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

TILL there is war there is hope of peace, and there is not yet war between England and Russia. At the moment at which we write indeed the cloud seems to have a little lifted. There are questions which the sword alone can settle. When Germany was bent on unification and France was bent on forbidding it, there was nothing for it but to try the issue on the field of battle. In the present case no such mortal difference exists. The fields of the two Empires in Asia are perfectly distinct, nor is there the slightest reasons why either of them should aggress upon or interfere with the other. There is no difficulty therefore with which diplomacy, if it were allowed fair play, ought not to be able successfully to deal. Nor is the danger in the intentions of the Governments on either side. It is in the restless condition of the Russian commanders in Asia, the pugnacity of the wild Afghans, the British Jingoism, which is all the time pouring out torrents of blustering menace, and the factiousness of the Tories, who want to wreck Mr. Gladstone's Government by driving it on the rock of war. The point on which Russian interests and those of England, if England maintains her present attitude, are really incompatible is not the Afghan frontier but the Dardanelles. Nature beckons the growing Empire of Russia to an open sea. England, as represented by Palmerston and Beaconsfield, insists on barring the access. This deadlock must in time breed war; it may even now be in the background of Russian policy, and may form the real knot of the difficulty, so far as the Governments are concerned. Concession or the prospect of concession in the direction of the Mediterranean would probably smooth away all antagonism on the Afghan frontier; but it is a thing of which the bare mention is enough to throw Jingoism into paroxysms of fury.

UNCERTAINTY as to the extent to which the trouble in the North-West may spread must for some time continue. That all the Indian tribes will become involved there is at present no reason to fear. Even the "Bill of Rights" put forth by Riel does not contain any article in which a definite complaint is made in their behalf. Riel must have been in communication with many of them before he issued his manifesto; and though he asks what may be called better terms for them, he does not set forth any specific grievance. And no official complaints appear to have been made by or on behalf of the Indians through other channels. No rational grounds for a general participation of the Indian tribes in the Half-breed insurrection appear to exist. The dream of expelling or exterminating the whites, which may have influenced "King Philip" two centuries ago, cannot now be entertained by the Indians of the North-West. Indian wars are sometimes undertaken without a rational hope that the tribes taking part in them can be successful; but a league of all the tribes of the North-West for the purpose of entering on a hopeless contest is in the last degree improbable. Riel is the champion of the Half-breeds, not of the Indians, whom he only seeks to secure as allies in fighting in a cause which is not primarily theirs. This the shrewd chiefs will readily understand; and his influence will likely be confined to bands that were already ill-disposed towards the whites. Most of the tribes, finding it increasingly difficult to secure the means of subsistence owing to the diminishing numbers of the bison, were anxious to secure the annuities which they obtained a few years ago for the surrender of their lands; a few gave a sullen compliance, either because they thought the price too small or they wanted the Government to promise to feed them when, as they seemed to dread, they might no longer be able to feed themselves. The danger of starvation is one which has come nearer to them with the practical extinction of the bison. Temporary privation and enforced fasting make the normal condition of the life of these nomads; but now the alternative seems to be between changing their mode of life—leaping over the chasm of centuries at a bound—and starvation. It is not surprising if they lose heart and feel like giving up the struggle. Pursued by hunger or worried by despair, there is no saying what any tribe may do; and all who once become responsible for a massacre such as has taken place at Frog Lake will do what they can to involve others in their guilt. Riel's men may be expected to fight at the river crossings, and in a pitched battle they will stand a good chance of being routed. One decisive defeat, at the outset, would probably cause many of his men to disperse, while it would overawe others who might be disposed to join if he could obtain any decided success. But most of the fighting is sure to be of the guerilla kind, in which Indians and Half-breeds are at home and raw troops at a disadvantage. It is doubtful whether sufficient attention has been paid to the foot gear of the men who have to march in the wet day after day. But, as always happens in war, there are many things which costly experience will teach, and the want of previous knowledge of which will exact an intermediate penalty of privation and suffering.

GENERAL MIDDLETON when he meets the forces of the insurrection will not have much reason to fear anything in front of him, but he may have too much reason to fear something behind him. In front of him will be only the Half-breeds: behind him will be the politicians whose game has brought upon us all these disasters. That their military administration when called into action should present, as we have been assured it does, to the eyes of shrewd judges the aspect of confusion, that they should have hurried to the front troops unsuited for the service and without proper equipment, is neither surprising nor much to their discredit. It was not to be expected that men whose lives had been spent in party management and the capture of votes would be all at once inspired with the genius of military administration. Through these difficulties we should have stumbled and blundered, as other inexperienced people had stumbled and blundered before us, at the cost of a certain number of lives and a certain waste of money. What is to be feared is that politics will interfere with the free action of the General, paralyse his arm and bring his enterprise to a futile conclusion, leaving the work, perhaps, to be done over again at some future

day. It is perfectly clear, in spite of all decorous professions, that the sympathies of the French are with Riel on grounds of religion and of race. It is equally clear that the sympathies of many Irish Catholics are with him on grounds of religion and of hatred to the British flag. We know what the effect of this must be upon ministers who depend for their tenure of power upon the French and the Irish-Catholic votes. We know that the French Vote alone was enough to make a Prime Minister stoop to the indignity of protesting before Heaven in public that he earnestly desired to catch Riel, while in private he was contriving and aiding his escape. Apprehensions of this kind are suggested by the ambiguous appearance of Mr. Royal, all the more because he has been formally disavowed. Wanting in the sentiment of patriotism very likely the politicians are not; but their characters have become steeped in the influences of their calling, and they shrink involuntarily from an adverse vote as a sensitive plant shrinks from the touch. It is a pity that the Governor-General is not a military man. If he were, we are sure that the sense of the best part of the community would support him in treating the situation as military, and taking matters a good deal into his own hands. As it is, the prime object with all of us who care only for the country ought to be to strengthen the hands of General Middleton, and secure to him, as far as possible, that freedom of action without which the work entrusted to him cannot be done.

ALL except fierce partisans rejoiced when the Conspiracy Case came to an end, and to an end by which public morality was in no way compromised. The defendants were acquitted of conspiracy, the indictment for which was found, after a careful examination of the case by the Chief Justice, not to be sustained by the evidence. But they were not acquitted of bribery, nor can there be any reasonable doubt that they or some of them were guilty of that offence. The Jury after leaving the box to consider the verdict was recalled, at the instance of the Counsel for the defence, to be specially reminded by the Judge that conspiracy not bribery was the issue on which the verdict was to be given. Once more, it is unquestionable that the money placed in the hands of the Speaker was money which had been offered as a bribe. Uproarious jubilation therefore on the part of the defendants is out of place and seems like a triumph over principles which the nation, it is hoped, will never suffer to be impugned. A more heinous or dangerous offence than the corruption of members of the Legislature there cannot be, and if the law does not treat it as a crime and annex to it condign punishment, this only shows that there is a grave defect in the law. But unfortunately it is not merely of misplaced jubilation that the community has had reason to complain. Things have been written in the frenzy of the party fray of which the writers must by this time have repented, and which it is perhaps best not to recall to recollection by comment of any kind but at once to bury in oblivion. Nor has the butchery been confined to the characters of those who were involved in the political battle; or who might be held to have given extreme provocation. The Crown Attorney, Mr. Fenton, on whom every opprobrious epithet has been heaped, did nothing but his duty. That he should begin at once to consider the form of a novel and peculiar indictment which he was informed that he might soon be called upon to frame was only natural and implies no improper eagerness on his part to convict anybody, nor anything discreditable to a servant of public justice. The examination of Mr. Fenton in fact was altogether irrelevant and would, we feel pretty sure, have been stopped by an English Judge. And now it is to be hoped we are really at an end of this most repulsive and miserably mismanaged affair. That the Government can be so ill-advised as to take it up once more when the Legislature meets again is totally incredible even after such mistakes as we have seen. Let the defect in the law be amended and bribery of legislators made a punishable offence; there is nothing more to be done.

It is to be hoped that no jibes will be allowed to prevent the rational consideration of the question whether it is wise to leave Toronto and other lake cities of this Province absolutely without defence against a raid. They face a foreign shore, which is only two hours run from the greatest and richest of them, and where a large portion of the population is at this moment bitterly hostile to the British flag, while dynamiters and banditti of various kinds have recently been multiplying apace, and have more than once got the better for a time of the local authorities. Toronto has a nominal defence in the shape of a battery, which has become almost worthless. That the chances are greatly against a raid nobody doubts; the chances are enormously against an attempt of burglars on anybody's house; nevertheless we have bolts to our doors. If St. Albans could be raided from Canada, Toronto may be raided from the United States. There is no expenditure which we grudge more, or more naturally, than that for

defences which may never be needed: but there is a point at which economy becomes folly. We should have grudged the cost of a force of eight hundred or a thousand men in the North-West, yet it would have saved us an immense outlay, and we shall have to maintain it after all. If we are resolved to remain an independent power on this continent, we must accept the liabilities. Supposing there are any treaty restrictions, a modification of them may surely be negotiated with the United States so as to allow the equipment of a single gunboat on each side. The events that have occurred since we spoke of the subject have not diminished the necessity of serious deliberation. A war with Russia will quicken into activity all the powers of mischief.

THE Scott Act people ask why an absolute majority of the electors should be required in a Scott Act Election more than in any other election. For two reasons, each of which is conclusive. In the first place, there can be no warrant for the sumptuary legislation which trenches on private liberty except a positive declaration of opinion on the part of a majority of the people that such legislation has become necessary. In the second place, it is notorious that unless the feeling, and the strong feeling, of a majority, and a large majority, of the people is in favour of the measure a sumptuary law cannot be practically enforced and general evasion with its moral consequences is the result. Neither temperance nor justice, however, is any longer the dominant object; the dominant object is to force the Scott Act upon us.

THE war in the Soudan will probably be cited by historians hereafter as a proof of the weakness of governments during this period of political transition; for nothing can be clearer than that Mr. Gladstone was thrust into it against his wishes by what is styled public opinion, that is to say by the clamour of a certain portion of the press aided by the factious violence of party. The very people who are responsible for its commencement are now evidently growing sick of a murderous struggle against a brave but barbarous enemy, and at the same time against a deadly climate, without any definite object or settled purpose. The redeeming feature is the conduct of the British soldier, which is more than worthy of the days of Quatre Bras and Inkerman. Nothing tries steadiness so much as a surprise. On the 22nd March the troops had reached their camping ground, arms had been piled, food and water had been served out, one regiment was moving into its zareba, when some horsemen of the Indian contingent came dashing in with shouts that the enemy was at hand. At the same moment a great roar was heard all round the encampment, and a strange noise as of the rustling and cracking of vast quantities of brushwood. Three minutes after from every bush round the whole circle burst a throng of frantic Arabs, who, sweeping over the transport lines, charged down, a terrible wave of black forms, leaping, roaring and shrieking as they came, upon the troops. Then came a stampede of baggage animals, horses, camels, mules, in one struggling, screeching, helpless mass, which, besides spreading confusion among the troops, covered the advance of the enemy. The Arabs leaped the zareba and captured the sandbag redoubt at the corner, hewing and slashing with their cross-hilted swords, and stabbing right and left with their formidable spears. Yet terrible as the tension of the moment was, the troops lost neither courage nor presence of mind. Inside the zareba and outside, men of all arms and corps mingled together, they fought back to back with desperate tenacity, and no Arab who got into the zareba went back to tell the tale. It is reasonable to hope that the nation to which these men belong, though like them it may be taken at a disadvantage and thrown into confusion for the moment, has in it the stuff which will carry it through its perils.

WHEN there is the right stuff in the nation leaders in any line can hardly fail to appear. But at present the want of leaders in English politics is a dangerous feature of the situation. The dearth is especially felt, as Mr. Thomas Hughes in his last letter pointed out, on the Conservative side. There could not be a more abject confession of it than the appointment to the leadership of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who has proved himself a passable subordinate, but whose place in the state coach is decidedly not on the box, but on the foot-board. A party, unless controlled by a leader of ability, and one who has a high reputation at stake, can be nothing but an engine of mischief. The most violent and unpatriotic element is sure to prevail: the most violent and unpatriotic element of the Conservative Party is prevailing now, and this with the nation on the brink of war and amidst gathering peril of every kind. Lord Randolph Churchill will soon have the bit between his teeth, and his lordship has told us under his own hand that his principle is victory for the party, let morality say what it will. He has carried his principle into effect by alliance with Disunionist rebellion, and he is perfectly capable, in case of

war, of carrying it into effect by virtual co-operation with a foreign enemy in embarrassing the Government of his own country. But on the Liberal side, also, though the dearth is not so conspicuous, there is a dearth. When Mr. Gladstone, the relic of a bygone generation, shall have retired, and putting Mr. Bright out of the question, Lord Hartington is the best qualified to lead; and yet nature can by no means be said to have crowned Lord Hartington a leader. The cause of this sterility is hard to assign. No doubt the House of Commons has been largely filled of late by local plutocrats who enter it late in life, often with social rather than political aims, and without having turned their minds to public questions. But there are probably other causes at work to divert the best intellect of the nation from public life: the virulence of faction which repels the larger natures may be one; the tyrannical narrowness of the Caucus may be another; perhaps the declining influence of parliamentary debates, compared with the growing influence of the Press, may be a third. But whatever may be the account of the matter, the upshot is that the House of Commons, at a most serious crisis of the national history, both external and domestic, is becoming an assembly without leaders, and threatens to degenerate into a factious mob.

In France the Ferry Ministry having fallen, and De Freycinet having failed to form a government with himself for head, the President of the Republic has had recourse to M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, who is understood to be a worthy man, and to be brought forward not by ambitious desire of the Premiership, but by a feeling of duty to the country. We shall see whether he and his cabinet can manage to float on the angry waves and heady cross-currents of French faction. His programme, if it is rightly reported, is thoroughly liberal, and Catholics, who exult over the downfall of M. Ferry, as that of the arch enemy of the faith, will have occasion to moderate their transports if the separation of the Church from the State and the secularization of Church property are really a part of the programme of his successor. The French Government seems to have made, or to be on the point of making, peace with China, and on terms which appear to imply a sudden access of moderation, since the reverses, on the side of France. But the suspicion obtrudes itself that this embroilment in Europe may have something to do with the renunciation of aggression in China; and that France may be preparing to exert her power of mischief on a nearer and more interesting field. She has of late been cultivating the Russian alliance, her ambition has never ceased to point to Egypt, and Waterloo is still in her heart.

"THANK God, that is war," cried Lord Stratford de Redcliffe when the news arrived of the engagement between the Russian and Turkish squadrons at Sinope. The exclamation betrayed his folly, his wickedness, his infidelity to the Government, whose ambassador he was, and which had been striving to hold back the exasperated Turk and save the world from havoc. The war for which he thanked God came; it wasted myriads of lives, enormous quantities of the fruits of human labour; worst of all, it let loose again upon Europe the fiend who had then been chained for forty years; and of its results, so dearly purchased, absolutely nothing now remains. The remembrance of Sinope and of that which ensued lent a funeral sound to the tidings of the collision between Russians and Afghans on the frontier of Afghanistan. As from the lips of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe so from those of the Jingo there leaps the exulting cry, "Thank God, that is war." "They are ringing the bells to-day," said Walpole, when he heard the sounds of rejoicing for the proclamation of war against Spain, "but they will be wringing their hands to-morrow." If Russia has aggressed and is bent upon aggression, or if her Government is unable to control the violence of its frontier commanders, war there must be: high-handed injustice cannot be allowed to work its will over the world. In our present stage of civilization the action of international tribunals is still so limited and so feeble that when diplomacy has failed there is generally no appeal except to the arbitration of the sword. But no man in whose brain any sense or in whose heart any humanity resides can look on the necessity otherwise than with sadness, or would like to think that he had himself by act or word, even in the very humblest sphere, added strength to the forces which make for war. In the days of citizen soldiers, when every member of the community had to take the field in person, there was a check on passion which there is not in these days of standing armies, when your Jingo, after magnanimously voting and shouting for a warlike policy, has only to sit at home and enjoy stimulating narratives of carnage over his tea and muffin. The temporary gains which a vast military expenditure brings to certain trades are filched from the hard-earned store of the community at large, and they soon turn to losses even in the case of those into whose pockets they come. During the

Crimean War Canada revelled in high prices for her grain; but the brief inflation was soon followed by the ruinous depression of 1857. Let us face the calamity of war if it comes like men and patriots; but let us remember that it is a calamity, and like men and patriots strive to avert it, or at least refrain from invoking it or rejoicing at its approach.

THE Prince of Wales' visit to Ireland has been chequered by some disturbance evidently got up by the satellites of Mr. Parnell. Yet his reception has proved how great the influence of the Royal presence for good would have been and how much the Court has thrown away by its persistent refusal to visit Ireland. To send about telegrams of congratulation or condolence to all sorts of people in every part of the world costs neither effort nor self-sacrifice; but to spend a summer in the Phoenix Park or at Killarney when Osborne or Balmoral is more agreeable costs a small amount of self-sacrifice, of which Royalty has simply no idea, and which no courtier would ever venture to suggest. Another thing which, though it could not be made more certain, has been made more evident by the Prince's visit is the utter falsehood of the assumption that Ireland is a unit in favour of Disunion, and that Disunionism is synonymous with the Irish cause. To say nothing of the Protestant North, which is invariably left out of sight though it contains the very flower of the population, in Dublin itself it is clear that not only are there adherents of the Union but Unionism has the upper hand. The educated and wealthy classes throughout the island are Unionists almost to a man, and it may safely be said that history affords no example of a political movement, reasonable in its origin and deserving of success, in which a section at least of the educated and wealthy classes has not taken part. The truth is that since 1832, when the Reform Bill bestowed self-government on the three Kingdoms in common, whatever economical disasters and suffering there may have been, there has been no political tyranny or oppression of any sort in Ireland. The establishment of the religion of the minority lingered, it is true, for a time; but this also has now been consigned to the grave of the intolerant past. There were still defects in the institutions both of Great Britain and of Ireland which Parliament has had to amend, and which it was in course of amending when this utterly unprovoked rebellion broke out. Agrarian distress there has been, and out of this demagogues have gathered fuel for the fire of political sedition by identifying in the minds of the people the existence of the Union with the payment of rent. No other real motive power is there in this political movement. It will collapse at once like O'Connell's Repeal Agitation or Smith O'Brien's insurrection if the material condition of the people could be improved. Where misery is the result of a rapid increase of population on an unfruitful soil, to improve the material condition of the people otherwise than by emigration on a large scale is scarcely possible; this is the knot of the Irish difficulty, which no Fenian Republic could untie. A Fenian Republic would simply drive capital from the island, paralyse production, and like the Jacobin Republic, bless the people with a dearth of bread.

THERE is a split in the Female Suffrage Party of England. Mr. Woodall, who is supposed to be the accredited organ of the party, is bringing on in the House of Commons a motion in favour of Widow and Spinster Suffrage. Against this Mrs. Jacob Bright, the wife of the Radical member for Manchester, feeling that she and other matrons will be left in the lurch, has entered a vehement protest. She denounces the Bill as a wrong and an insult to all married women, dwelling with much acrimony on the unsavoury fact that some of the spinsters are no better than they ought to be. Mrs. Bright asserts in an edifying manner the dignity of wives and of wedlock. But there is a certain machiavellism in the distinguished lady's line of argument. She cannot help letting us see that her paramount object in seeking the suffrage for married women is not the vindication of the dignity of matrimony but the total abolition of "coverture," that is of the political unity of the family, and the complete establishment of duality, or in other words of domestic anarchy, in its place. The abolition of "coverture," she avows, has been the principle for which she and her sister advocates of Female Suffrage have worked from the beginning. This is what we have always said; it is against the headship and the unity of the family that the movement is really directed; and it is to the question whether in the interest of both sexes and of the children it is desirable that the headship and the unity of the family should cease to exist, that the attention of those who deal with this matter ought to be turned. To legislate amiss on a subject fundamentally affecting the constitution of the family is to strike society in the most vital point, and it is frightful to think of the laxity and the careless pliancy which many of our legislators show. The London *Queen* points out that if Mrs. Jacob Bright had her way, the number of the women in England being consider-

ably larger than that of the men, the Government would be put into the hands of the women. "So much the better" Mrs. Jacob Bright would no doubt reply; but those who consider what the condition of the country would be if amidst these fearful perils it were swayed by female emotions will hardly be gallant enough to profess the same opinion. Mr. Bright however is right in saying that there would be hardship in disfranchising a woman for marriage, and thus spinster suffrage would almost inevitably draw the suffrage for married women in its train.

At a Prohibitionist Meeting the other night it was announced that a number of signatures had been obtained "against alcohol and tobacco." Tobacco is being more and more coupled with alcohol as a subject for Prohibition. Nor is there any reason why it should not. Whatever may be said against such use of alcoholic beverages as does not produce drunkenness may be said with at least equal force against the use of tobacco. Smoking does not nourish; it only soothes; it is capable of being carried, and often is carried, to injurious excess. A sad instance of this is now before the eyes of the public. Certainly no smoker who votes for depriving his neighbours of their glass of wine or beer may be numbered among those who condemn the sins to which they have no mind. The next thing then will be a demand for legislation against tobacco, which will be supported by arguments analogous to those used in the present crusade. It will be proved by statistics that the criminal classes are fond, as unquestionably they are, of tobacco; and it will be logically inferred that smoking is the source of all crime, and that if you could banish the pernicious weed you might close your gaols. It will then be the turn of the tobaccoists to be classed with dynamiters and vermin. Anti-tobaccoism will take the place in the minds of zealots, as Prohibitionism now does, of Christianity, and perhaps there will be the same imperfect relation between the outgoing and the incoming religion. There is no limit to the principle of reforming private habits by compulsory legislation any more than there is to the passion which some worthy people have for regulating the opinions and actions of their neighbours. If we would submit to it, we should be governed till we became a Paraguay. One of the American ladies who come over to elevate and regenerate us, lecturing on the occasion to which we refer, exhorted her sex, as the queens of society, to mount the throne of moral rectitude and wield the sceptre of truth and purity—the report says "with no uncertain sound"—but a sceptre does not sound, though there may be sounds, and of no uncertain character, from those over whom it is wielded. Under this sway no pleasant vices will be allowed to exist except strong green tea, tight-lacing and small boots. Perhaps it will be prudent to issue a perpetual writ of *ne exeat regno* against all the male inhabitants, lest any of them should be inclined to steal away from the realms of truth and purity over which New England queens of society hold sway to the land of common humanity.

AMONG the recent fruits of special research in the historical field may be noted Mr. Wylie's "History of England under Henry the Fourth." "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" could not have been put into any lips more appropriately than into those of this storm-tost and ever-struggling monarch. He was probably the first king whose life was attempted with an infernal machine. An iron "caltroppe" with poisonous spikes so arranged that they would pierce the body of whoever lay down upon it was found in his bed. "Happy low lie down" a high personage might well say when he found himself in danger of lying down on "caltroppes." The maker was discovered, and accused one of the servants of Isabella, the widow of Richard; but there must have been an accomplice in the royal household, and, as both the persons arrested were released, it seems as if the government deemed strict investigation impolitic. This book brings vividly before us the change which has taken place since the Feudal Era in the functions and importance of English monarchy. What once were the duties of the king have now been transferred to the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the Commander-in-Chief. Royalty itself has become a political or rather social idol, adored at drawing-rooms and levées, worshipped with sacrifices of banquets and battues, and carried about to lay first stones and open new institutions. The part is now better filled by a woman than by a man: indeed it is difficult to see how a man of any spirit and capacity could reconcile himself to being what Napoleon coarsely called a pig fattened at so many millions a-year. A king in the time of the Fourth Henry was a king indeed, ruler and law-giver in peace, captain in war, the sole guardian of public order, almost the sole bond of national unity. Henry knows no rest; now he is leading an army against the fierce Scots, now into the wintry hills of Wales, now against his insurgent nobles on the terrible field of Shrewsbury; at the same time he is carrying on a perilous game of diplomacy with France

and struggling with a fractious Opposition in Parliament. The people do not understand the necessities of his government. They always keep him embarrassed, often reduce him to desperate and humiliating straits, by an ignorant impatience of taxation which places the country in the utmost peril. His position is made more dangerous by the weakness of his title, ambiguously compounded of election, birth and conquest, and by the difficulty of satisfying the grandees who had helped to set him on his throne. He had also to encounter the spirit of restless ambition and rapacity which had been engendered by the French wars, and which was re-awakened, with results even more disastrous than the fratricidal day of Shrewsbury, by the calamitous victories of the next reign. What grandeur can have made up to any one for such a life? The burden of cares and labours evidently broke down the strong man and deprived England prematurely of an able king. Possibly remorse may have played its part, for there can be little doubt William Loveney, Clerk of the Great Wardrobe, who, after the fatal rising in favour of Richard, was sent to Pontefract Castle "on secret business," and is recorded in the Exchequer Roll to have received 66s. 8d. for that service, was the messenger of death to the deposed king.

ONE dark stain there is on the record of Henry's reign, the Statute *De Heretico Comburendo*. Superstitious or priest-ridden the king does not seem to have been; on the contrary he it was that first "garred" hierarchs "ken that that they had a joint in their necks" by sending an archbishop to the block for treason. But as a politician he found in the Church his best support against the fractiousness of the lay lords, and in her wealth a source of supplies which was much more readily opened to him than the lay purse. It does not appear that the Lollardism of this reign was much connected with communism, as that of the preceding reign had been, nor is there anything in the propositions of such Lollards as were brought before the tribunals threatening to political order or to governments, except the assertion of John Becket that obedience was not due to the king or his officers if they were living in mortal sin. The possessions of the Church, however, were threatened when the doctrines which formed her title-deed to the possessions were impugned. "That new and pestilent sect which assails at once the sacraments and the property of the Church" was the description not inappropriately given of Lollardism by Bishop Fleming when he founded Lincoln College, Oxford, as a rampart of orthodoxy, little thinking that the institution destined by his pious zeal to strangle Protestantism in its birth would one day produce John Wesley. On the other hand we are struck by the clearness and the boldness with which very simple people repudiate Transubstantiation and a number of other beliefs which have not only retained their hold over Italian and Spanish masses, but have regained it over converts to Roman Catholicism like Cardinal Newman and the Ritualistic party in the Anglican Church. "The sacrament of the altar is not Christ's body, but bread with no life in it, only instituted in memory of Christ's passion." It is surely strange that nearly five centuries after so clear an enunciation of the fact as this educated men should still, in defiance of their senses, their reason, and the clearest historical evidence as to the origin of the doctrine, be asserting the reality of the Eucharistic miracle. The poor, however, are in contact with the hardest realities of life, and the training which they thus receive, though it does not make them learned theologians, saves them from the dominion of fantastic theories like those of the Neo-Catholic reaction and from hollow superstitions. Lollardism, severed from Communism and reduced to a purely religious movement, does not seem to have had much force or to have produced many martyrs, when the Church proceeded to fulfil the good Bishop Spencer's promise that heretics should be made to "hop headless or fry a faggot." Sawtré went to the stake, but others submitted and recanted. Negations, however true, have not much power to animate or sustain, and a century had yet to pass before the great positive doctrine of Protestantism, Justification by Faith, could be promulgated by Luther.

MR. GRONLUND, like many other benevolent persons at this time, has a vision of human felicity to be realized by a reconstruction of society, especially in its industrial aspect. This vision he has embodied in his "Co-operative Commonwealth." But there is one paragraph in his book which, as it seems to us, at once disperses the rainbow and overturns the airy palace. "We insist," says Mr. Gronlund, "with even greater force than Spencer did, that the State is a living organism, differing from other organisms in no essential respect. This is not to be understood," he adds, "in a simply metaphysical sense; it is not that the State merely resembles an organism, but that it, including with the people the land and all that the land produces, literally is an organism, personal and territorial." We cannot ourselves go anything like this length: to us it seems that the

existence in every member of the State of an individual life and individual powers of thought and action constitutes an essential difference between the body politic and anything to which the term organism can be literally applied. Yet of the two contrasted theories of the social union, that which represents it as a compact, and that which represents it as an organism, while neither is wholly true, there is a good deal more of truth in the second than in the first. But organisms, while they may grow, develop, and, within certain limits, be modified in their growth and development, cannot be fundamentally changed, much less can they be fundamentally changed by any legislation, by anybody's fiat, or even, as the experience of the French Revolution showed, by the guillotine. If Mr. Gronlund were absolute dictator of the human race—and no merely national directorship would suffice for the work of universal regeneration—he would find a repugnancy in human nature which would render all his decrees fruitless. The living clay would refuse to be moulded by the hand of the autocratic potter. As has been said before the defects of the social organism are only the counterparts of those of the individual organism and of everything else in the world in which we live. Are property, as the inducement to productive labour, and capital, as the means of setting labour to work, imperfect contrivances and liable to morbid derangement? So are our organs of respiration, of circulation, of digestion. They have their ailments analagous, say, to excessive stress of competition, or the undue accumulation of capital in particular hands. Nor will laceration and convulsions work any improvement in either case whatever rational treatment may do. Of capital Mr. Gronlund seems to entertain that notion which is formed by looking exclusively at wealthy manufacturers who grind down their workmen. It would be as reasonable to take Nero as the type of government and to identify medical science with poisoning. Let Mr. Gronlund only try, say in a newly discovered island, how much can be done by labour without the aid of "Horseleech" and "Vampire" capital. Farmer A spends all that he earns. Farmer B saves, invests in a Loan Society and furnishes to other farmers the means of taking up and stocking farms, to their own benefit and that of the community, himself receiving the interest which is the price and reward of his thrift. Farmer B, according to Mr. Gronlund, is a Horseleech and a Vampire.

UTILITARIAN ETHICS.*

MR. BEATTIE'S little book may be of use to those who are unfamiliar with ethical speculation, but he might have written a more satisfactory volume had he followed out more persistently the promptings of the purely speculative impulse. The value of a philosophical doctrine must be estimated even more from the spirit in which the enquiry is conducted than from the results arrived at, and it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the author has sometimes assumed dogmatically a conclusion which he has not taken due pains to verify for himself. Nor does he always state the doctrine of his antagonist with perfect fairness. No utilitarian would admit that the end of action is "self-interest." It may be that the "common good" of the hedonist is reducible to self-interest, but this should not be taken for granted without explanation. Mr. Beattie seems to be most at home in the writings of intentionists and of the older utilitarians. With such writers as Sidgwick, Bradley and Green he does not show any acquaintance, and his classification of the ethical doctrine of Kant as "intentional" betrays an imperfect apprehension of the revolution in ethical as in metaphysical speculation of which that master in philosophy was the leader.

An examination of all the points raised by Mr. Beattie is impossible, but a few words may be said on his views of conscience and freedom of will. Conscience he regards as an "intuitive faculty," whose province is "not to judge but to give us the distinction between right and wrong." Error in "the different decisions which the consciences of different men" yield, is due not to conscience but to understanding. This conclusion does not seem to harmonize with the statement elsewhere made that, from "the moral disorder of our nature" conscience sometimes "fails to secure obedience to the right." But, apart from that discrepancy, the doctrine is demonstrably untenable. A conscience that does not judge no doubt cannot go wrong, but neither can it go right: it is simply impotent, and must *always* "fail to secure obedience to the right." Supplying us merely with the abstract distinction of right and wrong, it is no guide to conduct at all. Suppose the understanding, in Paley's instance, to decide that a son in betraying his father was actuated by a desire for the public good, what "faculty" pronounces the act to be good or bad? Not conscience,

which cannot judge the rightness or wrongness of a particular act; not understanding, which merely decides the matter of fact; what then? There must be some third "faculty," neither conscience nor understanding, which at once supplies the idea of right, to account for which conscience was introduced, and applies it to the case in hand. This "practical reason" forces conscience to occupy a position of *otium sine dignitate*, and the latter becomes a mere *faineant* ruler, presiding over a realm of shadows.

The truth is that Mr. Beattie's analysis of the "soul" is wrong in principle. He speaks of it as parcelled out into lots, each of which is the possession of a separate "faculty." Even common sense, on which in extremity he is disposed to fall back, knows better: it knows that a man is himself, and not a mob of independent powers. Conscience, will, and impulse, are but the single self-conscious or rational subject viewed in different lights. Impulse is the tendency to will different ends, which when realized is the willing of some one end, and conscience is the capacity of judging ends to be good or bad, or the actual judgment that a certain end is good or bad. And as every end is either good or bad there can be no volition that is not capable of being judged by conscience to be good or bad. When once this is apprehended, the problem of freedom admits of easy solution. As a motive is the will in action, and will is just the man determining himself to action, to have a motive and to be free are the same thing. Mr. Beattie thinks that "motive-determination" and "self-determination" are "two doctrines"; in other words, that to be determined by a motive is to be in the chains of necessity; and he tries to escape from the consequences of a false position by drawing an illusory distinction between "metaphysical necessity" and "physiological freedom." He may rest assured that he is caught in a net the meshes of which cannot be broken in that way. His mistake is in assuming with his utilitarian opponents that impulse or desire as a motive is an external influence *impelling* the will to act, whereas it is itself the will or self in action. "Motive-determination" and "self-determination" are, therefore, identical; and it might also be readily shown that a motive and the consequences of an act imply one another, so that a man's moral character must be judged by the tendency of his act to further the perfect life in himself and others, while the moral quality of his act is determined by its relation to the motive, *i.e.*, to the man as willing it. Thus utilitarianism and intuitionism are reconciled in a doctrine which shows that the right is the truly useful, and the truly useful the right. It may be added that such a doctrine will not separate, as Mr. Beattie does, between the Divine "nature" and the Divine "will," but will recognize that they are identical.

JOHN WATSON.

THE RIEL OUTBREAK.

CALGARY, ALBERTA.

THE section of country chosen by Riel for his second rising against the Canadian Government has been selected with a very adequate idea of the kind of warfare he intended to wage. Duck Lake is situated between the North and South Saskatchewan, about six miles from the south branch and twelve miles from the north branch. A trail runs from the south end of Duck Lake, where the rebel quarters now are, to Carlton on the north branch of the Saskatchewan. The country all around is half bush and poplar and half prairie. Prince Albert Settlement begins twenty miles east of Duck Lake, and the town of Prince Albert, containing from 4,000 to 5,000 people, mostly whites and English Half-breeds, lies twenty miles further east still. The whole section is filled with bad Indians and worse Half-breeds. For a guerilla warfare, no part of the territories is equally favourable, and this is what makes it so probable that it will tax the full capabilities of the Dominion to stamp out the revolt.

I here quote an interview with Major Walker, of Calgary, which has been published in the *Calgary Herald*, a paper which seems especially well-informed on everything relating to the present troubles. Major Walker was for four years in charge of the present scene of the rebellion, as an officer of the North-West Mounted Police, three years of which time he was acting Indian Agent to the Indians who are now fighting on the Half-breed side:

The Half-breeds of Duck Lake and St. Laurent first occasioned trouble in 1875. In that year, in June, one of the unfortunate men just killed in the fight at Duck Lake—Alex. Fisher—started from Carlton on a buffalo hunt, before the Indians and Half-breeds were ready. This was contrary to an established custom amongst the plain-hunters, by which no individual or small party should start in advance of the main body lest the buffalo should be scattered and driven back. A captain used to be appointed, who had power to make laws and impose penalties, and a day fixed for the whole settlement to start for the plains and hunt. The penalty for infraction of these rules was confiscation of property. This penalty was imposed on Fisher. Fisher laid information before Hon. Lawrence Clarke, J.P., who reported the matter to Ottawa as a little rebellion, and asked for police protection. Colonel French went up and Gabriel Dumont, the captain of the hunters, who is now one of Riel's leaders, was arrested. This Dumont never forgave. Five years later, when the Sioux went north, Dumont was heard to say that he would help the Crees to drive out the Sioux, or help the Crees and Sioux to drive out the whites. Strangely enough, Major Crozier, who was driven back the other day, was the officer who arrested Dumont in 1875.

Major Walker goes on to say that the treaty with the Duck Lake Indians was made in 1876, but that these Indians always believed they had made a different treaty with any other Indians in the territories, any

* An Examination of the Utilitarian Theory of Morals. By the Rev. T. R. Beattie, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., Examiner in Knox College and in the University of Toronto. Brantford: T. and T. Sutherland, 1885.

clamored accordingly for better terms. They were headed by a Half-breed named Beardy, who is chief of one of the bands and on whose reserve the late fight with Major Crozier occurred. All the Indians and Half-breeds thereabouts are connected with each other by marriage, and Riel knew that in raising the revolt there he could count on these Indians to join him.

Beardy seems an especially bad Indian. He made Dumont's quarrel his own in 1875; he tried to oppose the passage of Lieutenant-Governor Laird through the district in 1876, and in the same year made a threatening demonstration against the Government's stores at Duck Lake, with two hundred armed and mounted Indians at his back. In 1879 about one hundred and eighty lodges of Sitting Bull's Sioux arrived in the neighbourhood, and Beardy persuaded them to remain. He became so emboldened by this that a special detachment of police was posted in the neighbourhood to watch him. In 1880 he was arrested with some of his men, for killing Government cattle, and imprisoned a few weeks.

If one remembers the advantages the district offers for carrying on an irregular warfare, and that the French Half-breeds are all related to these troublesome Indians, it will render it easy to perceive how Riel reasoned in beginning operations in the midst of the Duck Lake Country. He certainly calculated on an Indian assistance. Before the readers of THE WEEK receive this, there is little doubt that they will have heard that the Indians of Victoria and Fort Pitt, both north of Edmonton, have risen as the Indians of Battleford have.

What is it, then, that these Indians want? I quote again from the *Herald* on this point:

The Indians, by virtue of occupation, and the Half-breeds by virtue of descent, claim a title in the lands of these territories, which can only be extinguished by adequate compensation. Most people are aware that the Hudson's Bay Company have made a very similar claim. But the difference is that while the Company has received from Canada a very rich compensation for their claims, the Indians have received a very small one and the Half-breeds none at all. If the Hudson's Bay Company had received no compensation perhaps the Half-breeds would not have felt their own grievances so much. However, it is too late to speculate, and it is well to recognize that what the Half-breeds are after now is, a title to their lands and compensation, while the Indians of the north are mainly anxious to obtain better terms. In a nutshell, the Half-breeds want the same privileges as the Half-breeds of Manitoba, and the Indians of the North want the same treatment as the Indians of the South.

At the present time it is a usual thing for a great portion of the press of the country to blame the Government for having by their dilatoriness caused the uprising. Governments, however, are not always responsible for their servants. They can make officials, but they cannot give them wisdom. It is a pitiable thing that in all the reports made by the Indian agents to the Indian Department for 1884, one cannot find a single hint that the Indians were dissatisfied in a single recommendation for their better government. Hundreds of pages are taken up with glaring accounts of how many acres of land the different bands have ploughed, and the crops they sowed, with the general rider that the "crops unfortunately were spoilt by summer frosts"; but a plain statement of Indian needs and Indian troubles one nowhere finds. In this connection read a statement occurring in the report of Indian agent Macrae, who is in charge of the Battleford Indians:

As the staple food of the Indians—the muskrat—will be most scarce, and as the crop promises so badly, their principal dependence during the coming winter will be upon rabbits. Destitution is sure to occur, and will be felt more than at any time since the treaty, for, in former years, some property was owned that could be disposed of for the alleviation of their misery, but this recourse being no longer left to them, they have now only the Government assistance to depend on.

No recommendation whatever as to what is needed to be done to avert trouble from these poor destitutes is made, although it is known that owing to disease amongst the rabbits last year they were unfit for food. Macrae is now fleeing for his life from those very Indians. Unfortunately, however, such an observation is not exceptional in these reports. The report was published in February, and the winter referred to was then nearly over, but we do not read that Macrae had invited the attention of the department to the unfortunate predicament these Indians were in at a date when something might have been done.

Similarly Assistant Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Pearce, went to Prince Albert last summer to investigate the Half-breed claims there. In his report he stated that "the claims were of long standing." The fact is they were—twenty years some of them. Mr. Pearce states, however, that "nothing could have been done earlier," because the surveys were not complete and could not have been hurried unless at an expense of "economy and accuracy." He added that he could only settle a few claims as the majority had not yet been surveyed. He did not notice that the country was on the verge of rebellion on account of these very claims. If Indian Agents and Land Agents make reports like these to their Governments, it is not surprising that their governments will be somewhat ignorant of the true state of affairs. Mr. Pearce also settled some of the claims at Edmonton, and Edmonton is in a frenzy of indignation at his recommendations. In one case he recommended that a Half-breed who had lived for eighteen consecutive years on his claim should pay \$2 an acre for that half of it he was allowed to preempt. Such an award is farcical. It is perfectly correct to say that if Government officials in the territories had been discreet men, this rebellion never would have occurred.

How far will it reach? It is observable that all those settlements are especially alarmed near which the Crees have their reserves. At Calgary for instance there are plenty of Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens, but very few Crees. But little or no apprehension is felt here, and for this reason: The Half-breeds are all married to Crees, and wherever the Half-breeds rise the Crees will rise too. But the Blackfeet, and with them the Piegiens and Bloods, are ancient enemies of both the Half-breeds and Crees, and will never join them in war. If this had not been so Calgary would have been attacked before this. Nevertheless, if the northern Indians were

successful, it is hardly to be doubted that all the other tribes would wage war on their own account. It is well to remember however that there are between 100,000 and 200,000 whites in Manitoba and the territories, and only 34,000 Indians.

Toronto and the other Canadian cities which are so generously sending us militia soldiers will, it is to be feared, find this no Ridgeway. The Half-breeds fight well, and they fight under cover. No force less than one of man to man will defeat them. How many volunteers, unused to such savage warfare, and unused to fighting of any kind, will be shot down in the Prince Albert brush, is a question few who know the country care to answer. Their efforts, however, will be strongly backed by the settlers of the territories. If the revolt is stamped out quickly it will be mainly through the arming of the loyal whites already living here. One hundred cowboys and two hundred settlers could do more than twice the number of Ontario volunteers, and this will probably force itself on the attention of those in command at an early date.

C.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THERE is a good prospect that a Botanic Garden will be established in the Mountain Park at Montreal, something after the model of that at Kew, which, under the direction of Sir Joseph Hooker, enjoys a world-wide reputation. The City Council, who are custodians of the Park, the Horticultural Society and McGill University, which last year established a Chair in Botany, now filled by Prof. Penhallow, have united to make the project a success, and the benefits to be derived from the establishment of such a garden cannot be over-estimated. The Park is admirably situated for the purpose, as it includes all descriptions of soil and exposure, is within easy reach of a large centre of population, and the garden, properly conducted in a scientific and not in a commercial spirit, will interest in botany a large class of citizens who could be reached in no other way; will afford to students of natural science an opportunity of studying botany in its broader and more useful aspects; and will provide a place where plants can be tested in their climatic adaptations and have their economic value accurately and promptly determined for the benefit of producers; where specimens can be grown, not only from all parts of the Dominion, but, with the help of greenhouses, from all parts of the world as well; and whence instruction in improved methods in horticulture and arboriculture can be disseminated.

A LECTURE by Rev. Prof. Bryce, President of the Winnipeg Historical Society, on the Mound Builders of the North-West, has just been published in neat pamphlet form as a transaction of that society. The location and appearance of the mounds are described, and particulars given of the excavation of the "Grand Mound" at the junction of the Rainy and Bowstring Rivers, which has already been referred to in the "Jottings." This structure is elliptical at its base, 45 feet high and 325 feet in circumference, and seems from its location to have been used as an observation mound as well as a place of sepulchre, and to have attained its present dimensions by the successive deposition of bodies covered with earth, as the remains nearest the surface are apparently the most recent. Polished stone, bone and native copper implements, potsherds and one unbroken cup were found with the human skeletons. The lecturer hazards a theory that the builders were not Indians, but probably of Mongolian origin, and a branch of that same Toltec race which was driven out of Mexico and the extreme Southern States by the Aztecs. He thinks these Toltecs, or Takawgamis, as he calls the northern mound builders, were essentially an agricultural people, far more civilized than their ferocious conquerors, and that from the south they naturally spread up the rich alluvial plains of the Mississippi and its tributaries, reaching their northern limit in the fertile land of Manitoba. The Aztec wave as naturally followed them over the same routes, the branch that kept to the Mississippi reaching Canada as the Sioux nation, and that which branched off by the Ohio being the progenitors of the Iroquois. He suggests that our historic era began just in time to see the end of the struggle between the two races, in that Cartier met an agricultural race established in a fortified village at Hochelaga in 1535, which had been swept out of existence by the Iroquois when Champlain revisited the place in 1608. He thus estimates the age of the Manitoba and Rainy River mounds as not exceeding eight hundred years for the oldest, while the most recent were completed at least four hundred years ago.

"SENEX," an eminent legal authority, writes me that some complication may arise from the adoption of standard time for civil purposes, inasmuch as the law draws a distinction between crimes committed in the day and in the night, "the time between nine o'clock in the evening and six in the morning"; policies expire at noon, and mortgages must be filed and taverns closed before certain stated hours, etc.; hence where the difference between standard and local time is considerable, much might depend on which time was considered binding. This legal point certainly ought to be settled as soon as the several Legislatures can decide whether the jurisdiction belongs to the Dominion or Provincial Governments. In the States action has been taken by several of the State Legislatures passing laws recognizing standard time, and judgments have been given in court upholding standard time where it is in common use.

A DISCUSSION on railway brakes has been occupying considerable space in English engineering journals lately, the question at issue being the relative merits of the vacuum and pressure system. The balance of evidence and of opinion is decidedly on the side of the latter, on the grounds of greater simplicity, power, and economy of space. In America that question seems to have been settled finally, and automatic railway braking has gone

a step farther, and is now in a transition state. Besides the electric brake described in a former "Jotting" numberless combinations are being patented and experimented with. The conditions to be fulfilled are so many and varied that it is no easy matter to embrace them all in one system. In a perfect brake the pressure should be as great as possible without producing sliding of the wheels, and consequently should vary with the weight of the car; the brake should be brought into operation at once, and on all parts of the train simultaneously; should be equally effective for long and short trains; should be capable of application from any car in the train; should act automatically on every car when any cars break loose, or when any part of the braking gear gets out of order; and should allow resort to hand-brakes if necessary. The Mallinckrodt system claims to cover all these points, and certainly furnishes an ingenious method of proportioning the power to the weight of the car. The plan adopted is to have the swing beams carrying the car springs, and which are usually at a fixed height relatively to the trucks, so made that they can be raised, lifting with them the whole body of the car. The power usually applied directly to the brakes is now employed to raise the car, which is held in position by the same power until the brakes are required, when it is released, and suitable mechanism brings the whole weight of the car to bear on the brake rods. This system can be adapted to hand-brakes, or any of the automatic arrangements, and is specially adapted to work with an electric brake, while any accident which would destroy a pressure or vacuum brake would, by releasing the car, apply the Mallinckrodt brake.

THERE is nothing like competition to stimulate invention. The fall in prices consequent upon the large production of beet sugar has put cane sugar manufacturers on their mettle, and it is discovered that the simple expedient of shredding the cane into small fibres before pressing it increases the production about forty per cent. It was stated in New Orleans last summer that unless the cost of production could be reduced a cent a pound the cultivation of the cane in Louisiana would have to be abandoned, and if the shredding process fulfils the promises made for it the cheapening will be one and a-half to two cents, which will leave a fair profit.

THE great interest taken in last year's Hudson's Bay Expedition is evinced by the frequent references of the press to Lieut. Gordon's official report of the *Neptune's* voyage. This, together with a report on the geology of the region by Dr. R. Bell, and a neat chart of the steamer's track, is included as an appendix in the lately published report of the Marine Department, and shows the commander of the Expedition accomplished his mission very successfully. He established six observing stations in different parts of the Strait, made valuable surveys of the harbours visited, and accumulated a fund of information respecting the Bay and Strait, their meteorology and resources. An expedition to relieve the stations will start early this season; but the decision of the Government upon the point of continuing the observations through another year, a step much to be desired, has not been announced.

THE annular eclipse of the sun on the 16th March was observed generally over North America as a partial eclipse, the day proving fine and bright. The annular phase only covered a belt between thirty and forty miles wide, passing across Upper California, entering Canada between Winnipeg and Qu'Appelle, traversing Hudson's Bay, and probably covering one or more of the Expedition's posts, and being hidden by sunset east of Greenland. From astronomers it did not receive much attention; or at least they made no preparations for observing it within the belt of the annular phase. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that the conditions for observing the corona are not so favourable in an annular as in a total eclipse of the sun.

THE citizens of Quebec, irrespective of party, are strongly urging the construction of a bridge across the St. Lawrence near their city, for the purpose of connecting the Canadian Pacific Railway system with the Maritime Provinces by a short route. The proposed site of the bridge is at Cap Rouge, about seven miles above Quebec, where the river is narrower than at any other point east of Montreal. Here the banks are high, the current swift, the water deep, and the channel in winter subject to ice gorges. To overcome these difficulties will require the best engineering skill, as well as an expenditure of between three and five million dollars. I have seen two designs for a bridge at this point, the one prepared in England, the other in Canada. In both the cantilever principle is adopted, with a central arch of about 1,445 feet in length, a span exceeded by very few similar structures, the new bridge now building across the Firth of Forth, with two main spans of 1,730 feet each, being the longest yet attempted. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be gained from the facts that the tension stress in the upper chord is about five thousand tons, while the height of steelwork in the cantilever trusses on the piers is over two hundred feet, and the main span is suspended one hundred and twenty-five feet clear above high water mark. GRADGRIND.

"YES, BRETHREN," said the clergyman who was preaching the funeral sermon "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a desolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief in an instant.

BARRY SULLIVAN, the Irish tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." some years ago at Shrewsbury, in England. When the actor came to the lines: "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some one in the pit called out: "Wouldn't an ass do you, Mr. Sullivan?" "Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter, "please come round to the stage door."

HERE AND THERE.

THE death, at an advanced age, of Mrs. Moodie, removes a well-known, interesting, and venerable figure from our literary circle. The work on which her reputation chiefly rested was "Roughing it in the Bush," which has now become a curious record of old times. But she was always active with her pen and one of the animating spirits of literary life in this country. Canadian literature lays its Maple Leaf on her grave.

THE *Toronto World* is entitled to the thanks of all reputable men for its bold exposure of a local scandal. For some time a series of slanders, affecting the private characters of respectable citizens, have appeared in a filthy weekly paper published by a brace of pests whose object seems to have been blackmail. Encouraged by the *World*, two victims were induced to take legal action against the proprietors, and the fortunate result has been a suppression of the publication. But responsibility for the libels must be rightly apportioned. It is understood that the two blackguards who published them were comparative strangers in Toronto, and they must have been supplied with the material by some equally degraded wretch having more intimate acquaintance with the city. For the introduction of the system of libellous journalism amongst us we have to thank other immigrants whom the *World* did us the service of exposing before.

IN asking the supporters of the Scott Act to assist their movement, promoters of the new Temperance Association have shown a freedom from prejudice which Prohibitionists might well emulate. The object of both parties is identical—the diminution of intemperance. The *modus operandi* only is different, and surely the next best thing, from the Prohibitionists' standpoint, to a total suppression of the liquor traffic—which is confessedly impossible at present—is to go half-way, and assist the Liberal Temperance party to prohibit the retail sale of spirits. A union of both forces would command the sympathies of a large majority of the community; whilst the Scott Act has only been carried by the indifference of majorities in the districts where it is now law. The result everybody knows; its intolerant spirit is not in harmony with public sentiment and it is practically inoperative, the drunkard being still able to get all he wants, whilst the man who does not care to evade the law is ruthlessly deprived of a comfort which he used moderately. The series of meetings which was commenced last week in the Occident Hall, Toronto, is intended to explain the platform of the new movement, and to offer a *via media* by which all temperance philanthropists may travel in their efforts to abolish drunkenness. It is proposed to continue these meetings at intervals, and to invite the freest discussion.

WE clip the following, which may be commended to the attention of Prohibitionists, from the *Dominion Sanitary Journal*:—"The intemperance question has now for some time been attracting more than usual attention in the Dominion, but more especially in Ontario. Nearly all who are taking any interest *pro* or *con* in the Scott Act, or other prohibitory measures, are intemperate in their views and actions, either on one side or the other. But it is a marvel that so many who are usually regarded as intelligent and able men seem to suppose that man can be forced by acts of parliament to abstain from the use of that which any sane man, who will with an unbiassed mind investigate the subject, must be convinced has much good in it as a food, if only properly used; so many who take such narrow views as to only see as it were one cause of intemperance, when there are many causes. The one great cause, as every one knows, is want of self-control in the inner man, and not one of those who would unman manhood by prohibitory acts seems disposed to put out a hand to help develop that self-control by which man alone can become temperate in the use not only of alcoholic beverages but of everything else; and which can only be fully developed in a well-balanced mind and a healthy body."

MR. BEATY proposes to relieve the Toronto postmen by an increase of the staff. We cannot help cordially seconding his proposal. The men are certainly overworked. It is pitiable to see them staggering under such burdens as they have sometimes to carry.

THE most blasé patron of comedy must find it impossible to resist the side-splitting absurdities of "The Private Secretary," played at the Toronto Theatre last week. The full houses which witnessed the production were kept in an incessant roar, Mr. Butler (the *Private Secretary*) and Mr. Mason (*Cattermole*) being the favourites. Those who were fortunate enough to see Mr. McDowell's company will be glad to learn that it will return to Toronto at an early date, and will play Robertson's popular "Caste."

IT is to be hoped that the adoration of the late American Ambassador in England, which, considering Mr. Lowell's real grade in literature, strikes many people as somewhat excessive, will not make the English unjust to the claims of his successor. Mr. Phelps is, we believe, fully Mr. Lowell's equal in intellect and culture, though not as a writer; his legal training will give him advantage in dealing with a class of questions which, so long as Fenianism is at work, are too likely to arise; and he is the representative of a Government more friendly to Great Britain than any which has held power at Washington for many years.

OUR friends in England, though kindly anxious to appreciate us are still a little wild in their notions about us. The *Saturday Review*, speaking of

the troops we are sending against Riel says: "Canada possesses a very efficient though small armed force, which is trained for war in the forests, and there has been no hesitation about using it with vigour."

ONE of the leading Protestant congregations of Canada has disbanded its Ladies' Aid Society. Not a single needy family remained in the church for the exercise of its charitable offices. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is that no Protestant Church, in America certainly, seems to feel its responsibility to the poor as the Church of Rome does. A shabbily-dressed man or woman will kneel before a marble altar in a Roman Catholic cathedral with an easy sense of being at home, very different from the cowed feeling discernible among the same class in a fashionable Protestant church. The latter has of late years evolved the "mission chapel," where in a separate fashion the poor and lowly may have the gospel preached to them.

THE American Post-office contemplates making the ounce the lower limit of a letter's weight. In Great Britain delivery is recognized as more expensive than carriage of letters, and the rates do not increase directly with weight. A 1 oz. letter costs 1d, 2oz. 1½d, 4 oz. 2d, 6 oz. 2½d, 8 oz. 3d, 10 oz. 3½d, 12 oz. 4d.

THE unexpected attitude of England's Colonies, voluntarily demanding their place in the ring-fence, and the war-like spirit developed in the English nation, has upset all the French prophets respecting the downfall of *perfidie Albion*. She has required a series of good cuffs to rouse up her bull-dog element: then her latent power and tenacity, opinion in Paris says, will do the rest. It is thus that the Afghan trouble has never been seriously regarded in France; Russia served only as a fee-faw-fum. But in financial circles she is swathed in debts; her immense possessions are only in want of a good shaking to be scattered among the hordes from which she has captured them. A Paris correspondent, writing three weeks ago, says: It is curious, then, to see how Russia will once more walk around English simplicity, perform the old trick that rivets attention. If England displays sufficient pluck to grasp her nettle, there will be no Russian, that is to say European war, where Austria would be forced to enter the field against the Muscovite nearly as soon as England. And so the bubble that Bismarck blew, of the unity of the three Czars, would prove to be what so many suspect—all gas.

THE London *Times* recently had an article setting forth the multifarious offices held by certain professional chairmen and directors of the British metropolis. One much-trusted name is to be found on fifteen boards of direction, other names figure on as many as ten to fourteen. This singular phase of the management of joint-stock companies has grown out of the large confidence which an eminent business reputation commands. This is very apt to be an ignorant confidence, for as the professional director is quite likely to have a business of his own to look after, scant indeed can be the attention he is able to bestow upon the intricate affairs concerning which many proprietors deem him captain or pilot. As in governmental matters the real work, if with unrecognized responsibility, rests with the staff. To select a good staff, then, presents itself as the chief duty of a board. There are other perils in joint-stock investment, besides the indirectness of twice or thrice deputed control. Banking facilities now enable a speculator to obtain an advance of from 75 to 90 per cent. of the current value of a stock. An investment of but a small portion of the total capital of a concern may therefore give a manipulator control of it. Four years ago a *coup* of this kind was managed in Montreal whereby on an advance from the Merchant's Bank Sir Hugh Allan and his fellow-directors were removed from the board of the Richelieu Line of Steamers. Sir Hugh was president at the time of both bank and line. Ten per cent. of one-half, or one-twentieth of the capital of the bank or other joint-stock concern in good standing, is enough in the hands of a schemer to enable him to practically exercise ownership. In Mr. Jay Gould's history this kind of power has aided him in the policy known as "shaking out weak holders." He would obtain control of a stock, depress it by passing a dividend, buy in, publish a favourable statement, declare a handsome dividend, and sell out after the resulting advance. It would hence seem desirable that a directorate having the confidence of other shareholders in a company should hold or control one-half the stock. Several cotton and other companies have of late disposed of bonds on the market. These should certainly carry voting power, more particularly as the bonds have in several cases been issued in greater amount than share capital.

A STRIKING development of modern business is the elaborate system of checks one finds everywhere. From a bank to a shop for needles and thread we come upon ingenious devices to detect dishonesty, or reduce the temptation held to be the taproot of peculation. A recent observer of the British and American systems of administering the post-office notes the superior efficiency of the former. In Great Britain reliance is placed less upon check-mechanism than upon character, and the responsible element in service is recognized to the full. A leading dry-goods concern in New York recently discovered by accident that it had been robbed of enormous sums by its clerks. Its check-system was assumed to be perfect, and no fewer than three officers had to concur before an account was paid by the firm. Dependence on check-systems should be modified by the perception that in the last analysis their faithful control demands character. Who shall check the checkers, and make an honest audit, remains the question. And, while the extent of a business and the little knowledge an employer may have of newly-engaged employes impel him to adopt mechanical

means of guarding his property, there is thereby an incitement placed before dishonest ingenuity to reap great gain by circumventing the trusted means of security. This is proved by Arnold, Constable and Company's experience, to which we have referred.

Col. Dwight, a wealthy New Yorker, has a bonanza farm of 58,000 acres some 220 miles west of St. Paul, in Dakota. His plan is to cultivate 20,000 acres of the 30,000 he has broken up, and plough 10,000 in summer so as to be ready to sow at the earliest dates possible in spring. Col. Dwight employs the best agricultural machinery, and regards his vast enterprise as a branch of manufacture. Labour is ordered on his farm with military discipline. Mules alone are employed for draught, each plough driven by three of them is expected to do twenty-two miles a day, neither more nor less. There is not a whip on the whole place, as Col. Dwight permits no cruelty to animals, and "never hires a driver who doesn't know as much as a mule." No fewer than seven railway stations of three several lines are located on the Dwight Farm. It will be interesting to observe as years elapse how bonanza farming will compete with small holdings: perhaps no better than small factories with great, or little shops with big. One point of importance presses for attention in the North West: The selection of a variety of wheat that will ripen in the shortest time possible. The growing season is so curtailed by frosts early and late that farmers should if they could sow all their seed in one spring day, and reap their harvest in another single day of August or September. Much will be done for their success when the earliest variety of good wheat is ascertained and sown.

THE newest idea in the commercial world, if we may credit an English contemporary, is the employment of lady travellers, as more likely to do business these hard times than the drummer of the male persuasion. Ladies who happen to combine the qualities of good looks and good temper can, they say, do well if the samples they carry do not involve too much baggage. Shopkeepers cannot very well look fierce and swear at a pretty young lady who begs them in dulcet tones to give her an order for her wares. Perhaps the customers' wives will not relish the new departure. Borax is the first article on which the ladies are to travel, the idea having been taken up by a Birmingham firm, but others will no doubt follow, and feminine drummers will become popular.

THE Turks are taking to producing wine. Near Scutari they have dug trenches and planted vineyards, and the result is such as to encourage them in the belief that this neighbourhood may again be made the centre of a wine trade. A very good "Medoc" was produced in the first experiment, and now finer brands are being prepared. The best vineyards in Europe have been visited for plants; and most of the trees grow very fast, and their fruit ripens quickly. With Cyprus revived under British rule, and these neighbourhoods made again to dance with corn and wine, the East would seem to be making some progress towards prosperity.

THE principal tribunals of France are overtaken owing to the working of the new divorce law. Neither age nor social station is to be excepted. They are the wives who are in the great majority to petition for relief. One old lady, thirty years separated, demanded her divorce, so that she would not have to associate on her tomb-stone the name of her monster of a husband with her own! The re-marriages of the *divorcées* are also numerous. The wife of a man condemned to twenty year's transportation, but who has fled justice, cannot obtain relief till the twenty years be expired, or the condemned arrested. To obtain a divorce twenty years in advance would be too generous it seems.

"EUREKA! Paradise has been found, though not yet regained. President Warren, of the Boston University, has found it; and is now able to put his finger on the exact place in the map where our First Parents ate the fruit in the Garden of Eden. Let no cold critic doubt henceforth the historic truth of the grand legend of erring humanity transmitting its weakness to succeeding generations. President Warren knows where the incident occurred. It is not Perim, nor any spot in Asia Minor. It is the North Pole." So writes a correspondent of a trans-Atlantic journal, and the remarks are apropos of a book which President Warren has published in which he proves beyond a doubt by biology, terrestrial physics, ancient cosmology, comparative mythology, primeval history, scientific anthropology, and Hebrew and ancient tradition, the results of many years' study, that the home of our race was in the Arctic regions. He is sure of it. The fiery swords which keep us out are really swords of ice. Will any one gainsay him? Dare any one deny his demonstration? Nobody can do so unless he has been to the North Pole to discover. Nobody has been there, and President Warren must therefore be right, as every man is right whose argument is not refuted. The question being comfortably settled we may betake ourselves once again to discussing the Riel rebellion, the Afghan frontier, and the claims of the Mahdi to be a Messiah.

THE most ingenious man we have heard of for some time is one at Brighton, who becoming prematurely bald, has had four wigs made, the hair of one short, the hair of the next a trifle longer, the hair of the third longer still, and the hair of the fourth quite too long for beauty. He wears one each week, beginning with the first. The effect achieved is just as if his hair were growing. When he gets to the long one and has worn it a week he changes it to the short one again, and his friends and acquaintances, not in the secret, believe he has had his hair cut.

THE death of a curiosity in his way is reported. It is that of Sir Henry Vansittart Stonhouse. He was the fifteenth Baronet Stonhouse, of Radley, Berks, whose family dates back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. He was formerly a lieutenant in the 94th Regiment, and aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Pottinger, Governor of Madras. He married in 1851 Miss Charlotte West, daughter of the member of Parliament for Dublin, and by her leaves one son, now Sir Ernest Hay Stonhouse. Sir Henry first appeared in Charleston as an officer in a negro regiment at the close of the American Civil War. The records of the United States Court showed him to have been tried, convicted, and sent to gaol for defrauding a negro of his pension. This was about the time of his father's death, and his succession to the title of baronet. His conduct while in Charleston was extremely dissolute. He dropped for a time the name of Stonhouse, signing himself Vansittart. He then moved to St. Stephen's, in Berkely County, where he acted as a magistrate and teacher to a coloured school. Afterwards he lived in great poverty in Pineville, a small country village, his only associates being negroes. He then clerked for a while in a country store, and led a precarious existence until his employment with Mr. P. F. Murphy as bookkeeper and postmaster at Trial, in Berkely County. He was finally discharged by Mr. Murphy on account of gross carelessness in his accounts, and then moved to a small log building built by negroes for a school-house, and there he died, unattended and alone, of malaria fever. He shrank from all intercourse with good people.

MONSEIGNEUR LAFLECHE, Bishop of Three Rivers, has recently served the St. Louis Club of that city with a demand to submit itself to his control. The St. Louis is a social club like the National of Toronto, or the St. James's of Montreal. Monseigneur Lafleche desires the drinking of wine to cease within its walls; its deals in poker and other sinful games are an offence to him, and some of its books and newspapers are far from meeting with his approval. This last advance of Quebec ecclesiasticism has met with a rebuff. The club resists the crook, and so at last accounts matters were not all that the good prelate could wish.

"BRITANNIA'S REMONSTRANCE."

TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

(*Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*)

NEVER peaceful, ever doing,
Still the phantom, Fame, pursuing,
And askance the straight path viewing—
All for pow'r and place!
Future storms for me you're brewing;
Cease, or veil my face!

Where is now the troth we plighted?
Both our hearts are disunited;
Freedom's lamp one day we lighted,
Now 'tis quenched with tears.
Heroes murdered, great hopes blighted,
Roused are all our fears.

Once you earned my richest blessing,
Thrilled my soul with your caressing,
Each a mutual love confessing,
Soon its sweets you'll miss,
For your love's not worth possessing
While War's lips you kiss.

—Dispatch, London, Eng.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PREVENTION OF SMALL-POX BY VACCINATION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The writer of the article on this important subject in your issue of the 26th ult. has not hesitated to assume as proved the protective value of vaccination against variolous outbreaks, notwithstanding overwhelming evidence of the most discouraging failures wherever the practice has been enforced. The recent devastating small-pox epidemics amongst the well-vaccinated populations in London, Liverpool, Birmingham and Sunderland ought to settle the question to every unprejudiced mind, but the bulk of the population are not unprejudiced, and fail, therefore, to recognize the force of facts that run counter to popular theories. It may, however, interest some of your readers to learn that this important question has, during the past few years, been carefully investigated by a distinguished writer, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished naturalist, whose valuable scientific discoveries have received recognition by the Government. Mr. Wallace's monograph on the subject has been issued, and forcibly summarizes his conclusions as follows:—

1. "Vaccination does not diminish small-pox mortality, as shown by forty-five years of the Registrar-General's statistics, and by the deaths from small-pox of our 're-vaccinated' soldiers and sailors being as numerous as those of the male population of the same ages of several of our large towns, although the former are picked healthy men, while the latter include many thousands living under the most unsanitary conditions.
2. "While thus utterly powerless for good, vaccination is a certain cause of disease and death in many cases, and is the probable cause of about ten thousand deaths annually by five inoculable diseases of the most terrible and disgusting character, which have increased to this extent steadily, year by year, since vaccination has been enforced by penal laws.
3. "The hospital statistics, showing a greater mortality of the unvaccinated than of

the vaccinated, have been proved to be untrustworthy; while the conclusions drawn from them are shown to be necessarily false."

In the presence of such weighty testimony it is surely not too much to ask the medical profession, at whose instigation the mischievous compulsory laws have been enacted, to do what in them lies to retrace their steps, and to petition Parliament for their immediate abrogation. It may not be generally known that after experiences of compulsory vaccination in Switzerland, extending over periods of from twenty-five to forty years, the results have been so unsatisfactory, as regards the failures to protect and the mischiefs arising from the operation, that twenty-one out of the twenty-five cantons have entirely abrogated the Vaccination Laws, with marked benefit to the health of the infantile population, as disclosed by the statistics of the Board of Health. Trusting to your impartiality for the insertion of the above, I am, yours faithfully,

Devonshire Club, St. James's, London,
Eng., March 27, 1885.

WILLIAM TEBB, F.R.G.S.

SUMMER SAILINGS OF CANADIAN ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In appointing the sailings of the steamer *Vancouver* of the Dominion Line last season and this we waited for Messrs. Allan's announcement of sailings, and kept her dates a fortnight apart from those of the *Parisian*, so as to give travellers such choice as best suited their convenience between these two favourite ships. We have just been informed by Messrs. Allan, with cynical frankness, that they have received instructions from their Montreal house to appoint the sailing of the *Parisian* on the same day as the *Vancouver*, and that if we change the date they will also change that of the *Parisian*. We have remonstrated against this, because it provokes unnecessary rivalry between the two lines, and tends to excite racing between these ships. It is unfair to travellers also not to let them have the advantage of choice between the best ships on different dates. We are told in reply that they cannot afford to have their mail steamer beaten one or two days by the *Vancouver*, and thus have the press of Canada calling attention to their shortcomings; and that if their best ship should be beaten, she will not be beaten so disgracefully as to give rise to complaint that the mails were not sent in the *Vancouver*. Such are the tactics intended to defend the magnificent subsidy of £26,000 per annum enjoyed by the Allan Line.—Yours respectfully,

FLINN, MAIN AND MONTGOMERY,
Liverpool.

Cramp, Torrance and Co., Toronto.
David Torrance and Co., Montreal.
Wm. M. Macpherson, Quebec.

THE SENATE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In a speech delivered in the Senate last week, the Hon. Mr. Plumb suggested that the two vacancies existing in the Ontario quota of that body be filled by leading Reformers. This suggestion seems to indicate a mode by which the Senate may become what it ought to be, an assembly which will revise the legislation of the Lower Houses in a calm, judicial manner, apart from party considerations. To discuss measures in this way, it appears to me that the Senate should be composed, as near as may be, of an equal number of each political party, and of men who have not been noted for extreme political partisanship. I think the Senate should be composed of an odd number of Senators, the party in power to have one more than the Opposition; that any Senator not attending regularly should forfeit his seat; that the Government of the day should have the power of filling vacancies on their side of the Chamber; and when a seat is vacant on the Opposition side, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons should submit three names to the Governor-in-Council, who should appoint one of the three to the vacant seat. The Opposition leader would submit the names of the ablest men on his side of politics, and the Government would naturally select the most non-partisan name of those submitted. This process of selection operating as each party attains to power would, I think, eventually raise the character of the Senate, withdraw it from the realm of faction, and give to its discussions such weight in the Councils of the Dominion that its decisions will be respected by both political parties.

W. H.
Cobourg, 31st March, 1885.

THE MORALITY OF PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—It is a significant symptom of the state of the times when a matter of meats and drinks is made an occasion for a repetition of civil and religious history, and it will be curious if by-and-by the State should furnish the occasion, with the implied consent of the Church, by making it a crime to drink a glass of wine. This tacit consent is delusive, however, for after all the Church, as an unanimous Church, may not be able to see its way to "discipline" for this legal offence, though the struggle may end as such affairs have ended before, in much confusion if not disruption. In the matter of the sixth, seventh and eighth commandments, the State disciplines the transgressor's person and the Church his conscience. There is no occasion for any collision here. Each performs its own functions, accepting the moral law as complete and final, so far as human jurisdiction is concerned. Neither can convict for merely "thinking" theft, killing or uncleanness, for the obvious reason that they can produce no tangible proof. Their powers are limited. But, if the State creates a new crime in the matter of eating or drinking, as such, and not in excess, is the Church bound to recognize it whether it approves or not? Will it discipline as in the other instances, simply because the State ordains it? If not, we shall have the miserable spectacle of an attempt at a straiter code of morality outside of its pale than within it. Straiter than the Decalogue itself. If, in deference to the State, the Church disciplines its members in the use of meats and drinks, it may well be asked why it has not done so all along. I suspect the churches, as churches, are not in sympathy with the views of some of their cruder ecclesiastics.

Supposing that Church and State agree in this matter; that a member who conscientiously thinks differently is hunted out of the Church; that he acts as he believes in his own intelligent use of meats and drinks, and that the State catches him. The State must necessarily punish with ever-increasing severity if the man persists in his right to interpret, and act upon, Scripture for himself. This is inevitable till one or other gives way; each side meantime being supported by its own adherents on principle, and whether "abstainers" or not. In olden times this sort of thing culminated in flaming faggots. In modern times, a well-known "reformer" in Maine, after finding every other deterrent perfectly futile, proposes to make any transgression of his dogma a capital crime. After that, the deluge—a people hopelessly sunk in abject fear of its rulers, civil and religious—or redeemed by the shock of the ultimate results of false principles.

A. B. C.

THE BREATH OF FAME.

[Anniversary of Payne's burial.]

THEY have gathered the mouldered dust
Of him who sang "Sweet home";
And the silent form and the face of clay
In the heart of a nation is held to stay,
And mourned with pathetic trust.

But what of the one forgot,
Who gave the song its wings—
Who gathered from silence the shadow time,
And gave a soul to the tender rhyme
Which a nation fondly sings?

J. OLIVER SMITH.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

INDIA SPRINGING TO WAR.

THE vague fears which always worry Englishmen about India are not felt in India itself, where every one knows that it is not war but defeat which test the solidity of our rule; and the summons to war is obeyed, not, indeed, with light hearts, but with a sort of glad alacrity. Eight white men in ten in India are soldiers weary of the least-varied life in the world, the life of hot cantonments, eager for work and promotion, and zealous to fanaticism for England; and through all ranks the feeling runs the long-hoped-for chance, when men may show what is in them, has at last arrived. There is something real to live for, something beyond parades. The Indians, though not equally eager, still like war, which freshens the otherwise stagnant current of their lives, and complain in peacetime that the British régime supplies them with none of the excitements of which under all previous régimes their lives were overfull. There is too much lead, they say, in the English sceptre. All, therefore, accept war with a certain gladness, increased on this occasion by the special object of war. With exceptions so rare that they often find it convenient to be silent, Anglo-Indians are convinced that war with Russia must come, and must be fought-out before a lasting agreement between the two Powers can be attained. There are furious diversities of opinion as to the method best adapted to secure victory, the "Lawrence policy" having a deeper hold than is usually supposed, while many even believe that the battle should be fought in Persia; but on the necessity of war White India is practically unanimous. Dark India also, it appears, is of the same opinion; and princes and people are alike offering to serve—a feature in the affair which need occasion no surprise. Indians, though they often in conversation use the Russian sceptre as an argument why the Government should attend to their wishes, understand the broad lines of the situation fairly well, and have no notion of being conquered by a Power which, as they think, would interfere far more harshly with their social life. When they are ready to be rid of us, it is for themselves, not Russia, that they will reclaim India. The whole Empire, therefore, acquiesces in war.—*London Spectator.*

A NEW ENGLAND CUSTOM OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN early New England days, as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century, when hospitality was a practice as well as a virtue, there was in most houses only one large assembly room, and there the family and all the guests and chance callers gathered on winter nights about the blazing fire-logs. We know that youth was youth, and love was love, and young men were timid and maidens were shy, and courtship went on in those days. How was courtship possible in this common room, where every word was heard and every look taken notice of? We read in the admirable volume of the recent centennial of Long Meadow, Massachusetts, by Prof. Richard S. Starrs, of that town, that in the winter evenings, for the convenience of young lovers, since there was no "next room," courting sticks were used; that is, long wooden tubes that could convey from lip to ear sweet and secret whispers. Was this an invention peculiar to Long Meadow? It is a charming picture that this calls up of life in a Puritan household, this tubular love-making, the pretty girl (nearly every girl is pretty in the firelight of long ago) seated in one stiff, high-backed chair, and the staid but blushing lover in another, handling the courting-stick, itself an open confession of something more than liking, if not of true love. Would the young man dare to say, "I love you, through a tube, and would he feel encouraged by the laughing, tender eyes of the girl when she replied through the same passage: "Do tell." Did they have two sticks, so that one end of one could be at the ear and the end of the other at the mouth all the while? How convenient, when the young man got more ardent than was seemly, for the girl to put her thumb over the end of the tube and stop the flow of soul? Did the young man bring his stick, and so announce his intention, or did the young lady always keep one or a pair on hand, and so reveal both willingness and expectation? It was much more convenient than the telephone, with its proclamation to all listeners at the end of the line. Lovers can make love with anything, even with a telephone; the successful courting of a deaf person (for there is one word that nearly everyone likes to hear), as we know, can go on through a speaking trumpet; but these courting-sticks seem to us the *ne plus ultra* of tender communication—when a third party is present. They would be very useful now at large parties, where there is such a din and babble one can only court a pretty girl at the risk of bronchitis or laryngitis. Sometimes in the jam you can-

not get near the object of your devotion, but with a long courting-stick you could wile her away from her too ardent admirers. This invention seems worthy of revival for many reasons. Civilization in its progress drops a good many things that ought to be retained.—*Household Words.*

IRRITIBILITY OF MODERN LIFE.

OVER-SENSITIVENESS and irritability are the curses of modern life. I question very much whether the modern man enjoys existence to one-tenth the extent that the ancient man did. Steam, printing, French cookery, and gas have had much to do with reducing a once healthy and happy race to morbid, worrying, melancholy, dyspeptic creatures. The man or woman who has a hard heart and a good digestion can still go through life with a certain amount of comfort, but Heaven help the poor wretches with what are called "feelings" and with no digestions at all. To be a mass of nerves, to have a highly-strung nervous organization, to be by nature fidgety and fretful, to have a mental eye which magnifies every danger, to have a conscience eternally at work, to have a constant sense of wrong and injustice—to be, in fact, a poor worried, tormented, ill-treated, and misunderstood victim of surrounding circumstances—that is the fate of three-fifths of the people who make up modern society to-day. . . . I am quite sure that our predecessors in this vale of tears never suffered as we do, or the literature of the period would have brought down to us some signs of it. Nowadays almost every man one meets has a grievance, or a worry or a trouble. Men give way directly, and scarcely attempt a tussle with fate. We are "emotional" where we used to be hard, we are nervous where we used to be plucky, we cry where we used to laugh. The spirit of the age is a spirit very much diluted with water, and the national temper is that of a peevish child who is cutting its first teeth. . . . Those who instruct the public mind should see if something cannot be done to awaken the old fires that must slumber still in the British breast. The press and the pulpit should point out how disastrous it is to a nation's progress for the people to be ever ready to snap and snarl and sulk and wring their hands and weep. It is painful to see the descendants of men who stood the rack without a murmur, and sang a comic song while being broken on the wheel, screaming with agony because somebody pricks them with a needle or calls them a rude name. . . . Still, after all, the nervous, desponding, irritable condition of the sons of Britain is due in a great measure to modern inventions and modern luxuries. We want the old field life, the old early hours, the old rough horse-play, the old simple food, and the old simple faith. Steam, the penny-post, the shilling telegram, the telephone, the morning paper, French sauces, and a gas-and-smoke-poisoned atmosphere have turned the town into one big asylum, in which half the inmates are dangerous lunatics and the other half gibbering idiots.—*George R. Sims.*

CHRISTIANITY AS THE JAPANESE STATE RELIGION.

A FEW months ago the Japanese disestablished and disendowed their ancient faiths, and already there is a movement among the advanced Liberals in the country to adopt Christianity as the State religion on political grounds. A manifesto issued in one of the leading journals of Tokio puts the question in a very naked light. Religion, it says, is one of the garments of a nation, and the prevailing colour of that particular garment at present is the hue known as Christianity. Calling the latter for convenience blue, and Buddhism russet brown, it finds that while the man who shuns the society of his fellows wears the latter, blue is the fashionable colour. It would be unprofitable to discuss which is the better of the two; that is of no consequence. Brown may be more sedate and dignified, but the value of a blue coat to the man who wishes to move in polite society must not be lost sight of. Now, Japan does want to move in the polite society of nations, and should, therefore, don the blue coat of Christianity. It is by no means necessary, the writer explains, that the majority of Japanese should become Christians. Far from it; one in every hundred will be sufficient, and all that is necessary is the assumption of a title of a Christian country. The Japanese must change their professed belief, and wear a religious dress uniform with that of the nations with whom they wish to associate. By professed belief, the manifesto candidly adds, is meant what the Japanese profess to believe, apart from the question of what they really believe to be true doctrine. "Assume a religion, if you have it not," is apparently the motto of some of the Liberals in New Japan.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

EVERY Canadian boy is, in my opinion, influenced injuriously by the fact that he is born to be only a colonist, not a citizen of an independent nation. Every Canadian statesman is repressed and narrowed by his subordination to a stronger but distant political power. For this reason, among others, no colony has ever produced great men. Can my reverend critic point to one? or can he tell us of a poem, picture, statue, book or invention produced by a colonist which is known and valued by the world? No; all is a dreary blank of unknown mediocrities, and such it must continue until the dependent colony rises to the dignity of the independent nation, working out its own destiny, inspiring and calling forth the patriotism, enthusiasm and genius of its sons. When every Canadian boy feels he is part of a proud nation, which he will in time be called upon to govern, that he is possessed of every political privilege, and may aspire to the highest position in the State, and when these highest positions are of the State and not imposed upon it, Canada may then be expected to contribute something to the world's progress, but not till then.—*Andrew Carnegie, replying to Rev. T. Fenwick in Scottish American Journal.*

THE SEA QUEEN.

SHE does not dwell in far-off verdant lands,
 No sailor's bride nor tar's fond lassie she ;
 No lover, and no husband on the sea ;
 No golden circlet on her dainty hands ;
 No waiting heart she holds for one afar ;
 To none a love, to none an ocean star.
 Only a little child, with fair blue eyes
 That caught their colour from the restless wave :
 A baby face, both winsome, bright, and grave,
 A guileless cherub clothed in human guise.
 The pretty daughter of the second mate—
 Though but a toddling child with virtues few,
 A wee small girl, the darling of the crew—
 A sov'reign is, in embryo of state.

Her little heart unmindful of their wrongs,
 She laughs and jests and shouts their drinking-songs ;
 And, mixed with hymns her angel-mother sang,
 She prattles all their coarse and sea-born slang.
 At night they hear her pray in lisping tones,
 "Protect us, Dod, from 'torms and Davy Jones,
 And guide the pilot watch till b'eak of day ;
 And teep the rats aboard the s'ip alway."
 Untutored infant, motherless, alone,
 A baby vagabond that knows no home,
 Beloved by all those storm-tossed, hardened men,
 She rules their hearts—a throned and sceptered queen.
 There's not a man among that loyal crew
 But pays the homage to his sov'reign due,
 But checks his oaths when those pure footsteps pass,
 And says beneath his breath, "God bless the lass."
 The second mate has taught his child to be
 The sailor's pet, the sov'reign of the sea.

—E. Pauline Johnson.

REPUBLICANS AND TITLES.

It is an old taunt that there is no one like your full-blown Republican for love of titles. Even Americans are no exception. They are indeed superior enough to titles of nobility, but then they make up for it by excessive partiality for titles of learning. It seems from a list compiled by a writer in this month's *North American Review* that there are ten different "Doctors" degrees, six "Masters," and twenty-two "Bachelors." The letters "M.A." do not argue very high attainments in England, but in America they mean still less, since they may stand either for "Master of Arts" or "Master of Accounts," just as "B.A." may mean either "Bachelor of Agriculture" or "Bachelor of Arts." Even the venerable letters "D.D." may be a little misleading in the States, where gentlemen have passed for eminent divines on the strength of being "Doctors of Dentistry." As for the title "professor," we know something of what that may mean in England, for has not Mr. Matthew Arnold told us how in the old days when he held the chair of poetry at Oxford he was "always shy of assuming the honourable style of professor, because he shared it with so many distinguished men—Professor Pepper, for instance, Professor Anderson, Professor Frikel, and others—who adorned it, he felt, much more than he did?"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

PARTY at Ottawa has clearly degenerated into mere fiction. The utterances of the Premier, have been quite matched in ill-breeding and want of dignity by the leader of the Opposition. It is high time that Canada rose to a better view of politics than it now entertains. Our representatives should be sent to Ottawa chiefly on business principles for the efficient and economical management of national affairs. An expenditure averaging \$100,000 a day is controlled by men whose positions have been won by very different means to those which lift merchants to the managing boards of great banks and railways. Yet the qualities most to be desired in a member of Parliament are those which distinguish an able man of business. Now "eloquence," lapsing into vituperation and vulgarity, seems to be the talent most valued in a politician, while the really ablest men in the country are in charge of its great firms and corporations, shunning parliamentary honours, with their false standards and their exposure to the meanest influences and the coarsest personal attacks.—*Montreal Star*, April 2, 1885.

RUSSIANS, like other nations, are not entirely exempt from the foolish lust of territorial acquisitions irrespective of any real advantage which the acquisitions may afford. The idea of possessing India, for example, with its millions of inhabitants, far exceeding the actual population of the whole Russian Empire, has a seductive charm for some amateur speculative politicians, and perhaps there may be a few imaginative persons who think that it would be a still grander thing to annex the whole of Asia. But such foolish dreams, and the foolish talks which they sometimes produce, do not deserve serious attention. People who take no part in political life are always apt to indulge in political dreaming, but they at once awake as soon as the burden of responsibility is placed on their shoulders. No man who has official influence indulges in wild projects of this kind. All the more serious Russians are coming to perceive that extent of territory is by no means synonymous with national greatness in the higher sense of the term, and that territorial acquisitions are often a burden rather than an advantage.—*D. Mackenzie Wallace on Russia*.

MUSIC.

THE cable announces the death of Franz Abt, well-known to all music-loving people through the world as the composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Abt was the son of a Lutheran clergyman who, being a proficient himself, naturally communicated much loving instruction to his gifted son. The latter made, it would seem, a diligent and conscientious study of theology as well, but was compelled, happily for Art, to teach the piano early in life as a means of making a livelihood. Dance-music and theatre compositions also brought him in something; but until the publication of the famous song already alluded to, under the name of "Agathe," in 1848, his name as a composer had not been made. Like Byron, he awoke and found himself famous after this song was given to the world, and he became, first, Kapellmeister of the Brunswick Theatre in Zurich, and afterwards Kapellmeister to the Court Chapel. Abt, as a writer of German *lieder*, cannot be classed with Schumann or Franz; one would rather compare him with Gambert or Kücken. His music being intelligible and fluent has penetrated where the songs of Schubert and Liszt would never go, and if occasionally superficial affords an excellent model of pure melodious writing, which many young would-be composers of the present day engaged in so-called Wagnerian experiments might do well to study. Besides his numerous songs and *salon* pieces, part-songs and cantatas attest his contrapuntal powers. One of the prettiest things that ever came from his pen is a cantata for children's voices, "Little Snow-White," as daintily and harmoniously set as it is possible for such a charming story to be.

THE death of Sir Julius Benedict is also announced, although pressure of war and other news has evidently hindered its confirmation by repetition. Of German birth, by diligent study at Weimar under Hummel, Benedict became the favourite pupil and intimate of Weber, *chef d'orchestre* at Naples, and after a brilliant residence in Paris came to London in 1835. Here he has lived ever since, and was looked upon practically as an Englishman. As a composer he has done good, if not great, work. Two symphonies, operas, oratorios, and a legion of ballads remain to testify to his ability in this direction, while as conductor—that most trying and unenviable post—he has probably outshone any other English conductor, at least, that has ever lived. Sir Michael probably was his only rival.

A THIRD gap in the musical world is made by the death of Mr. J. W. Davison, husband of Arabella Goddard, the famous pianist, and for many years musical critic of the *Times*. Mr. Davison was well-known as a recognized leader of musical opinion in his time. His post on the *Times* he held for about thirty years. He was also critic of the *Graphic*, and prepared the analytical programmes for the Monday Popular Concerts, which by the way he was largely instrumental in founding.

THE KELLOGG-HUNTINGTON CONCERT, TORONTO.

THE Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens was crowded last Friday evening by a representative gathering of amateurs and musicians, the occasion being a concert at which Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Agnes Huntington and the Buffalo Philharmonic String Quartette were the attractions. The concert proved to be a brilliant success, judging by the unstinted applause which the artists received. Miss Kellogg, who has so long and so worthily occupied a high position as an artist on the concert and the opera stage, and who had not been heard in this city since 1879, when she appeared as one of the stars of the Strakosch Opera Company, received a most enthusiastic welcome. She gave as her principal numbers the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" and the aria "Involami" from "Ernani." Miss Kellogg has always been recognized as being a thoroughly conscientious musician, and on her appearance here in 1879 she sang in a manner worthy of her general reputation. Time, however, brings its changes, and it is useless to attempt to conceal the fact that during her absence of six years Miss Kellogg's powers as a vocalist have been considerably modified. In her singing of both the Gounod and Verdi numbers, she exhibited an amount of caprice in the *tempo* and phrasing to which she showed no tendency on the former occasion already referred to. It must be reluctantly admitted that the quality of her voice has deteriorated, and it may be that Miss Kellogg indulges in an eccentric method with the object of concealing a change which is patent to herself. The subject is a delicate one to discuss, and having touched upon it thus lightly we may be allowed to leave it. Miss Kellogg was recalled after each of her songs and was good-natured enough to respond with three extra numbers during the course of the evening. Miss Agnes Huntington, the contralto, who made her second appearance, won a genuine triumph. Her charming voice proved itself alike equal to the exacting requirements of the florid Rossini aria, "Non piu mesta," to the expression of the simple pathos of the Scotch song she gave as an *encore*, and to the artistic interpretation of the two German *lieder* she subsequently sang. She has an excellent method and a voice of sympathetic quality almost throughout its whole compass. The applause her singing elicited was quite demonstrative in its nature. The playing of the Buffalo Philharmonic String Quartette Club under the direction of their leader, Mr. Gustave Dannreuther, was an artistic treat. They gave a most refined interpretation of three movements from Mendelssohn's quartette in E Flat, Op. 12, and the *Adagio Cantabile* from the Haydn quartette known as the "Emperor." The *ensemble* of the Club was excellent, the individuality of each member of the quartette being artistically subordinated to the general effect. Their playing was also remarkable for perfect agreement in the light and shade effects, beauty of tone and accuracy of intonation. It has been objected by some critics that there was not sufficient virility in their performance. To this it may

be answered that they played selections which required delicacy and refinement of treatment rather than vigour or power. Had they given the Beethoven C Minor quartette or the Mendelssohn quartette in D, their interpretation would have been much more robust. Mr. Dannreuther gave a couple of *morceaux*, neither very pretentious, as violin solos. They were probably chosen in preference to more elaborate works on account of the length of the programme. As a soloist Mr. Dannreuther is artistic, conscientious in reading, and neat in *technique*. He is capable of producing a fine broad and sonorous tone, as has been heard from him on other occasions. The solo pianist was Miss Effie Huntington, who played a "Tantella" by Nicolai very fairly. The lady does not make any great claims as to her powers as an executant, and her performance may be allowed to pass without criticism. The concert was on the whole very much appreciated, and the audience left well-satisfied with the programme which had been offered them.—*Clef*.

THE PAPPENHEIM-CARRENO CONCERT IN TORONTO.

THE first appearance in Toronto of Mme. Eugénia Pappenheim at the concert given by Messrs. Suckling and Sons, on the 8th, in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, was an event which had been looked forward to with much pleasurable anticipation. It was remembered by many of our music-loving citizens that during the London Italian Opera season which followed the lamented death of Mlle. Therese Tietjens, Mme. Pappenheim was brought forward by Mr. Mapleson as the legitimate successor of the great soprano. On the 15th June, 1878, Mme. Pappenheim made her *début* before a London audience in the rôle of *Valentina* in "Les Huguenots," which had been one of Mlle. Tietjens' most celebrated impersonations. Mme. Pappenheim achieved a genuine success, but she failed in the estimation of the public to take the high position claimed for her by her *impresario*. Those who heard the lady at the Gardens must have easily apprehended the grounds on which the English public based their verdict. In the *scena* from "Aida," which Mme. Pappenheim selected for her first number, she displayed great dramatic power and a voice of extensive compass and resonance. But here comparison with Tietjens must cease. Tietjens possessed a voice of glorious volume, but with all its power it was ever sweet and musical. She had an impassioned delivery, but it was controlled by artistic judgment, and was united to truth and dignity of expression. If the singing of Mme. Pappenheim the other evening is a fair sample of her usual efforts, it must be confessed that she often produces tones that are decidedly unmusical, and that she "tears a passion to tatters," declaims with frantic vehemence, unnaturally forces her voice, and goes to the utmost limit of exaggeration in expression. Her voice is of average quality in its middle register, and her notes are occasionally out of tune. Her style is, no doubt, much better suited to the opera stage than the concert room. With the freedom of dramatic action, and the mellowing influence of a large acoustic space which the lyric stage would offer, many of the objectionable features of her style would not be so prominent. Mme. Pappenheim would probably find her legitimate sphere in the rôle of one or other of Wagner's heroines, in which one can fancy her shining to advantage. The principal success of the concert under notice was undoubtedly won by Mme. Carreno, the solo pianist. In addition to a highly cultivated touch and a phenomenal *technique*, Mme. Carreno has a nervous force and magnetic vitality in her playing which completely subjugate an audience to her influence. On the other hand she shows when requisite the most charming delicacy and refinement of execution. With such varied powers her uniform success with her audiences is not to be wondered at. Of the solo violinist, Senor Buitrago, little need be said. He has as yet but few claims to the title of artist. Eccentric in his interpretation, and uncertain in his execution, he utterly fails to grasp the character of the composition he essays to perform. He takes every imaginable kind of license with the music, and his friends would do him a service by advising him to confine his attention to compositions of the fantasia class, in which an *ad libitum* mode of treatment might be allowed to pass without protest. Mr. Babcock, the popular basso, made his second appearance here on this occasion, and strengthened the favourable impression he had created at the "Samson" concert of the Choral Society. Miss Ryan, of Toronto, contributed a couple of numbers to the programme in her accustomed pleasing manner. Her style is evidently developing in freedom of breadth. The audience were disposed to be enthusiastic and *encores* were numerous.—*Clef*.

On Monday last Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave a lecture in St. James's Hall, Ottawa, on Mendelssohn's "Elijah," accompanied by a rehearsal of choruses from the oratorio by the Philharmonic Society. In view of the magnitude of the work and the difficulty of appreciating its beauty at a single hearing (it being at present entirely unknown in Ottawa), Mr. Harrison took this opportunity of analysing the design and scope of the oratorio in presence of the honorary members and a few friends of the society. The lecture commenced with a general sketch of the oratorio from the twelfth century and its gradual development into the "Messiah" and "Elijah." Both the literary and musical side of Mendelssohn's great work were touched upon, and the unusually calm and beautiful life of the composer afforded many interesting points for remark. The performance of the work in its entirety is expected to take place early in May, with the assistance of a full orchestra.

On Thursday a concert was given at the Grand Opera House, London, Ont., by the "Schubert Quartette Club" (of Chicago), consisting of Mr. J. L. Johnston, 1st tenor; Mr. H. F. Stone, 2nd tenor; Mr. J. R. Tyley, baritone; and Mr. George H. Jott, bass. Such a perfect example of unaccompanied part-singing has certainly never been heard here. These four gentlemen literally sing as with one voice, their expression and distinct

pronunciation of every word is delightful to listen to. If it be possible to make distinctions where all was so good, "Remember now thy Creator" (Rhodes), and Hatton's "Tar's Song," were the gems. "Tom, the Piper's Son" (Duffield), and several other humorous part songs were given with a quaint humour which was irresistible. Mr. Stone's song (in costume), "When George III. was King," was capitally sung. Mr. Johnston has a high ringing tenor, which was displayed to good advantage in Dudley Buck's, "When the Heart is Young." Mr. Tyley has a soft-toned baritone, and sung Sullivan's "Chorister" with much feeling. Mr. Jott's fine bass voice was greatly admired, especially in the old-time favourite, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."—*Marcia*.

BOOK NOTICES.

EPISODES OF MY SECOND LIFE. By Antonio Gallenga. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company.

"Luigi Mariotti"—for that was the name by which our autobiographer was first known to fame in the Old World—is not well-known on this continent, though his life was one literally crowded with incident, much of which was connected with politics and literature in England and in Europe. For all this, half the charm of these "Episodes" lies in the telling of them, Mr. Gallenga being a brilliant *raconteur*. Their chief value, however, is that they are the life records of a man who as a *Times* correspondent preceded Dr. Russell, and who in that capacity was in intimate relation with the leading publicists of Europe from 1840 to 1875. When a mere boy Gallenga espoused the fortunes of the Italian struggle of 1831, and was imprisoned therefor. Soon after he visited America, and in Boston taught, lectured and wrote himself into the best society of that city. In the portion of his work touching upon this period he gives personal recollections of Prescott, Fields, Edward Everett, Tichnor, and others. He even fell in love during his stay, though his passion does not seem to have been returned in kind. After a four years' sojourn in America Gallenga went to England, where he soon got into literary circles, wrote a book which brought him fame, and eventually, as noted, turned newspaper correspondent. In this capacity he was at the Franco-Austrian-Italian War and the American War. Meanwhile, at intervals he returned to Italy, sat in the Italian Parliament, and was instrumental in precipitating Solferino. His book abounds in recitals of absorbing interest, and is one of the most valuable pieces of autobiography given to the public for some time.

MARJORIE DAW AND OTHER STORIES. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. By Charles Dudley Warner. Same Publishers.

Two *bijou* volumes in the new "Riverside Aldine Series," in which the publishers intend to include choice books of American literature printed and bound in a style which aims to preserve the traditions of Aldus and Pickering. Mr. Aldrich's stories and Mr. Warner's fascinating essay are too well known to require critical comment, and it may be of greater present interest to add a little more about Messrs. Houghton's new enterprise. It will be remembered that the books printed by Aldus Manutius, at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, have ever since been regarded as models of elegance as regards the form of type and proportion of page. "It is the aim of the publishers of the 'Aldine Series' to give the best which the printer's art in America can produce; and since they believe in following a style which was adopted when printing was most closely connected with the fine arts, and repeated by the most celebrated of English publishers and printers, rather than in attempting something which should affect novelty, they have ventured to give to the series a name which indicates that it is an American variation of the well-known English style."

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION, 1885. Edited by J. A. Gemmill. Ottawa: J. Durie and Son.

This handbook has now attained its twenty-third year, and, thanks to the care of its compiler and the enterprise of the publisher, is no unworthy companion to its British prototype. As heretofore, the contents embrace information upon everything which could possibly be of interest and use to the active politician, and that in a form so simple as to make it immediately accessible to all. The list of Senators and Members of the Commons and Provincial Houses is very comprehensive, being in fact a series of condensed biographies. The whole is carefully indexed.

CANADIAN WILD FLOWERS. Selections from the Writings of Helen M. Johnson, with a Sketch of her Life. By Rev. J. M. Orrock. Boston: J. M. Orrock.

Miss Johnson's writings are well known in Canada. A volume of her poems was published in 1855; ten pieces were included in some "Selections" issued in 1864; and many others have been made public in the columns of various newspapers. She was, however, given to prose as well as to poetic writing, and it has remained for the editor of the Boston *Messiah's Herald* to collate the best of each in one handsome volume, to which he has prefixed an account of her life. Indeed, it is only after reading the latter that Miss Johnson's compositions can be comprehended. When one has learned that she was born, brought up, and died on the shores of Lake Mephrimagog, and that she was utterly unacquainted with the life of great towns and cities, an insight into the spirit of her work is gained. Amidst such surroundings it is no matter for surprise that a deep, reverent spirit, which runs through everything she wrote, should have been fostered, and her long sufferings and painful death give an added charm to much work which had already found many admirers by its simplicity and purity of spirit. Some of the pieces are here printed for the first time, and the prize poem on "The Surrender of Quebec" is given in full.

MADAME HOW AND LADY WHY. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Another of Mr. Kingsley's charming series for children, well known as one of the "Globe Readings from Standard Authors." He makes no claim to originality of idea, and avowedly models these first lessons in earth lore on the popular book, "Eyes and No Eyes." Certainly if there is a royal road to learning, Mr. Kingsley has discovered it, so cleverly has he contrived in "Madame How and Lady Why" to combine amusement with instruction.

THE CARE OF INFANTS. By Sophia Jex. Blake, M.D. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Ample justification for this manual for mothers and nurses is to be found in the fact that nearly one-half of the whole population die under the age of five years. Dr. Blake in plain and intelligent language explains the requirements of an infant from its reception into the world to the choice of a nurse, with valuable hints as to the proper course in case of the "young idea" being attacked by any of the numerous ailments childhood is subject to.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Novelist* has been transformed from a broadside to an octavo form—a well-advised change. The current number of Mr. Alden's weekly contains "A Girton Girl," "Marjorie," "Two in Arcadia," "On the Brink of a Flirtation."

THERE seem to be three "oldest churches in America"—one at Tadousac, on the St. Lawrence, one at St. Augustine, Florida, one at Espanola, New Mexico. Each has its champions, and the writer of a paper in the forthcoming *May Harper's*, on "Espanola and its Environs," naturally favours the latter. The paper itself, written and illustrated by Birge Harrison, is an interesting study of that old Mexican town and of the pueblos in its vicinity.

MR. MURRAY will publish in a few days a popular edition of the Princess Alice's letters to Her Majesty. To this edition will be prefixed a new and original memoir of the Princess by her sister Princess Christian. This memoir is in the form of a continuous narrative, and will contain extracts, hitherto unpublished, from the diary of Her Majesty, and an account of the Princess Alice's last illness, written by Miss Macbean, who was her Royal Highness's constant attendant to the last.

IN view of the large number of Canadians now resident in New York, it has seemed to many that there existed abundant material for the formation there of a Canadian association of some description, which might afford opportunity for greater personal intimacy among them, and the accomplishment of some common purpose. A circular calling a meeting for the consideration of this question has been issued, and it is hoped that the outcome may be a New York Canadian Club.

THE *Canadian American* now greets its readers from Chicago, instead of from Minneapolis as heretofore. In the former city is a larger localized element of Canadians, and more effectual distribution can be arranged. Our contemporary is doing a good work in a thoroughly creditable manner. No more loyal Canadian journal is published than the *Canadian American*, and it is to be hoped that the strong anti-British feeling of certain Irish-Chicagoans may not contaminate Messrs. Jaffray's enterprise.

THE editions of *The Century Magazine* are now so large that it has become necessary either to go to press at an earlier date or to postpone the day of issue. The latter alternative has been accepted. The April number, the edition of which was 225,000, was delayed until the 25th of March. The May number—edition, 250,000—will be issued on the 1st day of May, thus inaugurating with the first number of the thirtieth volume a change which has long been considered desirable by the publishers, and which it is believed will be heartily commended by the public. Future numbers of *The Century Magazine* will be issued on the first day of the month of which each bears date.

HAWTHORNE (says the *American*) is said to be more widely read in the South than in any other section. James and Howells are favourites at Boston, but not in New York. Western romances, even of the Bret Harte school, are read in the East, while Eastern novels are in demand from St. Louis to Chicago. Fifth Avenue stories and society sketches are popular with the uncultured natives of the real West. The West, too, affects the classics, and, above all, the two English authors whose works find the readiest sale among them are Thackeray and Dickens, with the former as favourite. Dickens and Thackeray have more readers to-day in the West than in the East.

THE impending contest between England and America for the yacht prize known as the America's Cup, which went to the United States in 1854, is exciting great interest not only among yachtsmen, but among the general public. The most thorough and exhaustive discussion of the development of yachting since the race of 1854 yet published is from the pen of Mr. John Hyslop, of New York, and will appear in *Outing* for May. Mr. Hyslop traces the development of yacht-building and sailing to the present time, giving accurate and careful details, illustrated with lines and sail-plans of famous yachts. The article is also illustrated with handsome engravings of the *America*, the *Resolute*, and the *Genesta*.

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALLS, of New York, will publish, early in May, a book by Dr. Schaff, under the title "The Oldest Church Manual," called "Teaching of the Apostles," with illustrations and fac-similes of the Jerusalem MS., and cognate documents, with full discussion of the subject. A unique feature of the work is the illustrations and fac-similes of the Jerusalem Monastery and the library where the MS. of the *Didache* was found, two pages of the MS. itself (which is now almost inaccessible), and several baptismal pictures from the Catacombs. The fac-similes were obtained by friends in Constantinople, and have never before been published. The book contains also an important communication and a letter from Bryennios, of Nicodemia, the discoverer and first editor of the *Didache*.

DEALING with the difficulty experienced in deciding the exact sizes of books, which at present vary, in consequence of the want of uniformity in the dimensions of paper, the Associated Librarians of Great Britain, at a recent conference, fixed upon the following uniform and arbitrary rules for measurement and description:

Table with 4 columns: Book size, Abbreviation, Over, and Under. Rows include Large folio, Folio, Small folio, Large quarto, Quarto, Small quarto, Large octavo, Octavo, Small octavo, Duodecimo, Decimo octavo, and Minimo.

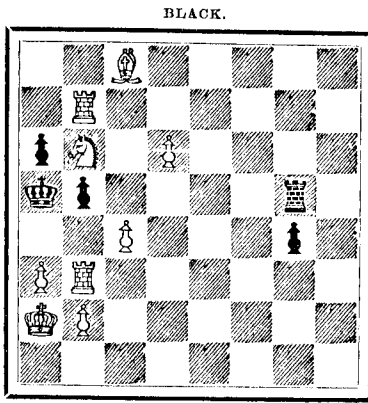
A VIGOROUS editorial protest against the introduction of party feeling in local affairs is made in the *Overland Monthly*. "The general result of shaking off party shackles," says the writer, "in city elections has proved, wherever it has been tried, to be the ranging of the respectable and conservative men of both parties against the demoralizing elements of cities." A thoughtful paper upon "The General Principles of Art and their Application to the Novel" is contributed by Joseph le Coute. Timely articles on the Congo and the social condition of the Southern States appear over the names of George Moor and A. C. Applegarth respectively. The North-West troubles lend an additional interest to an account of "Indian Troubles in Oregon in 1854-5." No fewer than four travel-papers are given: "Olive Orchards of the Riviera," "South from Alisal," "Castle Chapultepec, in Mexico," and "Arizona in the Seventies," all of exceptional interest, the first-named being specially charming. There is an abundance of fiction—"The Yellow Comforter," "The Story of an Adventurer," "John George," "A One-sided Correspondence," and "An Extra Morning Duty." M. W. Shinn writes with evident knowledge of "The Lancashire Strikes of 1878," and assists thereby to a comprehension of the economic questions of the hour. There is much more excellent reading, poetical and otherwise, in our San Francisco contemporary, which now takes rank as one of the ablest monthlies on this continent.

CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 94.

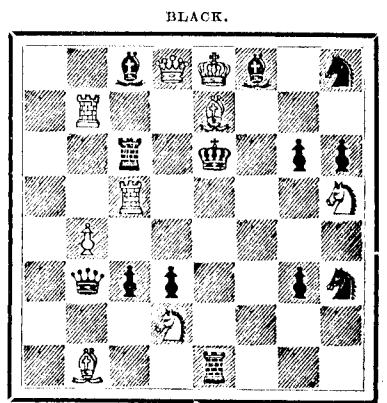
By G. Hume, Nottingham, Eng. First Prize in the Nationalvide (Copenhagen) Tourney.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 93.

By Geo. E. Carpenter, Tarrytown, N.Y. Motto—"A chip of the old block." (From the Detroit Free Press.)



White to play and mate in two moves.

A LIVELY LITTLE EVANS.

Played in Chicago, 1883.

(From the Mirror of American Sports.)

Evans Gambit.

Chess notation table for the Evans Gambit game. Columns for White (Mr. Starbuck) and Black (Mr. A.) with move numbers 1-31.

NOTES.

- (a) If Black takes P with Kt he loses a piece by 10. R K 1, etc.
(b) If White takes R he loses a piece by Kt B 5, etc.
(c) 15. Q x Kt P is stronger.
(d) "Timeo Danaos," etc.
(e) The only play to avoid immediate extermination. If White R x Q Black gets mated.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. C. W. PHILLIPS has again won the Championship of the Toronto Chess Club for 1885, and becomes the owner of the Blaikie Championship Cup, having won it twice.

THE air is filled with rumors of war and the chargers are sniffing the battle smoke from afar. Among the conflicts likely soon to rage the chess world is more particularly interested in the coming strife between those giants of Caissa, Steinitz and Zukertort. Already these two doughty and wordy warriors are hurling defiance and nasty names at each other through the columns of their respective magazines. The impartial observer must come to the conclusion that either these gentlemen do not mean all they say, or else Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz should be excluded from respectable chess society. We incline to the former opinion and further believe that the sooner these gentlemen move their pieces and drop their pens the more likely they are to retain the respect of their many admirers.

L. P. REES contributes the following to the Croydon Guardian:—The advent of ladies into the chess world, however, raises a wide and serious question which claims the attention of all chess players. It is not centuries ago that ladies were scarcely known beyond the range of domestic affairs and—politics. From the time of Helen of Troy, and of Cleopatra to that of our good Queen, their influence has been felt in questions of diplomacy and state, but they have trod in hardly any other public path of life. Now, however, ladies are competing for many laurel wreaths that hitherto have graced the masculine brow alone, and winning them too! In common with other pursuits, serious and pleasurable, chess has attracted the female eye, and many ladies are numbered among its votaries.

PROF. PROCTOR says he would rather give the odds of a knight than have his game watched by even so many as four spectators. He recalls Capt. Mackenzie's wrath at the number of onlookers at the London Tournament, and mentions the fact that Wilkinson, of Huddersfield, in his match with Ranken, lost every game played in public, but won easily as soon as he insisted on a limited audience. He thinks, also, after an experience at the New York Manhattan, that not more than twenty persons should be introduced to a visitor in the course of a single game.—Cincinnati Commercial.

"In his youth," writes Lady Holland, "my father (Sidney Smith) had been very fond of chess, but had left it off for many years. He suddenly took it into his head to resume it this winter, and selected me, faute de mieux, as his antagonist. His mode of play was very characteristic—bold, rapid attack, without a moment's pause or indecision, which, I suspect, would have exposed him to danger from a more experienced adversary; but as it was, with a profound contempt for my skill, promising me a shilling if I beat him, he sat down with a book in his hand, looked up for an instant, made a move, and beat me regularly every night during the winter. At last I won my shilling, but lost my playfellow. He never challenged me again."

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uherole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomoea, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,
305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,
and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a valuable treatise on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 PEARL ST. N. Y.

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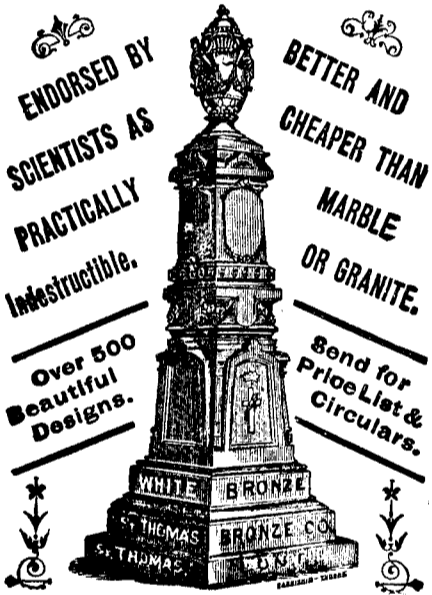
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Public Analyst.

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I slept where the moon, serenely bright,
Shone full in my face through a summer
night;
I dreamt I was in a Land of Light,
With Fielding and Moore and Shelley
And White, [sight!—
And Shakespeare and Milton—a goodly
With Addison, Dryden, and others, quite
Too numerous to mention;
And there the worthies, one and all,
Whom we the "classical authors" call,
Beneath the shade of Parnassus tall,
On Pegasus Place, in Helicon Hall,
Were holding a big convention.

Virgil was sitting beside Voltaire,
Boccaccio chatting with Dumas, pere,
And Pope curled up in the corner there,
While old Sam Johnson was in the chair,
Well-eyed and grim, with curly hair,
And he said, "Of course you're all aware
Of the latest earthly advices:
The publishers seem to be going to
smash
Beneath the great 'economy' lash,
For John B. Alden is cutting a dash
Exceedingly reckless and awfully rash,
In selling for almost nothing for cash,
And ruining regular prices!

"I hold in my hand a letter from four
American publishers who feel sore,
And they speak for a score, or possibly
more,
Who live by traffic in printed lore.
I read: 'We pray from this earthly
shore—
Ye authors of old attend us!
O, give us a lift in this hour of need,
For the publishing business is going to
seed!
That man Alden is making with speed
As many books as the folks can read,
And selling disgracefully low, indeed;
It cheapens your fame—for you wo
plead!
Ye talented ghosts, defend us!'"

"What word shall we send to this
earthly band?"
Then Scott, with an "Elzevir" in hand,
Arose (amid cries of "Take the Stand!")
And said, "This scheme will possess the
land;
No good is the Harper or Scribner brand
While Alden shows that he can com-
mand
The brains of sage and scholar:
A shining for Pope—good binding on;
The same for the poems of Tennyson;
Ten cents for your Pilgrim's Progress,
John;
For the Illad, thirty cents; and Don
Quixote for half a dollar!"

Then Chaucer said, "I am rather old,
But I am mighty glad this day to be told
How cheap my Canterbury Tales are sold,
I am for-
And the poets and wits of the Queen
Steele the bright and De Foe the bold,
Berkeley the sober and Swift the scold,
From the time of Sir Walter Raleigh;
Shakespeare's works, and Smollett's
and Sterne's,
Bacon, Bolingbroke, Byron and Burns,
And Babbington Lord Macaulay."

Charles Dickens said, " 'T would be fool-
ish to let
Good luck of mortals cause regret;
For the price of a theatre-ticket they get
Milman's Gibbon—the perfect set—
Dante and Virgil, two shillings net,
For a dollar Adam Smith on a heap;
And Mill on the Laws of Nations;
And I see by this wondrous circular,
Sent up by J. B. A. that for
Three cents you get the Seven Years'
For a dime King Henry of a good cigar
And for thrice the price of a good cigar
Will Shakespeare's inspirations."

Then Goldsmith rose and expressed it
thus
"It is simply a case of de gustibus,
But I see no reason for all this fuss,
For publishers never did much for us,
While needy, summer and winter;
Therefore, conferees, I hold this view:
The high-price houses are doubtless
blue,
But unto the man our thanks are due
Who sends our thoughts each palace
through,
And into the humblest cottage too,
For the Many are always more than the
Few.
And the people are more than the
Printer!"

A slight shade rose—'twas Edgar Poe—
Who said, "I've been talking here with
De Foe;
Weagre, & the ancients have told us so,
That who makes two printed leaves to
show
Where only one did formerly grow
Is as good a man as we want to know;
And this letter here, from the realm
below,
Reveals its earthly animus;
I move it be not received!" About
A thousand voices removed all doubt,
Ben Johnson and Halleck and Hood
spoke out,
Kit North and Irving and Father Frost,
Mid a storm of cheers & a mighty shout
And the motion pass'd—unanimous!

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 dies without much if any relief, until I took
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 quality. They may be recommended to invalids or convalescents where malt
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 Signed, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L.,
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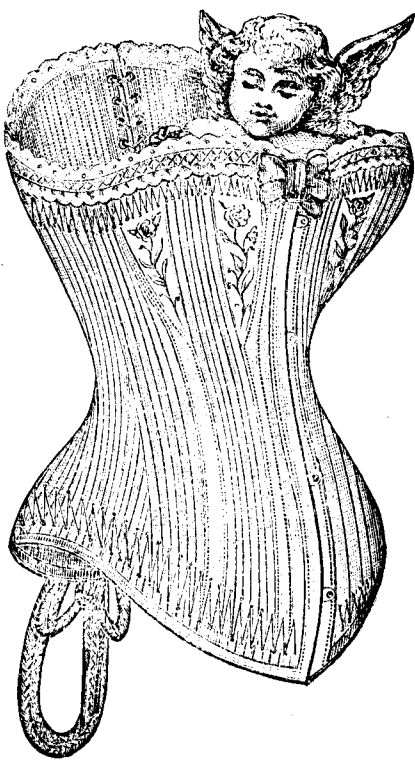
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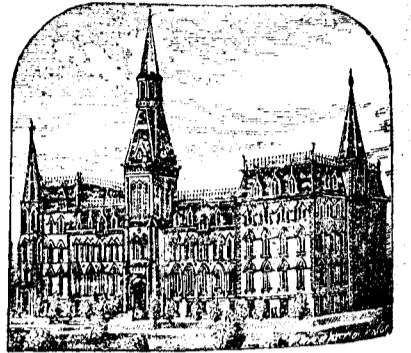
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