

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 35.

Toronto, Thursday, July 30th, 1885.

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

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

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

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptional in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

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

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGH, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

SINCE our last issue all the Volunteers have returned to their homes amidst extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm, which were carried to the greatest height in Toronto. That the heroes were "Our Boys" would be the sufficient answer to any unimpassioned onlooker who might remark that our rejoicings were out of proportion to the magnitude of the victory or the importance of the foe. We have had before us a lively image of the City wars of former days when the civic army, taking down the bows and battle-axes which hung over the hearth, marched under the banner of its town, while the hearts of parents, sisters and sweethearts went with it to the field. The scale of the operations in our case was very small; but the troops did their duty in the way of endurance as well as in the way of action, and the victors of Inkerman or Sedan could do no more. Nor have we broken the Roman rule that after a civil war there should be no triumph. This was in name only a civil war. The Half-breeds were an isolated race; though annexed they had never become Canadians, and they were fighting for a territory which they regarded as their own. It was a conflict natural, though if the officials on the spot had fully done their duty not unavoidable, between the ranger of the hunting-ground and the advancing forces of agricultural civilization. The scanty band in which we are told men over seventy and one man ninety years of age fell, was arrayed in defence of homesteads which by those who formed it were regarded as their country. In the cases of most of these people this constitutes a fair claim to mercy, which indeed there appears to be every disposition on the part of the victors to show. Some of our homes do not receive back those whom they sent forth. The home of Colonel Williams is one of these, and his popularity not only as an officer but as a man was shown by the vast concourse of mourners which attended him to the grave. That the bereavements were not more numerous is due to General Middleton, in praising whose strategy we should only be offering to military science the tribute of ignorance, but for whose management we must once more express our sincere gratitude.

AMONG the rejoicings over the returned volunteers, which were in the main as orderly as they were appropriate, a few freaks of folly were observable. The hanging of Riel in effigy, as the incident at Ottawa shows, has the tendency which the law attributes to this form of libel to produce a breach of the peace. For that reason it is a forbidden pastime, indulgence in which is liable to be visited by somewhat severe penalties. If the truth were known, it is probable that it was indulged in thoughtlessly by individuals who had no real malice in their hearts. At the distance of several hundreds of miles from the scene of the trial the exhibition of the effigy would not be likely to prejudice the accused; but it is unseemly and improper to subject to a mimic execution a man who is on trial for his life. The magnanimity which abstains from jeering exultation in the hour of triumph is the attitude which best befits the conqueror. Riel's fate may safely be left to the tribunals, and to them it is irrevocably committed. Undue sympathy, the child of a religion which he has in large part renounced, and of a race to which he had only a distant relationship, Riel did once awaken. That sympathy sleeps now; but as a French journal points out it is not a sleep from which no waking is possible. It might be awakened by persistently showing contempt for the captive in the mode which has more than once been called into activity. But persistence need not be feared, when a moment's reflection will show the unfairness of this form of exuberance. The French population of Quebec is quite prepared for any sacrifice, though it be the life of Riel, which justice may require. From that quarter a fervid and impatient demand for amnesty is not likely to be repeated. Resignation to the justice of the tribunals is the mood which best befits us all; and its maintenance should not be imperilled by a repetition of the foolish freaks to which no fair-minded person can point without reprobation.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, speaking before the London Chamber of Commerce, came out as an advocate of differential duties, which may be described as a family arrangement between Great Britain and the colonies by which both will be bound to turn the cold shoulder to foreign nations. He set out by expressing his belief that "Parliamentary Federation" of the British Empire would not be attainable without a hundred years of preparation. Schemes of Imperial Federation which have taken shape he is obliged to pronounce impracticable. But he thinks it possible to add to the sentimental tie ties of commerce, and that the new bonds might advantageously take the shape of differential duties in favour of the various parts of the British Empire and against foreign nations. The self-governing dependencies would not give up the right to make their own tariffs; Sir Charles's experience tells him this, and he does not explain how all the dependencies and the Mother Country can be induced to adopt the same tariff for application to the Empire; how it would be possible to agree about "one tariff within the Empire and another outside it." If it were possible to agree upon one tariff to be used within the Empire, there would still have to be several tariffs outside of it, if the dependencies are to retain their most cherished franchises. It may be quite true that the arrangement proposed would not interfere with "the most favoured nation" clause of commercial treaties; but if it adversely influenced the spirit by which, in the making of commercial treaties, nations are drawn together, it might bring the element of repulsion into international exchanges and produce the calamity of commercial estrangement. England, with her widely extended foreign commerce, would not be likely to venture upon an experiment of this kind, which could scarcely stop short of a duty on foreign wheat in favour of colonial; while, as an equivalent, the dependencies would have to admit British manufactures on more favourable terms than foreign. This would be a turn to the old discarded colonial system under another name. That it will be possible, by this device, to put the clock of time back few will be found to believe. Once more, in proposing these fanciful schemes, does Sir Charles Tupper speak his own individual views or the views of the Government whose High Commissioner he is?

THE Scott Act election in Victoria like most of those which preceded it, went by default. On the side of the Act the county had been organized

thoroughly and long beforehand: on the other side there was not only no organization, but there had been no effort of any kind. Two or three meetings were held in centres of population by the Liberal Temperance Union. On the night before the election they held one at Lindsay, in the open air, the hall which they had bespoken having been locked against them by the Scott Act men; and in Lindsay, as well as in one or two other centres, there was a majority against the Act; but over the rural districts, while the supporters of the Act were all brought to the poll, of its opponents a large proportion stayed at home. It is always difficult to organize people or to stir them to exertion on the negative side of a question. The difficulty is of course greatly increased when a certain amount of odium, or at least of abuse, is to be faced; though those who fear being called the friends of the rumseller may comfort themselves with the reflection that the rumsellers are not all on one side: some low tavern-keepers have, as we are credibly informed, been voting for the Act, in the well-founded belief that under it they will be able to sell bad liquor without a license. People wake up to the importance of the question and begin to bestir themselves when it is too late: resistance springs into existence in the towns, but it has not time to reach the rural districts. Unless citizens will make the cause of public liberty their own, this country will soon share the fate of Maine and Vermont. The licensed and regulated trade will have been destroyed, an illicit and unregulated trade will have taken its place, the smuggling system will have been installed, the lighter and more wholesome beverages will have been banished from use, ardent spirits will have become the exclusive drink, and the moral agencies which have been gradually and surely prevailing over intemperance will have been paralyzed; to say nothing of the loss of revenue, the ruin of industries by which numbers make their bread, the injury to the barley trade, and the suppression of such attempts as were put forth to introduce the culture of the vine. Let us entreat men of sense before the yoke is rivetted on them to use a little forecast, and to unite with their forecast a little energy. Let them remember that beyond the question of the Scott Act lies the much broader and deeper question between freedom and what is called coercive morality. The same love of interference which operates in this case, if it is not at once restrained, will operate in other cases, and the "protection of the home" may be some day taken into clerical hands for other purposes besides the exclusion of liquor; though such usurpation would in the end be the undoing of the Churches, since the social revolt which it would surely provoke would become also a rebellion against Church government and teaching. Each county will have to take care of itself. The Liberal Temperance Union has produced its effect in Toronto; at least we may assume that the postponement of the Scott Act election is not wholly an act of mercy towards dynamiters and men with arms steeped up to the elbow in the blood of civilization. But the Union has no Dominion organization, though it has held out a hand here and there to local effort. Let the places in which the question is still pending lose no time in looking to themselves.

THE Temperance Question as it is improperly called when, not Temperance, but enforced abstinence is meant, seems to be tending in a curious way to a distinctly religious issue. Extreme Prohibitionists, who by the wild law which governs enthusiasm are pretty sure in the end to become masters of the movement, have begun to avow that they will not be satisfied till the use of fermented wine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper has been made a criminal offence. Nonsense, and outrageous nonsense as this seems, it must be allowed that the extremists who utter it do no more than consistency requires. To permit the accursed thing to be used in the most sacred of ordinances would be on their part the acceptance of a standing protest of the most signal and decisive kind against the truth of their doctrine; we might almost say against their religion, for Prohibition seems really to have become the chief religion of a good many of them. In the Prohibitionist ranks are some men and women of the Agnostic school who chuckle over the side-blow given to Christianity by the slur cast on the Sacrament, and joyfully proclaim one element of the Eucharist a relic of immoral barbarism which its founder's want of foresight introduced and which civilization is now about to sweep away. It is needless to say that this view cannot possibly be accepted by any Christians except the Unitarians and of them only by the most rationalistic. The Methodist Church, which has completely committed itself to Prohibition and has dragged the Presbyterians in its train, seems inclined to seek refuge from the mortal dilemma in the astonishing theory that the wine which was used by Christ, and by drinking which to excess Corinthian partakers of the Lord's Supper became intoxicated, was the unfermented juice of the grape. Chemistry, as well as the plain language of the New Testament, is unpropitious to this hypothesis. What

is put on the market as Sacramental wine unfermented is declared on analysis to be not the pure juice of the grape but a colored and sophisticated concoction. The introduction of such a fraud into the Eucharist would be rejected both by Catholics and Anglicans with the utmost horror; and if enthusiasm has its way, we may see the Prelates and clergy of both those communions carried off to gaol for celebrating in what they deem the only legitimate way an ordinance absolutely essential in their eyes to spiritual life. Their conviction under the Scott Act will be easy, since the informer will not be required to have personal knowledge of the criminal act. We suspect, however, that the use of wine in the Lord's Supper will survive Prohibitionism. With it will survive that moral ideal of "genial innocence," as opposed to asceticism, of which bread and wine are symbolical and which was presented in the life of the Founder.

UPON the political situation in England generally not much new light has been thrown in the past week. The increased Liberal majority at Aylesbury, an agricultural borough, may be a slight indication of the tendency of that element, but till the new Franchise has been actually tried all calculation will be at fault. The defeat of the new Ministry in a thin house on a question so secondary as that relating to the forfeiture of the franchise by the acceptance of medical relief has no significance except, perhaps, as a display of insolent power on the part of the Parnellites. What is of more importance is the apparent progress of the schism between the extreme and the moderate section of each party, between the Tory Democrats, or as they ought rather to be called the Tory Rowdies, and the Conservatives in one camp, and between the Liberals and the Radicals in the other. Conservatives protest against the desertion of the Executive by the Tory Ministry under Mr. Parnell's orders in the case of Lord Spencer. On the other hand the Radical leaders, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, skulk out of the House when their Liberal colleague is to be defended, and send hollow excuses for absence from the banquet given in his honour. It is impossible that the Liberals and Conservatives should fail in time to be led to the conviction that on the vital questions which are destined to form the subject of coming struggles their interests are the same and pressing necessity bids them combine their forces. The unfortunate part of the situation is that the organizations are in the hands of the ultra-Tories and the Radicals, so that neither Liberals nor Conservatives are likely to come back strong in numbers from the November polls. Those who, like Sir William Harcourt, aim above all things at holding the Liberal-Radical Party together as the means of recovering power after the elections, are of course intensely anxious to keep as their leader Mr. Gladstone, whose personal authority is and has long been in fact the only bond of union between the discordant sections. Mr. Gladstone apparently consents to remain leader, and it is possible that his name may lend to the party a sufficient aspect of unity to enable the sections to support each other in the election, though the selection of candidates cannot fail in many places to be a very trying operation. Instead of being asked to accept the programme of Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain, the nation may be asked simply to put the government back into the hands of Mr. Gladstone, and it will probably respond to that appeal. But a combination which depends for its existence on the life and strength of an overworked man of seventy-six is a frail security for the future, and if present tendencies continue to operate, the split between the Liberals and the Radicals must soon come. If we could suppose that Mr. Gladstone had undertaken, as the editor of the *Fortnightly* confidently assures us, not only to retain the leadership of the party but himself to carry into effect the dismemberment of the nation, in accordance with Mr. Chamberlain's scheme and in the interest of Mr. Chamberlain's ambition, we should say that he had better a thousand times be in an honourable grave. Nothing could be darker than the political outlook in England at the present hour.

ALL possible allowance being made for the passionate greed of office, it was still difficult to understand the pertinacity with which Mr. Chamberlain and his friends fawned on the Irish Party after the more than humiliating rebuffs which they had received. But a new light seems to have dawned upon the mystery. Mr. Davitt is in full revolt against Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Parnell having unquestionably made a compact with the Tories, the game of the Chamberlain Party apparently is to form a counter alliance with Mr. Davitt. Mr. Parnell's object is political; he wants to separate Ireland from England and make himself king of his own Island. He is himself a landlord; the other day we heard of his ejecting a tenant; and the curious discovery appears to have been made that he had inserted in a lease a clause prohibiting the lessee from taking advantage of agrarian legislation. His New York admirers can proudly say of him that he is a "gentleman," and that in excluding himself from the best English

society he is undergoing a martyrdom sweetened only by his sense of patriotic duty—and by two hundred thousand dollars. Descended from a good English family and connected with the British aristocracy, it is probable that in his heart he holds himself above his followers and looks upon them rather as rapparees. His sympathy with agrarianism evidently is limited: he cultivates that sentiment and the Land League as its organ mainly for the sake of obtaining the force which, as multiplied experience has proved and as he well knows, is not to be found in the political movement alone. Mr. Davitt, on the other hand, being of humbler origin and station, is a thoroughgoing agrarian, and probably views Disunionism mainly as an instrument for the spoliation and expulsion of landlords. Between Mr. Davitt's aims, therefore, and those of semi-Socialists like Mr. Chamberlain, there is an affinity on which an alliance may possibly be based; and probably Mr. Chamberlain flatters himself that Mr. Davitt, upon receiving a full measure of agrarianism, may, in the political line, be satisfied with something short of the dismemberment of the nation, which as Mr. Chamberlain must know in his heart would, if the country ever came to its senses, prove the political ruin of every traitor who had a hand in it. With the land-owning aristocracy, on the other hand, of which Lord Salisbury is the leader, the supreme end of politics is rent. Most of them would be willing when it came to the point to make almost any sacrifice of national unity and greatness, provided it were decently veiled, if they could only keep their rents or obtain compensation for the loss. Some noble dissentients among their number there might be, but the number would be very small. For them, therefore, while it is impossible to make terms with Mr. Davitt, it is not impossible to make terms with Mr. Parnell. Terms with Mr. Parnell accordingly they seem inclined to make, and if they do their history will end as it began. It began in the sale of the national religion for a quiet title to the Church lands; it will end in a sale of the national unity for back rents. Once more it is due to the grand, though not spotless, memory of those Barons of the Middle Ages who framed the Great Charter and founded the constitution to bear in mind that they had nothing to do with the aristocracy which was founded on rapine, sacrilege and judicial murder by the minions of Henry VIII.

To give a tint of respectability to his compact with the Parnellites Lord Randolph Churchill is trying to connect it with the traditions of the Tory Party. This use of historic fancies for the justification of intrigue is a part of the mantle which is supposed to have fallen upon Lord Randolph's shoulders from those of the gifted author of "Coningsby." But a more complete figment was never coined. Were not Perceval and Eldon the leaders of the Tory party and the very incarnations of its spirit in their day? And was not the Irish policy of Perceval and Eldon a policy of exclusion and repression? Are not Tory "rigour and vigour" the perpetual butt of Ireland's patriotic satirist, Tom Moore? That the Stuarts intrigued with Irish Catholicism and strove to use its forces for the subversion of Protestantism and liberty in the rest of their dominions is very true; and the fact ought to be borne in mind by those who talk of the Penal Laws as if they had been a system of unprovoked oppression, and of Orangeism as if it had been the offspring of mere sectarian tyranny without any necessity for self-defence. In the Stuarts this was natural; for the Stuarts were Roman Catholics as well as absolutists, the two characters being closely connected, and, it may be said, almost identical with each other. Charles II. and James II. were actual converts to Rome. Charles I. was under the dominion of a Roman Catholic wife, and himself belonged to a party essentially Roman Catholic. But the Stuarts had no sympathy with liberty or toleration in Ireland any more than in England. The rule of Strafford was an iron rule: he was a confiscator of Irish land; and if Charles I. intrigued with the Irish insurgents, it was only when he was reduced to despair. George III., when he put his veto on Catholic Emancipation, had the ardent sympathy of every genuine Tory in the country. Pitt, who proposed Emancipation, was born and bred a Whig, and, though the nominee of the king, had held an essentially Liberal course till he was driven out of it by the tornado of the French Revolution. On questions unconnected with the Revolution his Liberal tendencies remained. Burke, in the same manner, when he advocated the Catholic claims in his Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, was still a Liberal in grain, though, like Pitt, driven out of his course by the storm. It was by Wellington and Peel, it is true, that Emancipation was carried at last; but these statesmen yielded only when further resistance had become impossible; and, by yielding, they forfeited the support of all the thorough-going Tories, who transferred their allegiance to Lord Eldon and the Duke of Cumberland. From the Liberals Ireland received Parliamentary Reform and a really representative government; from the Liberals she has received religious equality; from the Liberals she has received the reform, or what is

accepted as the reform, of the Land Law. To repress Irish disorder and assassination has been the lot of every executive government in turn, and Sir Robert Peel's ministry fell in trying to carry a Coercion Bill. Whether the Liberal policy has been successful is another question. That it has been one of emancipation, while the Tory policy has been one of exclusion and repression, will be admitted by every one who prefers historic fact to fiction.

It is coolly assumed by the partisans of dismemberment both in Ireland and here that Mr. Parnell's cause and the cause of Ireland are one and the same, and that a man must be an enemy of the Irish people if he is opposed to the designs of Mr. Parnell. Of the hundred representatives of Ireland in the Commons not more than thirty can be called Parnellites. Mr. Lowell, the late American ambassador, who is not likely to exaggerate in favour of Great Britain, reports that a fourth of the Irish are loyal to the Union. If he were to include passive as well as active loyalty, counting all as for the Union who are not against it, he might double his estimate at least; for the political movement, as distinguished from the agrarian, has always been factitious, the creation of demagogues with objects of their own, and sustained by the funds of the American Fenians. What the mass of the people want is not a change of political institutions, but more bread, which nothing but the depletion of an overcrowded country will give them. Not only is the Union actively supported or passively accepted by at least a moiety of the people; it is most actively and most ardently supported by that portion of the people which is best qualified to represent the interests of the whole. The population of Ulster is in intelligence, in energy, in prosperous industry, the flower of Ireland. If you wished to know what was the real interest of Italy, you would go, not to the Calabrian or the Sicilian, the inhabitants of the most ill-starred and backward parts of the country, but to the vigorous Piedmontese or the keen-witted Florentine. The Irishman of Ulster sees that separation from the rest of the United Kingdom would be a descent into littleness from a greatness which, as a long roll of illustrious names proves, he fully shares. He sees that it would also be a change from a position of perfect security into one of perpetual peril. He understands that the destinies of the two islands are linked together indissolubly by nature, and that the choice must lie between Union and a constant enmity which could not fail to be ruinous to the weaker. His commercial activity makes him keenly alive to the fact that the islands are economically the complements of each other, one having the coal for manufactures, the other the pastures for the supply of meat and butter, so that severance, with the Protective system which Nationalists threaten to introduce, would simply deprive Ireland of her market. He well knows, moreover, that instead of an increased measure of liberty, separation will bring either the anarchic tyranny of the demagogue or the reactionary tyranny of the priest, and that, instead of being the co-equal partner of England and Scotland, his country, perhaps after a murderous struggle between priestcraft and revolution, would become a moral dependency either of American Fenianism or of the Vatican. That Disunionism is identical with Liberalism, and that a Liberal who speaks against Disunion must be a renegade, is another assumption equally cool. Is the disruption of the greatest power of real liberty and progress in the world a thing which a Liberal is bound by his creed to seek? Is Irish Catholicism a manifest embodiment of the Liberal spirit? Was it Liberal to support Slavery in the United States, and to crusade in favour of the Papacy against Italian independence? Among the renegades from Liberalism is now to be numbered Mr. Bright.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, in an open letter to Lord Carnarvon, undertakes to assure him that Ireland will be satisfied as soon as she has a Parliament of her own. Judging from experience we should say that he was a bold man who would undertake to assure anyone that Ireland, that is Fenian Ireland, would be satisfied with anything. Hitherto as often as the gulf of importunity has been filled up a new gulf has yawned. To exhaust discontent you must exhaust the demagogues, whose succession is endless. An Irish Parliament means separation, as has been demonstrated a hundred times. The power of the Crown having been constitutionalized into non-existence, the two Parliaments would practically be two sovereign assemblies, and their divergent action would soon burst the nominal bond between them. They might, and, in the temper in which they would set out, probably would part company on questions of peace and war. It would be far better in fact to come to separation at once than to go through the intermediate process of wrangling and ultimate rupture, which would only embitter feelings already bitter enough. This point has been raised, argued and decided over and over again. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy as a colonial politician, is probably haunted by the idea of putting Ireland

on the footing of a self-governing colony. But the self-governing colonies, besides being divided from England by oceans, are dependencies. Ireland is not a dependency, she is an integral part of the Imperial nation. She must be put on the footing of a dependency before she can form a proper field for Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's experiment. The Costigan resolutions holding up Canada as a model for the concession of Home Rule to Ireland were not less fatuous than, on the part of most of those who voted for them, they were hypocritical. It is singular to see the colonies which were to be pillars of support to the Mother Country thus converted into moral engines of her disintegration. Between Legislative Union and entire Separation the choice will have to be made. Mr. Parnell's aim is entire Separation; he does not condescend to disguise it, though he allows the men who are selling themselves and their country into his hands to befool themselves with hollow talk about Home Rule. Irish independence founded in hostility to Great Britain is the goal towards which he is wending: British statesmen have not much time left for considering whether his goal is theirs also.

It was announced the other day in sensational phrase that upon the accession of the new Tory Government to office in England a great defalcation had been detected in the finances of the Admiralty, and that the late First Lord and the late Secretary, who happen to be two of the wealthiest as well as of the most honourable men in England, were skulking to avoid, so it was insinuated, exposure of their malversations. This nonsense presently gave place to a general statement that the finances of the Admiralty were in confusion; the nucleus of fact probably being that in preparing for the sudden exigency of the quarrel with Russia the Admiralty had outrun its estimates. That the British navy is in a state of total dilapidation, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its general quest of sensations proclaimed, is disproved by the rapidity with which when occasion called it was placed on a war footing. Sir Thomas Brassey, the late Secretary, is not only a great yachtsman, but, though a millionaire, devoted to naval science; he was at the pains to qualify himself for a captain's certificate in the merchant service. It is not very likely that he would allow his chosen department to go to ruin, leaving it and the country with it to be saved by the patriotic zeal and the naval skill of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The navy cannot be constantly reconstructed in accordance with the very last invention; if this were done, as *Punch* said in a squib on the subject, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would soon have to announce that everyone was paying more than his income in taxes. Such is probably the modicum of truth which underlies a startling fiction. Readers of English news should bear in mind that the Irish are now in alliance with the Tories, and that the *New York Herald* is written largely for the Irish. Besides, the belief that the navy or any other British department can fall into utter ruin through the incompetence of the Parliamentary Minister shows an ignorance of the structure of British Administration. The permanent and non-parliamentary staff of each department is strong enough to carry on the ordinary administration by itself. Parliamentary Ministers have their places assigned them fully as often by mere Cabinet necessity as by departmental fitness; and to this rule the new Tory Ministry is certainly no exception.

THE prediction that the seed of hideous suspicion sown broadcast by the *Pall Mall Gazette* would soon spring up in a crop of accusations, has been promptly fulfilled. We learn by the cable to the *Mail* that a lady has accused a gentleman of high standing of a criminal attempt upon her daughter, a child of twelve; but upon taking the stand the accuser, it seems, gave evidence so confused that the magistrate refused to detain the prisoner. The lady's imagination had probably been set at work by the pretended revelations till it wove out of airy nothings a circumstantial story of seduction which, at last, fixed itself in her mind as truth. What tricks imagination, when thus excited, will play, was shown by the long-remembered Georgian Railway Hoax, the victim of which was a perfectly respectable and generally sane man, who had been so impressed by a purely fictitious and monstrously extravagant story, that at last he firmly believed himself to have been an eye-witness of the facts. We are not free from the danger of being affected in a similar manner by the *Pall Mall* revelations here. When the community is thus filled with horrible whispers and surmises we must put a guard upon our fancies. There are sad and terrible things in humanity. Nor in the whole economy of nature is there anything more sad or more terrible than the misery engendered by the excess of a passion which in itself is so far from being bad that it not only sustains the race but gives birth to all the virtues which have their centre in home. It is time indeed that this most desperate of social problems should be approached in earnest, not by dirty and superstitious casuists, pulpit declaimers, or sensation-mongering editors, but by medical

science consecrated to the service of morality. Yet it would be foolish as well as wretched to let ourselves imagine that the virtue which we see around us was only a crust hiding an abyss of secret vice. An attentive survey of the lives of those who are immediately around us, far from faultless though these lives may be, ought to be enough to cure us of moral hysteria. The list of "minotaurs" tracked out by the *Pall Mall* Commission contains, we are told, the names of half the members of both Houses of Parliament! The evidence, so far as appears, is the talk of brothels, taken down by a "Commissioner" who was sent out to gather the materials of a grand newspaper sensation.

AN attempt is made by Mr. Lucy in the *Nineteenth Century* to show that the disorder in the House of Commons which fills all friends of Parliamentary Government with fear of confusion is nothing new, but had its parallels in palmy days. Apparently the case is made out, but a fallacy lurks below. It is true that in former times scenes of great violence did occasionally take place. In the last century manners generally were not so mild as they are now; duelling was the fashion; members were not uncommonly the worse for drink; and the struggle between the adherents of the House of Stuart and those of the House of Hanover infused into politics much of the fury of civil war. We are not surprised when we find a Hanoverian and a Jacobite drawing their swords upon each other in the lobby. In the debates on the Reform Bill again, when a great revolution was going on, and once more civil war cast its shadow on the land, we are not surprised to find even such men as Earl Grey and Sir Robert Peel sometimes losing their temper and saying in the paroxysm of excitement things which in their cooler moments they would themselves have condemned. Yet the House was then not a bear-garden, nor could any member have wilfully and contumaciously broken the rules of courtesy and decency without being made to feel by the total loss of his position that he had sinned against the social code of an assembly of gentlemen. The rowdiness of Lord Randolph Churchill and his crew, or the ruffianism of Messrs. Healy, Sexton and Biggar, would no more have been tolerated under Grey and Peel than would the open disloyalty of one set of men or the avowed profligacy of the other. It is not in the maximum of violence on occasions of extraordinary excitement, but in the general character and tone of the House, that the degeneracy is seen. Yet the rowdiness verging on blackguardism is not the most fatal part of the change. The most fatal part is the disorganization. In the days of Grey and Peel both parties followed their leaders, and legislation was possible: now the House is fast becoming an anarchy. It was to put an end to a "chaotic" style of things that Mr. Gladstone framed the new rules, which, like all attempts to cure a deeply seated malady by a mere change of forms, have disappointed the expectations of their framer. Feeling that effort is hopeless, and that nightly sitting in the House of Commons is merely a waste of life, good men are beginning to withdraw. They say that while they can do something in private and social life in the House of Commons they can do nothing. It is likely that the new Parliament will be weakened and lowered in character by these secessions of despair. Without a radical change in its temper and organization, the House of Commons cannot govern the country: yet England has at present no other government. Such is the thought which is now pressing on the minds and hearts of patriotic Englishmen. The best hope for the country is that among those on whose minds and hearts the thought is pressing may be some one strong enough to force his way to the front, take the helm, and put the ship on a new course.

DURING the long struggle which General Grant has maintained under the public eye with death, his obituary has been written twenty times over. Perhaps, as the old warrior finally quits the scene, the pleasantest features of his character to recall to mind are the simplicity of his demeanour, his disregard of military pomp and his freedom from irregular aspirations. So long as he was the soldier of the Republic his sole object was to do his duty. In this respect, at all events, he was a hero. One of the most striking things about the war was the fidelity with which the soldiers preserved their character as citizens, and the readiness with which, as soon as the army was disbanded, they returned to the works and ways of peace. Gambetta, it seems, was particularly struck with this absence of militarism in General Grant, and as a Frenchman he did not lack contrasts to enhance his admiration. The idea which generally prevailed in Europe, and which European experience seemed to warrant, that the successful general would seize supreme power, could not have long retained its hold on the mind of any one who, towards the close of the war, had come in contact with General Grant. The tent, undistinguishable from that of any other officer, which formed the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, and the plain chest marked with his initials which held his kit, were almost in themselves an

assurance that he had no intention of playing Bonaparte. Had he been left to himself, it is not likely that he would ever have thought of going into political life. He rests at last after all his tough fighting. The world now expects his history of the war. If it is really his own work it will, we may surmise, while devoid of largeness of view and of literary grace, be plain, honest, and thoroughly trustworthy; it will do justice to enemies and, what is perhaps harder still, to colleagues. Nothing will be set down in malice; perhaps if anything is set down in prejudice it will be in the case of General Meade. The obsequies of the American General are performed in Westminster Abbey as well as at Washington. The historic fame of the Anglo-Saxon race begins to regain the reverence due to it from the whole stock and to act as a power of reconciliation.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA.

At this time, when general attention is fixed on the North-West of Canada, it may not be amiss to glance aside for a moment from the absorbing story of the rebellion in the territories to something of a very different kind which is being quietly and unobtrusively developed in the most important portion of them. It is now eight years since the University of Manitoba was founded by an Act of the Provincial Legislature. Its establishment at the time was felt by many to be a good deal of an experiment, while the composition of its governing body and other novel features made its success a matter of doubt. But its subsequent history has fully justified the action of its promoters. The University certainly has shown a remarkable growth; while its scheme of examinations now embraces a wide range of subjects, the examinations themselves show a higher and more progressive standard of efficiency year by year. There is a marked increase in the number of its students. Some fifteen or sixteen students appeared at its first examinations in 1879; but this year at the examinations held in Winnipeg there were upwards of sixty candidates. A medical college, with a competent staff, has also been established. Manitoba has almost been singularly fortunate in regard to educational matters. Long before the transfer of the North-West from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion there were excellent schools in the Red River Settlement, which were taken full advantage of by a people remarkable for their general intelligence. The debates of the "Convention of Forty"—so called from its being composed of forty representative members drawn from the various parishes and districts which made up the Settlement—which was summoned by the notorious Louis Riel during the Rebellion of 1869-70, will bear comparison in ability with the debates of any similar popular body. Seven years after the organization of Manitoba as a Province of the Dominion, when the University of Manitoba Act was passed, largely through the influence and exertions of the Hon. Alex. Morris, at that time Lieut.-Governor, there were three colleges in existence, one in the trans-rivière suburb of St. Boniface, the other two in Winnipeg itself. These institutions, named respectively St. Boniface College, St. John's College and Manitoba College, though they gave their senior students to some extent the benefit of a university education, were hardly more than high schools, and were not empowered to grant degrees. Besides each of them was attached to a religious body—thus St. Boniface was maintained by the Roman Catholics, St. John's by the Church of England, and Manitoba by the Presbyterians. The policy of incorporating denominational colleges, *qua* denominational colleges, as universities, which had been followed elsewhere, appeared to be undesirable. And in a new country like Manitoba there was a chance that a new departure in the direction of making a strong unsectarian University might be attended with success if it offered such a programme as all those interested could unite upon. It was accordingly resolved to establish a Provincial University to which the colleges then in existence or afterwards formed should be affiliated, and that it should examine in all neutral subjects, such as classics, mathematics and science, but that theology should be left to be dealt with by each college independently. However, each college was allowed the privilege of granting to its own students degrees in divinity if it desired to do so, and such degrees are recognised by the University.

The provisions of the University of Manitoba Act were to some extent based upon the legislation which had taken place in connection with the University of Toronto. The model followed in the case of both had been the University of London, England. The function of the University is to examine, not to teach. The two new and interesting features of the North-Western University were the composition of its governing body and the fact that it examined both in English and French. The Council of the University consists of thirty-one members. Of these the Chancellor alone is nominated by the Provincial Government. The Bishop of Rupert's

Land has occupied this position since the formation of the University. Each of the three Colleges, originally affiliated in 1877, sends seven representatives, leading men connected with the college or with the special religious body to which the college is attached; and a Medical College, affiliated only a few weeks ago, sends three more. The Protestant and Roman Catholic sections of the Provincial Board of Education each nominate one member, and Convocation, *i.e.*, all registered graduates of the University, either actual graduates or *ad eundem* graduates, elects three members. It will be noticed, that the diverse sources from which the Council are drawn fully include the various elements which have to be reckoned with in any attempt to deal broadly with higher education in a mixed community—with one exception. At present the Methodists are unrepresented. Their college, Wesley College, is incorporated; but, as it possesses neither the necessary staff nor buildings, has not been admitted to affiliation with the University. It might have been asked, and no one would have regarded the questioner as an intolerable cynic, if a Council composed of such conflicting elements had much prospect of success. How long it may continue to work smoothly is of course problematical, but so far it has gone on admirably. Roman Catholics, Episcopalians and Presbyterians have all pulled heartily together in furthering the interests of the University. And it is certainly a gratifying and an edifying spectacle to see an Anglican Bishop, a Roman Catholic Archbishop, and a Moderator of the Kirk all in full sympathy with each other in regard to so highly important a matter.

The University examines its students in English or in French according to the wish of the candidate. This provision comes quite naturally and fitly from the history and position of the University. Throughout the North-West there are considerable French (generally Half-breed Métis) settlements—as most Canadians are now only too well aware. In Manitoba there are several important French-speaking communities, and French as well as English is used in the Legislature as in Quebec. The students of St. Boniface College are nearly all French; most of its staff are Frenchmen; Archbishop Taché is at its head. Of course, having two sets of papers printed adds considerably to the expense of conducting examinations, but the use of both languages gives a certain cosmopolitan tinge to the University. A far better argument for the use of French comes from the fact that were it not used St. Boniface College would almost necessarily be excluded from the University, nor in such a case would its authorities give it that support which has so greatly contributed not only to its efficient working but also to the commendable unity of effort there has been exhibited by the different communions in regard to its establishment upon a firm and comprehensive foundation.

As it stands at present the University of Manitoba, the "University of the Prairies," as a few years ago I ventured to call it in an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is an institution of which the people of the North-West may well be proud. As yet it has no fine buildings to attract attention to it. The examinations it conducts are held in public halls convenient for the purpose. But the range of these examinations is the best witness to its usefulness. It includes at present four honor courses in which students may graduate:—classics, mathematics, mental and moral science, and natural science. Next year a fifth honor course, that of modern languages, will be added. I shall be glad when an ancient and modern history honor course, which may also include political economy, will fill up the list, for surely no English or English-colonial university should fail to direct its students to the study of history, when it is considered how magnificent a part the English race has played in it these many hundred years past. Besides the honour course, there are certain examinations by the passing of which the ordinary B.A. degree can be obtained. All students, whether graduating in honors or in the ordinary, have to pass satisfactorily what is called the Previous Examination, which is an examination of a miscellaneous character and assures some proficiency in regard to general subjects. All medical students have to pass a matriculation examination which also embraces general subjects; thereafter degrees in medicine are obtained by a course similar to that of other medical schools in Canada.

The University is supported by grants from the Provincial Government and by fees. These funds will soon be insufficient, and it is with great satisfaction that the promise of a grant of 150,000 acres from the Dominion to the University has been received. In a few years this should give abundant means for the erection of buildings, for the formation of a suitable library, and for the endowment of chairs, fellowships, and scholarships as may be thought desirable. The munificent bequest of the late Dr. Isbister, a native of Manitoba, which amounts to \$83,000, is in the hands of the University for the furtherance of the higher educational interests of the Province. A great part of the income derived from this fund is now being given in scholarships and prizes to the most successful

students at the examinations now going on. In a young and struggling country like Manitoba, they will give the whole educational life of the place a decided stimulus.

Meanwhile, it is highly gratifying to see so many students availing themselves of the advantages the University offers. This year there are six candidates from St. Boniface College, twenty-two from St. John's College, twenty-nine from Manitoba College, and five from the collegiate department of the Central School, Winnipeg. For the first time in the history of the University a young lady comes forward as a candidate. There is no limitation as to sex in the statutes of the University, and, though this would seem to have been unintentional, the adventurous young lady will no doubt get a degree, or receive some equivalent recognition from the University.

In the midst of our North-Western troubles—troubles for which the North-West can hardly be held to be altogether responsible, and in the face of the openly expressed doubt of the desirability even of the possession of the North-West by the Dominion—it is a pleasure to present this hopeful and inspiring statement as to the work and prospects of the University of Manitoba.

R. MACHRAY, C.

OUR MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

FROM one point of view those singularly wonderful lines of the Rev. Charles Kingsley :

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,

seem, the further we penetrate into these last two decades of the nineteenth century, to acquire an intenser signification. The struggle for existence is now so keen, the rush of life so rapid, that in a community such as that composing the greater part of the Dominion (where a leisure class is numerically small) we do not wonder that, to the majority of us, life seems altogether made up of working and weeping. The centres of industry are over-crowded; the professions are full to the over-flowing; and although the balance in the labour market between demand and supply seems fairly at an equipoise, this is owing wholly to that wholesale migration to the North-West Territories with which for the last few years we have been made so familiar.

What is the outcome of this? The competition for a livelihood in the great cities of Ontario and Quebec being so severe, the younger members of the professions, of trade, and of the mechanical industries, are driven off; the result—a proportion between "eligible" young men and marriageable daughters of almost one to ten.

Were we untrammelled by social, ethical, or religious influences, this state of things would assuredly eventuate, sooner or later, in a system of polygamy. But, as it is, milder remedies are now exhibited: to what but to this disproportion do we owe our Girton, Newnham, Vassar; our hot disputes on "woman's rights"; our discussions on the fitness of co-education, on the capabilities of women to enter the professions; our strong assertions as to the necessity of female secondary education; even our innumerable governesses, companions, "lady-helps," female clerks?

The goal of woman is marriage. The whole question of woman's sphere may be narrowed—or rather let us say, may be widened to a two-fold proposition: Her duties are to love; her rights to be loved. This being denied her, she is obliged, in the vast majority of cases, either to live out a life of spinsterhood unenlivened by any other excitement than that unhealthy and quickly waning one of social gaiety; or, if an intellectual or religious vent has been given to her mind, to pass her days in mild and innocent acts of charity, or in equally trivial and resultless educational amusements. For the rest, for those who are unfortunate enough to be obliged to earn their own living, there is nothing for it but seek out some employment, however uncongenial.

And for this our girls are, even to this day, to a great extent unfitted. Strange to say, even in Canada, a land the inhabitants of which pride themselves upon being untrammelled by "old-world prejudices," unfettered by social traditions, there still lurk the spectres of by-gone customs which retain much of their old force. The father remembers the time when he shrank from even being made cognizant of the fact that his wife could dust the piano, or shell peas, or tinge her lady-like finger-tips by "hulling" strawberries. And even though a great deal of this is worn away by the hardships of life, the sight of elegant, graceful daughters of sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen rouses again some of the old sensitiveness, and Ethel and Maud learn only painting, practise only Beethoven, and employ their spare time only on crewels and *appliquée*.

That there are very many and beautiful exceptions to this many of us are well aware. That usefulness is compatible with the highest refinement is proved to us on every side. That the performance of domestic duties

may go hand in hand with the attainment of "accomplishments," doubtless many of our intimate friends can teach us. Indeed, which of us cannot point to highly refined and delicately sensitive girls, upon whom almost the whole household duties devolve, and yet upon whom we could shower praise without stint on the subject of intellectual capabilities and culture? If we could not go to the length of speaking of their "*brachia* arms whiter than snow." What of that?

It now remains for us men to give to the other sex our strong co-operation and support in this noble endeavour to unite usefulness with culture. Let us show them with all the force of practical example the blessedness of labour; let us prove to those who do not yet recognize the fact, that no healthy work can be demeaning; that all toil, even that undertaken for its money value alone, can be performed in an entirely graceful and lady-like manner.

Further, let us not be satisfied with mere theory. Could we not devise practicable means by which to show that we really mean that which we advocate? For example; in order to encourage those gentlewomen who may, perhaps, through a very natural fear, shrink from undertaking employment such as above hinted at, why should there not be instituted Ladies' Co-operative Associations, headed and patronized by the best known and most influential of the matronly leaders of society? There is a dearth of maid-servants: would it be a very great hardship for the members of such associations to offer (for emolument, of course) to help for a few hours daily their sisters who have homes to keep up but no means of doing so? Would it be altogether out of the question to assist in washing, dressing, and looking after the children of these servant-less ladies? Would it be *infra dig.* to help in making their clothes? Everyone would answer in a categorical and emphatic No. What is the right and ennobling work of the actual mother may surely be the legitimate occupation of the prospective one. We hear much of the ignorance of the young wife when first entering upon maternal duties: will anyone deny that this (quite feasible) plan will not tend to eradicate this?

Again, by those whose *forte* lies in the direction of embroidery, this system of Co-operative Associations could be advantageously employed. A shop in which fancy work might be exhibited, together with a hired sales-woman to dispose of it, would command a large amount of custom, from the very fact that the designs were by those upon whose educated and artistic taste purchasers could unhesitatingly rely.

These are samples of what might be done in this direction. This is a phase of social life upon which not enough attention has up to the present, been devoted. The advisability of opening up the North-West has for years been discussed *ad nauseam*; the results upon society of such migration as necessarily follows has been entirely neglected. That conditions will of themselves tend to equilibration is true; but that such equilibration could be hastened, and that meanwhile there is, to say the least, wide-spread discomfort, is also true. The position of the younger female members of the lower classes has been amply ameliorated; that of the gentlewomen has been lamentably overlooked. That it is a subject of tremendous importance in this Dominion of Canada where the influence of the upper classes is so much needed is obvious.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.

STIMULANTS.

It is a curious fact that in all periods of the world's history the human race has exhibited a craving for what medical science has denominated "stimulant-narcotics." That this craving is inherent in the animal nature is doubtful. Darwin indeed mentions a few instances of the lower animals developing a taste for stimulants, but such cases are extremely rare. It may be taken as an axiom that where a general craving for any particular substance exists, a corresponding reason may be found for a moderate indulgence therein. Nature, the most beneficent of parents, points the way, and Science, her handmaid, follows with the reason. Nor is the reason in the case of stimulants far to seek. The ordinary life of man, and this is particularly true in the case of the higher races, is artificial, and artificial food is requisite for its perfect maintenance. Doubtless in the full possession of animal health, with the digestive and mental powers unimpaired, stimulants, in the ordinary sense of the term, would be superfluous. But what might this mean? No dainty dishes of finely cooked food; no pepper, mustard, vinegar, sauce, beer, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, and the thousand-and-one dainty stimulants to appetite and digestion we are apt to regard in the present as real necessities. But the idea is absurd. There is no physician who can point to a single case of such perfect health; such would be incompatible with the present state of society.

Those nations who use little or no stimulants of an alcoholic nature are

amongst the lowest and most degraded of the human race. Further, no nation is known, and very few individuals, who do not make daily use of some substance to which the term "stimulant-narcotic" may be applied in the strictest accordance with what is known of the action of drugs. Von Bibra puts the matter roughly but plainly: "Coffee leaves and beans are taken in the form of an infusion by forty millions; cocoa, either as chocolate or in some other form; by fifty millions; hascheesh is eaten or smoked by three hundred millions; opium by four hundred millions; Chinese tea is drunk by five hundred millions; while finally all known nations use tobacco in some form or other." Is the zeal justifiable then which seeks to deprive man of any or all of these?

The evils resulting from the indiscriminate use of such drugs as opium and hascheesh are great, and any legislation restricting their sale and use is wise and beneficial, nor would any intelligent observer deny that grave evils follow the abuse of any of the others. That alcoholic stimulants have been abused is patent to all, yet if these were absolutely prohibited, and that prohibition successfully carried out, as many fondly hope and believe to be possible, the result would simply be an increase in the consumption of the remaining stimulants. That this change would be in the direction of what they may consider the less harmful ones, such as tea and coffee, is doubtful to say the least. Even were it so, and tea and coffee taken in place of the lighter fermented beverages, such as beer and wine, we are not so sure that the change would be really beneficial to the general health of the community.

We hear much of the "cup which cheers but not inebriates," but that is largely poetical fancy. Both tea and coffee are intoxicants, when taken in excess, and the evil effects of their indiscriminate use and abuse on the health are scarcely less than those following the abuse of wine and beer. "Tea taken too often, or in excess," says Professor Moleschott, "produces an irritability of the nerves characterized by sleepiness, general feeling of restlessness, with twitching and trembling of the limbs. Spasmodic attacks may even arise in the cardiac region. The volatile oil of tea produces a heaviness in the head, in fact a *real intoxication*, first manifesting itself as dizziness, and finally stupefaction. Green tea produces these effects in a higher degree. Coffee taken in excess also produces intoxication, in which images, thoughts and wishes rapidly succeed each other. Dizziness follows, with sensation of anxiety and trembling, and giving way of the limbs. Finally insensibility occurs." These effects so graphically described by Moleschott, and well known to the chemist, clearly show that serious nervous disorders would inevitably result from the excessive use of tea and coffee. Indeed, there are few physicians who at some period have not had to prescribe total abstinence from both tea and coffee. Their evil effects upon the digestive powers are also well marked. "Tea and coffee," says the eminent authority previously quoted, "though not of themselves difficult of digestion, tend to disturb the digestion of all albuminous substances, hence promoting indigestion." Nor do their evil effects cease here. It is well known that that which affects the physical health affects likewise the mental and moral faculties. Indeed it would not be surprising to find that a connection exists between the low morality of the Chinese and the excessive use of their national beverage, leaving aside the effects of the opium habit as being of comparatively recent introduction.

The stimulus of tea, especially green tea, upon the passions of young children has been noticed by many, and few parents would permit its indiscriminate use. In confirmation of these facts we may notice the wretched health of the women of this continent—a nation of inordinate tea-drinkers—decimated by nervous affections, racked by innumerable pains, afflicted with the most complicated of diseases: victims to strong green tea in the morning, strong green tea at noon, strong green tea in the evening, with numberless sips and cups between whiles from the everlasting pot on the stove. Contemplate the men also, rapidly turning into a race of a semi-mongolian type with high cheek-bones and cadaverous complexions: strung up to the highest pitch of nervous excitement by business anxieties and green tea at all meals and all hours; sinking into early graves with disorders of the brain. Is it not pitiful to reflect upon the numbers who but for a foolish prejudice might have been saved from lunacy and untimely death by the moderate use at least once in the day of that most wholesome and safe of all sedatives, light bitter ale?

That the above evils result from an excessive use of even genuine tea no one who has paid any attention to the subject would deny. But what of the effects of three-fourths of the tea, so-called, sold and consumed? It is terrible to contemplate. One might as well indulge in an infusion of oak-galls, for tannic acid is the only active principle in either. A lady lecturer recently enlightened our darkened intellects with picturesque delineations of a human stomach alcoholized. Might we not offset this by

an exhibition of that same useful article of human economy turned into a close resemblance of an ox-hide by the habitual and excessive use of that popular fallacy, "good wholesome tea?" The same lady spoke of the comforts and heavenly peace of a home free from alcohol. Have these feminine orators ever contemplated the peace and happiness of a home shared by a dyspeptic, even when the dyspepsia is tempered with a genius such as that of Carlyle?

And they talk of the brutalizing influence of beer. Give me the quiet beer-drinking Teuton, that prince of students, model farmer and intelligent plodding artisan, in preference to the American dyspeptic, short-lived teetotaller. Your sober German citizen, with all his lager-beer drinking propensities, will yet be found the saviour of a country given over to prohibition, divorce laws, dyspepsia, and hop bitters.

All prohibitory legislation in regard to stimulants is worse than useless, since it cannot be said to be founded upon the dicta of science. All hopes of a reformation in morals must be built upon reason, science and charity. Religion and science are here a unit, and experience will show the wisdom of "hastening slowly." In the meantime let us learn to be temperate in all things, using the world but not abusing it.

C. GORDON RICHARDSON.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF GENERAL GRANT.

WASHINGTON, July 27th, 1885.

AT this moment a few impressions of General Grant, gained during a personal acquaintance with him in the field and at Washington, may not be unwelcome to the readers of THE WEEK. I shall offer nothing of an historical or anecdotal character, having neither time nor space for matter of that sort.

General Grant's features are familiar everywhere, and I need not say a word about them. Afoot he was decidedly an inferior-looking man, but he sat and rode a horse well. He was not fond of talking and, when he spoke, used few and plain words, uttered deliberately and with a manifest purpose. He knew no other language than English, and apparently never realized the need or advantage of any other. His intellectual activity was restricted to the subjects that immediately concerned him, and he seemed to have the power of passing hours and even days in a state of mental dormancy. Political, literary, scientific or artistic tastes he had none. He was without enthusiasm for anything; never in haste, or fidgety or excited. He was without imagination or capacity for abstract speculation. His dress, habits and manners were all simple, but his reticence, gravity and self-possession gave to him a certain sort of dignity that made him easy in all companies and situations, and protected him from over-familiarity. His tenacity in any course once adopted was proverbial. He seemed in nothing either brilliant or dull, but solid. The fame he has won is all consistent with this hasty generalization of his qualities. His success as a soldier and his failure as a civilian were due to the application of these qualities to surrounding circumstances. It is not probable that history will permanently class him with the world's great commanders, and it seems safe to predict that Jackson, on the Confederate, and Sheridan, on the Federal, side of the Civil War, will outrank him as famous Generals.

In a moral sense General Grant was practically blameless—an honest, true, pure man in every relation of life. He was a good specimen of the English race on both the positive and negative sides of his character. I once heard a western man describe him as "one that weighs twenty-two hundred and forty pounds to the ton *every time*," and I think that sums him up fairly as well as quaintly.

B.

HERE AND THERE.

THE opinion appears to be unanimous, even amongst those who have seen the return of troops from much more extensive operations on this continent and elsewhere, that, for whole-souled enthusiasm and generosity, the reception given by Canadians to the volunteers returning from the North-West was unsurpassed if not unequalled. The impression was almost equally general that the various receptions and the *camaraderie* amongst the various regiments will do much to knit together the various elements composing the Dominion, and to render possible the development of a homogenous nation. At any rate, the home-coming of the local regiments was a "big day" for Toronto.

By all means let the Saturday half-holiday become an institution if possible—which we fear it is not. There is no absolute necessity for most places of business to remain open on Saturday afternoons. No one will suggest that such a step would reduce the burden of trade, whilst it must be admitted that it would be an appreciable boon to old and young, and would lessen the excuse for Sunday excursions. On the other hand, it has proved impossible to obtain general closing in England. In the case of manufactories and the like there is no difficulty; but amongst shopkeepers there is generally a proportion of soulless and grasping men who decline, in their opening and closing, to be influenced by any but selfish considerations.

WHEN the *Canadian Baptist* accuses THE WEEK of being in antagonism to the temperance sentiment of the country, it falls into a very general error. THE WEEK is wholly in favour of "temperance," but it strongly objects to "forced abstinence," whether it be in the form of a Scott Act or pure Prohibition. Our contemporary is also unjust when it asserts that THE WEEK refuses the same liberty to abstainers as it demands for those who use stimulants. The liberty to abstain is not trenchanted upon by the existence of facilities for the sale of beverages, whereas Prohibition directly interferes with the freedom of the non-abstainer and operates to his considerable inconvenience. Abstainers, we are told, demand the liberty to be "unmolested by the drunken." Does the *Baptist* think that anti-Prohibitionists enjoy such molestation, or that they are blind to the evils of intemperance? Is it not aware that THE WEEK, though claiming that the innocent moderate drinker ought not to be punished for the guilty drunkard, yet insists upon the latter being punished or deprived of a liberty which he abuses?

BEING a corporation "within the meaning of the act," the Toronto Street Car Company may fairly be said to lack a soul: this would at any rate explain the contemptuous silence with which public complaints are usually received by that wealthy monopoly. But, strong as the Company's position is, public opinion is stronger, and must eventually prevail. The demand made for conductors has so far fallen upon deaf ears; but the concession must be made, and it might be politic for the Company to yield before they become still more unpopular. The overcrowding which is permitted would disgrace a savage settlement, a state of things for which some of those who use the cars are jointly responsible. It is no unusual thing to see a car laden with double the number of travellers it was constructed to carry, to the imminent discomfort of travellers and to the great distress of the horses. If this is not already an offence, in the name of humanity let it be made one, and let the police be instructed to see that a Company's cupidity be not permitted to inflict suffering upon the noblest of our domestic animals. City ladies could do much towards lessening such discomfort of travellers and such cruel ill-treatment of horses as we have referred to. It is at the mid-day meal hour and after the day's work that business men usually return home by tram-car, and if those ladies who are not in situations would return at an earlier hour there would not be so many complaints from tired men who have to stand in order that ladies, whose time is their own, may remain in town until the last moment. "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart."

"THE nearer the visitor can approach to Nature's own door, the more keen his enjoyment. Elaborate ornamentation would be out of place. The best that can be done, therefore, is to assist Nature to regain her lost supremacy. . . . Safety and comfort for the visitor, the abatement of the old nuisances, the restoration of the shores to primitive wildness and prudent management, are the things now most to be desired. And all of them the recent actions of the Reservation Commission give promise of providing." So says the *New York Tribune* in an editorial on the future of Niagara. Surely the Dominion, as joint owner of this world's wonder, cannot afford to be left behind in the good work? Whilst the American shore of the mighty cataract was left in the hands of extortionists the nuisances which blotted the Canadian approaches were not so conspicuous; but now that a clean sweep has been made by our neighbours, national pride ought to spur the gentlemen who have undertaken to reform Canadian abuses to immediate and energetic effort. Mr. Mowat has here an opportunity to connect himself with an undertaking which will do more to perpetuate his name than the most momentous party measure.

THE following extract from the *Canadian Gazette* (London) is commended to the attention of those who think the importation of pauper children into Canada a not unmixed blessing:—"There is no prospect yet of exceeding the limit of Canada's power of absorption of young emigrants trained by the system recommended above. The sphere of work of this kind could be greatly enlarged, with advantage to all parties, were greater pecuniary support forthcoming." An alternative scheme for the relief of overcrowded English cities was proposed by Mr. S. Smith in the Imperial Parliament. He proposes to establish a system of compulsory industrial training in night schools for children of the destitute classes between the ages of twelve and sixteen, in order to fit them to earn their living either at home or in the colonies. This method of making material for emigration does not readily commend itself, and in comparison with it Dr. Barnardo's plan appears visionary and impracticable.

JUDGING by the "official catalogue (Canadian section) of the Antwerp Exhibition," the Dominion is largely and creditably represented at that industrial display. The *Canadian Gazette* gives considerable prominence to the C. P. R. exhibits. That enterprising corporation, we are told, has a "Manitoba Farm," in the Exhibition ground. It is thus described:—"First we have a tent, which affords a rough, but sufficient shelter during the weeks immediately succeeding arrival, when every spare moment has to be spent in work upon the soil. As autumn approaches, however, it is necessary to erect more substantial accommodation, and accordingly we find next on the farm an ample log or frame house. This contains a comfortable bed-room, and a sitting-room, furnished in a strong and homely fashion. But shelter for such live stock as the settlers may possess is also required, and we find on the farm a striking representation of the log stable which every farmer soon begins to need. Shedding for machinery is added, and with a stout railing the farm is rendered practically complete. Specimens of agricultural products, of coal, and of various woods to be found in the

North-West and British Columbia, are also displayed. Maps of the country are hung on the walls; pamphlets and other publications containing information likely to be of service to the settler are freely distributed, and visitors are specially requested to enter their names and addresses in the register provided for the purpose, in order that any new literature regarding the North-West may be sent to them free of all charge."

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

THE *New York Critic* has refused to be led astray by the hysterical rubbish which has recently flooded the press on the *Pall Mall Gazette's* disclosures. Our valued contemporary traces the rapid decline of the London journal under Mr. Stead's regime. "The aim of the editor seemed to be, not so much to please as to excite, not so much to achieve popularity as to command attention." From being "a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen," it has now come to be a paper which it is "impossible for the head of a family ever to allow to enter his house again. . . . It may be that his terrible revelations will do something toward checking the stream of vice and crime that runs with broader and more impetuous current in London than in any other city in the world, simply because London is the largest and richest of the world's great cities. The editors of the *Gazette* know that the publication of the result of their researches will do a great deal of harm; but they are equally confident that the evils thus wrought will be more than counterbalanced by the good accomplished. We trust it may. But the good will be confined almost exclusively to London; its effects will certainly extend but little, if at all, beyond the limits of Great Britain; while the harm will spread as far as the English language is read." The *Critic* then proceeds: "Mr. Stead claims to have been actuated by pure motives in making the disclosures that have given his journal such an unenviable fame, and it is possible to give him the benefit of the doubt. The editors who have copied his articles make the same claim, but in their mouths it is false and hypocritical. They have been actuated solely by a desire to make money, at whatever cost of pride and honesty. Their attempts to justify themselves are pitiable. They have earned, and they must be content to bear, the contempt of every decent man and woman in America."

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* is authority for the statement that "the Iowa Prohibition law has been in force a few days over a year, and the result shows, what has been shown so often in the Eastern States, that it is successful in the small places, while in cities there is more drunkenness than under the license system." Reports from twenty-nine leading cities and towns of the State show one hundred and fifty more open drinking places in those towns than there were a year ago. Davenport has twenty more saloons, Burlington forty-one, Council Bluffs thirteen, and Ottumwa, where the license fee was \$1,000, has ninety-four more than under the other system, and this does not count the doubtful and secret rum-holes that always spring up more plentifully under Prohibition than under license rule. "This statement of 'open' saloons looks as if the people had made no effort to enforce the prohibitory law, but such is not the fact. Twenty-five of these twenty-nine cities report that such efforts have been made, and a regular feature of the Iowa news for the year has been the outbreaks and violence due to liquor raids. The revenue from licenses last year was \$200,000, and there is some dissatisfaction at the loss of that. The efforts of Sioux City, Keokuk, Burlington and Dubuque to collect an illegal tax from the saloons are well known. The loss of revenue, however, would be a small matter if the drinking had decreased. It is the fact that Prohibition does not prohibit that makes the Iowa law a failure."

It is a pretty well-known fact that the population of France increases more slowly than that of any other European country. Various explanations have been given—a lower standard of morals, the greater freedom and enjoyment possible in single life, and the higher sense of prudential considerations possessed by the French agricultural classes conspicuously, but generally prevalent among the bulk of people. "Blessed is the man who hath his quiver full of them" is a very much disputed text across the Channel. If tolerably well-to-do parents have been favoured with a boy and a girl, their ideal number of a family has been realized. But, however much large families are discounted, and however much the habit of forethought in these matters may contribute to the comfort and the convenience of individuals, there is no mistaking the view taken of it by those responsible for the welfare of the State. With her military instincts and the ambition born of them, France needs men. The country has really never recovered from the terrible drain of the Napoleonic wars. The Government of France always aspires to the paternal character, and so it has come to pass that it has determined to strive for an alteration in the population statistics. Henceforward every seventh child born in a family of necessitous circumstances is to be provided at the public expense with board and education. Whatever may be the fate of the experiment, it is curious as flying directly in the face of the Malthusian doctrine.

WE all know that Mr. Geo. R. Sims is a hater of humbug, and that, though personally most amiable, he occasionally handles without gloves those who rouse his indignation. Mr. Ruskin lately wrote as follows, describing a rustic scene: "The garden was decked in due season with magical splendour of abundant fruit; fresh green, soft amber, and rough bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendant ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine." And this is the way Mr. Sims criticizes the maze of words: "A beautiful wood-picture, certainly. Translating from Ruskinese into plain English, we arrive at green and yellow gooseberries and white and red currants. What a power of prose the man has, to be sure! It would be deeply interesting to see what Mr. Ruskin could get out of a carrot or a spring onion."

TEXAS, says the *London Era*, must be a delightful place in which to attend the theatre. In the town of Laredo in that State two local dignitaries—a State senator and a captain of rangers—came together the other night in the gallery of a theatre, and at once proceeded to pull out 45-calibre revolvers and pop away at each other. Twelve shots in all were fired, and the only result was a bullet through the shoulder of the ranger. The monotony of the performance, however, was relieved, as both actors and audience stamped.

EXTRAORDINARY as are some of the blunders made by Englishmen when endeavouring to do their thoughts into French, they are entirely out-rivalled by the ludicrous confusion shown in much of the gallic renderings of English seen in France, particularly since it has become the fashion in that country to Anglicize many every-day necessaries. Following a paragraph upon this subject which appeared in our last issue, the *New York Nation* says the use of English in the kitchen in France is as bizarre as the use of French in the kitchen in England or America. We remember having seen the simple ginger-snap set down grandiloquently in the bill of fare of an American summer hotel as *gateaux de gingembre*. And a recent bill of fare at the Grand Hôtel in Paris offered "Irish-stew à la française"—truly a marvellous dish. In a certain restaurant of the Palais Royal, however, there is a bi-lingual bill of fare which recalls the Portuguese Guide to Conversation if indeed it does not "break the record." In this we are proffered our choice of "barbue dutch manner" (*barbue à la Hollandaise*), or "eel in tartar," or of "sole at Colbert." We may have "beef at flamande" or "beef at mode" (*bœuf à la mode*), or "beef steak with haricots." The *cotelette sauté à la minute* appears as "one mutton chop at minute," and a *cotelette de chevreuil* appears as "chops of kid" (*sic*). We may order, if we will, a "fillet napolitan manner," or a "chicken at Marengo," or a "sweet-bread at financière." Hitherto we have held as legendary, only, the translation of *riz de veau à la financière* as "smile of the little cow in the style of the female financier"—but, after this, nothing is impossible.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

MR. MILLS AND THE HALF-BREEDS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—“S.” must, I think, have been misled by the isolated quotation which he makes from what Mr. Mills wrote. It is true the question which Mr. Mills was called upon to answer, as Minister of the Interior, was whether the Government would aid the Half-breeds by means of seed and farming implements, but his answer, as will be seen, embraced much more: "The Half-breeds who have, in some respects, the advantage over new settlers in the territories, should be impressed with the necessity of settling down in fixed localities, and directing their energies towards pastoral or agricultural pursuits, in which case lands would, no doubt, be assigned to them in the same way as to white settlers. But beyond this they must not look to the Government for any special assistance in farming operations."

If this does not mean that the Half-breeds would be treated on the same footing, in respect to lands, as the whites, it is difficult to know what it does mean. When this interpretation was put on the words in the House of Commons Mr. Mills did not correct the speaker. Next day M. Laurier, exercising a lawyer's ingenuity, did put upon the words the interpretation which S. has echoed, but which I think the text does not warrant.

X.

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon will die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread, and spread, till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now. He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

—Austin Dobson, in *July Century*.

A "LOVE" GAME.

SHALL we take a stroll together,
You and I,
And discuss the charming weather
This July,
Or the picnics and the dances,
And those sweet but short romances
Which, like other idle fancies,
Pass and die?

Yes, 'tis true that things have happened
Since we met,
Since I saw you first with cap and
Gay rosette,
Standing like some well-drilled soldier,
Only calmer and—well—bolder,
With a racket on your shoulder,
At the net;

And your face lit up with laughter
Through it all,
Little feet went tripping after
Ev'ry ball,
While the look of bright reliance
Which bespoke a pert defiance
Of all manly wiles and science
I recall.

'Twas a glance that struck dire terror
To my heart,
And proved source of many an error
In my art;
Yet in truth I felt not humbled,
Though my partner growled and grumbled,
As I slid and slipped and stumbled
Through my part.

You still remember, though so trifling,
What I said
As we left the lawn, too stifling,
For the shade,
And as, moved by glance magnetic
Of your eyes, I waxed prophetic,
While you smiled back sympathetic,
Calm and staid?

Is it wise, then, to remember
Golden hours,
Recall June in December
Such as ours?
All the hopes that have miscarried—
What! too long, you say, you've tarried,
And your husband—then you're married!
Gracious powers!

T. MALCOLM WATSON.

"COWARD!"

[Translated from the French for THE WEEK.]

IN the world of rank and fashion he was known as "the handsome Signoles," in lesser ones as the Vicomte Gontran Joseph de Signoles. Orphan and possessor of a certain fortune, he made quite a figure in society. He was endowed with a good manner, with sufficient conversational powers to suggest ability, a certain natural grace, an air both dignified and proud, and lastly, but not least, a magnificent moustache, and a pair of very languishing eyes, irresistible attractions to the women. He was a great beau in the ball-room, much courted in the *salon*, regarded by the men with that peculiar smile accorded by their sex to a man of superior physical proportions. They attributed to him several amours very flattering to his reputation as *bon garçon*. He lived tranquilly happily, in the full sunshine of everybody's good opinion. He was known to be a clever swordsman, and a still cleverer marksman. "When I fight a duel," he used to say, "it shall be with pistols, then I am sure of killing my man."

One evening he escorted two ladies to the theatre, accompanied by their husbands, and when it was over he proposed going to Tortoni's for an ice. They were not there for very long before he noticed that a gentleman seated at a small table near them persistently stared at one of the ladies, so rudely in fact that she grew nervous, impatient under it and turned away her head. At last she said to her husband:

"That man is staring me out of countenance. I do not know him; do you?"

Her husband, who had not observed anything, looked at him but declared: "No, I have never seen him before."

His wife continued, half flattered, half annoyed: "It is most provoking; he is spoiling my ice."

Her husband merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Bah! Don't notice him. If one paid attention to all the rude people in the world one would never have done."

But the Vicomte had risen abruptly. He was shocked to think that

this stranger should be able to spoil an ice he had offered. It was entirely his affair, since he had invited his friends to the *café*. He approached the gentleman and said:

"Sir, your manner of looking at these ladies is intolerable. I must beg that you will cease to annoy them."

The other answered brusquely:

"You would lay down the law to me, sir, you!"

The Vicomte replied between his teeth.

"Take care, sir; you will compel me to use force."

The stranger answered this with but one word, one only, but which rang from one end of the *café* to the other, affecting each person present like an electric shock, that most insulting one in every language: "Coward!" Half the people rose to their feet, three *garçons* pirouetted on their heels like tops, the two women at the buffet simultaneously jumped, then crouched like two automatons actuated by the same motive. For a moment there was utter silence, the next it was broken by a dull sound: the Vicomte had struck his adversary in the face. Several gentlemen rushed between and parted them. The two men exchanged cards.

When the Vicomte entered his apartments he strode up and down for several minutes. He was too agitated to think of anything. One sole idea dominated his brain, "a duel," without awakening any other sensation whatever. He had behaved as he should have; he had shown of what stuff he was made. All the world, his world, would speak of him, would applaud his action, would congratulate him. Yet he repeated again and again, speaking aloud as one does when under the stress of some intense emotion: "What a brute of a man!"

He threw himself into a chair to reflect. Before the following evening he had to find his seconds. Who should he choose. Of course the most distinguished men of his acquaintance. Finally he decided upon the Marquis de la Tour Noire and a Colonel Bourdin—a grand seigneur and a soldier. Nothing would be better; their names would give importance to the affair in the papers. He began to feel thirsty and drank three glasses of water one after the other; then commenced to walk up and down his room again. If he showed himself firm, prepared for everything, and dictated rigorous terms, demanding a serious fight, a duel to the death, there was the chance that his adversary might find some way in which to withdraw from the affair altogether. He took up the card he had thrown on the table a moment since and read it again and again, as he had already done at a glance in the *café*, and by the glimmer of each gas-light on his way home.

"George Lamil, 59 Rue Moncey." That was all. He examined this assemblage of letters which seemed to him so full of mystery, of dire confusion even.

George Lamil, who was this man? What was his profession? Why had he persisted in staring in such a manner at a lady? Was it not revolting, maddening even, that an utter stranger should thus thrust himself into one's life to trouble and disturb it because it pleased him to gaze at a woman somewhat impertinently? And the Vicomte repeated once more aloud:

"What a brute."

He remained standing, motionless, reflecting, his eyes devouring the letters on the card. Presently a feeling of impotent rage at this piece of pasteboard took possession of him, a strange sensation of mingled hatred and dread. What a stupid affair! He opened a penknife and pierced it through and through as if he were actually stabbing some one.

So he must really fight! Should he choose swords or pistols? Of course it was for him to decide as he considered himself the insulted person. With swords he risked less, but choosing pistols gave his adversary the right to retire if so minded. Very rarely did a duel with swords prove fatal; a sort of mutual prudence prevented either combatant from exposing himself to the danger of a very deep thrust; with the former the risk was indeed great, but attended with no loss of honour should they not fight.

He said:

"One must be bold and he will be intimidated."

The sound of his voice fairly made him tremble, and he looked around him. He felt very nervous and drank another glass of water before undressing. Once in bed in the friendly darkness, and his eyes closed, he thought:

"I have all to-morrow to attend to this affair. Now to sleep to calm my nerves."

Nevertheless he felt feverish and restless and threw himself from one side of the bed to the other.

Again he felt thirsty, and got up to look for something to drink. Suddenly a dread seized him: "Is it possible that I fear to-morrow?"

Why did his heart begin to beat so violently at each well-known sound in his room? As the clock was on the point of striking the hour the slight grating of the spring as it prepared to sound made him shudder; and when it had ceased to strike he lay open-mouthed for some time, so greatly did he feel oppressed.

He tried to reason with himself on the possibility of this new thought: "Is it fear?"

Not possible, assuredly, since he had resolved to put the affair through, since the determination was strong within him not to shrink from the encounter. Still he was so profoundly affected by it that the question involuntarily formed itself: "Is it possible that terror should dominate over will?" This terrible thought overwhelmed him, this dread, this horror. Suppose a force more powerful than his will, indomitable, irresistible, should sweep him away with it—*que faire?* What might happen? Certes, he would rise and go out on the terrace and escape from it. But if he had not the strength, if he fainted! And he bethought him of the position of affairs, of his reputation, his name. Suddenly he felt impelled to look in

the glass. He relit his candle, but he scarcely recognized the image reflected on the smooth surface of the mirror; it seemed to him that he had never seen that face before; it was so pale, and the eyes were dilated to twice their size. All at once the thought flashed through his brain:

"The day after to-morrow I may be a dead man." And his heart palpitated violently.

"The day after to-morrow at this hour I may be a dead man. This I think I see opposite to me, that I see in the glass, shall have ceased to exist. Heavens! I am here, I see myself, I feel life coursing through my veins, and in twenty-four hours I shall lie on this bed, dead, my eyes closed, cold, inanimate, soulless." He turned towards the bed and distinctly saw himself stretched at full length upon it, the face rigid and ghastly, and the hands eloquent with that intense lassitude which belongs to those that never again shall stir in this world.

Too terrified to return to that part of the room he passed swiftly into his smoking-room, and lighting a cigar, recommenced his agitated promenade. Feeling somewhat cold he went towards the bell to ring for his valet, but stopped with his hand on the rope.

"This man will at once see that I am nervous."

So he did not ring but lit the fire himself, his hands trembling slightly as they touched the cold metal of the tongs. His head began to swim, his thoughts to wander—now vague, now vivid, now gloomy; he felt an intoxication as of strong wine. And ceaselessly he moaned:

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

His whole body shook with convulsive tremors; he rose and going to the window drew aside the curtains. The day was breaking, a summer day, and on the houses, the roofs and walls, was reflected the rosy tint of the sky. One long ray of light, like a caress from the rising sun, touched the newly awakened world; and on this ray a hope, intense, fervent, overwhelming, came to the heart of the Vicomte. How childish to be so paralyzed with fear before anything was decided, before his seconds had seen those of this George Lamil, before he even knew whether they were to fight or not!

He dressed and left his apartments with a firm step. While walking he repeated constantly to himself:

"I must be calm, very calm. I must show the world that I have no fear."

His seconds, the Marquis and the Colonel, put themselves at his disposal, and after shaking hands heartily with him, began to discuss the conditions of the duel.

The Colonel asked:

"You wish to fight to the death?"

"To the death."

The Marquis continued:

"You prefer pistols?"

"Yes."

"You will permit us to arrange the rest?"

The Vicomte made but one condition, decisively, even arrogantly.

"Twenty paces at the word of command, and raising the weapon in lieu of lowering it. Exchange of fire until mortally wounded."

The Colonel exclaimed, delighted:

"Excellent conditions. You are a good shot, hence all the advantage is on your side."

They parted, and the Vicomte went home to wait for their return. His agitation, calmed for a little while, threatened to return with doubled force. He felt all through his veins, his limbs, in his chest, a kind of nervous twitching; he could not compose himself; his tongue was dry and clove to the roof of his mouth, and every now and again he made a convulsive movement as if to free it from his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but he could not eat. Then he thought he would drink something to inspire courage, and he ordered a decanter of rum to be brought, of which he drank six small glasses.

A glow, almost a fever, crept over him from head to foot, and his brain grew dizzy. He thought:

"I have found the remedy. Now all will be well."

But at the end of an hour, though he had emptied the decanter, his agitation became intolerable; he longed to throw himself on the floor, to shriek, to kill something—somebody.

The night came on.

A ring at the door brought on such a feeling of suffocation that he had not sufficient strength to rise and receive his seconds. He did not dare even to speak to them, to say a single word, lest the tone of his voice should betray the state of his mind.

The Colonel reported:

"Everything is arranged as you desired. At first your adversary claimed the privileges of *l'insulte*, but he yielded almost immediately and has accepted all the conditions. His seconds are two military men."

The Vicomte merely said:

"Thank you."

The Marquis continued:

"Pray excuse us if we but come in and go out, but we have still a thousand things to do. We must secure a good doctor, in case of either one being mortally wounded; pistols are not child's play."

The Vicomte ejaculated:

"You are very good."

The Colonel asked:

"You are quite well, you are calm."

"Quite so, thank you."

The two friends bowed themselves out.

When he found himself again alone he felt as if he were going mad.

His servant had lit the lamps, so he drew a chair to the table to write some letters. At the top of a sheet of paper he wrote these words: "This is my last will and testament," then sprang from his seat and moved away, feeling utterly powerless to form an idea, to make a resolution, to decide upon anything one way or another.

Ah! he was going to fight. He could no longer avoid that alternative. But what was this strange emotion that held him under its spell? He was going to fight, this was his firm and unalterable intention, and yet he felt in spite of every effort of his mind, every exertion of his will, when the hour came he should not have the requisite courage to meet his opponent. He tried to picture in his own mind the combat, his attitude, and that of his adversary.

From time to time he ground his teeth from pure nervousness and with a harsh sound that made him shiver. He would read, and took down the "Code of Duel Laws" by Chaleanvillard. Presently he murmured:

"Is my opponent a frequenter of the shooting-galleries? Is he known at them? Is he a member? How can I find this out?"

Then he remembered the book of Baron de Vaux on good marksmen, and he ran through it from beginning to end. No such name as George Lamil was given. At the same time were this man but an indifferent shot he had never accepted so promptly such dangerous weapons, such terrible conditions.

Pausing before a small cabinet he took from a box of Gastinne Renette a handsomely mounted pistol and placed himself in position, raising his arm as if to fire. But he trembled from head to foot and the mere sight of the weapon made every nerve quiver. "It is impossible. I can never fight in this way."

He looked down the barrel, through which death comes, and thought of the dishonour, of the scandal, the laugh in the salons, the contempt of the women, of the insinuations in the newspapers, the insults that would assuredly be heaped upon him by his inferiors.

Still gazing at the pistol he lifted the cock and saw beneath it a cartridge shining like a tiny red flame; it had been left loaded through carelessness; this gave him a vague inexplicable thrill of delight.

Suppose he could not preserve before his adversary a calm and dignified self-possession would he not forever be a lost, a ruined man, scorned by his world? And in his inmost soul he knew, he felt that never would this calm and dignified self-possession be his; he could not command it; and yet he was brave since he wished to fight—he was brave since he—The thought that rushed to his mind had scarcely time to form, when, opening his mouth to its widest extent, he forced the barrel of the pistol with all his strength down his throat, and pulled the trigger.

When his valet hastened in, alarmed at the report, he found his master lying dead upon the floor. The sheet of paper still lay upon the table, but a great red stain now pointed with deadly meaning to the words: "This is my last will and testament!"

REN.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

REV. MR. SPURGEON ON SMOKING.

RESPONDING to a speech made by a co-religionist, upon the evils of smoking, Mr. Spurgeon once said: "If anybody can show me in the Bible the command, 'Thou shalt not smoke,' I am ready to keep it; but I haven't found it yet. I find ten commandments, and it's as much as I can do to keep them; and I've no desire to make them into eleven or twelve." Great was the scandal produced by this manly utterance of the great preacher; but he stuck to it, and wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*: "As I would not knowingly live even in the smallest violation of the law of God, I will not own to sin when I am not conscious of it. There is growing up in society a Pharisaic system which adds to the commands of God the precepts of men; to that system I will not yield for an hour. The preservation of my liberty may bring upon me the upbraiding of many of the good, and the sneers of the self-righteous; but I shall endure both with serenity so long as I feel clear in my conscience before God. The expression, 'smoking to the glory of God,' standing alone, has an ill sound, and I do not justify it; but in the sense in which I employed it I shall stand to it. No Christian should do anything in which he cannot glorify God; and this may be done, according to Scripture, in eating, and drinking, and the common actions of life. When I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed, and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God, and have blessed his name; this is what I meant, and by no means did I use sacred words triflingly. If through smoking I had wasted an hour of my time, if I had stinted my gifts to the poor, if I had rendered my mind less vigorous, I trust I should see my fault and turn from it; but he who charges me with these things shall have no answer but my forgiveness. I am told that my open avowal will lessen my influence; and my reply is that if I have gained any influence through being thought different from what I am, I have no wish to retain it. I will do nothing upon the sly, and nothing about which I have a doubt. I am most sorry that prominence has been given to what seems to me so small a matter, and the last thing in my thoughts would have been the mention of it from the pulpit; but I was placed in such a position that I must either by my silence plead guilty to living in sin, or else bring down upon my unfortunate self the fierce rebukes of the anti-tobacco advocates by speaking out honestly. I chose the latter; and although I am now the target for these worthy brethren, I would sooner endure their severest censures than sneakingly do what I could not justify, and earn immunity from their criticisms by tamely submitting to be charged with sin in an action which my conscience allows."—From *Tobacco Talk*.

THE PETRIFIED MAN.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself, you rogue?" inquired the proprietor with much wrath. "I have caught you myself, in the very act, and you cannot escape with any more of your lies. What have you to say for yourself, you rascal?" "Say for myself?" replied Mateo, with an innocent expression on his face. "What should I have to say for myself, but that I am gathering grapes for your interest and profit?" "But you are eating more than you pick, you scoundrel!" said the master, indignantly. "Do you mean to tell me that I, who have been watching you for the last twenty minutes, am blind or drunk, or that I am accusing you falsely of eating my most valuable grapes?" "Eating your grapes!" said Mateo fiercely. "Do I not know—I, a vine-grower myself (and a not unsuccessful one)—that these are a rare and choice kind of grape, especially grown for a very rare and choice kind of wine? Va—senor, you could not think so ill of me as that! May the blessed saints turn me into a stone image if I have committed such a fraud upon you, or robbed you in the smallest way!" Here he stopped and placed his basket on his arm, preparatory to leaving, and in a moment a curious change came over Mateo. The proprietor and overseer were almost frozen with fear. The saints, whom Mateo had invoked, had taken him at his word. His feet seemed glued to the spot. He tried in vain to move. And gradually his legs turned to white stone. Mateo's face was full of horror. "What is the matter with me? I cannot move!" Here he looked down at his feet and uttered a shriek when he saw that they were turned to stone. "Oh senores! dear senores!" he cried in his agony, "cannot you help me? Pull me out of this! don't stand looking at me, but pull me out! If I could only get my feet out, I should be all right. See! my body is quite as usual. I have lied to you, oh my master! and I did eat the grapes; but I did not mean to steal from you—I did not indeed. And I will never do it again, if you will only forgive me and help me out of this!" His eyes were almost staring out of his head as he held out his arms appealingly to his employer. Both men did what they could for him. They tried to move him by main force, but it was of no use. They pulled and they tugged. Then they called all the workmen, and together they tried to pull him from the ground. They rubbed him with vinegar and oil to take the stiffness out. Some of the strongest men fainted with fear when they saw their comrade's plight. But it was all of no use. The stone seemed to creep further along his body. They then fell on their knees and implored the saints to stay their vengeance upon a penitent man. "He appealed to you because he believed himself innocent," they cried, "and because he was so poor. Who knows better than you, oh blessed and merciful saints, that perhaps these grapes were his only food and sustenance in his poverty? We have been too hard upon him." But they appealed in vain. When they turned towards the object of their prayers he was beyond the reach of human aid. He was turned to stone, just as he stood, his basket on his arm and his eyes staring into vacancy. . . . In the corner of an old garden in Daroca travellers are to this day shown with great awe the "Man of Stone."—From *Mrs. S. G. Middlemore's Spanish Legendary Tales*.

MUSIC.

AT the recent festival given in the Crystal Palace in commemoration of the Handel bicentenary, one of the most interesting features was the performance of a concerto for double orchestra never printed, and, so far as is known, never before performed. Mr. W. S. Rockstro discovered the unfinished MS. of this work in the Buckingham Palace Library, and completed it from another in the British Museum. The MS. at Buckingham Palace is contained in a volume labelled "Sketches." It consists of nine separate movements arranged for a *concerto grosso* of stringed instruments only, and two separate wind bands each comprising two oboes, a bassoon and two horns in F. Of the last two allegros the Buckingham Palace MS. contains only the first two bars and then breaks off abruptly, but Mr. Rockstro found the continuation among the Handel autographs at the British Museum. The opening bars of the missing ninth movement correspond with those of another concerto arranged for the organ. Consulting the MS. at the British Museum and Arnold's edition of the Organ Concerto Mr. Rockstro was able to add three final movements to the double concerto. As usual with Handel the concerto contains several themes which occur in other compositions, well-known strains from "Esther," the "Messiah," and "Israel in Egypt" being recognizable. The concerto is not one of Handel's great works, but was of course well performed and excited interest on account of the quaint effect produced by the preservation of Handel's own instrumentation. Another instrumental work which formed an important feature was the violin sonata in A, which, instead of being played by one violin as originally intended, was given by two hundred in unison. All the critics have declaimed against such a barbarous violation of the composer's intentions, but, having uttered their protest and satisfactorily posed as purists as in duty bound, they all admit that the effect on that occasion, bearing in mind the size of the building and number present, was very good.

THE vexed question of musical pitch has been once more raised, this time by a communication from the English Foreign Office to the directors of the Royal Academy of Music, in response to which a meeting was held, and presided over by Sir George Macfarren, "to consider the advisability of a standard musical pitch for the United Kingdom." At this meeting the following resolutions were carried: (1st) "That it is desirable to fix a standard for musical pitch throughout the United Kingdom which may accord with that of other countries"; (2nd) "That in order to annul the great inconvenience consequent on the discrepancy of pitch in this and other countries, it is desirable to adopt the French normal diapason of 518

double vibrations for C, third space in the treble"; (3rd) "That steps be at once taken for securing the adoption of the standard pitch in the principal orchestras; and also, if practicable, by the regimental and other bands of the British army." Opponents of these resolutions objected on the score of expense in providing new instruments for bands, difficulties in the way of changing the pitch of organs, and various objections to the French diapason normal, which it is proposed to substitute. It is very doubtful if the movement will result in lowering the present inordinately high English pitch. Most people, except contralto and bass singers, agree that the pitch should be lowered; but when it comes to deciding on a standard hardly any two authorities seem to agree, and the expense throughout England of making any change at all will be so great that no one is inclined to act hastily in the matter.

THE arrangements for German opera in New York are completed, and promise a successful season. Mr. Stanton, secretary of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Mr. Walter Damrosch, have returned from Germany, where they have engaged the performers. The principal soprano will be Fraulein Lili Lehman, of the Berlin Opera House. This lady has a life engagement there, and has obtained leave of absence for the American engagement. She is very highly spoken of, as being possessed of a magnificent voice and great versatility. Frau Krauss is re-engaged, her husband, Herr Leidl, being director, assisted by Mr. Walter Damrosch. The principal tenor is Herr Stritt, first tenor at Frankfort, a fine singer and good actor. Many other new engagements have been made. The chorus, numbering about ninety, will be trained by Mr. Frank Damrosch. The first performance will take place November 26, when Goldmark's "Königin von Saba" will be given. The repertoire will also comprise: "Rienzi," "Die Meistersinger," "Götterdämmerung," "Aida," "Faust" and "Carmen."

PERIODICALS.

THE Leonard Scott Reprints of the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary Review*, and the *Fortnightly Review* come to hand close upon the heels of their great originals. The first-named is a very bright number. Among the more solid articles is one entitled "The True Scientific Frontier of India," the trend of the writer, Mr. Slagg, M.P., being that Afghanistan cannot be made a buffer state, and that India must be defended on her own frontier. Dr. Jessop contributes a delightful study of "Bohemian Life," and an equally attractive paper is that entitled "Parliamentary Manners," though we cannot agree with the conclusions. A pyrotechnic essay on "The Work of Victor Hugo" bears Mr. Swinburne's signature.—Occupying the place of honour in the *Contemporary* is an article by Mr. Goldwin Smith on "The Administration of Ireland." Professor Fairbairn has an essay on "Catholicism and Historical Criticism," which contains some brilliant fencing with that worthy literary foe Cardinal Newman. Victor Hugo is written of by Mrs. Oliphant, but hardly in such a manner as to increase her reputation. There is hardly enough of "Cricket" in Lord Harris's paper, and one also comes all too early to the conclusion of the papers on "Mind and Motion" and the "Primitive Ghost and his Revelations."—It is not easy to conceive that Mr. Morley would have admitted so "thin" a contribution to the *Fortnightly* as now appears on "Mr. J. R. Lowell," and bearing the sign manual of Mr. Traill. Of course Victor Hugo comes in for mention, but not in attractive form. Dr. Donkin's paper goes to show that one story is good only until another is told—being a crushing reply to one having previously appeared, entitled "Medical Specialism."

THE *Scottish Review* for July contains an article on "Imperial Federation" by Mr. W. Leggo, of Winnipeg, in which the writer unequivocally maintains that not only is Federation practicable, but that "the voice of the Dominion" demands such a tightening of the bonds. It is difficult to account for Mr. Leggo's conclusions except upon the hypothesis that he does not read Canadian journals and has not mingled amongst the people for whom they are printed. How Canadians, or any one else, could endorse a project confessedly *in nubibus* passes understanding, and Mr. Leggo's assertions cannot go unchallenged. Outside a small coterie of theoretical visionaries Imperial Federation is jeered at. The *Scottish* also contains a number of other able contributions.

By far the most valuable department of the July *Macmillan's Magazine* is Mr. John Morley's "Review of the Month." With his assistance those who have to study English politics from afar are enabled to estimate the forces which are at work in the great, silent political revolution now in course. Mr. Bernard Wise appeals to the English Democracy *apropos* of the Colonial Question, and, as an Australian, writes hopefully of a closer union, though he shows scant courtesy to the Imperial federation talk. So far as regards mutual defence, he would have each colony provide for its harbour and coast defences, but thinks ocean defences should be the sole concern of the Imperial Navy. There are also the following in this number: "Marlborough," "International Co-operation in Scandinavia," "From Monte Video to Paraguay," "A Walking Tour in the Linds," and three chapters of "Mrs. Dymond."

AUGUST is the great out-of-doors month, and *St. Nicholas* for August is a great out-of-door number. "Little Dame Fortune" tells how a little girl who wandered away out-of-doors once made an artist's fortune. Mrs. Frank M. Gregory up among the Catskills explains how some children there reversed the seasons and went "Coasting in August"; Mary Hallock Foote gives us a whiff of salt air in "A 'Constitutional' on the Beach." The instalments of the serials, too, all take us into the open air. After that we can rink in imagination by looking at Jessie Curtis Shepherd's roller-skating pictures, cool off with Lieut. Schwatka and "The Children of the Cold," and hear about "Beethoven" from Agatha Tunis.

THE *Art Interchange* of July 16 contains a very beautiful study of pink and white chrysanthemums. A mass of these charming and decorative flowers is shown in a pottery jar, against a well-composed background. Other attractions of this number are sketches in black of patterns for embroidered dress front; a vigorous design of corn flower for tile decoration; two exquisite designs to be painted or embroidered on handkerchief sachets; a study of the full length figure of a girl for panel decoration; a landscape and floral design for souvenir card; a sketch, showing a jolly couple in a jaunting-car, and several illustrations of watch verges, the latest fashionable ornament.

The contents of the August *Magazine of American History* are so varied and engaging that a brief summary gives no adequate notion of their importance and substantial worth.

It has four essays on the Civil War, of sterling merit, and an equal number on other historical topics of living interest. The frontispiece of this superb issue is an exquisite portrait in steel of Major-General John A. Dix. The pictures are by Theo. R. Davis, Harper and Brothers' famous War Artist, and the portraits of Jefferson Davis and his first Cabinet are given with much effect.

THE most valuable contributions in the current *Lippincott's* are those by Edmund Raike and David Bennett King—the former being a second instalment of the very readable papers on "The Pioneers of the South-West," and the latter treating ably of "The Scottish Crofters." The other principal contents are "Fishing in Elk River," "Our Monthly Gossip," and a number of complete and serial stories and several poems.

THE opening paper of the August number of the *Eclectic* is a fitting introduction to an excellent number; being a very suggestive discussion of "Genius and Insanity," by James Sully. The literary character of this long-established magazine is kept up to the high standard which it has always occupied. To those who wish to keep *au courant* with the best foreign periodical literature such a monthly visitor is of the greatest value.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for July 18th and 25th contain extracts from the *London Quarterly*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Scottish Review*, *Temple Bar*, *Good Words*, *Longman's*, *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, the *Saturday Review*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Economist* and the *Field*.

BOOK NOTICES.

TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

A novel with a purpose—to show that the latter-day manner of bringing up children is all wrong. Under the old system "people thought it their own business to bring up their children themselves, and let the actual technical teaching depend upon opportunities; whereas now they get them taught, but let the bringing up take its chance." The story goes to show how a motherless girl with a very unamiable disposition was, after much tribulation, exorcised by her aunt of the devils which threatened to make miserable her own life and that of all with whom she came in contact. The heroine's character is a very unlovable one, and the whole tone of the book is rather lugubrious. It is intended to be a sequel to "Scenes and Characters" written by the same author some years ago.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By George Rawlinson, M.A. New York: John B. Alden.

In his preface Mr. Rawlinson confesses to have touched only the fringe of a great subject, and promises to enlarge upon the present work at some future date. The work originated in a series of papers written for *Sunday at Home*, based upon lectures at Oxford. As is pointed out, the real history of nations is bound up with the history of their religions: hence the value of the work under notice. Mr. Rawlinson's name is known all over the world as author of "The Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient World," and in this later unpretentious volume he has also done yeoman service to literature.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Part I. New York: John B. Alden.

In this ambitious work it is intended to present biographical and critical notices, and specimens from the writings of eminent authors of all ages and all nations. It will be published in convenient form, in parts of 160 pp. and in volumes of 480 pp., at a low figure. Part I. reaches A.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES is busy preparing his work on "The Campaigns of Emperor William."

THE new Lord Chancellor of England is a son of that Dr. Giffard who was editor of the *London Standard* and who figures in "Pendennis" as "Dr. Boyne" of the *Dawn*.

A MOVEMENT has been started to organise Burns Clubs throughout the world for the purpose of having a centennial celebration in honour of the Scotch bard at Kilmarnock next year.

THE future of the Indian Territory and the probable result of the efforts made to secure its lands for white settlers are discussed by Henry King in the forthcoming number of the *Century*.

EMILE ZOLA, the novelist of realism, denies that his works are meant to be simply accurate sketches. He says his work is not a series of tableaux for the artistic world, but a psychologic study of passion.

"SUCCESS" is the captivating title of a book intended to furnish useful hints to young people as to the best ways of getting on in the world. Its author, who is to be congratulated on having made a book at once so interesting and instructive, is O. A. Kingsbury, and the publishers, D. Lothrop and Co.

THE mystery which has hitherto surrounded the personality of the author of "Underground Russia" is at last removed by the statement, recently made upon good authority, that the prominent Nihilist who writes under the pseudonym of "Stepniak" is Michael Dragomanoff, a prolific writer on historical and political subjects.

AUGUSTE VITU, the dramatic critic of the *Figaro*, who knew Victor Hugo intimately, quotes him as saying: "Those who flatter themselves that they see God under a certain definite figure, and who confine him with a dogma, are rash; those who deny his existence are fools. That is my profession of faith; and this God, whom I do not know, I adore with all the force of my intelligence and reason."

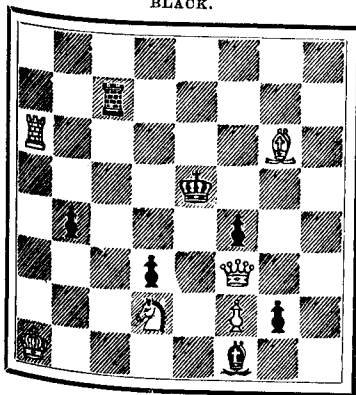
ROSWELL SMITH, founder of the *Century Magazine* and president of the *Century Company*, is sick, and has left his work and has gone to the sea-side for several weeks' rest. The report was all around New York, and got into some of the evening papers, that he had suffered a stroke of paralysis, but this is denied by his associates. It would be a great misfortune if Mr. Smith should be permanently disabled for the active control of his great magazine.

THE appearance of Mr. Mercer Adam's "History of the North-West and its Troubles" is most happily timed, and the book, which is now before the public in attractive form, will doubtless be eagerly canvassed, not only by those who have been to the front, but by their friends. For the moment it is sufficient to say that the work is written in Mr. Adam's characteristic, flowing style, and contains evidences of considerable research. We hope to refer to it more fully at an early date.

CHESS.

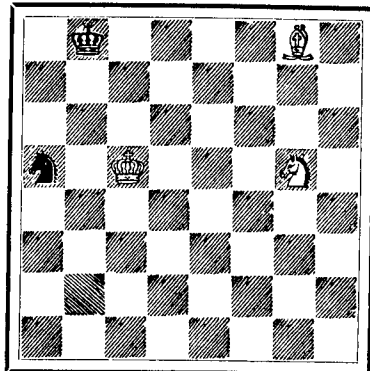
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 118. By J. Dobrutzky, Prague. First Prize in Sixth Bohemian Tourney.



White to play and mate in three moves.

END GAME. By B. Horwitz. From the Chess Monthly.



White to play and win.

MIDSUMMER CHESS.

Played in the B. C. A. Tournament.

Ruy Lopez.

Table of chess moves for Ruy Lopez, listing White and Black moves from 1 to 31.

NOTES.

(Condensed from The Field.)

- (a) 5 P Q 3 is a safe defence, but the next move is more attacking. (b) On principle we should not move another piece to the diagonal of the adverse Bishop. (c) The sacrifice seems perfectly sound. (d) A plausible defence; there is nothing satisfactory however. (e) Black should have taken the Knight however dangerous it might look. (f) Quite sufficient to win. Mr. Gunsberg played the game with consummate skill.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION, 1885.

The inaugural meeting of this association despite the ill-disguised hostility of the City of London Club and the Counties Chess Association turned out a complete success. The various portions of the programme of the meeting were carried out as announced, and the keen rivalry in all the sections bore ample testimony to the great interest excited among English chess players by the new organization.

The prizes in the main tournament were as follows: - First prize, twenty-five guineas; second, fifteen guineas; third, ten guineas; fourth, five guineas; fifth, four guineas. The final score was: First, J. Gunsberg, 14 won; second and third (tied), H. E. Bird and A. Guest, 12 won; fourth, W. H. K. Pollock, 10 1/2 won; fifth (tie and division), Rev. G. A. MacDonnell and R. Loman, 10 won; W. Donisthorpe with 8 won, and G. E. Wainwright with 9 won made it warm for the leaders.

In the Problem Solution Tourney for the quickest and most correct solution of problems from the diagram the competitors were, Messrs. Bird, Horwitz, Gunsberg, Pollock, Mortimer, Raymond, Jacobs, Lowe, and others. One three move and one four move problem were the nuts to be cracked. The prize winners were: - First prize, two guineas, J. Gunsberg; second prize, one guinea, H. E. Bird. Prize of one guinea for the three mover, Herbert Jacobs.

The next item was a Consultation Tourney - Chess Master and Amateur v. Chess Master and Amateur. First prize, five guineas, Messrs. Mason and Donisthorpe; second prize, three guineas, Messrs. Bird and Hewitt; third prize, two guineas, Messrs. Gunsberg and Hunter.

The Four Handed Chess Tourney was won by Major Bull and Mr. Hales; the other couples being Major Verney and Mr. Hughes-Hughes, and Messrs. Bird and Rosenbaum.

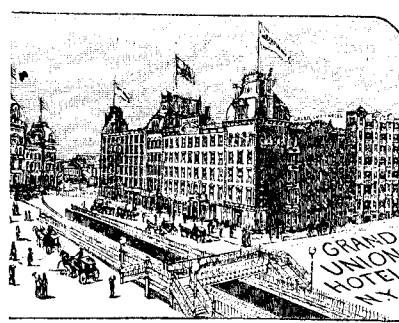
Lord Tennyson's prize consisting of the works of the Poet Laureate and President of the B. C. A., with his autograph inscription, brought to the lists a goodly array of competitors belonging to the bar, medicine, and church. Mr. W. H. K. Pollock was the victor, with the fine score of 6 1/2 out of a possible 7.

Professor Ruskin's prize also caused a keen fight among seven gentlemen representing art, science and literature. Mr. J. Mortimer won with a score of 5 out of 6.

The last item on the programme - the Banquet of the Association - took place on Friday, the 19th June, at Simpson's Divan, and was an immense success.

CHESS NOTES.

The celebrated case, Zukertort v. Steinitz, has advanced a couple of stages. The proposed match, Ascher v. Phillips, has been postponed till the fall at Mr. Ascher's request. It is just as well with the thermometer at 99° in the shade.



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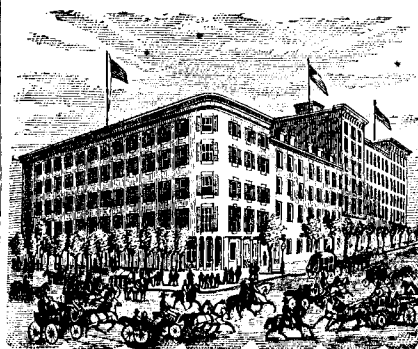
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THE CIVIL WAR

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"It will give a character to historical writings concerning the late war that such productions have not yet secured in any magazine." - Boston Globe.

The current August issue of the Magazine of American History presents four articles in the Civil War Series, begun in the July issue, and an equal number of ably prepared original papers on matters of exceptional interest relating to other periods in American history.

Unique and pertinent historical illustrations add greatly to the value of the War Studies in this number. Some original drawings, by Mr. Theo. R. Davis, Harper & Brothers' celebrated war artist, never before published, grace its pages. One of the most striking of these pictures is a street scene in front of the Capitol in Montgomery, Alabama, the night after the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, which brings forcibly to mind the curious condition of affairs in this country at that crisis, with its two Republican Governments struggling for life one within the other. The portraits of Jefferson Davis and the six members of his first cabinet are grouped in the pages immediately following. The Secession Ordinance of Louisiana, some outline tracings of Fort Sumter and Moultrie, etc., prepare the way for Mr. Davis' admirable full-page picture of the Capitol and City of Washington at night (in 1861) from the Old Navy Yard. We have also a brilliantly-executed sketch of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, as seen from the balcony in Charleston where Governor Pickens watched the progress of the engagement, April 13, together with a glimpse of the Parapet of Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861.

General Thomas Jordan, C.S.A., contributes his second paper on the "Beginnings of the Civil War in America," touching significant events in a thoughtful and scholarly manner. General Henry M. Cist writes of "Cincinnati with the War Fever, 1861," showing with a skilled hand the condition of that city and its sentiment prior to the outbreak of hostilities, together with a description of the great uprising for the Union of which he was an eye-witness, when the guns in Charleston harbour echoed across the Continent.

General John Cochrane writes of "The Charleston Convention," of which he was a member, that assembled in the month of May, 1860, for the purpose of nominating a Democratic Presidential ticket, and he shows in clear terse English the attitude of the opposing parties in that memorable assemblage.

The Prominent Men of the Civil War Period is the general title to a series of biographical sketches that will appear from time to time in the Magazine in connection with its war studies. The appropriate subject of the first paper in this series is "Major-General John A. Dix," whose fine portrait in steel is the frontispiece to the present number; the sketch of his busy, useful and interesting life is from the pen of the editor.

Hon. James W. Gerard contributes a scholarly paper on "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," which drove so many of the Huguenots to this country.

Professor E. W. Gilliam writes an able article teeming with suggestions unwritten as well as expressed, entitled "Presidential Elections Historically considered."

Mr. Ethelbert D. Warfield furnishes an interesting paper on "John Breckinridge, a Democrat of the Old Regime."

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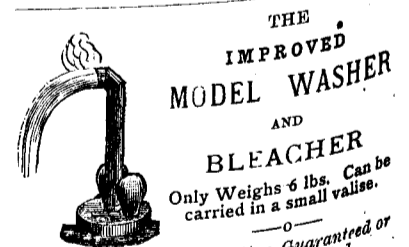
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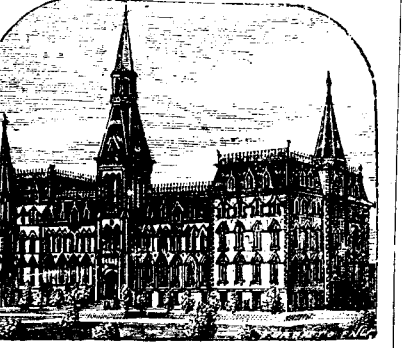
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