

# THE WEEK:

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## The Week.

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

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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE awkwardness of an appeal to a court on the other side of the Atlantic is especially apparent in criminal cases. A long delay in the execution of a sentence is undesirable, because, while life under sentence is morally worthless to the condemned, the lapse of time severs in the public mind the salutary connection of the punishment with the crime. Moreover, an appeal to a very distant court cannot be cheap, and few prisoners are, like Riel, provided by partisans with the means of paying heavy fees. In fact, the nuisance will have before long to be abated. But while the jurisdiction exists we cannot complain if advantage is taken of it on Riel's behalf, though it may be only for the purpose of creating a delay, and giving time for the subsidence of public indignation, and for the working of the political influences which are being brought to bear in favour of the criminal. That the Government, in selecting the course of procedure, was playing the nation false, and preparing a trap-door for the criminal's escape, was insinuated by the austere and much-respected politician who was the first discoverer, we believe, of the supposed flaw; but only the author of the insinuation will believe that such men as Mr. Christopher Robinson and Mr. Osler, who were counsel for the Government, could have been induced to sacrifice their professional honour to the foul exigencies of political intrigue. There is nothing to be done now but to await with patience the decision of the Privy Council, in the uprightness, at all events, of which we have every reason to confide, and in the meantime to protest against the intrusion of political influence on either side, as well as against the acceptance of juridical theories which, to make a way of escape for a particular offender, vitiate and falsify the general principles of criminal law. To seek to embarrass the Government in such a matter would surely be nothing less than criminal. Its head is undoubtedly responsible, on constitutional principles, for allowing or not allowing the law to take its

course. But it is equally certain that he is bound to allow the law to take its course in the absence of a definite reason for staying it, and that this reason must have reference not to the interests of Party, or to any interest but that of public justice. The law makes treason a crime: the law, through its tribunal, has pronounced Riel guilty of that crime: the law condemns him to death. The functions of the Executive are ministerial, and the law commands their performance.

THE Convention of Young Liberals has shown that political thought is active, and that political oratory is cultivated among the members of our rising generation. More it can hardly be said to have done. More, under the limitations imposed on its action by Party management, it could scarcely be expected to do. On the expediency of particular measures the judgment of the young can be of no special value: it will differ from maturer judgments, if at all, only in being less surefooted. But the general aspirations of the youth of a country it is always both interesting and instructive to learn. Especially at a time when the future of the country is problematic, and destiny appears to be about to cast the die, we should have very much liked to know in which direction the wishes and hopes of young Canadians pointed. But perfect freedom of utterance was essential to the experiment, and the Party managers obviously could not afford to allow the utterances of a convention called by them, and in their interest, to be perfectly free. If they refrained from ostensible interference, their guiding hand was certain to be felt. Felt it was beyond doubt in the resolution which received the majority of votes on the question of Independence. To those who were present as onlookers it appeared, whenever Independence was informally mentioned, that the sentiment of the meeting was manifestly in its favour; but the formal resolution, by its balanced and evasive phrase, bespeaks the work of cool heads and practised hands. It is rather remarkable that the resolution in favour of Independence pure and simple should have received so many as forty-nine votes against seventy-eight in favour of the resolution recommended by the managers, while there were six votes for Annexation and twenty for Imperial Federation; the net result being a majority of only three votes against radical change. This indicates, to say the least, a wonderful emancipation of opinion since the time when, for contemplating, however remotely, any condition but that of political dependence, for advocating commercial autonomy, for even presuming to speak of Canada as a nation, you were at once shot down not only by Tories but by leaders and organs styling themselves Liberal. One great point has evidently been gained: the country will have henceforth to be led on vital questions by argument, and not by the lash. As no veto was put by the managers on a vote in favour of free trade with the United States, it may be inferred that, in the councils of the Party, Commercial Union is regarded as at least a possible platform, while the indications of its popularity are multiplying in the country at large. On the question of the Party leadership, the feeling of the meeting appeared to onlookers to be warmly in favour of Mr. Blake; so that the Morning Star of Young Canada, in spite of the clouds which, since the time of the Aurora speech, have obscured its rays, is the Morning Star of Young Canada still. Glittering with the beams of eloquence it has long hung in the Eastern sky, but as yet it has not proved the herald of a new day.

FROM the indisposition to enforce a sumptuary law not supported by a clear majority of the population even the magistrates are not always free. The Police Magistrate at Smith's Falls has had his commission revoked, and two magistrates in the united counties of Prescott and Russell have been removed from the Commission of the Peace for taking too favourable a view of the cases of alleged offenders under the Scott Act. There is little reason to doubt that the decisions which led to dismissal were in all three cases contrary to law. A fourth case is now before the Superior Courts in which a magistrate had imbibed the arbitrary spirit of the Scott Act to such a degree that he undertook to inflict a punishment wholly beyond what the law warrants. Here is another case that may possibly require the attention of the Attorney-General, for it is not to be supposed that magistrates who offend in one direction only will merit Executive disap-

proval. The general indisposition to enforce the Scott Act outside of the magistracy and the army of informers, official and amateur, must tell powerfully on its operation; while the magistrate who inflicted imprisonment for which he had no warrant in law is an illustration of the extreme to which the arbitrary spirit of the measure carries its devotees. The power of summarily dismissing police magistrates vested in the Local Government is in strong contrast with the safeguards with which the independence of the Superior Court Judges is shielded. Dispensing justice in the name of the Sovereign, the Superior Court judges are protected by the fiction that they can do no wrong, and they can be removed only for cause, on address of both Houses of Parliament. Of no such fiction does the police magistrate get the benefit. So far from being supposed to be incapable of doing wrong he is liable to be cast in damages from wrong done by his decisions. On a Police Magistrate of Toronto a heavy fine was once inflicted for something done in the discharge of his duty. While the powers of the police magistrates have been greatly enlarged, their liability to summary dismissal has remained, till the contrast between them and the Superior Court judges in this particular has become a striking anomaly. To this anomaly the removal of Mr. Cairns, though it may not be liable to special objection, will direct attention. The spirit of party which controls the selection of magistrates disregards fitness for the discharge of the duties, and the result is not unfrequently such "incompetency" as that signaled by Mr. Mowat in two of the dismissals under consideration. So long as Party guides in the selection of magistrates, so long shall we have incompetency in this branch of the public service to deplore.

MONTREAL is meeting but indifferent success in the fight against the small-pox. Both the number of cases and of deaths continue to increase. The disease, till recently confined to the east, has now spread over the whole city, and five hundred cases are reported in the suburbs: instead of being stamped out, it is becoming day by day less under control. The deaths last week reached two hundred and thirty-six, and the nuns, in a house-to-house visit, discovered one hundred and sixty cases of which the authorities had no knowledge. The hospital has been full and incapable of taking in additional patients; four days have sometimes elapsed after notice before a patient has been removed, and when isolation has been tried in a private house it has happened that communication with the outer world, by which necessary supplies could be got, has occurred only once in four days. Isolation of patients is very imperfect, and flight to the suburbs is to rush into the most fatal centre of the pestilence. The house-to-house vaccination, which has been promised or threatened, hangs fire. Real alarm appears at last to have taken hold of the city, and many who can get away are leaving. The fugitives sometimes carry the disease with them, and there is danger that it will spread in various directions. Ontario and the United States are taking precautions against the introduction of the malady; but in spite of all that can be done, the occurrence of isolated cases which have been carried in an undeveloped form is occasionally reported. The two or three cases that have been brought to Toronto have been successfully dealt with. The undrained suburbs of Montreal are largely responsible for the spread of the disease. Toronto and other Ontario cities are exposed to the same danger; and if they have less to fear from small-pox than Montreal, they can promise themselves no immunity from cholera on its next visitation, which may be next year. In the meantime, measures should be taken to avert the danger by which Toronto is menaced by the undrained suburbs, or they may prove as pestilent as the village of St. Jean Baptiste, in which the first focus of the small-pox now desolating Montreal was established.

PROHIBITIONISM, at the Convention held the other day, took off the mask and declared itself political. Whether it is to be called a Third Party or not is merely a question of words. It seeks to bind all its adherents to vote for Prohibitionists alone. So far as its power extends it avows its intention of excluding from the service of the State all who decline to submit to its dictation and repeat its shibboleth. However sound a man may be on all other issues, and let him be as able, as upright, as respected by his fellow-citizens, and as temperate as he will, he is to be voted down unless he will declare in defiance of the most decisive experience that he believes Prohibition to be the best remedy for drunkenness. Even total abstinence will avail him nothing if he presumes in the exercise of his free judgment to prefer the policy of Liberal Temperance or that of High License to the Scott Act. Mr. Bright, who, though a lifelong friend and advocate of temperance, has with his usual clearness of judgment discerned the folly of violent legislation, would be expelled from the service of the State; much more would Mr. Gladstone, who notoriously uses without abusing his Christian liberty in the matter of drinking wine and, as Finance Minister,

framed a measure for the admission of light claret. Not only seats in the Legislatures and the higher public offices, but School Trusteeships are to be confined to the faithful devotees of this new Islam. "Resolved, first, that the saints ought to inherit the earth; resolved, secondly, that we are the saints." Is not organized faction enough, but must organized fanaticism also lend its fell aid in shutting the gates of public life against integrity and independence? Who does not see that this moral crusade must at once give birth to a gang of political sharpers who will serve it with hypocritical zeal, use it for the purposes of their self-advancement and by its help climb over the heads of better men to the high places of the State? In truth, adventurers of this stamp are already found among the political heads of the movement in Canada as well as the United States. More than one speaker at the Convention dwelt complacently on the pliability of politicians and the ease with which they could be squeezed by the controllers of votes into supporting a measure to which in their hearts they were disinclined. To drink or sell a glass of wine or beer is a sin; but it is no sin to force a public man to vote against his conscience and betray his duty to his country. Thus does fanaticism always pervert the moral sense; men whose motives are the best are found trampling down the barrier between right and wrong, and even wading through fraud and iniquity to reach the one great object which has for the time excluded every other obligation from their minds. At the same Convention it was pronounced necessary that appointments to the magistracy should be controlled in the Scott Act interest. The Act is as adverse to liberty as the pen of an Inquisitor could make it. It forces persons to criminate themselves; it enables freemen to be sent to prison on the testimony of an informer who is not required to be even personally cognizant of the facts; it sets at naught the marriage vow by compelling husband and wife to give evidence against each other. But all this is not enough without a packed judiciary to be the sure instrument of coercion. The liquor question itself has now become a secondary consideration; first in importance for all citizens is the defence of public right and liberty against the tyranny of Prohibition.

THE human species may be divided into those who do and those who do not worship Browning. The term worship is no exaggeration. Societies, as is well known, have been formed for the purpose of mutual help and invigoration in interpreting the sacred volume and bringing to light the boundless treasures which are supposed to lie hidden beneath its inspired but enigmatic language. Dante had a chair founded to interpret him immediately after his death; but Browning has received a similar honour in his lifetime. The sceptical are in the habit of remarking that it is singular that people should be tasking their brains in concert to discover Browning's meaning when the living oracle himself is there and might, if appealed to, at once resolve their doubts. But the exploration of the mysterious is an intellectual luxury in itself, and nobody wants the propounder of the riddle to tell him the answer at the same time. Besides mystery is a wholesome exercise of faith. Why cannot Browning be as intelligible as Æschylus, Goethe, and Shelley, who are just as subjective and just as deep as he is? This is the question which the despairing student of "Gordello" or "Paracelsus" asks himself; and perhaps he begins to suspect that the age of poetry must be past and that the age of science must have fully come if the great poet of the day can be the most brain-cracking of metaphysicians. The difference between the Browning-worshipper and the Non-Browning-worshipper, we take it, is the work of Nature and congenital, so that to turn one into the other by reasoning or intellectual appliance of any kind is impossible. But if conversion were possible, it would be wrought by the fervid faith, the rich language and the impressive delivery of Archdeacon Farrar. There are some who would rather listen to the commentator than read the text.

OUR anticipation that Mr. Chamberlain's declaration against Mr. Parnell's designs and in favour of the Union would at once have a happy effect on Mr. Gladstone's health has been immediately and signally fulfilled. Mr. Gladstone is at once pronounced convalescent and issues his manifesto as leader. That the late Government when it suffered defeat on a financial question was slipping under the ropes in order to avoid the difficulty of the Irish question is not true. Slipping under the ropes is not an operation congenial to Mr. Gladstone's character, or one in which it would be possible to engage men of honour such as Lord Granville, Lord Selborne, Lord Hartington and Mr. Childers. The financial proposal was the best that could have been adopted. It was opposed on its merits only by those who would have been specially affected by the increased taxes and it was defended by the Premier in a powerful and conclusive speech. This was not courting defeat. But it is true that the Cabinet was at the time divided on the Irish question. We may add that the majority had firmly

made up their minds to face the secession of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, with one other member of the Cabinet who took the same side, and let the Government be broken up, if that was the inevitable consequence, rather than abandon those clauses of the Crimes Act which were deemed essential to the preservation of loyal life and property in Ireland. Of this we are certainly informed, and we state it with satisfaction because it shows that opportunism, as political roguery is now styled, has not triumphed over duty and honour in the breasts of all British Statesmen. Before the delivery of Mr. Parnell's arrogant manifesto avowing that he would be satisfied with nothing less than the Dismemberment of the United Kingdom, the division among the Liberal chiefs continued to subsist, and Mr. Gladstone remained unwilling to resume the leadership of a party which was disunited on the great issue of the day. Mr. Parnell and Lord Randolph Churchill between them have changed the scene. The Liberal Party is now united, at all events in opposition to Dismemberment, and can appeal to the nation to give it such a majority over Parnellites and Tories combined as will prevent Mr. Parnell from being master of the House of Commons and place the Union out of danger: an appeal to which it is highly probable that the nation, now fairly brought face to face with the danger, will respond. Lord Salisbury's fortune has kicked the beam.

MR. GLADSTONE'S manifesto, though we were told that it had caused unbounded chagrin among the Liberals by its tameness, has manifestly served the purpose with which it was drawn up. It has brought all sections of the Party, that represented by Mr. Goschen as well as that of Mr. Chamberlain and the Radicals, again under the Grand Old Man's umbrella. It appears to be about the best stroke of strategy that Mr. Gladstone has ever made. The full text of it is not yet before us, but we may assume that its leading points have been correctly given. It declares for the abolition of primogeniture and entail, and for the reform of the House of Lords. Both of these articles were evidently indispensable parts of a Liberal programme and the second is the necessary consequence of the first, since, without the entailed estates, a hereditary House of Lords would be a mere set of coronets on poles. Agricultural depression is as severe, and the prospect of improved prices for grain and an increase of rents is so poor that a desire seems to be gaining ground among the great landowners themselves of unfettering their estates and facilitating sale in order that they may be able to save themselves from utter ruin by making the most of the commodity in their hands. On the critical subject of Disestablishment, Mr. Gladstone's trumpet seems to have uttered no certain sound, he having merely intimated his willingness to entertain the question by saying that in his opinion, the Church would survive the change. On this point the Party is not united, the section represented by the *London Spectator* being strongly opposed to Disestablishment, while the Nonconformist enthusiasm by which the movement was chiefly sustained has suffered abatement, with the strength of Nonconformity itself, through the general decline of religious zeal and the growth of secret scepticism which prefers the quiet shelter of an established Church. Mr. Gladstone's apologetic language on the subject of the intervention in Egypt and his intimation of willingness to withdraw from the country, will conciliate the strong Anti-Jingoës of the Party who were deeply scandalized by the war, though it will by no means conciliate the Jews. Of the scheme for purchasing the Irish vote by the disintegration of the United Kingdom which was propounded some months ago by Mr. Chamberlain through the *Fortnightly*, and which we were confidently assured was to be adopted as the Party programme, the manifesto makes no mention; in its place appears a declaration of adherence to the Unity of the Empire, coupled with a promise to which no Liberal will demur in favour of an extension in Ireland, as well as in the other Kingdoms, of local self-government. Nor is there any expression of sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's semi-socialistic plans for holding to ransom the property of the rich. These deficiencies, no doubt, Mr. Chamberlain notes, yet he emphatically declares his approval of the manifesto. His policy has been, and still is, to advance under cover of Mr. Gladstone's name. Only in Mr. Gladstone's name can he hope to win the election. When the election has been won and Mr. Gladstone has retired, Mr. Chamberlain will strike for the leadership in his own name and under his own flag. Then the split between the Liberals and the Radicals will come.

WHEN the rebellion in the North-West broke out, we noted the strain which the division between British and French sympathies respecting Riel and his cause was laying on the bond of Confederation. At the time we were coarsely abused for revealing a dangerous feature of the situation, though suppression of the fact which stared everybody in the face would have been as hopeless as an attempt to hush up an eclipse of the sun. The French, we were told, were as zealous as the British, and French troops

were being sent to the North-West. To the North-West French troops were sent, but it was not deemed expedient to send them to the front. There can surely be no doubt now as to the real state of the case. We do not blame the French. It is perfectly natural that they should sympathize with men of their own race and their own religion; it is perfectly natural that their hearts should be on the side of a movement the success of which would have given their race and their religion the ascendancy in the North-West. We, in their place, should feel as they do. But the fact remains. The extension of the French nationality, attended as it is with an increased intensity of French sentiment and with a revival of Colonial feeling towards Old France, is the great and growing danger of Confederation. We believe, and rejoice in the belief, that the social relations between the French and British in Canada are perfectly good. The political relations are as friendly as those of separate nationalities, with different languages and religions, included in one state could be expected to be. But British and French Canada are two nations: their fusion is less probable than ever, and the assimilating forces of British Canada are far too weak ever to have a chance of converting the French into British. It is true that in the Swiss Confederation German, French and Italian Cantons are combined. But there are not two great masses of antagonistic nationality confronting each other as there are in our case; nor does the difference of religion coincide with that of race and language. Moreover, the Swiss Confederation was formed by the pressure of an overwhelming necessity arising from external danger many centuries ago, and time has cemented the structure which, if reared to-day or yesterday, it might be difficult to sustain. Even Switzerland had her Secession of the Catholic Cantons and was brought to the very verge of civil war.

A DISAGREEMENT between British and French Canada furnishes the Irish editor of the *New York Post and Nation* with an opportunity, which he eagerly seizes, of venting his social spleen against the British character. His cherished theory is that the British are too arrogant, ill-mannered and odious to get on with people of any other race. This, he maintains, it is that makes them as conquerors specially odious to the conquered. That as conquerors they are specially odious to the conquered is a fact which he continues complacently to assume in face of the recent display of Hindoo loyalty to British rule. He affirms that the British-Canadians habitually insult the French by accusing them of neglecting vaccination and of dirty habits, particularly "of not tubbing," whereas, he says, the French are really cleaner than the British. That neglect of vaccination causes complaints when it is bringing upon a city the ravages of small-pox is surely not a very conclusive proof of insolence of race on the part of those whose lives are endangered; and the editor of the *Post and Nation* will find that the outcry against the French-Canadians on this ground is just as loud in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire as it is in Montreal. The idea that the British-Canadians are in the habit of insulting the French by reflections on their personal cleanliness, and by accusing them of not tubbing, is a characteristic product of the Celtic fancy, quickened by the influences of New York and inspired by the Nationalist movement. The social relations between the two races, we repeat, are entirely kind; the most studious respect has always been shown by the British authorities to the religion, laws and customs of the French; and the French have had their full share of power and of honours. Their chief men have been and are proud to wear titles conferred by the British Crown, and it was one of their leaders who said that the last gun fired on this Continent in defence of British dominion would be fired by a French-Canadian. Does any monument of Spanish conquest bear on its opposite sides the names of Cortes and Montezuma, as the monument at Quebec bears the names of Wolfe and Montcalm? The editor of the *Post and Nation* contrasts the unpopularity of British with the popularity of Roman conquest. The Roman conqueror of Gaul slew a million of the natives, made slaves of another million, exterminated whole tribes, ravaged large districts, and reserved the gallant leader of the conquered nation, Vercingetorix, to be butchered in cold blood on the day of triumph. By such methods the popularity of the conquest might seem to have been ensured, yet they did not prevent rebellion under Civilis, or the agrarian insurrection of the Bagaudæ in later times, while, after five centuries of Roman rule, a handful of barbarian invaders could march through the favourite province of the Empire without having a loyal sword drawn against them in its defence. In British India, though there have been military mutinies and local riots, there has never been anything worthy of the name of a political rebellion, and when the Empire was threatened with Russian invasion, offers of men and money poured in from every side. India has a free native Press, and if she is wronged her cries can be heard. Instead of being the most oppressive, the Englishman has been the least oppressive of conquerors.

He has never taken from any land beneath his sway a cent of tribute or a single conscript ; but alone among conquerors he has allowed the conquered to complain.

THE grand achievement of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury at Berlin was the severance of Eastern Roumelia from Bulgaria. The treaty of San Stefano had united the two and thus threatened Turkey with the formation of a great Christian State on her northern frontier. By the treaty of Berlin Roumelia was made a separate State, autonomous, but with a Governor nominated by the Porte, under the nominal sovereignty of which it remained. It was also included in the military jurisdiction of Turkey, who was empowered to fortify the passes of the Balkan. Lord Beaconsfield boasted in his exposition of the treaty before the House of Lords that he had thus restored to Turkey thirty thousand square miles of territory and a population of two millions, the wealthiest and most intelligent in those parts. He also pointed out with exultation that he had secured to Turkey the barrier of the Balkan which, with Eastern Roumelia in her hands, it would be impossible to turn. So great was the importance attached by him to this last point that, as we now know, rather than relinquish it, he had determined to declare war. But now the diplomatic house of cards, based on nothing but an evil policy, is tumbling to the ground. Nature, regardless of protocols, takes her course. The Roumelians rise, as from the first it was predicted that they would, depose the Turkish Governor and annex themselves to their brethren in Bulgaria. The rampart of the Balkan is turned. Lord Salisbury seems to have come into office only to be the helpless spectator of the downfall of his own diplomatic edifice. Helpless he is, for he cannot venture with the Liberal Party against him and in a majority, on the strength of his alliance with the Parnellites to go to war against Roumelian liberty. At the same time the mission of his envoy to Constantinople appears to have failed. The Sultan doubtless knows the instability of the Tory Government too well to brave Russian wrath in reliance on its support. This catastrophe of the Treaty of Berlin will probably be more than a set-off in the election against the miscarriages of the Gladstone Government in Egypt. It is fortunate that the defensive alliance of England with Turkey is confined to the Sultan's Asiatic possessions, otherwise England would have at once to choose between humiliation and war. As it is, the Eastern Question is re-opened.

A VERY doubtful service is done to Sir John Macdonald by those who cite the declaration of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in favour of Female Suffrage as a vindication of the course pursued on the same subject by Sir John. The motive of what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach avows to be his sudden conversion on the eve of the election is more than manifest. To borrow the poetic phrase once applied to the doings of an eminent Canadian politician, it smells to heaven. The other day the same Knight was converted not less suddenly to the Irish Policy of Mr. Parnell. That many women have political intelligence sufficient to exercise the franchise as well as men, and that to exclude them on that ground would be injustice, was quite as evident a twelvemonth ago as it is now. What was not so evident, or at least was not so vividly presented to Sir Michael's politic conscience, was the possible usefulness of women as canvassers in an approaching campaign. Yet, though Sir Michael is hardly available as a guiding star, his evolution is not the less instructive. It shows, in the first place, what is the real object of many politicians in disturbing the relations between the sexes, and whispers to women that those may not be their worst friends, who, being convinced that the sphere of female excellence and happiness is the family, refuse for the purpose of a political game to throw domestic life into the political cauldron. In the second place it warns third-rate men that when they take first-rate positions they do what is morally wrong, since the almost certain consequence will be the piecing-out of their personal insufficiency by sacrifices of public principle. In the third place it preaches, and preaches loudly, against Faction, which when lured by the scent of Party gain can thus put to hazard not only the interest of the state but that of the home. Within three months, in the classic land of constitutional government, Party has flung as dice upon the gambling table the Unity of the Nation and the relations between the sexes. Who says then that the Party system is not final perfection?

SOME time ago a believer in Katie King sent to an American review an article in which he defended tooth-and-nail the authenticity of the apparition. While the review was in the press the imposture was decisively exposed. The writer, in an agony, telegraphed to stop the press ; but it was too late, and the catastrophe of an ill-starred faith was hailed with laughter by a sceptical world. A similar mishap has befallen Mrs. Fawcett and other English writers who contributed to the September

Monthlies papers in vindication of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Though the inquiry into the abduction of Eliza Armstrong is in its initial stage, it has gone far enough to settle the question of the editor's judgment, and even to raise some doubt as to his perfect sanity. Had his motive been really philanthropic, had his investigations been properly conducted and their results made known in a manner consistent with the interests of morality, he would still have been committing the great mistake of mixing trades. The business of the editor of a journal is to record events, to comment and to criticise ; he is not a chief of the police, nor is he likely, if he assumes that office, to discharge its duties well, since in donning the detective he cannot doff the journalist. He will be always in danger, while professing to investigate facts for the instruction of public justice, of being led astray by the desire of finding materials for a literary sensation. The defenders of the *Pall Mall* cry out against what they call the cowardly policy of silence and concealment. Who wants silence or concealment? What we want is that inquiries of this kind shall be conducted by trustworthy agencies in such a way as to insure the disclosure of the simple truth, without exaggeration and without needlessly outraging decency or throwing society into convulsions. We want, in short, a calm and judicial though searching inquiry, and not a "toxin." Does anybody in his senses believe that good has been done by scattering moral filth not only over London, the conscience of which was alleged to require pricking, but over all England, and not only over all England, but, as the *Pall Mall* itself exultingly proclaims, over the whole world, or by thrusting literature suggestive of ideas which would never enter a pure mind into the hands of all the youths and maidens on the street? Does anybody in his senses believe that good is done, or that immense mischief is not done, to morality and the community by the practice of half-veiled libel? Some of the apologists have appealed to St. Paul's denunciation of the vices of ancient society as a precedent in favour of the *Pall Mall*. Had there been a *New York Sun* in those days, its managers would hardly have deemed it worth while to reproduce the passages in St. Paul's Epistles, as the *New York Sun* of our day reproduced the *Pall Mall* revelations, for the delectation of prurient readers in the taverns of New York. As to such modes of propagating purity as the abduction of Eliza Armstrong, it may safely be said that they were beyond the range of the Apostle's imagination. It must be owned that the White Cross crusade in favour of chastity and for the protection of women sets out rather strangely with the abduction of a young girl and the defamation of her mother.

IN the *Fortnightly* an anecdote of the kind which throws a light on history is told of Lord Houghton and Disraeli by the editor, Mr. Escott, a great admirer of them both. During one of the divisions on the Jew Emancipation Bill, when the success of the measure was assured, Lord Houghton, then Monckton Milnes, finding himself by the side of Disraeli in the lobby, made bold to congratulate him in his character as a Jew. "Yes," observed Disraeli, "I am a Jew and a Radical, and I defy anybody to say I ever pretended the contrary." "The true meaning of this little speech," observes Mr. Escott, "which only stupidity can misconstrue, is obvious. What Disraeli desired to convey was not, of course, that he had never worn the Church of England and the Tory cockade, but that what he had worn was only, after all, a cockade; and that having enlisted with the Conservatives, he desired to help them for his own sake in fighting their battles without playing the hypocrite to the extent of making any intellectual man fancy that he really shared their notions." This construction is undoubtedly true, and it explains to a great extent the condition of public character in England, as indicated by the junction of the Tories with the Parnellites. Military danger from Irish disaffection there is none, nor in fact is there any danger which might not be surmounted if public character were sound. But public character is very far from being sound; it is less sound probably than it has been at any time since that of Walpole; and even in Walpole's time politicians, though frequently corrupt and most unscrupulous in their strife for power, were at all events sincere Jacobites or Hanoverians; they gave way to their party passions, but they did not "wear cockades." At least, if anybody wore a cockade it was Bolingbroke, the historic idol and model of Lord Beaconsfield, as Lord Beaconsfield is the idol and model of Lord Randolph Churchill. But the dazzling success of Lord Beaconsfield is rearing up a school of political intriguers of whom Lord Randolph Churchill is the type, and who make politics a gambling-table. Mr. Chamberlain as well as Lord Randolph has studied the career of Disraeli. Those who watch with attentive eyes the development of the political drama in England will find that the example set by Lord Beaconsfield of divorcing politics from morality is no unimportant element of the situation.

THE barque of Civil Service Reform in the United States is on the breakers and there is a good deal of anxiety among its friends. The measure slipped through in the first instance rather too easily to be assured against subsequent reaction. The adverse forces were not overcome though their flank was turned by a piece of good luck. Neither of the parties was really willing to surrender patronage. But the Republicans who were going out of office were willing that the Democrats, who were coming in, should be disappointed of their prize, while the Democrats feared at the crisis of their fortunes to present themselves to the country as the opponents of reform. Thus both parties made a merit of acquiescing in that which the majority of both abhorred. Now comes the recoil. Tammany, always in the van of corruption, has been passing resolutions condemnatory of the system of appointment by examination. The pretexts are that the system tends to bureaucracy and aristocracy; the real reason is of course that it disappoints these most obscene harpies of their prey. They allege that it is a good thing that there should be a quick rotation of office and that the largest possible number of citizens should take their turns in the service of the State. It is a very good thing no doubt that there should be a new postmaster once in every four years and that the man should go out as soon as he has learned the duties of his office. The theory assumes that the places are plunder and totally disregards the efficiency of the service. To the absurd charge of aristocracy the friends of purity of appointment may reply that the public service so far has been most aristocratically confined to the satellites of the party organization and that reform has for the first time given a fair chance to all citizens. Unfortunately Tammany, though foremost in the crusade of evil, is by no means alone. It has with it the corrupt Democracy of the West and Hendricks, the Vice-President, a jobbing politician of the old school, whose nomination was a sop to faction, and who seeks popularity for himself by countenancing opposition to the President's policy of reform. The President, if he is resolved to be true to the national cause, has a severe struggle before him. That he is resolved to be true to the national cause we firmly believe, and if he can once for all put behind him the thought of re-election he is master of the situation and has nothing to fear from opposition while his term lasts. It is not unlikely that in losing his life he would save it, and that though rejected by the corrupt wing of his own party he would be borne back into the White House on the shoulders of a grateful people. For the people like honesty when they see it though they let themselves be ruled by knaves.

THE Knights of Labour, an organization which originated in the United States and set up branches in Canada, have given notice of their intention to drive out the Chinese from Montana. The 1st of October is named as the day for departure; and it is openly announced that disobedience to the order is to be followed by violence. This will give the authorities an opportunity to interfere, which they do not appear to have had before the massacre of Wyoming was all over, and there will be no excuse if they fail to act with the promptitude and vigour which the occasion demands. The official enquiry into the Wyoming outrage has been concluded, and the superintendent of the mines, under the assurance of protection, has notified the workmen that, except those who have been dismissed, they may now return to work. As if to mark the defiant character of their violent methods, the Knights of Labour choose this moment for signifying their intention to follow the murderous example of the marauders of Wyoming. Hitherto their aim has been to keep within the law, now all disguise has been thrown off, and violence and murder are avowedly accepted as weapons of attack. The declaration of such an intention must seal the doom of the Knights, whose morality and mode of warfare have fallen to the level of the Ku-Klux. The red hand of the Ku-Klux is concealed, while that of the Knights of Labour is menacingly raised in the light of day. The issue between violence and public order has now to be disposed of. So long as the Knights of Labour kept within the law, they could accomplish much; in the resort to violence they challenge the forces of the Republic, and in the collision, if it come, their fate is to be crushed. There are elements at work which will probably enlarge the circle of hatred to the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. Hitherto the Chinese labourer has been the principal object of dislike, though in British Columbia it appears to have extended, if with diminished intensity, to Chinamen engaged in commerce. During the three months ending with June, the Chinese in San Francisco controlled about three-fourths of all the export business of the port. This development of commercial aptitude will be a new source of jealousy, though a Chinaman with capital at his command will be more difficult to suppress than a Chinese labourer. But that the latter can be permanently driven out by violence we are not prepared to believe on any evidence less than that of the actual occurrence.

THE Silver Ring, by the compromise proposals which its agents are making to the Washington Government, admits that the coinage of silver must cease. But Mr. Warner, the chief spokesman of the Ring, proposes to substitute a certificate for silver bullion deposited for that now issued for coined dollars. This certificate he wishes to force on the acceptance of the banks in all transactions between one another, and on the Government, both as debtor and creditor. To this extent he would make it a legal tender. And he would oblige the Government to pay back not a quantity of silver equal to that deposited, but an amount equal in value at the time of payment to the value at the time of deposit. Under this rule, all loss from a decline in the price of silver would fall on the Government, and the depositors would reap the benefit. To receive deposits of silver bullion is the business of warehousemen or bankers, to neither of whom would the uncommercial terms offered to the Government be proposed: the business is not one in which the Government can properly embark. It might as well be asked to deal, on like terms, in any other commodity. What the nation requires is deliverance from the incubus of a redundant silver coinage forced into circulation through the agency of a Treasury certificate invested with the attribute of legal tender. Instead of accomplishing this Mr. Warner's plan would substitute a deposit of silver bullion, circulation to which would be given through the medium of a Treasury certificate endowed with a limited legal tender quality. The Government would be obliged to receive it, and in all transactions between themselves the banks would be under a like obligation. In one respect the remedy would be worse than the disease: there is a legal limit to the amount of silver that may be coined; there would be none to the amount of silver bullion that might be deposited. Silver certificates, being in excess of the currency requirements, would depreciate, and the loss would fall on the Government. The increase of silver certificates, resulting from the necessity under which the producers of silver would be of finding a market for their product, would bear no relation to the natural demand for currency, and the consequence of excess would be depreciation. Public dues would be paid in silver certificates; the Public Treasury, into which very little gold would go, would be in danger of being depleted of that metal. It would be useless to stop the coinage of silver if silver bullion certificates, invested with a limited legal tender quality, are to be substituted for the certificates now issued for coined dollars. The currency cannot be inflated with impunity, and there would be no more certain means of inflating it than the plan conceived by Mr. Warner as a means of enabling the producers of silver to profit at the expense of the rest of the community.

THERE is what may be called a third party in the United States, who, while opposing the continued coinage of silver and the Warner substitute, places its hopes on such an enlargement of the Latin Union as will enable the American producers of silver to dispose of a large part of their product, which amounts to from \$40,000,000 to \$45,000,000 a year, for coinage in Europe. It is admitted that this hope can be realized only by the principal commercial nations of Europe agreeing to accept the double standard and to take decided measures for its maintenance, including the obligation of their mints to coin unreservedly all silver presented to them for that purpose. That such coin should be a legal tender throughout the nation in which it originates is the smallest degree of compulsion from which success could be hoped, and some dreams of making the obligation international are indulged. That the principal commercial nations of Europe, including England, will agree, for this purpose, to fix the ratio between gold and silver at fifteen and a-half to one, or any other arbitrary equivalent, no rational being can suppose. There are no signs of a disposition on the part of England to discard the gold standard and to accept bi-metalism on any condition. It is much more likely that some of the nations now in the Latin Union should adopt the single gold standard. That the Latin Union will be renewed on the basis of unlimited silver coinage at a fixed ratio with gold, and with an equally unlimited legal tender, is extremely doubtful. There is no demand in Europe for the purpose of coinage for any portion of the surplus silver product of the United States. A renewal of the Latin Union, in some form, is probable, when the adjourned conference meets in Paris next month. The most rational plan is that in force in England and this country, by which a strict limit is put to the amount of the subordinate coin which constitutes a legal tender. Belgium is not willing to undertake, as a condition of renewing the Union, to redeem in gold all the silver she may have coined when the arrangement shall end; and this is the chief obstacle that now stands in the way of renewal. The fact that she is required to enter into this undertaking shows the artificial nature of the whole arrangement: the nations comprised in the Union agree to give to silver coin an artificial value which the market price of

the metal does not warrant, and some of them fear that they may lose the difference in value of the coin of other nations which they have on hand when the arrangement ends, unless there is a binding obligation to redeem in gold. If the over-valued silver coins were no more than the nation issuing them required for purposes of change, there would be no difficulty; the trouble arises out of the excess over actual requirements. The limit between what is requisite for this purpose and what constitutes excess is the danger line, to the crossing of which a penalty must always attach.

### THE REPORT OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

ARGUING from the analogy of the effect of the Indian wars in the Western States, it is predicted that a not unhappy result of the rebellion in the North-West will be an increased flow of emigration to that portion of the Dominion. The amenities of Party warfare have even been illustrated by an attempt to charge upon the Government the idea of inciting the rebellion as a "big advertisement." The common-sense of the people may be safely trusted to reject such an indictment; but it may be hoped by all that the attention drawn to the great North-West by the late troubles will result in a much-needed and a peace-securing addition to its agricultural population.

‡ The fulfilment of the prediction will be largely assisted by the publication of authentic information with regard to the resources of the country; and it is therefore matter for congratulation that the report of the Geological Survey,\* just published, devotes so large a space to the discoveries of coal in the North-West. The lack of a permanent supply of fuel in the prairies was looked upon for years as the most serious drawback to the development of the country, and the announcement of its discovery was therefore received at first with doubt. It is now apparent, however, that there is a large supply of excellent coals and lignites, and the labours of the Survey have enabled us to judge of the approximate extent of the valuable deposits. To Mr. G. M. Dawson, who drew up in 1874 a valuable report on the "Geology and Resources of the Forty-ninth Parallel" for the Boundary Commission, was assigned the task of exploring the district known as that in the "vicinity of the Bow and Belly Rivers," where the discovery had first been made. The district covers an area of about 27,000 square miles, is immediately north of the boundary line, and is bounded on the west by British Columbia. Mr. Dawson's explorations and those of his assistant, Mr. R. G. McConnell, were extended over the summers of 1881-82-83, and the general geology of the district was studied as well as its mineral resources. Two valuable maps accompany the report, one showing the positions of the geological formations and the coal-seams, while the other indicates the wooded and prairie tracts of the district, and the varying quality of the grasses in the prairie portions. Public interest will probably be confined, however, to the estimate which Mr. Dawson has made of the extent of the coal deposits, and we will, therefore, quote his own words on that point. He says: "In the area included in the present report nothing is more remarkable than the universal distribution and vast aggregate quantity of fuels available for economic purposes. The Belly River series, the Pierre and the Laramie formations, all contain fuels of a workable character, and it may be stated, without exaggeration, that practically the whole of the area which in a preceding chapter is designated as 'the Plains' is, so far as can be ascertained from natural exposures, continuously underlain by coals and lignites, while considerable tracts are underlain by two or three successive fuel-bearing horizons." The amount of workable coal in three of the principal seams is estimated as follows:—1. Medicine Hat, 150,000,000 tons; 2. Horse-shoe Bend, 49,000,000 tons; 3. Blackfoot Crossing, 270,000,000 tons; Mr. Dawson considers these figures below the mark, if anything, and concludes, we think justly, that the supply is practically inexhaustible as the figures only have reference to the "natural outcrops." Mr. Hoffman, the chemist of the Survey, has subjected the coals and lignites to a series of analyses and practical tests, and pronounces them admirably adapted for all economic purposes. The question of fuel supply in the North-West may be looked upon as settled. It was an important question, affecting not only the hearth of the settler but the future manufacturing industries of the country, and the contributions of the Geological Survey towards its settlement may be, therefore, considered extremely valuable.

Our space forbids us to refer particularly to the reports contributed by other members of the Survey to the present "Report of Progress." The accuracy of geological field-work cannot be tested in a day, nor can the value of the work done be gauged on its completion. We believe, however, that the report is, on the whole, a valuable addition to our geological literature, and will go far to restore the somewhat faded fame of the Survey.

\* Geological Survey of Canada. Report of Progress, 1882-83-84. Published by authority. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1885.

The Geological Survey of Canada has been, indeed, of late years the subject of considerable public censure. Its management was subjected last year to an investigation by a select committee of the House of Commons, and many charges of an important nature were discovered to have been well-founded. The accusations were chiefly of a practical character. The Survey had become too "scientific." It had taken up subjects not directly within its province. The mineral resources and the mining interests of the country had become secondary questions to Indian ethnology, comparative philology and archæology. The reports in many cases were filled to overflowing with incidents of journey and dissertations on the habits of Indian tribes met with. The publication of valuable reports had been delayed until they were practically useless. Other charges partook of a personal character. Subordinates seemed to be justified in complaining of the overbearing manner of the Director. Several admirable geologists testified that they had been obliged to leave the Survey on account of the peculiarities of the Director's temper. Even favouritism seemed to be evident in one or two notable instances. Lastly, but not least, valuable work of a predecessor in office, Sir William Logan, was reported to have been suppressed. It can hardly be doubted that the committee dealt fairly with the charges brought before them. Their report recommended many changes in the management of a radical nature; and we think that the eminently practical character of the present "Report of Progress" is a sufficient proof that criticism was needed. The Director thinks the committee "must have been labouring under some misapprehension," but he has evidently not neglected its advice.

J. C. S.

### THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

THOSE who live in close proximity to the haunts of wild birds, are generally aware of the fact that the songs of these barbaric warblers are heard not over two months during the year, or ten weeks at the longest. Of the wild birds it is those of the male sex alone which sing. The naturalists ascribe their singing to a desire of pleasing their mates during the period of incubation; but however agreeable to the fancy this theory may be it cannot be reconciled with many well-known facts. It is true no reason can be suggested why such an instinct, if it exists, should not be common to the whole of the feathered tribe, and yet it is well known that by far the greater number of birds do not sing at all. Neither among those who do sing is the exercise of their vocal powers confined to periods of joy alone. Thompson in an admirable poem has informed us that the nightingale oft

sings

Her sorrow through the night, and on the bough,  
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe; till wide around the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

It is curious to record that the loss of liberty to birds produces but little effect upon their song. A famous naturalist has said that a nightingale on being captured and placed in a cage gave forth a few hours later its full roar of song and melody. Even the prospect of death itself lacks power to subdue the vocal propensity. A bird which was on the point of perishing by a fire in a house where it was caged sang until it was rescued; and another which was unhappily starved to death burst forth into an ecstasy of song just prior to its death.

The nightingale appears to be universally regarded as the most capital of the singing birds. One reason for this preference may be that it sings by night, which led Shakespeare to write:

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better musician than the wren.

The nightingale may upon many grounds boldly challenge a superiority to all other birds. Its tone is more mellow than any other bird, while it can, by a proper exertion of its musical powers, be excessively brilliant. Barrington, the naturalist, has said that he possessed one of these birds, and that when it sung its whole song round sixteen different beginnings and closes were displayed, while the intermediate notes were commonly altered in their succession with such judgment as to produce a most pleasing variety. The nightingale, however, excels not alone in tone and variety. "It sings," says Mr. Barrington, "if I may so express myself, with superior judgment and taste. I have commonly observed that my nightingale began softly, like the ancient orators, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which by this means had a most astonishing effect, and which eludes all verbal description. I have, indeed, taken down certain passages which may be reduced to our musical intervals; but, though by these means one may form an idea of some of the notes used, yet it is impossible to give their comparative durations in point of musical time, upon which the whole effect must depend. I once procured a very capital player on the

flute to execute the notes which Kircha has engraved in his 'Musurgia' as being used by the nightingale, when from want of not being able to settle their comparative duration it was almost impossible to observe any traces of the nightingale's song."

Another point of the superiority of the nightingale which deserves notice is the length to which it can prolong its notes. The bird has been known to continue its song for not less than twenty seconds at a time, and whenever respiration becomes necessary, it is taken with as much judgment as by an opera singer. Approaching nearest to the excellence of the nightingale is the skylark, which partakes much of the nature of the American mocking-bird. The skylark, even after it has become perfect in its parent note, will catch the note of any other bird happening in the vicinity. It is for this reason that the more experienced English bird-fanciers often place the skylark next to the cage of one which has not been long caught, in order, as they term it, to keep the caged skylark honest.

Many persons who have not paid particular attention to the notes of birds suppose that those of every species sing exactly the same notes and passages; but, although there is to a certain extent a general resemblance, a skilful ear can discover many material variations. These differences in the song of birds of the same species is something similar to varieties in the song of birds of the same species in England. The songs of European birds are superior in melody and harmony to those of any other portion of the globe. This has been regarded as a sort of compensation for the great inferiority in point of gaudy plumage. Thus, perhaps, originated the old saying that "fine feathers do not make fine birds." The popular canary bird has the plumage of birds of an Eastern clime, but their music is altogether European. They sing chiefly the titlark or the nightingale notes. When imported directly from the Canary Islands they have seldom any song at all; nor until they are given the advantage of a Tyrolese education have they the least opportunity of rising into estimation as singers. These birds are at the present time, however, bred in all parts of the world. In the time of Barrington, the eminent naturalist already quoted, there were four Tyrolese who brought to England each year sixteen hundred of these birds, selling them at five shillings apiece.

The first attempts of birds to sing is called by fanciers and naturalists *recording*—a phrase, in all probability, derived from a musical instrument formerly used in England. They sometimes begin to record when less than a month old. The first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger a person can perceive what the nestling is aiming at. While the little learner is thus endeavouring to form his song, at every passage which he is sure of he commonly raises his tone, but drops it again when he comes to a part which exceeds his power, just as a singer raises his voice when he feels assured that he is perfectly familiar with the tune. At the end of ten or twelve months the bird is commonly able to execute every part of his song, which once attained continues forever afterwards. It appears from numerous experiments which have been made that notes in birds are no more innate than language is in man, and that what nestlings learn or record depends entirely upon the teacher, as they imitate sounds which they have first an opportunity of hearing. Thus a young linnnet has been taught the song of the mocking bird so that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

The peculiarity of the genius of the mocking-bird is the intelligence it displays in listening to and imitating almost every known species of the feathered tribe. The American mocking-bird possesses a voice full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation from the clear, mellow notes of the wood thrush to the savage screams of the bald eagle. He faithfully follows the originals in both measure and accent. He even improves upon the force and sweetness of expression. In his native groves (says Wilson) mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preëminent over every competitor. He is not altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two or three, or at most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour. As has been beautifully expressed, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain."

The mocking bird loses little of his power and energy by confinement, but continues to imitate new sounds coming within his reach. He whistles for the dog, squeaks like the injured chicken, mews like the cat, he runs over the quivering of the canary and imitates the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale. It is the opinion of some persons, however, that the excessive fondness for variety tends to injure the mocking-bird's song.

His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of barnyard birds, and the warblings of the blue-jay are intermingled with the screamings of swallows. He mingles the songs of the robin and whip-poor-will, the killdeer and the marten, the wren and the blackbird, and the world of others. He sings the language of all birds.

The nightingale has three songs, that of suppliant love, at first languishing, then mixed with lively accents of impatience, which end in notes long and protracted, full of love and pathos that touch the heart of man. In this song the female takes her part by interrupting the couplet with tender notes, to which succeed an affirmation, timid and full of expression. The swallow is all tenderness and affection and rarely sings alone, but is rapturous in duo, trio, or in as many parts as there are members of the family. Although his gamut is very limited his concert is full of love and sweetness. The lark chants a hymn on the beauties of Nature, and with vigour cuts the air while he soars aloft in the presence of his mate who is admiring him. The canary sings his real talents and his love for everything, the chaffinch sings his love, and the goldfinch and the linnnet sing their loves.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

#### NORTH-WEST MATTERS AND OPINIONS.

WINNIPEG, 18th September, 1885.

A PETITION is published in this evening's paper addressed to the "Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., etc.," signed by a large number of gentlemen who say they are all members of the Conservative Association in Winnipeg, and who ask, "in view of the fact that the present Collector of Customs, W. R. Mingay, may be superannuated in the not distant future," that Mr. Thomas Clark, Chief Appraiser at this port, be appointed in his stead. It is safe to say that Mr. Mingay has at least an even chance of outliving and outlasting Mr. Clark, and that he is to all appearances good for many years of work yet. The late Collector, Mr. G. B. Spencer, who was superannuated some years ago, is still hale and hearty and attends to all his duties as alderman, besides his private affairs, with no sign of failing strength. Office seekers are no longer content to wait for "dead men's shoes," they now pull the shoes off the living, and relegate the wearers to the inglorious ease of slippers. There must be a considerable annual waste of public money in thus paying a salary and a-half when one salary should suffice. In the case of the Winnipeg Collectorship, if the petition be granted, there will be three annual payments to be made instead of one. It is indeed a serious question why public servants should be superannuated and their old age provided for any more than the employes of individuals or corporations. The system certainly leads to a sad want of foresight and general extravagance in the average civil servant.

*The New Exemption Law.*—This is contained in a few clauses of a consolidation of former statutes running through several years, and now forming "The Administration of Justice Act." There seems to be a great deal of misconception abroad with regard to the new exemption provisions. To disallow the whole Act would throw matters into terrible confusion here, unless the Queen's Bench Act of 1885 were also disallowed, as the latter Act repeals *in toto* some provisions of great importance now consolidated in the former. Besides, there is really no excuse for thus interfering with our local legislation. The Act, in my opinion, goes too far in allowing a debtor \$2,500 worth of real estate in a town, 160 acres of land and all buildings in the country, besides several other exemptions of large value; but, after all, if we don't approve of the laws our representatives make we can elect better men at the first opportunity. Then, again, the exemption as to land is only personal to the debtor whilst he resides on it, and with an execution against his lands in the sheriff's hands he can neither sell nor mortgage the land without satisfying the execution. The goods of a merchant or trader are not exempt to the value of one dollar. Therefore, the wholesale merchant in the East can follow the goods which he sells. As to agricultural implement men, they generally provide in their sales that the property shall not pass till the full price be paid.

*The Torrens Act.*—There was a great outcry made for this new system, and now the people have it they don't seem to take so kindly to it as was expected. It came into force 1st July last, and the Act apparently aims at making it compulsory for all to whom patents from the Crown are issued subsequent to that date to take the patents to the Registrar-General. For all others it is voluntary up to the present time. I have only heard of one title being put through by the Registrar-General. The expenses are so great, both for fees and advertising, to say nothing of the commission payable on being introduced to this brand-new shop, that there is a general backwardness in coming forward, and the staff of highly-paid officials have little or nothing to do. There seems to be no penalty provided for not taking a newly issued patent in to the Registrar-General, and though probably under the new law one of the old-fashioned registrars might, could, would or should refuse to register it, he will register any other kind of instrument relating to the land, and the patent can be handed over with the deed or mortgage without registration.

*Commercial Union.*—Whatever the effect of full reciprocity with the United States in other parts of the Dominion, there can be no doubt it would enormously benefit this Province and the whole North-West. Having to import nearly all the manufactured articles we require, besides coal and a great many of the food products we consume, such as fruit, early vegetables and groceries, the heavy tariff is burdensome without any

countervailing advantages as against other Provinces. The heavy freights over such long distances necessarily make such imports dearer than in other Provinces, and the burden is doubled when heavy duties also have to be paid. The disallowance of all our local railway charters which threatened any competition with the C. P. R. has been another serious factor in the problem of life in Manitoba. Without it we would ere this have had at least one other all-rail through route to the East in competition with the C. P. R. Consider, too, the paltry sum allowed to Manitoba in lieu of public lands from which the other Provinces derive considerable revenues; and it will be seen that Manitoba and her settlers are paying a great deal for the honour of forming part of this great Dominion. If she were a separate colony and had control of her own lands, she could, by means of these and a small import tariff of not more than five per cent., have ample revenues for all her needs. She could also have railway competition and thus cheapen freights both ways. Everything we have to export we would get higher prices for, and everything we have to import would be cheaper by a great deal. The people of Eastern Canada should ponder this well.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

### HERE AND THERE.

THE *St. John's Globe* gives currency to the rumour that Judge Thompson will leave the Nova Scotia Supreme Court bench, and, obtaining a constituency in Cape Breton, take a portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet.

THE following remarks are from the letter of an English correspondent: "The English correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* is a wonderful man. His capacity for obtaining information is truly astounding. Many of the items of news furnished by him afford evidence that his powers of imagination are of the very first rank. It does not speak well for the Canadian press that absurd fabrications should regularly appear in its columns. The statements as to the distress among Lancashire operatives, referred to by me in a former letter, and the reference made to crowds of people dying in London from sunstroke, were so palpably absurd as to scarcely need denial; but the paragraph to which my attention has been drawn, headed "The *Standard* as an Organ," in the *Mail* of August 8th, is more mischievous, as being more likely to mislead its readers, the majority of whom probably never see the *Standard*. Of course I knew that no such renunciation of Conservative principles as was alleged by the *Mail* to have been made by the *Standard* had ever appeared, and that the *Standard* is recognized as the leading Conservative organ in England—save by the Churchillites, who swear by the *Morning Post*. But I am able to send a more authoritative denial than my own, viz.: that of the editor of the *Standard* himself. I forwarded the *Mail's* 'special cablegram' together with a query as to its truth or falsehood. I received an answer by return of post stating that the paragraph was false—was utterly without foundation. A few more of these fabrications will perhaps open the eyes of the editor of the *Mail* to the necessity of employing some one to write English cablegrams who, if he has not been in England, occasionally sees an English newspaper."

HOLIDAY-MAKING, so far as this year is concerned, will soon be a thing of the past. It may be of interest to those who prefer to vegetate in the fall to know that one popular resort will be available until November, the proprietor of the Mountain House, Watkins Glen, N. Y., having decided to keep that well-known hostelry open until November.

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

NATURE is not always obliging enough to fashion a girl after the style of beauty she thinks the most charming, or at least fails to give her the particular details of loveliness she most desires. Where Nature fails Art usually steps in nowadays, and by this means a Chicago beauty has been enabled to add a couple of dimples on each arm to her catalogue of full-dress charms. The dainty depressions were created by an artist in dimples, who placed a glass tube over the spot where one was desired. By sucking the air out of the tube he raised a slight protuberance and then deftly tied a bit of scarlet silk round it. Then with a sharp knife he sliced off this little pimple he had made. Next an inverted silver cone was placed over the little wound so as to press down exactly into the centre of it. The fair patient went to have it dressed for five successive days, when the place was found to be completely healed. The silver cone was then removed, and sure enough she found herself the possessor of the prettiest little dimple in all Chicago. The acquisition of dimples seems so simple that no ball-room miss should be without them this winter.

THE present year will witness the completion of at least two great engineering works, in which we on this side the Atlantic may find at least a passing interest. Liverpool and Birkenhead are now united by a tunnel under the Mersey, although the railway for which it has been made is not yet opened. The other day the first train was to run through the still greater tunnel under the Severn. Below Gloucester the Severn widens out

into the noblest estuary of the Western Coast of England. At a point where the stream is of considerable width, the Midland Railway Company, some years ago, put a bridge across. The tunnel is twelve miles lower down, where the Severn has lost the appearance of a river and looks like some great inland lake or arm of the sea. The tunnel is four and a-half miles in length, and is from eighty to a hundred feet below the bed of the river, except where the river is deepest, and here the crown of the arch is only forty or fifty feet below the stream. The engineer is Mr. W. C. Richardson, a pupil of Brunel, who, it will be remembered, constructed the Thames Tunnel. One of the chief difficulties in that undertaking was the breaking in of the bed of the river. The Severn, too, broke in upon the workings of his pupil, although this was not a very serious trouble. The tunnel is constructed of substantial brick work; it is twenty-six feet in diameter, and has a double line of rails running through it. This great undertaking has been carried out at a cost of over a million and a-half sterling. The Board is to be congratulated upon the completion of an undertaking which will constitute an enduring monument of the engineering skill and commercial enterprise of the age.

"Go down pork, come up veal," says the Jew as he puts a joint into the cooking-pot, when he wishes to eat of the flesh of the forbidden swine and at the same time avert the stings of conscience. The cannibal may perhaps do the same when he pops a man into the oven, and adjures him to come out another sort of flesh which he can eat without disgrace. Some ex-missionary from the Fijian Islands or the West Coast of Africa might perhaps enlighten the public as to the correct word by which to signify human flesh when used for the table. Everybody knows that at the moment the vital spark has fled from the bullock, the sheep, or the calf, they instantly become beef, mutton, or veal; but the culinary name for departed relatives is not so generally known. A savage was once baptized by a Catholic priest and instructed in the tenets of his Church, and among other things he was forbidden to eat meat on a Friday. The priest's horror was great when one day he found his convert gaily dining off a leg of mutton. When remonstrated with his reply was, "You baptized me and called me John; I baptized this leg of mutton and called it fish." Similarly the whale is called a fish in Holy Writ and by the teachers of the Church, and as such it is edible on Fridays, but naturalists are aware that the whale is a mammal just as much as a pig. Under this mistaken idea that it is a fish, the Norwegians are doing a brisk trade in tinned whale, for use in Roman Catholic countries; but in reality it is flesh, and not fish, and may even be foul.

THERE is to be an effort made during the coming dancing season in London to revive the stately minuet. It would certainly form a striking contrast to the giddy whirl of the waltz, and might encourage some of the present generation of young people to acquire a little of the grace that distinguished our grandfathers when they set foot in a ball-room.

MRS. MARK PATTISON, who was recently so anxious that her engagement to Sir Charles Dilke should be made public, is said to have been the leader of a brilliant *coterie* when her first husband, the Rector of Lincoln College, was still living. She made her house at Oxford a meeting-place of wit and learning, and did not discourage fashion, dressing smartly herself and expressing satisfaction when others did the same. Mrs. Pattison also affected art and literature, and was clever enough to make good her extended pretensions to culture. George Eliot was one of her intimate friends.

IT is good news that the Talmud is to be done into English. At present we have little access to the Rabbinical teachings. Canon Farrar, it is true, as a Hebrew scholar, overlays his work with Talmudic references. Mr. Emmanuel Deutsch some years ago helped to reveal the wealth and worth of the scattered writings of the doctors in Israel. But the Talmud, as a whole, with its mysterious stories, its allegorical legends, its pithy sayings and its traditions, has never been accessible save to the profound scholar, and is generally unintelligible even to him. Mr. Schwabe, of the National Library at Paris, has undertaken to do what no Englishman has attempted. He is going to give us an English Talmud. To scholars it will be invaluable, but its uses will not be confined to scholars. It contains nearly all that exists of Jewish literature after the closing of the canon; and what is best of it should soon become part and parcel of English thought. A great deal of it is trash, save from the historical point of view; but it is full of pretty stories and pithy sayings, and much of it is worth popularizing.

MORE ripe fruitage is presently to fall from the mellow tree of the Laureate's thought. Tennyson has another volume of verse ready for presentation to the public. It is to consist of ballads and pieces like those which came from him when he gave, in a single volume, the stirring stories of "The Revenge" and "Lucknow," the tender pathos of the "Children's Hospital" and the "Quarrel," the tragedy of "Columbus," and the highly-wrought and gorgeously-coloured "Voyage of the Maeldune." Tennyson's dramas are so far unappreciated. An English journalist commenting upon this fact says: "It is we that are wrong, not the poets, when the plays of Browning and of Tennyson are excluded from the stage. So fine a work as 'A Becket' ought not to be left for the student to master. But as it is, so it is.

Well—if it be so—so it is, you know,  
And if it be so, so be it.

If Tennyson's dramas do not reach the heart of the public like his pretty poems, he must write the pretty poems."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

H.S.—Your communication will appear in our next issue.

THE YOUNG LIBERALS AND THE SENATE.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—The Convention of "Young Liberals," at Toronto, has come,—and gone. Touching the reconstruction of the Senate the following resolution was adopted:—

That the Dominion Senate, as at present composed and constituted, is not consistent with the genius of the present age, is utterly useless as a legislative body, and has completely failed to realize the hopes and expectations of those who, at Confederation, believed that a Second Chamber, composed entirely of life members, would prove a non-partisan body which would prove a check upon hasty or imprudent legislation by the House of Commons. That the Convention recommends that steps be at once taken—without interfering with the present proportionate representation of each Province in that body—to reform or reconstruct the Senate in such a manner as to make it a representative or elective chamber.

This affirms the principle of an elected Senate, but leaves the mode of election still to be determined. Some of the delegates contended that the Senators should be elected by the Provincial Legislatures, as in the United States, and as proposed in THE WEEK of September 10th. Others wanted election by the people, as for the House of Commons: the members being of course fewer in number and the constituencies larger than in elections to the House.

The latter plan is simply the revival of an old one, which had a twenty years' trial in Ontario and Quebec before Confederation. It was not a success in old Canada, and in the course of the Confederation debates it was dropped by statesmen of both parties. If the Senate is to be reconstructed at all, we had better make a complete job of it, and adopt the American plan, which has given to the great Republic the strongest and the most efficient Second Chamber in the world.

But there were those in the Convention who wanted no reform of the Senate at all, but simply to abolish it altogether. They held that any Second Chamber whatever must be opposed to the spirit of Democracy, and to the genius of the present age. Well, the United States is pretty far advanced in Democracy, it will be allowed; yet any American citizen who should to-day propose to abolish the Senate would surely be deemed a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum. That proposal could not come from any *bona fide* American, though it might come from European Socialists. The American Senate is very highly esteemed by the people; and its remarkable efficiency and success point it out as the model for Canada to copy from.

SENEC.

NEW FRANCE.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—In the tearful farewell and benediction which the Paris *Figaro* bestows on the Rev. M. Labelle, on the return of that worthy ecclesiastic to his Canadian home, accompanied by that circle of French delegates whose visit to this country crowns his mission, there is an ominous ring which the English-speaking Canadian will find worthy of careful consideration. It reveals the real object of Father Labelle's official journey; and it avows an important fact that the long-cherished devotion of the French Canadians, which the leniency of the terms in which the Act of Capitulation in 1760 was drawn seemed specially designed to cherish and develop, has now reached a fervour which appeals to the maternal heart of France. He forgets that the France of 1608, when his ancestors from Normandy set up their first camp-smoke in Canadian forests, is not the France of to-day; that the monarchy so dear to them perished long ago at the hands of the public executioner; that the supremacy of the Catholic church has in turn expired, drowned in infidelity, communism and liberalism; that the modern Frenchman, in politics, sociology or theology, bears no resemblance whatever to the traditional representative of the race; that anything approaching a coalition of the now distinct races would necessitate an entire obliteration of the romance of at least four generations. Whether the education of the masses in these matters will alter the existing bias of our French-Canadian mind or not time alone will tell; one thing, however, is certain, that at this present moment they are prepared to form a brotherhood against their fellow-citizens in this Confederation. For some years matters have gone smoothly enough. In the speeches of our public men the peroration has been invariably a flow of tearful thankfulness on the one hand for French-Canadian loyalty, on the other a condescending acknowledgment with an assurance that the compliment is not unmerited. But Riel has been convicted of felony by a constitutional tribunal, and a strained relationship is at once felt; or much afflicted Montreal would have all her citizens obedient to her sanitary laws, and the Gallic brother declares that the gauntlet has been thrown down and defies his Anglo-Saxon brother in most forcible strains. Little troubled by past political turmoils, the Anglo-Canadian, with that characteristic commercial instinct which has enabled his brethren in every known land to make their way, set himself determinedly to obtain, even in the Province of Quebec, an acknowledged supremacy, a fact at first painless to the French-Canadian representatives with Great Britain. The hour of mind enhanced by the extent of our commercial relations with England with the late toward France in the hope of in some way weakening the influence of England with the Dominion by establishing, in lieu of a sentimental bond, a commercial union between what *Figaro* calls Old and New France. He went; he saw the *Figaro*; he conquered that journal at all events; and when he set sail once more for Canada the great heart of the organ burst forth in the following strain:—

The *Dumara* is nearing Halifax, having on board the Curé Labelle, the apostle of the colonization of Canada. He is surrounded by worthy Frenchmen—literary men, artists, engineers, manufacturers, merchants—children of Old France who are going to hold out the hand to New France; to fraternize with the Frenchmen of America, too long forgotten! To bid them welcome, they will find on their arrival all that the French nation of Canada possesses of men of merit, of warm-hearted people, an innumerable crowd! To renew by a good act the alliance of the old colony with the metropolis, they will want to add their signatures side by side on the petition which will solicit Riel's grace!

This—in plain language—means simply that France is deeply interested in the North-West; that all Quebec and the North-West are to be in future known as New France, in contra-distinction to the rest of the Dominion, with the prospect of a fine jumble should the day arrive when Canadian Independence shall become a subject of serious debate. Enjoying as we now do the protection of Great Britain, the animosities of a race cause the Anglo-Canadian scarcely a thought. But that he would ever enter into an independent union under existing and progressive circumstances is a very different matter.

B.

A FOOLISH PRACTICE.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Will you allow me space to protest once more against the vulgar, useless and dangerous practice of jumping on or off cars or steamers whilst in motion, a practice which has assumed the obdurate guise of a "fashion" among a large portion of our people. Anything so intolerably stupid as a social practice is disallowed in other countries; and, whatever may be the tendencies of government in those countries in any other departments of control, this one cannot certainly be pronounced an unworthy infringement of the liberty of the citizen. It is no infringement of liberty to prevent a man from making a fool of himself in a way that jeopardizes his life; but it is this very feeling which forms the chief restraint upon proper police regulations in this Canada of ours. Rational liberty is to be maintained under all circumstances. Liberty to risk your life foolishly is not rational but injurious, not merely to the individual, but in all the circumstances of life by which he is environed. The point is clear enough to those who think. The vain beings who display their jumping powers at such contingent cost *don't* think—consecutively; and it would often be hard to teach them to do so.

SOCIUS.

BEREAVED.

A SILENT household mine. Unbroken gloom  
Where once was mirth and childhood's glad surprise:  
Ere yet the tear-dewed pathway of the tomb  
Had led unto the gates of Paradise.

Can I forget that hour when they had borne  
My one ewe lamb forth from the parent fold,  
When bolt and bar closed on a heart forlorn  
And left my little one out in the cold?

Oft in my spirit's hour of dark unrest  
I seek one hallowed room with softened tread,  
And, as the shadows lengthen from the west  
Keep sacred tryst with relics of my dead.

Two little socks, her christening robe, a tress  
Of golden hair, and Love-crown'd bassinette,  
Once emblems of a mother's happiness;  
Ye shrine till death a stricken heart's regret.

I hear them whisper Murder's hideous name—  
A daughter of the hamlet, wooed in lust  
That, flamed with the madness of an open shame,  
Slew the frail offspring of illicit trust.

Deeply my sorrowing heart bemoans its fate,  
And murmurs at the chastening Hand which gave  
To her a pledge of shame, a child of hate,  
And unto me, alas! a little grave.

H.K.C.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

FRENCH PRIESTS.

It has been my fortune to know a good many French priests, and to be on terms of intimacy—indeed I may truly say friendship—with two or three. They are generally most respectable men, devoted to their work, living contentedly on wonderfully small incomes, and as far removed as possible from that dissoluteness of manners which did so much to discredit the Church of Rome in England in the times immediately preceding the Reformation. The worst fault they have, as a class, is too much fondness for good eating, which may very easily be accounted for. Their position affords them very few opportunities for any kind of amusements or pleasure. They wear the long black cassock every day, and all day, and wherever they go are obliged to be very strict in their demeanour. They are much more separated from the world of the laity than a clergyman of the Church of England is. They may not enjoy any active out-door pleasures except a grave kind of pedestrianism; they may not go to the *café* to play billiards as laymen do, and yet they have no domestic enjoyments except a book by the solitary fireside of the presbytery, and perhaps a secret pipe or a pinch of snuff from time to time. We must remember, too, that the priest is often really a hungry man. He cannot say mass if he has eaten anything—the laws of the Church forbid it—and after mass he often has other work to do which postpones the hour of *déjeuner*. Then there are fast-days, and the long Lent season, which an earnest priest observes with the greatest strictness.

Priests may be divided into two classes, the clever and the simple. The clever priest usually lives in a town, and confesses great ladies; the simple priest lives in a country village, and hears the wearisome confessions of the peasants' wives and daughters. The first is sometimes a finished man of the world, who, were he placed in the position of a Mazarin, a Richelieu, or an Antonelli, might easily be the diplomatist or statesman; the second tends rather to the saintly than the intellectual life, and sometimes does, indeed, almost realize the difficult ideal of Roman Catholic sanctity. The contrast between the two lives is great indeed. The fashionable confessor passes half his time in drawing-rooms, and his own sitting-room is like the *boudoir* of a *grande dame*, with all sorts of Bibles, vases, engravings, candleabra, bouquets of flowers, pretty needlework, and beautifully bound books. The poor *curé de campagne* lives in a small cottage, which may be worth a rental of five pounds, with one old ugly servant and a few pieces of

meagre furniture. I well remember visiting quite recently, in the course of a pedestrian excursion with a party of friends, a curious little village perched on the very crest of a steep hill 1,500 feet high. There was an interesting Romanesque church, and service was going on when we entered it. At the close of the service the *curé* began catechising and instructing a class of children; but he very kindly sent a man to us to say that if we would go and rest ourselves in the presbytery he would join us when his work was over. His home was quite a poor man's cottage, without the least pretension to comfort. Another messenger came from the *curé* to say how much he regretted not to be able to offer us a glass of wine after our ascent of the hill, but he had no wine in the house. An English reader will realize with difficulty the degree of destitution which this implies in a wine-producing country like France, where common wine is not looked upon at all in the light of a luxury. "We are expecting," his servant said, "a little cask of white wine from the low country, but it is a long time in reaching us." One of us observed that the *curé* must be very hungry, for we knew that he had eaten nothing yet, as he had said mass, and we thought he should have done better to get his *déjeuner* before teaching the children. "This is the *déjeuner*," the woman said, lifting a plate from a basin that she kept warm upon the hearth. It contained nothing but mallow tea. The good *curé*, who was as thin as he well could be, was, in fact, one of those admirable priests who are so absorbed in the duties and charities of their calling that they forget self altogether. Priests of that saintly character are looked upon by the more worldly clergy as innocent idealists, whose proper sphere is an out-of-the-way village. It is said by those who know the Church better than I do, that they very seldom get much ecclesiastical advancement. Their self-denial is sometimes almost incredible. The following instances, which have been narrated to me by people who knew the *curés* themselves, will convey some idea of it:

My first story shall be about a *curé*, who was formerly incumbent of the parish where my house is situated. He is dead now; but when he was alive he was not remarkable for attention to personal appearance. His wardrobe (except, of course, the vestments in which he officiated) consisted of one old black cotton cassock, and when he was asked to dinner it was his custom to ink over those places which seemed to need a little restoration, after which process he considered himself presentable to good society. This, however, was not the opinion of his brethren, who were men of the world. One day the bishop invited him to dinner; so our good *curé* went in his old cassock even to the bishop's palace itself. The priests of the episcopal court drew the prelate's attention to that cassock, and the wearer of it incurred a severe reprimand for his *mauvaise tenue*. The ladies of his parish, who loved and respected him (with good reason), were much pained when they heard of this, and subscribed to buy him a good new silk cassock, to be worn on state occasions, especially at the bishop's table. For a short time the *curé* remained in possession of this garment; but no invitation came from the bishop. At last somebody told his grandeur that the poor priest had now the means of making a decent appearance, so he invited him again. "Alas, monseigneur!" was the reply; "a month since I could have come, for I had the new cassock; but now I possess it no longer, and so I cannot come." On inquiry it turned out that some poor little boys, who had come to be catechised, had ragged waistcoats, and could not make a decent appearance at church; so it struck the *curé* that the cassock was big enough to make several capital waistcoats for little boys, and he had employed it for that purpose, to the advantage of their appearance, but to the detriment of his own.

My next story, which is also perfectly authentic, concerns a priest who is still alive, and so incorrigibly charitable as to be the despair of his good sister, who tries in vain to keep him decent. He does not live quite close to my house; but I have authentic tidings of him from a very near neighbour of his who comes to see me occasionally. One day at the beginning of winter, some years ago, a lady came to this priest's house to see him on business, but as he was absent she had to wait for his return. The first thing that struck him on entering his room was that the lady looked miserably cold. "How cold you do look, madame," he said; "I wish I had a fire to warm you; but the fact is I have no fuel." When the lady went away she told the story to her friends, and they plotted together to buy the *curé* a comfortable little stove and a cart-load of wood, which comforts were duly sent to the presbytery. Some weeks afterwards in the severe winter weather, the lady thought she would go and see how the *curé's* stove acted, and whether he was as comfortable as she had expected. On this visit the following little conversation took place:

Lady—"The weather is so bitterly cold that I thought I would come to see whether your stove warmed your room properly."

*Curé*—"Thank you, thank you. The stove you were so good as to give me is really excellent. It warms a room capitally."

Lady (who by this time has penetrated into the chamber, which is the *curé's* bed-room and sitting-room in one)—"But, I declare, you have no fire at all. And the stove is not here. Have you set it up somewhere else?"

*Curé* (much embarrassed)—"Yes, it is set up elsewhere. The fact is, there was a very poor woman who was delivered of a child at the time you sent me the stove, and she had no fire, so I gave it to her."

Lady—"And the cart-load of wood."

*Curé*—"Oh, of course she must have fuel for her stove, so I gave her the wood too."

It is the simple truth that the good Christian man was quietly sitting without a spark of fire all through a bitter winter, because, in his opinion, the poor woman needed warmth more than he did. The same *curé* came home sometimes without a shirt, the shirt having been given to some poor parishioner, and at least once he came back without shoes, for the same reason. At one time he had a small private fortune; need I say that it

has long since disappeared. He spent a good deal of it in restoring an old chapel which had been abandoned to ruins, but is now used again for public worship. He himself officiates there; but the neighbouring clergy still retain the marriages, christenings and burials, so that he has nothing to live upon but the little pittance given by the Government.—*Round My House*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE Grit party in Canada is giving no excuse for existence that the public will accept, and therefore the public are allowing it to die, and are following it to the grave with great unconcern.—*Halifax Mail*.

It is said that no two locomotive bells sound alike, though they are cast from the same metal in the same mould. Young Liberals are not locomotive bells, but they seem to work the same way.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

THERE must be a change of Government before we shall have reciprocity. Such a treaty can only be negotiated by self-respecting men, who respect those whom they meet and who will set about a business matter with a full knowledge of the conditions of success—men who will not attempt to bully, and who cannot stoop in the dust to beg—and men who have a desire to secure reciprocity, which the party in power have not.—*St. John Telegraph*.

THE proposal that Ontario and the Maritime Provinces should unite to force their language, their religion and opinions, methods and practices upon the people of Quebec, is monstrous. The prejudices and animosities of race which Toryism has fostered should indeed be got rid of as soon as possible, and we should all become much more thoroughly than we now are one Canadian people, none of us as a class eschewing politics, but all striving as true patriots to promote the welfare of the whole country.—*Globe*.

THE French papers may ask for Riel's pardon, but the Privy Council will not be governed by sentiment in making up its judgment on the case. If Riel can be freed because there is some legal question about the jurisdiction of the Court which tried him, the Privy Council will give him his life. But we doubt very much if attention is paid to the appeals of frantic newspapers published in an alien country, and which understand nothing whatever about the merits of the case, or the antecedents of the man in whose behalf they make their plea.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

WE are told by a prominent speaker at the Liberal Convention that immigration is not a thing to be encouraged, but rather deprecated, and that we ought so to contrive as to keep the great Province of Ontario as a sealed book for the special use and benefit of those only at present living here and their immediate descendants; that the inevitable depletion of the people by the withdrawal of active young men and Young Liberals, who display so much fondness for the States is not to be replaced or repaired by holding out a welcoming hand to new-comers from the Old World, men who look forward to making a home in Ontario. Such a doctrine, we feel sure, will not meet with general acceptance.—*London Free Press*.

THOSE who are exercised over the commercial position of Canada seem to consider that there are but two avenues of relief open to us. The first is commercial union with the British Empire, which, as it renders an English bread tax necessary, is an impossibility. The second is commercial union with the United States, either by a reciprocity treaty or a customs union, the first of which may be a possibility. There is yet a third way, however, and that is a recourse to the only right fiscal policy, free trade and direct taxation. That Canadian shows a damaging lack of faith in his nationality who cannot escape from the shadow of the United States, or consider our fiscal problems without a reference to the policy of our great neighbour.—*Montreal Witness*.

No one of Archdeacon Farrar's characteristics, however, has done more to win for him the esteem of his friends, the respect of his critics, and the admiration of the world at large than his fearlessness. It required no small amount of courage for a man in his position to preach the series of sermons on "Eternal Hope" which created such a sensation in the religious world, and drew down upon him a galling fire of hostile criticism. It is sufficient to say that he has fought a brave battle in defence of his convictions. The place which, as a preacher, he holds in the hearts of the people may best be judged by the immense crowds which flock to hear him when he occupies the pulpit in Westminster Abbey. Not only in the pulpit as the spokesman of the Broad Church school, but in English society he fills with success the unique position maintained by the late Dean Stanley in his closing years.—*Mail*.

THERE is no proof whatever that Vice-President Hendricks' expression of sympathy with the Irish Nationalists has excited any of the "resentment shown by the English newspapers" on which the *Sun* comments. No English newspaper of the smallest consequence has taken any notice of it. There is no reason why any English newspaper should be troubled by Mr. Hendricks' utterances on any question of foreign politics, because he knows nothing about foreign politics, and has no interest in it. He is in favour of Irish Independence just as he would be in favour of Abracadabra if he thought it would bring him a vote or two. One good post-office or collectorship is of more interest and importance to him than all the foreign nations on the globe. When he went abroad a few years ago he innocently revealed his astonishment at finding parliaments on the European Continent. Doubtless he expected to see nothing there but post-offices and custom-houses, carried on by despots and manned by vicious noblemen on life tenures. He is of importance now in American politics, we beg to inform the Queen, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and the British press, simply because he would succeed Mr. Cleveland if the latter were to die—a contingency which makes most intelligent Americans shake in their boots.—*N. Y. Nation*.

## A VENDETTA.

THE widow of Paolo Saverini lived alone with her son in a poor little hut on the ramparts of Bonifacio. The town, built on a ridge of the mountain, suspended as it were in some places over the sea, lies opposite—in direct line from the foam-beaten cliffs—the lowest portion of the Sardinian shore.

At the foot of the town on its other side, and almost encircling it, is a winding fiord, like a huge corridor cut out of the rock, serving both as a harbour and canal, down which the small Italian and Sardinian fishing boats pass daily, and once a fortnight the old weather-beaten steamboat that plies between Bonifacio and Ajaccio.

The cluster of houses makes a spot of still more dazzling whiteness on the already white mountain, and looks like nothing so much as tiny bird-nests perched on the cliffs, overlooking this tempestuous passage where rarely a ship dare enter. An incessant wind sweeps over the sea, over the bleak mountain-side, chilling the meagre growth of grass, and, rushing through the rocky channel, leaves either shore a wilderness. The trails of white spray caught on the topmost black peaks of the rocks that pierce the waves in every direction might be snowy pennons floating and palpitating on the surface of the water.

The cottage of the widow Saverini, perched on the very edge of the fiord, opened its windows on this wild and desolate scene, and here she lived her solitary life with her son Antoine and their dog *Sémillante*—a great rough sheep-dog that served also on occasion as retriever.

One evening, during a hot dispute, Antoine Saverini was stabbed in the back by Nicolas Ravolati, who, the same night, escaped into Sardinia.

When the aged mother received the body of her son—found by some passers-by—she did not weep, but stood for many long minutes silent and motionless beside it; at last, stretching out her wrinkled hand over the corpse, she vowed to avenge him, she promised the dead a vendetta. Refusing to allow anyone to share her watching she shut herself up with the faithful old dog who, stationing himself at the foot of the bed, his head turned towards his master, his tail between his legs, howled, howled with-out ceasing. The woman and the dog remained thus all night, keeping out their sad watch, only that recovering from the first shock the woman had thrown herself on her son's body, and through her fixed gaze the great tears rose and fell.

The young lad, lying at full length in his rough gray clothing, looked as if he slept; were it not for the blood that was over everything—on the shirt, torn open in the desperate hope of finding a faint glimmer of life; on his vest, on the knife in his sash, on his face, his hands; even his hair and beard were clotted with it.

Presently the old mother began slowly to speak to him. At the sound of this familiar voice breaking the silence the dog ceased howling.

"Never fear, my darling child, my own boy, that you will not be avenged. Sleep, sleep; vengeance will come. Can you hear me? 'Tis a mother who has vowed it, and does a mother ever forget or fail to keep her promise? Shall I not keep mine to my boy?"

And tenderly she stooped over him, touching his dead lips with her living ones.

At the sight of this action *Sémillante* recommenced to howl and gave vent to one long moan after the other, heartrending, terrible to listen to.

Thus they remained through the livelong night, the woman and the dog, till the morning.

The following day Antoine Saverini was buried, and not many more passed before he seemed to be forgotten in Bonifacio.

He left no brother or any near cousins, none to avenge his murder except his mother, his poor old mother; but always she brooded on the keeping of her promise.

On the other side of the channel one could see from dawn to twilight a white streak on the shore—the Sardinian village, Longosardo, where the Corsican bandits found a refuge when tracked too near home, and which was almost entirely populated by them; there they awaited in full view of their own country the summons to return home. It was to this village she knew that Nicolas Ravolati had flown.

All through the long day, seated at her window, she gazed across the water and dreamed of vengeance; but how accomplish it alone, infirm, so near to death's door? But her promise, her vow to her dead boy, upheld her. She could not forget, could not longer delay.

But how begin? She no longer slept at night, no longer found either rest or peace from the thoughts that agitated her mind. The dog, lying listlessly at her feet, lifted his head every now and again to break into far-reaching moans. Since his master's death he often howled thus, as though calling to him—as if his brute-soul, inconsolable, had also kept his memory imperishable. One night, as *Sémillante* recommenced his usual cries, an idea at once barbarous and vindictive flashed through the old woman's brain. Slowly the hours passed crippled with the burden of her thought.

When the dawn broke she rose and went to the church and prayed, kneeling on the cold stone floor, humbly to her God for help, for support so to strengthen her poor decrepit body that she might be strong to avenge the murder of her son! On her return home she took an old barrel that had been used to catch the rain from the eaves, emptied it, turned it over on its side, fastening it to the ground with staves and stones; then, after chaining *Sémillante* to this domicile she entered the house and for hours paced up and down her room, pausing only to look from her window towards the Sardinian shore where he, the assassin of her boy, lived.

The dog howled more than ever. Once through the day and at evening the old woman brought him water to drink but nothing to eat, no meat, no bread. Another day passed, and *Sémillante*, exhausted with hunger, slept.

Another twenty-four hours and his eye-balls were glaring, his coat bristling, and he tugged furiously at his chain.

Still the woman gave him nothing. The animal, maddened, barked incessantly. One more night passed.

The following day, however, Mother Saverini went to a neighbour and begged of her two armfuls of straw. This she stuffed into an old suit of clothes that once belonged to her husband, made a head out of a bundle of old linen, and, running a stick into the ground before *Sémillante's* kennel, fastened the manikin to it. This done she went to the butcher's and bought a long string of pork sausages which she fried over a fire of sticks built up just beside the kennel. The dog, famished, foaming at the mouth, bounded wildly from side to side, his eyes already devouring the savoury mess.

Taking the steaming meat from the pan the old woman tied it carefully and securely around the neck of the straw man, then proceeded to untie the dog. With one spring he clutched the throat of the manikin, and with his paws firmly planted on its shoulders, began to tear at it. Again and again he fell to the ground, but as often sprang with new vigour upon the figure, ravenously devouring bit by bit the face and neck, until not a vestige of the horrible black folds of sausage-meat remained.

With gleaming eyes the woman stood silently watching the scene. Then re-chaining the dog she left him to starve for another two days, at the end of which she recommenced her strange treatment.

For three whole months she accustomed him to this sort of battle for food, to this repast gained solely by the sharpness of his fangs. Gradually she ceased to chain him, a sign being sufficient to send him bounding on to the manikin, and soon she taught him to spring upon the figure and tear it into shreds without the stimulus of food, only afterwards she gave him as a reward the sausages she had cooked for herself. The instant that *Sémillante* beheld this figure before him he trembled in every limb, and turning his eyes upon his mistress awaited eagerly the hissing "Va!" and pointed finger with which she signed him to his frightful meal.

When the time was judged ripe Mother Saverini went to the church and the confessional, and, filled with ecstatic fervour, donned the garb of an old beggar-man, and got herself and her dog rowed to the other side by a Sardinian fisherman.

She carried in a cotton bag a huge string of pork sausages which she allowed *Sémillante* to sniff every few minutes, he having fasted for two whole days.

They entered the village street of Longosardo. The old Corsican woman walked lame. She inquired of a baker the way to Nicolas Ravolati. He had returned to his former trade—that of a carpenter—and through the half-open window she saw him sitting at the back of his shop.

Opening wide the door, she called:

"Nicolas!"

As he turned his head she dragged the dog forward and, pointing with long bony finger, hissed in his ear: "Hie, *Sémillante*, hie on, eat, eat!"

The half-starved brute sprang upon the man, seized him by the throat and both rolled over upon the floor in a mortal struggle. For several seconds the man fought desperately, turning, twisting, beating the ground with his feet, presently he ceased to move, while *Sémillante*, frantic, tore the flesh from his throat in shreds.

Two neighbours, sitting at their doors, remembered distinctly seeing an old man come out of the shop followed by a great lean dog, who, as they trudged along, was fed by his master with something long and round and black which he carried in a bag.

Towards evening the old woman reached her home, and that night, no doubt, she slept soundly. REN.

THE following are the latest publications of the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishing Company: "Fairy Voices Waltz," by A. G. Crowe, composer of the popular "See-Saw Waltz," and whose popularity must certainly be extended by the charming "Fairy Voices"; "La Zingara Waltzes," by Edwin H. Prout, also a very pretty production; "With the Stream Waltz," by Theo. Marzials, a capital waltz to dance to; "Greeting Waltz," on English melodies, by Edouard Strauss (composed expressly for the International Exhibition); "An der Wiege Poustück," a lovely "Cradle Song" by Gustav Lange; "Old Fashions Gavotte," by Milton Wellings, a solo on the song "Old Fashions"; and "Flirtation Gavotte," by Otto Langey, performed at the London Promenade Concerts, and being one of the most attractive pianoforte pieces lately put before the public. Of "Fairy Voices" it is not easy to speak too highly, it contains all the elements ordinarily necessary to secure popularity, being simple, rhythmical, and very musical. "Flirtation" and the "Cradle Song" (particularly the latter) are also worthy of special commendation.

MR. HUXLEY says that "however bad our posterity may become, so long as they hold by the plain rule of not pretending to believe what they have no reason to believe, because it may be to their advantage so to pretend, they will not have reached the lowest depths of immorality."

A LEGISLATURE for each Province, when its population justifies the same, will most efficiently realize the wishes of the people, and with nothing else will they be satisfied. The North-West Council is the agency of the Government. It is the cheaper form of government for a while, but it should be supplemented by the choice of the governed with all possible facility. North-West affairs cannot be administered from Ottawa any more than New York affairs can be administered from Washington. Local self-government is the necessity of the age.—*Kingston Whig.*

## THE PERIODICALS.

A SECOND instalment of Henry James's curious story, "The Princess Casamassima," is the opening paper in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mrs. Oliphant and Dr. Holmes each give additional chapters of their serials, and there is a clever and pretty little Canadian story, "The Ogre of Ha Ha Bay," by Octave Thanet. Mr. Warner continues his travels in the papers called "On Horseback," and Horace E. Scudder has a second scholarly essay on "Childhood in English Literature and Art." There is an entertaining and original paper, "The First Abbé Galant," besides an essay on birds, and two remarkable poems.

In the October *North American Review* Cardinal Manning makes a feeble attempt to justify his connection with the banquet of nastiness provided by Messrs. Stead and Booth in London. It is evident that the ascetic prelate regrets his precipitate endorsement of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* course, and takes this means to right himself with the American public. The list of contents, whilst a strong one, does not embrace any subject which specially commends itself to the attention of Canadian readers. Amongst other papers are one by Edwin P. Whipple, on "George Eliot's Private Life," a criticism of "The President's Policy," by a symposium of writers, several references to Grant, a contribution entitled "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois," by Elihu B. Washburne, etc.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for October opens with a well-written article, by E. C. Reynolds, describing the methods of sheep-raising in Texas. A couple of travelling sketches are of the usual type, while "Turtling on the Outer Reef," by C. F. Holder, and "The Second Rank," by Felix Oswald, mingle anecdote with information and discussion on topics connected with natural history. "The Philosophy of the Short-Story," by Brander Matthews, is the literary article of the number—a bone thrown to the critics. There is also a short account of General Grant's visit to Frankfort, with other minor papers.

THE *Art Interchange* of September 10th contained a brilliant water colour sketch in colour by the well-known artist Harry Chase, entitled, "A Shore Scene." It shows a vessel with sail spread at anchor; a stretch of beach, with two or three figures in brilliant colouring, completes a beautiful picture. The other sketches are a full-size design of dog-wood blossoms for mirror frame; design of roses for fan mount; a clever Japanese model for oyster soup plates; a beautiful design of pansies for cup and saucer decoration; and a charming composition for lamp shade ornamentation, the motive being insects.

THE October *Eclectic* shows its usual taste in the selection of the attractive articles from the English Magazines. The opening paper by Professor T. Bowdon Sanderson, discusses the subject of "Cholera, Its Cause and Cure." Theodore Child is represented by a very interesting article on the "Paris Newspaper Press," and Swinburne completes his brilliant study of the life and career of Victor Hugo, begun in the previous number. There are also "Reminiscences of an *Attaché*," "Aristocracy in America," "The Riel Rebellion in North-West Canada," and "Pessimism on the Stage," and other papers of interest, essays, stories, poems, etc.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for the 12th and 19th of September contain "Memoirs of Count Pasolini," "The Paris Newspaper Press," "Midsummer in the Soudan," "Lord Peterborough," "What can History Teach Us?" "The Metaphysical Society," "Constance Alfieri, Marquise D'Azeglio," "Modern Prettiness v. Art," "The Krakatoa Eruption," "Unparliamentary Boroughs," "An Old London Gardener," "Anarchism in Switzerland," "English History in Danish Archives," "Recent Pyramid-Work," "On a House-Boat," with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," and "Fortune's Wheel," and poetry.

## BOOK NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF KAROLINE BAUER. From the German. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It was not to be expected that these memoirs would make such a "splurge" on this side of the Atlantic as they did in Europe some twelve months ago. They are not the less valuable, however, as an addition to our biographical literature. Karoline Bauer began her career, so far as that career interests the public, as an actress, which may account for the dramatic language that is found on every page of her autobiography, and for the deftly-arranged "situations." Had we lacked information on the point, it might have been interesting to have her personal assurance—given without any diffidence—that she was a talented actress. Contemporary opinion, it is fair to say, confirms this allegation. She was flattered and petted by both king (Frederick William III.) and public—was the centre of a brilliant *coterie* at the most brilliant period in the history of the German stage. Amongst her intimate associates were Weber, Mendelssohn, Henrietta Sontag, and the Devrients. In 1829 she was morganatically married to Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, and uncle of Queen Victoria. All the disgraceful details of this disreputable affair, not omitting the odious part taken in it by Stockmar, are given in plain Anglo-Saxon. The cloak of virtuous indignation assumed by Karoline, however, does not appear to sit well upon her shoulders. Even through her protestations it is apparent that she entered into the contract with open eyes; it is equally obvious that chagrin rather than outraged feelings was the cause of her bitter denunciations of her quondam lord and his creatures. Her vanity was excessive; her ambition was boundless; her fall was correspondingly distressing—to her.

PRÆTERITA. Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts perhaps Worthy of Memory in my Past Life. By John Ruskin, LL.D. Chapters I., II., and III. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

Chapter I. has for a sub-title, "The Springs of Wandel"; Chapter II., "Herne-Hill Almond Blossoms," and Chapter III., "The Banks of Tay," and these at once indicate the matters treated therein to those who know Mr. Ruskin's writings—for "Præterita" is (so far as the third chapter carries the work) to some extent a *réchauffé* of "Fors." The talented author tells us in his preface that these sketches, having been in the first place written for his friends, he has penned frankly, garrulously and at ease—wherein lies one of their greatest charms. His "described life" he hopes may prove to be of benefit to "other students," and "very certainly any habitual reader of my books will understand them better for having knowledge as complete as I can give them of (my) personal character." With which everyone will heartily agree after the reading of "Præterita." The three parts to hand are printed with a taste that is not unworthy of the pure artistic soul of their gifted writer. We hope to return more fully to this work at an early date.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN BROWN, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Sanborn informs us that, although the six hundred and odd pages of his book are for the most part composed of John Brown's letters, he has still enough in reserve to fill another volume. He might with advantage have omitted many of those to which he has

given publicity. The most interesting portions of the correspondence are those having reference to Brown's early youth and those bearing upon his later political life. The biography can hardly be called a success: too much attention has been paid to petty detail, and the editor has formed much too high an estimate of the character of his subject—as for instance in comparing Brown with Cromwell. Apart from these blemishes, Mr. Sanborn's book reveals much that was hitherto sealed relating to the subject of it, and assists to a comprehension of the grand simplicity which was the martyr's greatest claim to our respect.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

A VOLUME detailing the whole of the campaign in the Soudan is being prepared by Mr. H. H. Pearse, special correspondent of the *Daily News*.

MACMILLAN'S great "Dictionary of National Biography," which Mr. Leslie Stephen is editing, has proved, we are glad to hear, so far as it has gone, a financial as well as a literary success.

THE latest addition to the Johns Hopkins University Studies (3rd series, ix.-x.) is entitled "American Constitutions: the Relations of the Three Departments as Adjusted by a Century," by Horace Davis, of San Francisco.

THE *Magazine of American History* for October will contain the fac-simile of an important autograph letter of General Grant (never before published), on the character of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy.

ANOTHER poem by Robert Burns has been discovered and printed in the *London Dramatic News*. The poem is entitled "Youth," and the *News* says it has satisfactory evidence that it was written by Scotland's bonny bard.

THE new novel which Mr. W. D. Howells is writing for the *Century* will be in a lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." It treats of a simple-souled, pure-hearted country youth, who comes to Boston with a trashy poem he has written, and with no other visible means of support. Some of the characters in "Silas Lapham" will reappear in the new serial.

A "Library" Edition of Thackeray's works, has been appearing volume by volume in London during the last two years, and is now approaching completion, and the two additional volumes which will conclude the set may be expected shortly. Much interest will be felt in these two extra volumes, which are to consist entirely of Mr. Thackeray's hitherto uncollected writings.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER will contribute an anecdotal paper on "Lincoln and Grant" to the October *Century*. From personal knowledge he describes the official relations of the two men, and their private intercourse and relates many new stories. In the same number will be printed a paper by General Adam Badeau on "The Last Days of General Grant," an authentic account of the last year of General Grant's life, including his literary work, etc. A number of portraits and illustrations will accompany it.

It will be remembered that the Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Paul, Dr. Ireland, delivered a sermon before the recent Plenary Council at Baltimore, in which he denied that Protestantism had done anything to advance liberty. The Rev. John Lee, A.M., B.D., of Chicago, controverted the bishop's daring assertion in a lecture so telling that the Chicago Methodists decided to print it, and it now appears in pamphlet form with the writer's name as publisher. Mr. Lee acquits himself of his self-imposed task with vigour and ability.

APROPOS of the attempt of the *Boston Literary World* to introduce the word "literarian" in the place of the awkward "literary man"—especially if it is a woman—we notice a similar effort on the part of the *London Academy* to get an acceptable word for "a separately printed copy of a pamphlet distributed to friends." "Deprint" and "exprint" both having been suggested and objected to on the ground of their conveying no intelligible idea, the word "off-print" is now proposed as being analogous to "off-shoot" and as adequately expressing what is meant.—*The University*.

MISS KATE SANBORN, the well-known American lecturer and author, who recently received from Mr. Gordon W. Burnham a legacy of \$50,000, and who was engaged to be married to that gentleman at the time of his death, has written a decidedly interesting book, entitled "Wit of Women," and soon to be published by Messrs Funk and Wagnalls. The volume is dedicated: "To G. W. B., in grateful memory." The author's object was to make a compilation of all that she could recollect or gather of the witty sayings and writings of women. Miss Sanborn's estimate of other woman-writers will be of interest to many.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. will be the American publishers of a new series of small volumes entitled "English Worthies," consisting of short lives of Englishmen of influence and distinction, past and present, military, naval, literary, scientific, legal, ecclesiastical, social, etc. The Life of Charles Darwin, by Grant Allen, and of the Duke of Marlborough, by George Saintsbury, will be the initial volumes of the series, and these are now nearly ready for publication. Steele will be treated by Austin Dobson, Wellington, by R. Louis Stevenson, Raleigh, by Edmund Gosse, Latimer, by Canon Creighton, Ben Jonson, by J. A. Symonds. The series will be under the general editorship of Mr. Andrew Lang.

THE recurrence of verses of the same strain, like those of no one else, in the "Saxe Holm" stories, was the chief reason for attributing those remarkable tales to Mrs. Jackson, and it was inevitably perceived that they were in perfect agreement with the genius of many of the stories themselves. "H.H." was indeed mistress also of a sweet and simple style which fitted the taste of children well, and many of her verses were merely charming and graceful. Her minor work in descriptions of travel, such as *The Atlantic* has published, is very pleasing. Two books of the "No Name Series," and perhaps the most note-worthy of them, were hers—"Mercy Philbrick's Choice" and "Hetty's Strange History." These again were marked by all the characteristics of "Saxe Holm"; and the bibliography of her writings, when it is made up, will be very interesting.—*The Springfield Republican*.

ESTES AND LAURIAT's autumn announcements are out, and their 32 pp. catalogue includes a large number of new books and reprints. They will publish this season a number of illustrated books, of which Moore's "Lalla Rookh" will be one of the finest. The illustrations, made from drawings by leading American artists, have been reproduced by a special process known as photo-etching. The publishers have expended something like \$17,000 in the preparation of this book. In a similar style of illustrations will be brought out a translation of Mounet-Sully's "Modern Cupid," which is to be one of the daintiest and most thoroughly charming of books. Other announcements made by this firm include a portfolio of "American Etchings," with descriptive text and biographical data by S. R. Koehler, Poe's "Lenore," illustrated by Henry Sandham, and Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes," illustrated by E. H. Garrett.

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BALTIMORE IN 1861. By MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. ROBINSON, U. S. A. (Illustrated).

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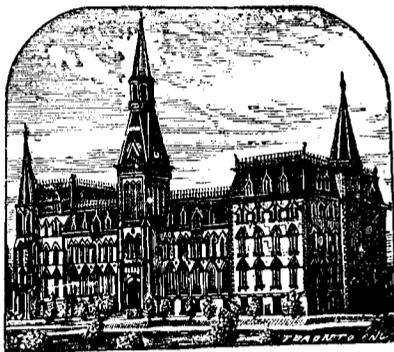
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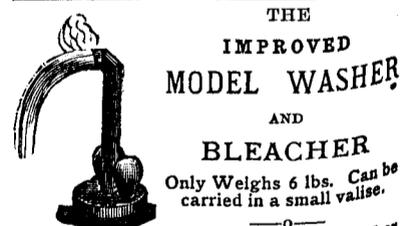
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