; but the recent construction of the Northern Pacific Railway has made it accessible, and without doubt, at

an early date, mining operations will be carried on on an extensive scale. Hitherto the mining operations of British Columbia have been almost entirely confined to "placer work": i.e., to finding the gold that has been deposited in creek bottoms by the long continued wearing down of ledges. But little has been done to obtain the precious metal directly from the quartz veins by crushing the native ore. The completion of the national highway, passing through, as it does, almost the very centre of this vast range of mineral wealth, will without doubt give a great impetus to quartz mining; and, in future years, the cold gray slates of the Selkirk and Cariboo Mountains will be forced to give up the rich veins of gold they have so long held imprisoned, while the wild and silent valleys will resound to the clatter of the noisy stamping mills. G. C. C.

IMPENDING PROBLEMS ACROSS THE BORDER.

WASHINGTON, September 28, 1885.

THE State of New York possesses nearly one-tenth of the population, fully one-tenth of the voters, and more than one-sixth of the wealth of the Union. Her triennial election for Governor acquires national importance by reason of the prominence given to the successful candidate as a "dark horse" in the field of Federal politics, and the electoral vote of the State is frequently decisive of a Presidential contest. These several bases of political supremacy are reinforced by the existence in the electorate of an unorganized, indeterminate yet persistent body of balloters, whose insensibility to the stock arguments and entreaties of the political bosses repeatedly reduces the latter to despair. From the unique situation thus outlined results much of good in the sphere of practical politics. Party leaders within the State are compelled to a ceaseless vigilance in watching and measuring the currents of popular thought and feeling, and party leaders throughout the Union are constrained from time to time to advance their lines to keep touch of their indispensable allies of the Empire State. The "platform," or declaration of alleged principles, of a Democratic or Republican convention in this State may be relied upon to contain the usual exaggerated summary of the lofty achievements and virtues of the party issuing it, and the customary insincere denunciation of the opposite party; but it may equally be trusted to disclose in larger and truer measure than similar emanations from conventions held elsewhere, suggestions of the new questions, or new aspects of old questions, that are pushing their way to the front for action in the one direction or the other.

With this explanation, let us see what are the questions in practical politics with which the American people are likely to occupy themselves during or within the years that lie immediately before us, taking as our guide the topics of the rival platforms lately constructed at Saratoga. Some of the readers of THE WEEK may find pleasure and, possibly, profit in laying them side by side with their own problems in politics.

The most striking fact is the apparently steady progress of the wage-earning class towards separation from the general body of the public. The judgment of our unscrupulous but sagacious platform-builders is that the workingman, technically so-called, is no longer content to be free, like the rest of the community, to combine for self-interest, but he wishes the rest of the community to part with the freedom its individual members now possess, of discriminating for or against this or that trade-union in the distribution of employment; or, in other words, boycotting is to be given a statutory form and effect. Secondly, the supply of labour in this one market is to be artificially stinted by preventing within it the operation of those natural forces by which labour unceasingly distributes itself conformably to the ratios of supply and demand. Thirdly, convicts are to be supported in idleness at the public expense, and compelled to consequent physical and moral degeneration, in order that they may in no wise "compete" with honest labour. Fourthly, the dwelling of the artisan is to be made and kept wholesome and comfortable by the state. Fifthly, the protection of the state is to be thrown around women and children employed in factories. Sixthly, taxation is to be "equalized," which presumably means the familiar graduated scale for incomes.

These incipient projects or promises of legislation point to the difference between the America of to-day and that land of "plenty," whereof the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" so roysteringly sang a matter of some forty years ago.

Leaving the pretorian camp of "Industry" for the open country, we find the state of affairs looking more cheerful. Patronage is evidently not going to regain its baleful ascendancy in the civil service, and the silver dollars, which threaten us with an avalanche as terrible as the mighty snow-slides of the Alps, are to cease accumulation and disperse their bulk in a comparatively harmless manner. Municipal offices are to be so filled and subordinated that it shall become possible to fix and enforce responsibility for abuse or neglect. Public education is to be further vitalized and extended so that gross ignorance shall not be a prime factor in the corruption of the ballot. Protection may not strengthen its grasp on the national polity, but its progress towards the door is to be by slow, easy paces. Transportation rates are to be dealt with on rational principles, while the state maintains its power of control and correction. Prohibition has manifestly not crystallized in the public mind as the ultimate remedy for the evils of drunkenness; neither has high license, discriminating license, nor direct state-management of the retail traffic; nor anything but the makeshift of local option, that works only in small communities among which habitual drinking and habitual idleness prevail beyond the average of the country at large. What an opportunity this pause and uncertainty in the political development of the question presents to the churches to reconnect themselves, by organized effort working through moral agencies, with the active life and interests of society!

HERE AND THERE.

THE Scott Act has been carried in Peterborough County by a majority under four hundred. A few months ago it would have carried by at least treble that number. The organization on the other side has been slender and it was late in the field. The Scott Act emissaries had been at work long before it securing signatures to their petition, which were given in this case as in others with fatal facility, and canvassing for votes. But the attention of the people has at last been awakened, their apathy has been dispelled and their spirit has been roused. The spirit of the people in Peterborough was roused to a high pitch. Nor have they yet abandoned the hope of cancelling even the doubtful victory which the Scott Act men have obtained. The returning-officer, a strong Scott Act man, is alleged to have been guilty of partiality, and his proceedings, with some other alleged irregularities, may form the ground of a legal appeal.

THERE were twenty failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against eighteen in the preceding week, and twenty-eight, thirty-one and eighteen in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and forty failures reported, as compared with one hundred and forty-eight in the preceding week, and with two hundred and one, one hundred and sixty-four and one hundred and seventy-three, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-three per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

IF M. Max O'Rell's new book, "Les Chers Voisins," is scarcely so full of good things as were his previous productions, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that there is much in it that is amusing and characteristic. For instance, his *rencontre* with an ill-mannered Englishman in France is worthy of reproduction. Rusticating in the heart of the country, M. O'Rell was in the habit of walking about dressed in a long blouse and a huge straw hat, and might not unreasonably have been taken for one of the peasantry. Such was the case, in fact, one day while he was out walking in this disguise. An Englishman asking the nearest way to a neighbouring village, M. O'Rell, with all possible courtesy, gave the fullest directions (in French, for he likes to make Englishmen talk his own language when they are in his country, it seems), and ended in walking part of the way with him, in order that there might be no mistake as to the route. When he had gone far enough, M. O'Rell stopped and raised his hat. "Oh!" said the Englishman bluntly, and went on his way. "Pardon," called the astonished Frenchman. The Englishman turned, and apologizing in choice Anglo-French, put his hand in his pocket and produced a half-franc piece.

POCKETING the coin, M. O'Rell then proceeded to give the Englishman a little bit of his mind, speaking English this time, much to the tourist's surprise. The essence of his remarks was to the effect that in France it was customary to say "Thank you," even to one's inferiors; adding, in conclusion—"While in this country never offer money unless you are perfectly sure that it will be accepted, or you may chance to have it thrown in your face." The Englishman stretched out his hand to take back his money. "No," said M. O'Rell, cruelly. "Don't be afraid of my doing so. I have lived too long in England to throw money either out of the window or in anyone's face. I make a point of pocketing it." This boorish tourist certainly got his deserts; it is to be hoped, however, that M. O'Rell's compatriots will not take this rough specimen as an average type of Englishman. Ten to one they will do so, though; and *ces gredins d'Anglais* will be voted more incomprehensible than ever!

MR. SALA, who is very justly described as *le plus spirituel et le plus aimable des journalistes anglais*, referred, it seems, to M. O'Rell's last book as being as full of blunders as an egg is full of meat. Says the imperturbable Frenchman: "Mr. Sala, *qui connaît son Londres et les œufs qui s'y vendent*, could not possibly have paid me a more graceful or witty compliment."

LEST M. O'Rell should labour under the impression that discourtesy is an exclusively English attribute, it is perhaps well that he should be reminded of the instructive, if somewhat discreditable, story which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*:

"You ought to warn all your friends," says a writer in a private letter, "not to come to Paris at present. I witnessed yesterday a scene which would have disgraced an Irish town during election time. An English lady, with her two daughters, was walking on the upper part of the Champs Elysées, near the Arc de Triomphe. Suddenly three or four Parisian roughs began to call out, 'A bas les assassins anglais! A bas l'Ambassade des assassins!' 'Vive Rochefort!' 'La mort aux assassins d'Olivier Pain!' The three ladies were regularly mobbed and hooted at. There were several respectable-looking Frenchmen, some of them what might be called gentlemen in appearance, but none of them lent a hand to rescue the poor women, who were evidently frightened to death. Two armed police officers also looked on, but did nothing towards helping the victims of this outrage. The mob got larger and larger. I did my utmost, as did also two Englishmen who happened to be there; but what were three against so many? It was with the greatest difficulty, and only by promising a very large present, that we got a cabman to admit us into his vehicle and drove away. Three or four cabmen positively refused to take us. Paris is no place for any English person, and least of all for English ladies to come to at present."

This is scarcely creditable, to say the least of it, in a country where, according to M. O'Rell, "*Le Culte de la Femme*" is such an all-pervading sentiment!

TENNIS has so thoroughly established itself that whatever assists to a perfect playing of the game has become of importance to large numbers of ladies and gentlemen. In this connection it is of interest to learn that a

new and ingenious kind of roller was used with much success during a recent Tennis Tournament in London, England. An ordinary garden roller makes very little impression on an asphalt tennis court, but the machines used on that occasion—namely, Messrs. Barford and Perkin's Patent Water Ballast Rollers—were found to be of the utmost service, flattening the court to perfection. Being hollow and watertight, these rollers can be filled, if necessary, with water, their weight being thereby doubled. After a spell of dry weather, or, indeed, whenever the ground is hard and lumpy, these excellent rollers will be found invaluable. Everyone who played was enthusiastic about the hardness and smoothness of the court. These machines, which are not at all dear, and when empty very light and easily manageable, have, we understand, gained a silver medal at the Inventions Exhibition.

"HER eyes were himmel blue," wrote Hans Breitmann. Of the same heavenly shade were those of a sweet girl with golden hair and a silvery voice. She was on a Brooklyn ferry-boat. She sang some sweet Salvation hymns in the cabin; the people were touched, touched even as was "blooming Bob" in Charles Ross's story when he heard

Some sweet remembered strains,
Played by a common organ-man at the corner of the street,
And did not squelch that child;

all but one bad man who ordered her to be turned out. Americans respect women; the poor girl wept bitterly, told her story, her persecutor relented, took a \$5 note out of his pocket and dropped it into his hat, then took them round—the hat and the note. It (the hat) was filled; the poor girl smiled again, and when the boat touched the landing, such is the forgiveness of women, she took his arm. He was her husband. La Bruyère was right: *Les femmes sont extrêmes, elles sont meilleures ou pires que les hommes.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

VOLUNTEER LAND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The liberal bounty voted by Parliament to members of the Active Militia force who took part in the recent campaign has elicited a not unnatural claim by the volunteers who turned out years ago to repel the Fenian invasion that their patriotic services should meet with similar recognition; and it may now be reasonably expected that the bestowal of an Imperial medal upon troops who suppressed a mere domestic disturbance will be regarded by those who took up arms to drive back a foreign foe as an honour to which they themselves had earned a far better title. Leaving this more remote phase of a somewhat difficult question to be agitated by those peculiarly interested, the present time appears specially opportune for bringing into public notice the grounds that exist for believing that the terms of the grant just made will have to be amended so as to make it of a more comprehensive character.

The Militia authorities, it appears, have already assumed the position that what are called "permanent corps" have no right to participate in Parliament's generosity. The troops interested in this ruling are about two hundred in number, and comprise the detachments of the Cavalry School Corps, of "A" and "B" Batteries, and of "C" Company Infantry School Corps, that went to the North-West in support of law and order. Apart from the fact that the representatives of the three first-named corps who have served at the front were among the first troops called out, and that they are still engaged in campaigning under circumstances of much privation and discomfort, it may be said that the text of the Act of last session (48 and 49 Vic., chap. 73) by no means appears to justify discrimination against them. Section I of the Statute recites that "the Governor-in-Council is authorized to grant to each member of the enrolled Militia force actively engaged and bearing arms in the suppression of the Indian and Half-breed outbreak, and serving west of Port Arthur since the twenty-fifth day of March last, including officers, non-commissioned officers and men, a free homestead of two quarter-sections." It will be observed that the grant is not absolute by the terms of the Act, for the Government is simply thereby authorized to make a certain grant. In other words, the bestowal of the grant is discretionary with the Executive. Whatever may be the temporary ruling of the Militia Department, there is good reason to believe that the gallantry shown by the "regulars," their excellent discipline, and the good example they afforded on active service, will meet with fitting recognition at the hands of the Government, for it would be a subject of deep regret if these corps should come to entertain the impression that they had been unfairly treated. It has been said that, if the Government were to allow members of the corps enlisted for continuous service to participate in this bounty, the next demand would come from the Mounted Police who fought during the campaign. If so, that claim would likewise have to be considered on its merits. The chief objection urged against the making of such concessions is that they would establish precedents that might hereafter be found inconvenient—a consideration that is, of course, entitled to due weight. Neither the men of the permanent corps of militia nor those of the Mounted Police are permitted, by the rules of discipline, to agitate or combine their efforts on behalf of objects of personal interest; so it is all the more necessary that public men, and particularly the public press, should give a generous consideration to their claims.

Having already alluded to the awkwardness attending the establishment of a precedent, it is now in order to show that, while Parliament overlooked entirely the claims of those militia corps embodied for active service, and yet not actually required to be sent to the North-West, the course pursued in 1871 furnishes strong *prima facie* ground for such troops to claim participation in the bounty bestowed on corps which went to the front. The precedent alluded to is to be found in the following section of the "Dominion Lands Act, 1883":

23. And whereas by Order of the Governor-in-Council, dated the twenty-fifth April, 1871, it was declared that the officers and soldiers of the 1st, or Ontario, and the 2nd, or Quebec, Battalions of Rifles, then stationed in Manitoba, whether in the service or depot companies, and not having been dismissed therefrom, should be entitled to a free

grant of land, without actual residence, of one-quarter section, such grant is hereby confirmed, and the Minister of Militia and Defence is hereby authorized and required to issue the necessary warrants therefor accordingly.

The words italicized are those important to the present argument, and their relevancy will be made clear by a brief explanation. When the Red River Expedition was determined on, the existing corps of Active Militia were invited, by a general order dated the 16th April, 1870, to contribute seven hundred and fifty men, who were organized as the 1st and 2nd Battalions of Rifles, for this special service. Each battalion consisted of seven companies, and numbered three hundred and seventy-five of all ranks. The whole of the troops thus embodied took their departure, though one company of the 2nd Battalion was afterwards left to garrison Prince Arthur's Landing, now called Port Arthur. The two depôt companies were not formed till some months after the departure of the expedition—indeed, not till early in the following August. The purpose of their organization is explained by the departmental report of the Minister of Militia of that day, in the following words: "One company for each battalion, in accordance with military requirements, in order to replace, if necessary, any casualties that might occur from time to time, from sickness or other causes, in the service companies of their respective battalions." These depôt companies were stationed at Kingston until the expiration of the eighteen months' period of *continuous service* for which they were enlisted, and yet they participated in the land grant conferred upon the service companies, a precedent which may be found useful in support of the present claims of members of the permanent corps, whether men who went to the front or soldiers who remained at the headquarters of their corps. As regards the position of such troops as the Toronto Field and Garrison Batteries, the Prince of Wales' Rifles (Montreal), the 32nd (Bruce) Battalion, and the New Brunswick Provisional Battalion, it will certainly furnish these corps with a strong colourable ground for urging a claim to enjoy a share of the country's generosity. While it may, perhaps, be contended in opposition to such claim that these troops were not called upon to undergo risk of life and health by actual campaigning, it can be urged with reasonable force that they exhibited their readiness to encounter all such risks by the prompt response they made to the call to arms. Moreover, it is but just to remember that men who, at brief notice, left their civil occupations to perform the dull routine of barrack life, while hourly awaiting the anxiously looked-for summons to the tented field, made almost as great economic sacrifices as their brethren-in-arms whom the fortune of war favoured with the call to the front.

The text of the Act passed last session, already quoted, does not authorize the Government, at present, to extend the bounty to the corps in question, as they were not "serving west of Port Arthur"; but an amendment to the Statute may, perhaps, be procured next session. Some amendment of the first clause must assuredly be made, for its scope does not, at present, include the corps of special constables who fought with such heavy loss at Duck Lake. This engagement took place March 26th, and, as the Act contemplates the grant of bounty reaching members of the "enrolled militia force" serving west of Port Arthur since the 25th of that month, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was intended to include the brave men of Prince Albert. By no stretch of prerogative, however, can they be regarded as militiamen qualified for bounty, seeing that they were not enrolled under the provisions of the Militia Act, but simply sworn in as special constables by Major Crozier, exercising the functions appertaining to him as justice of the peace. As the law stands these men are certainly excluded; but, if the Government's intention was otherwise, there should be no difficulty in procuring the passage of an Order-in-Council giving recognition to their just claims, pending the necessary amendatory legislation.

CHAS. WM. ALLEN, Capt. (Retired List).

A LOVE OF A BUSTLE!

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In 1837, at the end of the season, the late Miss Brenchley, who had been passing the summer in Toronto, decided to return to Montreal to join her brother-in-law, the late General Sir William Rowan, Commander of the Forces, and the late Mr. William H. Boulton, of the Grange, offered to escort her. Just as the steambot was leaving, the cashier of the Bank of Upper Canada came on board with a package of banknotes, and seeing Mr. Boulton asked him to take them to a bank in Montreal. This was before the days of express and even of railroads, and the exchanges between banks were very loosely managed. I myself, some seven years before this date, when a boy of ten years, returning from boarding-school about one hundred and fifty miles by stage-coach, had a package of several hundreds in my trunk which a bank president had asked me to take charge of. It is unnecessary to add that there were not so many sharpers then, nor any danger of being "spotted." Mr. Boulton put the parcel in his carpet-bag and laid it on one of the seats in the cabin. When they arrived in Kingston the next morning they found, to their surprise—for there were no telegraphs then—that the rebellion had broken out, and, moreover, that the last boat had been taken off, and the only way to proceed was by stage. The inhabitants were firing their guns in all directions. It was not feared that they would attack ordinary travellers, but Mr. Boulton dreaded that if they learned of his money, which amounted to some hundreds of pounds, they would undoubtedly rob, and perhaps murder him. Fortunately a bright idea struck him. He broke the seals, and returned wearing a most beautiful bustle! After about a week's coaching, during which he returned wearing a most beautiful bustle! After about a week's coaching, during which he returned wearing a most beautiful bustle! After about a week's coaching, during which he returned wearing a most beautiful bustle! After about a week's coaching, during which he returned wearing a most beautiful bustle!

B. H. D.

The late Lord Houghton was once at a breakfast given by Samuel Rogers, and Crabb Robinson was for a time the subject of conversation. Milnes constantly referred to him in his cool and self-sufficient way as "Crabb," "I said to Crabb," "Crabb said to me," etc. Finally Rogers exclaimed: "Mr. Milnes, it is extremely unpleasant to hear you talk of a gentleman so much your senior in this curt and disrespectful way." Milnes was not a bit abashed. Turning to the company, he remarked: "He says that, you know, because he knows I always call him 'Old Rogers.'"

The father of the late Lord Houghton was a great shot. He thought nothing of anybody who could not shoot straight. Once he tried his son, afterwards Lord Houghton. The youngster hit nineteen out of twenty, but the one miss mortified the parental soul. "You great thickhead," he exclaimed, "you will never make a sportsman while you live." But then Milnes' *père* had a right to be angry, for he was a perfect sportsman. He once made a wager that he would shoot a thousand head of game in a day. The stakes were a thousand guineas, and he won them. He accomplished the feat at Frystone.

ONLY A BOX.

ONLY a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long,
Lying here in the drizzling rain,
Waiting to take the up-bound train!

Only its owner, just inside,
Cold and livid and glassy-eyed;
Little to him if the train be late;
Nothing has he to do but wait.

Only an open grave somewhere,
Ready to close when he gets there;
Turfs and grasses and flowerets sweet.
Ready to press him 'neath their feet.

Only a band of friends at home,
Waiting to see the traveller come,
Naught he will tell of distant lands;
He cannot even press their hands.

He has no stories weird and bright,
He has no gifts for a child's delight;
He did not come with anything;
He had not even himself to bring.

Yet they will softly him await,
And he will move about in state;
They will give him, when he appears,
Love and pity, and tender tears.

Only a box secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long.
Angels guide that soulless breast
Into a long and peaceful rest!

—City Ballads, by Will Carleton.

UP THE SITTEE IN A PITPAN.

It was the Dignitary's plan. Out of his august inner consciousness the Dignitary always evolved pleasant plans; therefore, when one hot morning, under the musical pattering of the cocoa-nut leaves, he delivered himself of a proposal to "pitpan" up the Sittee, he arose in joyful concurrence and said we would. The Dignitary lives in Belize, which is the capital, as you are probably not aware, of British Honduras. British Honduras is not an island nor an extinct volcano, as is popularly supposed, but a colonial dependency of Great Britain, occupying about 75,000 square miles, between Mexico and Guatemala, on the Atlantic slope of Central America. I am thus explicit, because when I arrayed myself in my linen duster and stated my intention of visiting the colony, I observed a certain blankness upon people's countenances that led me to the not unreasonable supposition that it must be situated in some other planet. The Dignitary, to revert from popular geographical depravity to a more agreeable theme, is a Briton, of course, with a ruddy complexion and a rising inflection, as is also the private secretary, without the complexion. The private secretary, however, has many characteristics less calculated to minister to his vanity which make his acquaintance valuable.

A quaint old town is Belize. The jalousied frame-houses throw long shadows across the unpaved dusty brown streets that wander hither and thither past the flaming garden growths and out to the desolate black-pooled mangrove swamp. A wide-roofed market stands in the middle, around which smiling Caribs squat in the sun and dispose of the yams and plantains and salt fish that constitute Honduranian diet. Spanish Indians are there too, gracefully lounging against the posts in bright loose garments, sashes and broad hats. Sauntering through the town are to be seen the magnificently-physiued men of the West India Detachment stationed here, in their short red jackets, white turbans, and loose blue trousers gathered at the ankle. Almost all the colonial officials and their wives are white, and most of the tradespeople; beyond that the population is chiefly composed of Creole negroes of every imaginable shade. A church spire here and there, and lying out toward the sunset the lonely graveyard, where the dead people are housed as in Louisiana. Very desolate and still is this grassy place, with its straggling rows of these moss-grown final habitations of all the Honduranians. "*Super terrane*" is the orthodox expression, which the Dignitary, who ought to know better, has corrupted into "soup tureens," thereby adding a new and culinary horror to death in Belize.

The waves plashed foaming among the great conch shells along the shore, rolled back in a crystalline hurry, and stretched away blue and shimmering among the coral cays that tossed their graceful palm fronds against the sky, on the morning that witnessed the maturity of the Dignitary's plan. A ten-minutes' pull from the shore lay the mail steamer *Dallas*, by which we were to make the thirty-mile run to the river bar. Her broad upper deck was crowded with olive-skinned Spaniards; grizzled old men, long-nosed and meditative over the invariable cigarette; young matrons of twenty, wan and worn, smiling down upon a numerous and energetic progeny that kicked its dusky legs on the deck, and was a constant source of embarrassment to the private secretary, who invariably stepped on it. By-and-by, when the yellow flame began to burn lower in the west, and a

vast flood of purple light fell softly over the sea, there came up from somewhere the exquisite melody of the *flautin*; and, as the sudden darkness fell, some golden throated donna took up the strain, and even the stars listened. Presently the ship stopped and a boat shot out from the denser shadow of a group of feathery palms; and in a few minutes we were surveying our lodging-place for the night. It was a deserted plank house, the former residence of a sugar-planter of more ambition than capital. Inside, the walls stopped two feet from the rafters, with jalousies that rather united than divided the rooms. By that magic, of which dignitaries are special necromancers, hammocks had been swung; the indispensable mosquito-net hung over couches dilapidated but downy, and a feast of fat things spread upon a table, whereof the legs were three and a-quarter, and the accompanying chairs unreliable exceedingly. A ramble along the shore in the mystic light of the low hung stars was experience enough for one evening. Within a few feet of the water stretched a long avenue or "walk" of tall cocoa-nuts leaning this way and that after the fashion of that erratic tree, and always murmuring far up in the darkness the secrets of the old tragical pirate days. At our feet the waves threw strange forms of sea-weed and tiny pink shells and scraps of coral, and went curling away again; and away behind the house the jungle reflected itself darkly in a still lagoon. True the sand-flies made merry at our individual expense; the "bottle" flies also and the yellow-backed "doctors," compared with which the familiar hornet is an unaggressive insect with limited ability to protect itself. The bottle-flies, exactly the shape of a soda-water bottle, attack the hands chiefly, and leave a tiny black spot, giving the victim the appearance of having been well peppered.

Owing to the peculiar interior architecture aforesaid, nobody slept well that night. Every snore, every infuriated slap, every anathema hurled into the midnight air, resounded from room to room with maddening effect, and in the morning the ablutions of the earliest riser splashed metaphorically in every ear. I arose betimes, and so did her Grace. Her Grace, be it understood, sustains the marital relation toward the Dignitary. You should have been introduced before, only, of course, I had to ask her permission. We descended the crazy steps and wandered around the premises together. The short dry grass was spangled with tiny white flowers that grew close to the ground and perished speedily in the sun. The tiny horses of Central America that were to carry the party, and the mule of sad countenance that was to convey our effects and Ganymede and such fluids as he had special charge of, stood about and whisked their tails with melancholy patience. After breakfast we mounted our diminutive steeds and rode away along a narrow road past the lagoons, through the sugar-cane fields to the estate of Regalia. Here and there the hut of a labourer peeped through the luxuriant cane growth, always well ventilated, if not very scientifically, and thatched with dried palm fronds in the most raggedly picturesque fashion. Strange purple flowers grew among the canes, and everywhere the small yellow blossom of the ipecac, much the colour and shape of a cowslip. Our first glimpse of the Sittee was an exquisite bit of scenery. Ridge beyond ridge the Coxcomb mountains rose into the purple distance, then the riotous dark masses of the tropical forest and the pale green of hundreds of acres of canes, twisting through it all the "silver ribbon" of the river, and in the foreground half-a-dozen of the huts aforesaid, a huge sugar-mill, and scores of brightly-clad coolies. These odd little black creatures, with their bright eyes, expressive features, and yellow bandanas, were imported from the East Indies by Jamaicans originally, and thence here. The Honduranian planters value their services highly and look anxiously for further relays. They work reasonably and respectfully, while the Creoles of the colony are indolent and impudent. We dined at Regalia, and the fact is worth chronicling, for the turtle of gastronomic fame is a staple in British Honduras, and we had the aldermanic delicacy in soup, in steak, in croquette. And how shall I dilate upon the attractions of the yam, which is a corpulent potato brought to the table pinned up in a napkin, with one end cut off to admit the entrance of a spoon? Okra also, a vegetable of a savour much like asparagus, the homely plantain roasted and fried, the soft-shelled crab, the bird of the land, which is the turkey—truly one may live royally in Central America! But the Briton who is planting cacao in a lonely spot thirty miles from Belize, and whose diet is limited to pork and "dough-boys," reminds me that ours was a dinner extraordinary. To horse again for Kendal, the next estate, just five miles further on. The road led into the forest, and presently we were riding in the dense shade of tall cohoon palms, mango, wild fig and bread-fruit trees. The cohoon palm is especially graceful, its great fronds shooting up twenty or thirty feet into the air and curving outward in a lovely arch. The tree bears a great grape-like cluster of nuts, from which is extracted the valuable cohoon of commerce. Here and there we saw the glossy leafing of the noble mahogany, and the lighter bark and foliage of the logwood tree. Cacao grew wild, pineapples, and the vanilla vine. The pod of the cacao, from the seeds of which we obtain our morning chocolate, grows at intervals out of the trunk and branches of the tree. Lady Brassey, who describes it in her last book, must have a peculiar taste in ice-cream. I found nothing even remotely suggestive of that confection in the sticky pulp that surrounds the seeds. "Tie-ties," or jungle rope, hung thickly from the trees, and swung before us like a bamboo screen. A long avenue of arching palms suddenly opened before us; we spurred our willing ponies, and with a mad short gallop of a quarter of a mile, that set the red and yellow macaws chattering overhead, and caused great perturbation to two or three small brown monkeys who stood not on the order of their going, we dashed into Kendal. Two hundred acres of broad-leaved, bowing bananas spread out before us. They bear constantly, the flower, if one may call it such, resembling a great red tulip about to open. Cacao is often planted with the bananas, for the shade of the latter; the banana profits, moreover, being particularly acceptable to the lonely planter during the four years which the more valuable product requires to mature.

For the second of our memorable dinners, our Jamaican host and the Dignitary concocted a curry of inestimable East Indian quality. It was a beef curry, and over the compounding of it much anxious discussion took place. For an instant the Dignitary's spoon poised in mid-air as he partook of the dish so dear to the colonial British palate, then over his features stole a look of unutterable anguish. Investigation proved that Ganymede, influenced by Rocquet and responsibility, had added to the mixture two cans of preserved peaches!

Then we all sat out in the luminous darkness under the verandah, and listened to the sounds that fill a tropical night. Suddenly, above the hoarse cries of the tree-crickets and the melancholy howlings of distant monkeys, there came a clear, low bird-whistle, "Who are you?" The query was as impudent and inquisitive as possible, and the effect was startling. Presently, from another tree across the river, came the answer, clearly and melodiously, a trifle higher, "Who are you?" All night long we heard the snobbish interrogation and reply. Next morning a scorpion, a tarantula, a Tommy Geff and an iguana enlivened proceedings, brought in by a couple of Caribs bent upon our edification and accustomed to the British tip. The Tommy Geff is a small light-green snake with a fatal bite. The iguana is a sort of lizard, varying in length from three to five feet: a hideous, grayish-green animal, with a short, square head, green eyes and webbed feet. It is harmless, however, and the flesh is much sought after as food. It is said to resemble chicken, but your informant deponeth not as to the fact, having lacked experimental courage. The Caribs brought it in the usual cruel manner, with the feet crossed upon the back, the claws of one foot caught in the bleeding sinews of the other. In this way they keep the unfortunate creatures lying for days upon the market-place, waiting for customers. The particular iguana of our entertainment, however, found a pitying champion in her Grace, who indignantly demanded its release. With difficulty they unfastened the claws, and, like a swift green flash, the creature made for the river and was gone.

Down upon the banks sat our Carib boatmen sunning themselves. A dory and a pitpan rocked in the shade, and in them we cautiously established ourselves. A dory is hollowed out of a single log, usually cedar; a pitpan is a craft from thirty to forty feet in length, and from two to three in width. Both are paddled, and are used exclusively for transporting freight and supplies in the Colony. The boatmen stand at either end, the passengers and load being stationed in the middle.

Off we went. In some places the river banks were high and rocky; in others, fifty feet of dense vegetation rose straight up in every shade and shape. Underneath alligators might be creeping, and snakes uncoiling in the slime, but overhead the sun shone and the tall tree-ferns waved, and brilliant birds with strange cries flashed among the green. The water was crystalline purity itself, sparkling and dashing over moss-covered stones, here in pale shallows, there in dark, mysterious pools, but always green and cool and enticing. Rapids were frequent where the river foamed and lashed itself, in its furious and often steep descent. There our boatmen sprang over and hauled the pitpan with their sturdy arms, the water dashing often over the sides to the serious detriment of her Grace's skirts and equanimity. Weeds and mosses of the daintiest green and gray and pink and brown swayed under the transparent water, or floated in lovely patches in the shallows. Here and there, from the upper branches of a tall dead tree, hung like long bags the ingenious nests of the yellow-tail, the clever little architects constantly darting in and out of them. On we went. The river widened and narrowed, twisted and turned. Great branches met over our heads, and the sunlight filtered softly down through the fluttering green roof. Two or three fruit-laden native dories passed us on their rapid way down stream, in each a Carib woman or two in wide straw hat and scanty attire lying lazily back, puffing a short pipe. To the chaffing of the private secretary, they responded shrilly and sharply, their black eyes twinkling and their mahogany countenances illuminated by an ecstatic grin. Occasionally we passed a "bank," or clearing, teeming with dark-skinned life. Nine miles of this brought us to a spot where the river rushed between two immense boulders at a width of about five feet—Hell Gate. Beyond, the water eddied and foamed about innumerable rocks; one could see the pebbly bottom everywhere, and the banks rose steep and jagged. Half-a-mile farther on we disembarked and lunched. Only a horror of giving my article too gastronomic a colouring restrains me from describing that picnic. Worse than the caterpillar is the centipede; worse than the mosquito the inexpressible bottle-fly; but never, I fancy, was marmaladed bread-and-butter discussed more enjoyably than there in the shade of the mangoes overhanging that high-spirited little Central American river.

By-and-by we stepped again into our rocking craft for the return journey. Little or no paddling was necessary, the chief responsibility being the steersman's, who stood in the stern with watchful eye and paddle alert, as the pitpan shot along in her mad course. Through Hell Gate with marvellous speed, some agitation and a great deal of water, from rapid to rapid in foaming succession, we sped along. The sun sank lower and lower till the last ray glorified the cedar tops; through the wonderful palms the golden afterglow floated mysteriously for a little space, and the broadening river gave back the shadows in magical silence. Then darkness fell, and as we swung around a bend and drew swiftly near the friendly light at the landing-place, there came musically from the shadows on the other side the not irrelevant inquiry, "Who are you?"

GARTH GRAFTON.

THE late Franz Abt, the song writer, was a surprising gourmand. Coming out of a restaurant one day, a friend said to him: "You seem to have dined well." "Yes, I had a fair dinner; it was a turkey." "And was there a good company round the board?" "Yes, two; indeed, the turkey and myself."

THE SCRAP BOOK.

WHERE IS ROUMELIA?

THE country which, under Russian and Austrian inspiration, has declared for independence lies just south of Bulgaria, from which it is divided by the Balkan Mountains. It has an area of 13,500 square miles and a population of 850,000, of whom nearly 600,000 are Bulgars, 175,000 Turks, 40,000 Greeks, and the remainder Gypsies, Jews and Armenians. Philippopolis, the capital, contains 26,000 inhabitants. Agriculture is the chief industry of the country, wheat, barley, rye and corn being the principal crops. Attar of roses is also an important product, amounting to \$500,000 yearly, and Eastern Roumelia is the only European country in which it is made. A considerable amount of wine, tobacco and silk cocoons is also produced, and numerous live stock of all kinds. Woollen cloth is largely manufactured in several places. The state has up to the present formed a part of the Turkish Empire. But the Treaty of Berlin (July 13, 1878), gave it local administrative autonomy, and provided that it should have a Christian governor-general. Bulgaria, to which revolutionary state it has annexed itself, was by that same Treaty of Berlin made an "autonomous and tributary principality" under the suzerainty of the Sultan, having a Christian government and national militia. Prince Alexander is a son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, and nephew of the Empress of Russia. He was, according to the treaty, elected by the people and confirmed by the Porte with the consent of the Powers, his title being hereditary.—*Weekly British Whig.*

A SCANDALOUS EPISODE.

COMMENTING upon the Riel case, we have already pointed out in these columns that the French-Canadian element of this Dominion appear bent upon precipitating a war of races. Not only has their entire record since the Union of Upper and Lower Canada up to the present day, culminating in their frantic endeavours to save Riel, made this manifest, but apparently they are determined that we shall have further and more direct evidence of their exclusive nationality, of their hatred of British rule, and of their animosity towards the English-speaking people of this Dominion.—*Orange Sentinel.*

PROF. FOSTER having, it is stated, figured among the applicants for timber limits, is desirous to fill the position of inspector of insurance. But competent critics do not think much of the Professor's qualifications. *Insurance Society*, for instance, a leading insurance journal published in Montreal, says: "Professor Foster, of New Brunswick, has not the necessary acquaintance with insurance to fill the position, and should not be thought of at all." Now this is very rough on the learned gentleman, who believes he has the qualifications for everything.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

THE Knights of Labour in Montana have distributed circulars throughout the mining camps of that region declaring that the Chinese "must go; peacefully if they will, but forcibly if they must." Business men and the general public are given until the first day of October to replace the Chinese labourers with white men. Those who do not comply with this demand are to be vigorously boycotted. The Knights may think such action as this becoming their order of chivalry, but we should call it cowardly and despicable. A true knight does not lend aid or sympathy to those who slaughter without cause the weak and defenceless.—*New York Observer.*

MR. GLADSTONE reflects the true sentiments of England on that matter much more accurately than does Lord Salisbury. When the Berlin Treaty was made, he predicted its failure; and the denouncer of the "Bulgarian atrocities" certainly will not use English influence to crush the new nationality. His policy, as opposed to that of the Conservatives, is to promote the alliance of England with Russia, and to leave Turkey to the fate it works out for itself. The bogey of a Mahomedan rising in India, conjured up to frighten England if she does not always support Turkey, has been proved to be a mere phantom of the Russophobic brain; and if, therefore, the security of England's road to India, which might perhaps be menaced by a Russian Constantinople, can by any means be assured, it is highly probable that the policy of Mr. Gladstone will also prove to be the future policy of England as regards the Eastern Question.—*Weekly Examiner, Sherbrooke.*

A CURIOUS episode in the Nationalist movement is reported from Ireland. The late directors of the Munster Bank in their extremity applied to the Bank of Ireland for an advance of half-a-million. The securities offered were not deemed sufficient, the loan was refused, and the Munster Bank suspended payment. The institution was popular among the Nationalists, and word was sent round that in revenge the branches of the Bank of Ireland should be boycotted. The farmers were, in short, instructed to withdraw their money. A quiet run on the Bank was commenced, which in a short time became so severe that the Bank of Ireland, though its position was never stronger, was compelled to import two cargoes of sovereigns, each of them amounting to half-a-million, from London. The run had been a total failure; but the attempt displays in a strong light the utter recklessness of the Parnellite associations. They would have ruined half Ireland if they could—not England, be it observed—rather than not have vengeance for a most ordinary business precaution, amply justified by the facts, which they happened to dislike. They had much better follow precedent and burn any notes of the Bank of Ireland they happen to possess, as their forefathers did before them. That act would prove their earnestness, and would be watched by the Bank without any unchristian vindictiveness.—*Spectator.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

LADY BRASSEY is about to publish an account of her recent journey made in search of health in the yacht *Sunbeam* to Norway.

PROF. CHURCH has selected the period of the Great Rebellion for his new historical tale, to be called "With the King at Oxford."

THE new edition of Miss Edna Dean Proctor's poems will contain "El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudan," and other of her later writings.

A POPULAR edition of Mr. Rideing's recent novel, "A Little Upstart," will be placed on the market immediately by Cupples, Upham and Co.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL, London, are just publishing a shilling brochure by Miss Laffan, author of "Flitters, Tatters and the Counsellor," entitled "A Singer's Story."

DR. D. G. BRINTON, of Philadelphia, has now in press Vol. VI. of his Library of Aboriginal American Literature, being "The Annals of the Cackchiquels," written by a native about 1560, and hitherto unprinted.

WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet and maker of wall-papers, was arrested in London on Monday for crying shame on a police-justice who committed certain socialistic agitators for trial. After a brief examination he was released.

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY has just finished a complete revision of his well-known "Soldier's Pocket-Book." The new edition, which will be the fifth, is in the press, and will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

MR. GEORGE BARRY, of Philadelphia, is preparing a handsome edition of Goethe's Works for publication by subscription only. Mr. N. Dole, who is translating one of the poet's un-Englished plays for this edition, has rendered 1,170 lines of the German into English blank verse within six days—a quite astonishing *tour de force*.

A ONE-VOLUME novel called "The Last Meeting," by Mr. Brander Matthews, author of "The Theatres of Paris" and "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century," will be published shortly by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Brander Matthews has been spending the summer in London, and his new story will have copyright in England.

DEAN PLUMTRE's translation of Dante's "Commedia" in triple rhyme, on which he has been engaged for some years past, and of which some samples were printed in 1883, is now completed, and will appear in the course of next year, in two vols. 8vo. The work will also include the "Canzoniere," in metres corresponding to the original, and will be illustrated by critical and historical notes. It will be published by Messrs. Isbister.

Nature is as attentive as ever to American topics. In its issue of August 20 there is a page and a-half on "A Model University" (Johns Hopkins); a page on "The Harvard Photometry"; three pages, including illustrations, on "Piercing the Isthmus of Panama"; two pages on "North American Museums"; and Notes on the American Association, the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, and the movements of Prof. Simon Newcomb in Europe.

OF the new biographies to be published this Autumn none promises to be more interesting than "The Life and Letters of Louis Agassiz," announced by Houghton, Mifflin and Co.—Mr. G. W. Cable's latest essay in fiction is upon new ground; a novelette by him will soon be printed in *The Century*, the scene of which is laid among the Acadians of Louisiana.—Prof. Huxley's physicians tell him that he must reside in the more genial climate of Italy.

MR. EDWARD EGLESTON, who is now in London making researches in the British Museum and the Public Record Office, has been at work for five years upon his history of Life in the American Colonies, several chapters of which have been published in *The Century*. When he began the undertaking in 1880 he thought it would occupy three years; but now he sees at least three more years' work before him, making eight in all. He says he is beginning to realize that it is only a rich man who can afford to write history.

PROF. VAMBERY has published "An Uzbeq (Tartar) Epic," which treats the career of the famous Uzbeq warrior and conqueror of Central Asia in the beginning of the sixteenth century, who drove Baber out of the country north of the Oxus, and was the chief cause of the foundation of the Mogul Empire of India. The epic consists of 4,900 double verses, which the professor copied from the only existing MS., which is in the possession of the Emperor of Austria. The text is accompanied by a translation and annotations, and is brought out at the professor's expense.

A NEW work by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, entitled "Royalty Restored; or, London under Charles II.," will be published shortly by Messrs. Ward and Downey. In his preface the author says no social history of the court of Charles II. has heretofore been written, to supply which want he presents a study "of the domestic life of a king whose name recalls pages of the brightest romance and strangest gallantry in our chronicles." The book will contain an original etching of Charles II. and ten other historical portraits. It is dedicated to Mr. Thomas Hardy.

THE November *Harper's* will have an article on the New York Stock Exchange, in which the history of that important institution will be given, together with portraits of W. H. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage, Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, and other famous members. The same number will contain a paper on "The Defence of Our Seaports," by H. P. Wells, in which the author shows our defenceless position and recommends the establishment in this country of a gun factory on the gigantic scale of that of Krupp in Germany, which by the way will be fully described in a future number of the magazine.

THE October number of the *Law Quarterly Review* will contain some notes on current points by Mr. A. Cohen, Q.C., M.P.; an article on Bracton's use of Roman Law, with some incidental animadversions on Sir T. Twiss's edition, by Mr. T. E. Scrutton; an essay by Mr. L. Owen Pike on the early jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, and other historical contributions; discussion of topics in conveyancing law, by Mr. H. W. Elphinstone and Mr. Challis; a review of Anglo-Indian, Continental, and English legislation on the offences concerning marriage and sexual relations, by Mr. H. A. D. Phillips, of the Bengal Civil Service; and a criticism of the "Patriarchal Theory" of the brothers McLennan, by Mr. J. D. Mayne.

MR. THOMAS A. JANVIER formerly acknowledges the authorship of the clever stories published under the *nom de plume* of "Ivory Black." A volume of these stories, with the title "Colour Studies," will be brought out immediately by the Scribners.—Messrs. Lathrop are to begin the publication of a series of compilations of poems relating to the months. The volumes will be twelve in number, named for the months, and are to be edited by Oscar Fay Adams. "November," the initial volume of the series, is in press. It includes over a hundred poems by English and American authors.—"A Sanscrit Primer," by Dr. Edward Delavan Perry, of Columbia College, based on the learned work of Prof. Bühler, of Vienna, with exercises and vocabularies, is to be published by Messrs. Ginn and Co.—In the September number of the *Southern Bivouac*, Paul Hamilton Hayne writes agreeably of "Aute-Bellum Charleston."

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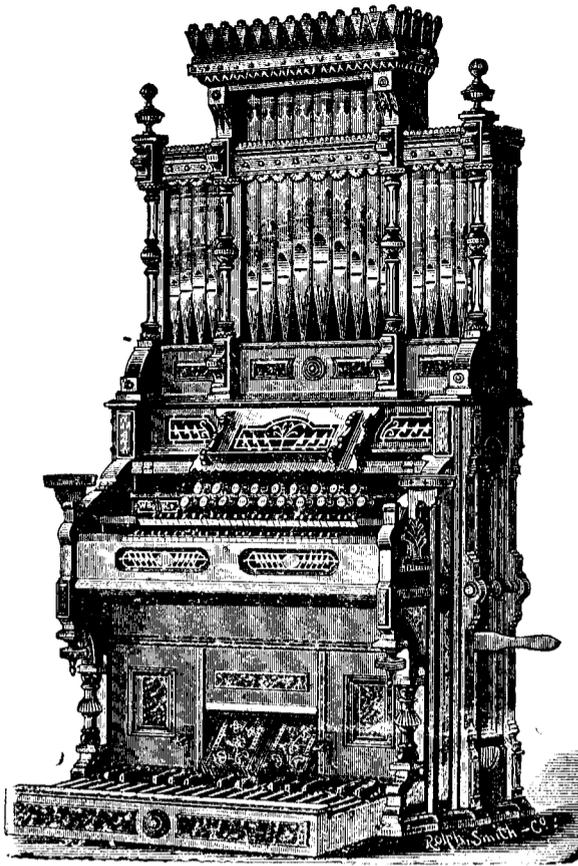
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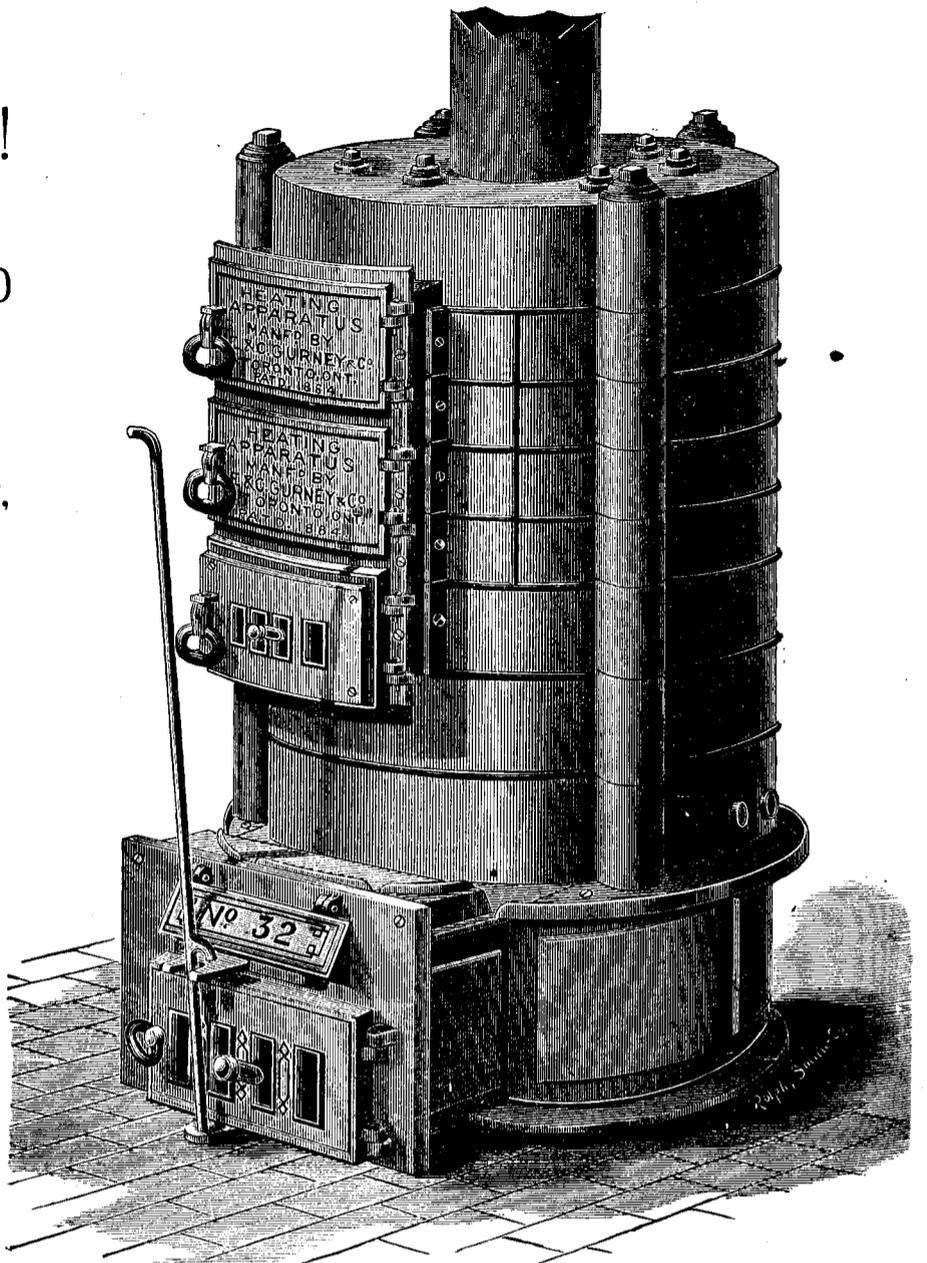
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Are not only the cheapest manufactured, they are the best and simplest, being easily operated by any one competent to care for a hall stove.

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We call attention particularly to the construction of FIRE POT. It will be noticed by an examination of the engravings that between the fire and the iron containing the water there is a lining of brick, by the use of which we obtain a perfectly bright fire on the outer edge as well as in the centre, which is the great defect in all other Boilers,

HEATING SURFACE.

On examining the engravings it will be observed that the products of combustion, gases, heat, etc., after leaving the fire pot section are carried through a number of tubes into an expansion chamber, where, striking the bottom of the next section above, they spread to find their exit through another series of tubes to another expansion chamber, where they are spread as before, thus striking successively the bottom surfaces of five sections before reaching the final exit at the pipe leading to the chimney flue.

It will be at once conceded that heat applied in this way is much more effective than though applied to the side surface of cast or wrought iron pipe; a familiar illustration of this will be afforded by suggesting the relative value of fire applied to the bottom of a tea-kettle or to its side.

Write for circulars, and please mention this paper.

