

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 41.

Toronto, Thursday, September 10th, 1885.

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

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The Week,

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

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Convention of Young Liberals is avowedly a party gathering, and we must expect opposite views of it to be taken by the respective organs of the two parties. Grits will say that when a country has fallen under the dominion of intrigue and corruption the natural appeal is to the generous enthusiasm of its youth. Tories will say that the Grits, having failed to win to their side the mature opinion of the country, are fain to address themselves to the excitable imaginations of inexperienced boys. That much will come of the Convention as a move in the party game is hardly to be expected: political revivals, as attempts to stir up enthusiasm generally, and apart from a definite issue, are seldom successful; nor is it easy to see why, if there is a definite issue, it should be submitted exclusively or specially to the young. Yet, irrespectively of any question between Grit and Tory, there is perhaps a fitness in the choice of the present moment for turning the attention of these young men to the political destiny of their country. They represent the first generation which has been thoroughly native to the soil. Hitherto Canada has been in every sense a dependency: the influence of the Imperial Country has prevailed, the policy and the political leadership have been British, the high places of public life and the professions have been filled by men of British birth, though of late they have been men who had come over as children, not, as in former days, adult immigrants. Canada is now Canadian: she is summoned to solve for herself the problem of her own future, and she has gained with other liberties, after a certain struggle against natural prejudice, the right of free discussion, with regard not only to her domestic affairs but to her external relations. Nobody dreams now of rebellion or conspiracy; if the Home Government sometimes makes mistakes, and unwittingly does us mischief, there is nothing in its conduct or attitude to excite disaffection. On the other hand, nobody is any longer afraid of being denounced as disloyal for advocating, without breach of affection to the Mother Country, whatever he conscientiously believes to be the real interest of the Canadian people.

Is Canada to be politically, socially and commercially a part and a power of the American Continent, or is she to be an outlying portion of Europe? With which of the two worlds, the Old or the New, is her lot to be cast? Which direction, in the times to come, are her aspirations and hopes to take? By what paramount aim is her policy to be shaped? It is evident that the decision of these questions must determine the whole course of future statesmanship. At this moment they are being distinctly brought before us by the advocates of Imperial Federation on one hand and by those of Independence on the other; Imperial Federation being in fact a movement of recoil produced by the visible attenuation of the political tie and the apparent approach of Independence, while the transient character of the present arrangement is proclaimed equally on both sides. Up to this time Independence, or a severance in any form of the political bond, particularly if the result was to be a closer connection with the United States, has always been identified with hostility to the Mother Country, and it has been assumed that there could be no parting without an angry rupture. Such notions have at last been banished. It must be now plain to every apprehension, both from reason and from abundant examples, that a sincere, fervent and disinterested attachment to the Mother Country is entirely consistent with the conviction that the process of political emancipation, having gone so far, will reach its completion, and that the bond, a few years hence, will be that of affection alone. It is not too much to say that in the breasts of men who look steadfastly forward to Independence there lives a stronger love of England, and one more capable of making sacrifices for her, than in the breast of any of the Colonial courtiers of Downing Street and seekers after aristocratic patronage and Imperial titles. The advocates of Imperial Federation say with truth that in estimating the practicability of their project, allowance ought to be made for the increased influence of great ideas; but the New World has its great ideas as well as the Old, and is not a less grand or ample sphere for their fulfilment, while everybody must admit that the advantage of practicability lies with aspirations which have for their theatre the land in which by nature our lot is cast. A political speculator in the Imperial Country sees everything from his own centre, and forgets that as colonies become nations fresh centres may be formed. By making herself a Power on the Continent of which Nature has constituted her a part, and by becoming a noble element of its life, Canada will pay the highest tribute of honour to the illustrious source from which her own life is drawn. Such, it may safely be said, is the feeling of the great mass of the British people. Nor would any military assistance which Canada can send her Mother Country be comparable in value to her friendly voice in the Councils of her own Continent. Even as regards our relation with the United States and its bearing on our relation with the Mother Country there has been a great change, and there is likely to be a greater. The virus of the Revolutionary quarrel seems at last to be spent; the feeling of all native Americans, except the Protectionist Manufacturers, towards the land of their fathers grows kinder every day, and Westminster Abbey is being once more recognized as the historic centre and temple of the race. A Moral Federation appears to be in progress which will not, like Imperial Federation, leave out the largest of the English-speaking communities. The question between the Continental and the Anti-Continental policy at all events is urgent and practical. We have come to the parting of the roads. The Anti-Continental party appreciates the crisis and is doing its utmost to decide the lot of the country in its own sense by a vast outlay on political railways and by the no less costly expedient of creating, in Nature's despite, manufactures in Provinces without coal, as well as by maintaining a customs line which cuts off the Canadian people from their natural markets and resources; while the impoverishment and atrophy which the system produces send the flower of Canadian youth over the border to the centres of prosperous industry and hope. If the Anti-Continental policy is a misdirection of national aims it is a fatal misdirection. This, at any rate, is the critical moment; and to take part in the decision with the firmness which only deliberate conviction can inspire is the duty immediately set before the young Canadian politician.

THERE is another question, of a more general character, to which the minds of young politicians must now be turned, though it is one which can only be indicated, being far too wide for discussion within the limits of a paragraph. The young men are convened as "Liberals." But do they mean to be Liberals or Radicals? The two sets of opinions are fundamentally distinct and their divergence is growing every day more apparent, notwithstanding that common antagonism to the Tories keeps the holders of both for the present in uneasy union under the same political roof. Toryism is dead at the root: its desperate effort to find a new source of life in a jesuitical affectation of extreme Democracy is merely its last convulsion, and it will have ceased to intrigue and trouble long before the youths who attend this Convention will have become gray-haired men. The two great parties, if parties continue to exist, the two hemispheres of political thought in any case, will then be Liberalism and Radicalism, which will stand forth in pronounced antagonism to each other. Liberalism is the belief in freedom, in self-development, in the self-improving effort of the individual man; under that banner all its victories during the last century, in every sphere, political, religious and commercial, have been won. It accepts the laws of economical science, and sets its face against Socialism. It has always respected the rights of property and of private contract as the springs of industry and the life of trade. In government its maxim has been economy, that to every citizen might be left, as far as possible, the full fruits of his labour. In foreign policy its principles have been non-interference and peace. Radicalism, as represented by such politicians like Mr. Chamberlain, is so far identical with Liberalism as it places government on a popular basis. But to a government elected by universal suffrage it would assign regulative authority which to the Liberal appears incompatible with due freedom of self-development. Instead of economy in government it proposes heavy taxation of all whom it designates as rich for the benefit of its special clients, the proletariat. Liberty altogether it regards with an evil eye; non-interference is a word hateful to its ears, and it treats with scant respect the teachings of Adam Smith. Its tendency is to merge the individual in the State, and for self-exertion and self-help to substitute the beneficent action of the Government of its choice. It is, in fact, closely akin to Socialism, and the border between the two is ill-defined. When Mr. Chamberlain threatens to make all property-holders pay ransom, he reproduces in milder phrase the doctrine that property is theft. To assist in deciding the choice of the young politician between Liberalism and Radicalism is, as we have said, beyond our present scope. But three remarks may be made: first, Radicalism, like Socialism and Nihilism, is the offspring of a struggle between privilege and poverty in the Old World, to which we have no counterpart here, while the regulative interference which it proposes is much better suited to the ignorant and submissive masses of Europe than to the educated and self-reliant communities of this Continent. Secondly, it is a mistake to think that the only regulations are those made by legislatures, and to forget that regulations equally binding are being constantly framed by social opinion, which restrains excessive individualism in the members of a civilized society, in regard to the use of property among other things, as effectually, though less formally, than it would be restrained by a Government of "authoritative Radicalism." Thirdly, it is an equally great mistake to suppose that liberty is isolation or selfishness. The great prophet of liberty was Milton, who deliberately sacrificed his eyesight to the defence of the Commonwealth.

RIEL's counsel in appealing against his conviction insist strongly upon his alleged insanity. The only chance for the defence was to prove that he was insane when he started his second insurrection. But instead of doing so, they undertook to prove that he was insane several years ago and that he is not much better now. Comte was insane in early life, but even the dubious value of the Positive Philosophy does not prove that he was insane when it was written. Riel's counsel missed the only opportunity they could ever have of proving that he was not responsible when he planned the Duck Lake massacre and plunged the country into the horrors of insurrection; and the natural inference is that the means of proof were wanting. To set up inferential insanity last March, when Riel possessed unusual mental resource, is a plea in opposition to the facts offered as substitutes for evidence. In doing this, the privilege of counsel is stretched to its utmost limit; and when men who took part in his defence assert, at public meetings, the unsound mental condition of their client they pass the uttermost bounds of excusable license. In political cases some latitude may be allowed; but the attempt to bring popular prejudice to bear upon the Crown in favour of Riel introduces a new method of conducting a defence. The sympathizing *habitant* implicitly believes Riel's counsel on their word; he looks on them as exceptionally good authority on the point, and when he is told that Riel is insane, he is horrified

at the prospect of an irresponsible man being hanged, and he is ready to sign all the petitions for clemency that may be presented to him. Petitions got up in this way lose all their value. The pretence that Riel has not had a fair trial greatly swells the list of petitioners, and it is wholly unfounded. It is quite clear that most of the petitioners signed under a misapprehension of the facts: a consideration which deserves great weight in any estimate of the nature of the popular demonstration which these petitions are assumed to embody. But the duty of the Executive lies out of the path of the petitions and is altogether apart from them.

INSURRECTION is an event which, at the right time, it is desirable to efface from the public recollection. The right time for oblivion is when the insurgents have suffered for their fault, or resumed their place and their duties among the rest of the citizens, and all danger is past. When that time comes all reminders of triumph and submission are out of place, and can only produce irritation where mutual good-will ought to prevail. For these reasons we cannot help thinking that the resolution to give a medal to every volunteer who went to the North-West is ill-considered and had better not have been taken. War medals are generally given to perpetuate the memory of some special exploit or unusual feat of arms. By this rule only the men engaged in the charge of Batoche would be entitled to a medal. But if henceforth an arduous march is to entitle troops to this form of decoration, its value as a recognition of services will lose much of its force. And if this is not the meaning of the proposed medal it cannot be said to have any meaning at all. The occasion revives a recollection which has too long been allowed to slumber. A medal was struck for the volunteers of 1812, but never distributed; the ostensible ground for withholding it being that it would be invidious to attempt to discriminate between different degrees of merit, and impossible to do so with justice. The medals, which were of silver, were purchased out of the surplus of the Patriotic Fund, the greater part of which was raised by voluntary contributions in England. What became of the medals? To this question a committee of the Legislature addressed itself in 1846. One box containing medals was, according to the evidence, in the vaults of the Bank of Upper Canada, another was in the keeping of a private citizen. The committee satisfied itself with the promise that these medals should be handed over to the Toronto hospital, whose funds were to be enriched by the value of the silver they contained. It is said that this promise was never carried out; the late Mr. Brent, Secretary to the Hospital Trust, was certain that neither the medals nor the proceeds of their sale ever reached their destination. It is not out of place to ask that enquiry about the fate of the medals should now be made. Stories about the disposal of the medals are told, and have been committed to print in a numismatic journal which we prefer not to believe, except upon indubitable evidence. If there be any living person whose reputation is involved in this mystery he owes it to himself to make public a statement of the facts.

If the writers who, in the reputed organs of Canadian Liberalism, support Mr. Parnell and his designs are Irish Roman Catholics, backing up their own leader and playing their own game, there is no more to be said. At least, the only thing to be said is that it would be more ingenious on their part if they would drop the mask of Home Rule, discard the subterfuge of Local Self-Government, and avow, as frankly as the agitator whom they support does, that they are sworn enemies of Great Britain, and that their object is the dismemberment of the United Kingdom; to which perhaps as Roman Catholics they would not be sorry to see added the humiliation of Protestantism by the destruction of its foremost power. It would of course be useless to ask them to do common justice to the British people. They cannot be expected, any more than their compatriots and co-religionists, to refrain from saying that Ireland has no voice in British councils, when she is represented by a hundred members; that her affairs receive no attention, when they are absolutely blocking Parliament; that she is deprived of all liberties, when she has every liberty enjoyed by Englishmen, saving that her police is centralized in order to prevent Irishmen and Irishwomen from being murdered by the hundred; and that she is the worst governed country in the world, when no country in the world is more prosperous and contented than that part of her which is Protestant and loyal. But if these writers are Liberal, and their object is to strengthen the Liberal party by the enlistment of the Irish vote, let them take warning from the fate of the Liberal party in England. Let them take warning above all from the fate of Mr. Gladstone, who, after all his achievements and sacrifices in the Irish cause, after giving Ireland religious equality and the Land Act, finds, by way of reward, his Government overthrown by a coalition of the Irish with the Tories, himself covered with the grossest insults and his life threatened by Irish assassins. Such has been

the unfailing, and perhaps the deserved, result of every attempt of British Liberalism to make a covenant with Irish Catholicism. Weak and suicidal always has been and always must be the policy of alliance with incurable perfidy. We have noted it before as an unfortunate consequence of the want of a policy on the part of the leaders of the Canadian Opposition that they, or their followers or organs for them, are tempted to seek for votes by equivocal devices and in unwholesome quarters. The excuse given by the Tory Government for concurring in the Costigan Resolutions is, that if the Government had not gone so far the leader of the Opposition would have gone farther, and that the Resolutions were a way of taking the wind out of his sails. It is a lame excuse, but there is reason to fear that it is not unfounded in fact. By holding out to Irish Nationalists the expectation that he will use the influence of Canada in furtherance of their designs and for the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, Mr. Blake may possibly capture the Irish vote, though he must by this time be able to estimate the stability of Nationalist gratitude. But once more we venture to warn him, in a spirit of perfect friendliness, that by the same manœuvre the British vote will be lost. Let him then bid farewell to these weak and dubious devices, tread a nobler and straighter path to power, define his policy like a statesman, and advocate it like a man.

OUR French visitors may not be "delegates" in the strict sense of the term; but among them are several journalists and business men who will be sure to report any opening they may see for an extension of commerce between Canada and France. "I think," said M. Molinari, who is described as an economist, "a great deal of gin is drunk in Canada"; for himself and his companions he had to say that, since their arrival, "*nous avons bu énormément de cocktails.*" He is no doubt correct in saying that a treaty which would aid Canadians in exchanging the cocktail for French wine would be in the interest of the public health no less than in that of mutual commerce. The abolition or decrease of the duties on French wines is the one equivalent which Canada had to offer for concessions which she has, for several years, in vain endeavoured to secure from France. M. Molinari only asks Canada to do what she has several times voluntarily proposed. The difficulty has been to get France to accept the offer; and if M. Molinari had any influence with his own Government, several occasions on which it might have been exerted to advantage have been allowed to slip. A repeal of the thirty per cent. duty on French wines was once offered as the basis of a commercial agreement; but France declined the overture, and insisted on denying to her ancient colony the privilege accorded to the most favoured nation. The latest proposal of Canada, made in 1882, did not go so far: it was a reduction of fifteen instead of thirty per cent. in the duties on French wines. The two countries have been getting further apart instead of coming to an agreement; and M. Molinari, if he can induce them to retrace their steps, would render a real service to both. His companions appear to share his views on this question, and the representations which they will make on their return may not be without result. The resources of Canada yet awaiting development have evidently made a strong impression on M. Molinari. To aid in turning them to account, he says, France will be prepared to invest, within the next century and a quarter, the incredible sum of £500,000,000, nearly \$2,500,000,000. The accuracy of these prophetic figures need not be counted on to a dollar. The investments of French capital in Canada made through the agency of M. Molinari and others some years ago have scarcely been such as to encourage additional ventures on a large scale. The beet sugar venture, in which French capitalists took all the risk, ended in collapse. The *Credit-Foncier Franco-Canadien*, which confines itself to taking security for loans, has done moderately but not conspicuously well. The degree of success which it attained has not been sufficient to make its bonds a favourite or even an acceptable security with French capitalists. The line of steamers between Havre and Halifax will relieve Canada from the penalties which the general tariff of France inflicts upon indirect commerce; and, to the extent to which the trade is made direct, assure to this country the treatment of the most favoured nation. If M. Molinari is too sanguine in his festive estimates, it does not follow that nothing can be done in the direction which he indicates.

THAT the United States should desire to secure a large share of the trade of the Continent to which it belongs is perfectly natural. With this object, Mr. Frelinghuysen, late Secretary of the Treasury, planned a series of commercial treaties. The Commissioners who were to prepare the way for the new commercial relations with South and Central America show to what an extent the United States has lost ground in these markets. Thirty years ago, the United States enjoyed a large and prosperous commerce with the Argentine Republic and the neighbouring

populations; now, of the forty steamers which monthly visit the harbours of Buenos Ayres not one bears the American flag, and of the sailing vessels not more than one-fifth. No reason is assigned for the change; all the Commissioners tell us is, "since the advent of steam communication and the effect of our civil war on our ocean commerce, the flag of our nation is rarely seen in these waters." The civil war was disastrous to American shipping; but while this goes a long way towards accounting for the destruction of the commercial marine, the chronic paralysis which prevents recuperation remains to be accounted for. The Commissioners see a remedy in "frequent and cheap communication between the two countries," to be set up by a union of government effort. What is meant, though it is not directly expressed, is that these two governments should agree to subsidize a line of steamships. Why private enterprise fails to do for the United States what it does for other countries is a question which the Commissioners should have dealt with at the threshold of the enquiry; but they pass it over and clutch at a suggestion, which they report as having heard in conversation in the Argentine Republic, to "create frequent steam communication." But steam communication is not the primary want; the primary want is a flourishing commerce; and, if this be created, the means of carrying it on will not be wanting. Foreign vessels, in which so large a part of the commerce between the United States and Europe is carried on, would, in default of others, supply the void. The United States, if it would increase its commerce with South America, must study cheapness of production in the manufactures in which she would have to compete in those markets with Europe; and to restore her commercial marine she must build or buy ships on as favourable terms as other nations. Fifty years ago it was the boast of American shipbuilders that they could supply two tons of shipping for what their English rivals charged for one; and, though this may have been an exaggeration, there can be no doubt that, in the item of cost, they had a decided advantage. Now the odds are on the side of other countries, and are greatest in the case of England. This revolution in prices has much to do with the great change in the relative position of the commercial marines of the two nations, and it has been brought about partly by natural and partly by artificial causes. Oak suitable for shipbuilding is no longer plentiful in the Atlantic States, and everywhere the tendency of iron to supplant wooden ships is strong. When the United States ceased to be able to build cheap ships she could have greatly mitigated the effect of the loss of this advantage by allowing herself the privilege of purchasing in the best market; but by prohibiting the purchase of ships built elsewhere, she handicaps her seamen and carriers in compelling them to use vessels made dear by duties on materials of construction which in other countries are free. For the natural remedy the Commissioners desire to substitute the artificial stimulus of subsidies, which could only prolong the present abnormal state of things, without assuring the commercial marine any advance towards a genuine revival.

NOTHING could better show the real cause of the hostility to Chinese labourers in the United States than the Rock Springs, Wyoming, outrage, in which several Chinese were shot. The Union Railway Company, having a large experience of Chinese labour, without which its road would have been much longer than it was in building, introduced some hundreds of these hands at Rock Springs. The cheaper labour having displaced some of the dearer which had been previously employed, the white miners became infuriated and attacked the Chinamen at the mines and burned their homes. The fatal attack had no other motive than to avenge the competition which the Chinese labour offered by driving out the labourers. Mining, in which most of the victims of this outrage appear to have been engaged, is an employment for which Chinese labour is specially fitted, and there are some mines not rich enough to be worked by the labour of other nationalities, to which higher wages must be paid: they must either be worked by Chinamen, through whose labour they can be made to yield a profit, or remain sterile. If the great transcontinental railways of the United States had not employed Chinese labour in their construction the cost of the works would have been largely increased, and to complete them would have required a much longer time, during which their earning power would have been suspended, and dividends would have to be foregone or paid out of capital. Saddled with increased capital, these railways, to yield a fair return, would have been obliged to charge higher freight and passenger rates, the effect of which would have been to restrict travel and raise the cost of commodities required for local consumption, while for all articles of export the producer would have received less. From the economic point of view the benefit of Chinese labour is clear. The worst feature and portent of these outrages are their organized and persistent character. An unpremeditated riot may occur from accidental causes, but here the spirit which led to the assault continues to manifest its original intent of driving out the

obnoxious Asiatic labourers, and for that purpose is willing, if necessary, to add to the list of murders already sufficiently appalling. If Chinese labour threatened to come into general competition with native labour, white or black, and it became a question whether native labourers should be forced to accept the scale of living which suffices for the lower needs of the Chinaman, but is not acceptable to other races, a case for the consideration or interference of the legislative authority would have arisen. But the civilization of the United States has not been confronted with this question; the competition of Chinese labour, far from being universal, is felt only at a few points; much of it is employed in non-competitive occupations, where, making additions to the general wealth, it benefits all and can injure none. The majesty of the law violated in this outrage should receive a fitting vindication.

In the dispute over the Caroline Islands the blood of the Spaniard has been heated to the boiling point, and a Madrid mob has added to the complications by a wanton insult to the German ambassador. King Alfonso has been placed between two fires: when he apologizes for the outrage, he incurs the ill-will of nearly the whole Spanish nation. The atmosphere of passion in which commercial Spain breathes is unfavourable to the settlement of the question of ownership. Collision between the authorities of the two countries on the disputed islands is not impossible, but in any other sense war, as a result of the dispute, is out of the question. This is not the first time that mere discovery, not followed by continuous occupation, has led to disputes. When the colonizing spirit was at its height all European nations deemed themselves at liberty to take possession of any country occupied by savages, and "not in possession of any Christian prince." Mere discovery did not of itself confer a political title on the nation by which or by whose subjects it was made: to complete the title occupation must follow. Temporary occupation followed by abandonment would leave the country open to any new adventurer. In the Spanish title to the Caroline Islands it may not be impossible to find flaws. Flying into a passion will not improve the title, if faulty, and insult to the German ambassador to Madrid would have been an outrage even if a *casus belli* existed. If the rage of the Spanish mob put on a national character it must remain impotent in presence of such a foe as Germany would prove to be. The interest of other nations is that no injustice should be done as the result of this dispute; and the question where the right lies is not yet very clear. If appearances are against Germany, the explanation that the seizure of Yap was unauthorized, if followed by suitable action, must clear the way for the removal of the difficulty. If the Spanish title to the islands can be maintained, the action of Germany is indefensible; but Spain in showing more feeling than a just indignation would in any case warrant is doing her best to put herself in the wrong. But distinction must be made between the excited populace and the Government; if the former is all violence, the latter seems disposed to do its duty. If both nations want a naval station in that part of the world, the best solution would be to divide the islands between them, Spain, having some sort of an ancient title, taking the first choice.

THE coming electoral struggle in France is full of interest in itself, and political sympathy between nations has of late been so much quickened by increased inter-communication that the result in France is likely to be not without influence in the contest which will soon follow in England. Nothing, however, seems certain except that no party will return from the polls with a majority sufficient to form the basis of a stable government. French society has been compared to gunpowder, which would explode if it were not mixed with sand; the gunpowder being the population of the cities, the sand that of the rural districts. The French peasant, though not dull of wit, nor even wanting in polish of outward manner, is inconceivably ignorant, and between him and the Parisian there is a political antipathy which in the days of the Commune assumed the extravagant form of an attempt on the part of Paris to shake off altogether the sway of the "Rurals" and set up as a Republic by herself. A communist the peasant freeholder is as far as possible from being: as a proprietor he abhors the idea of repartition; on the other hand he is a democrat from antagonism to the classes above him and the bitter enemy of aristocracy. Anything which appeals directly to his material interests is pretty sure to decide his vote; over a large district his political action was once determined simply by resentment against the Papal Mint for debasing a coin which had obtained currency in France. Of the dynastic pretenders neither appears to have any strength in himself. The great rampart and rallying-point of Conservatism is in the Church, against which the storming columns of Radicalism have lately been directed with frenzied energy, the Radical leaders having by this time thoroughly imbibed the lesson so well taught them by Quinet that the First Revolution failed because it left untouched

the religious ideas of the people. Of the great institutions of Old France the Church alone remains, and to it has accrued whatever survives of the influence once shared by the Monarchy and the aristocracy; for the quasi-aristocracy of large proprietors and the titular nobility, whatever may be their social position, are, as objects of popular jealousy, politically weak, and at the polls a Radical notary beats a Duke. Between the Church and the Radicals the great tug of war will be. With female suffrage, the Church would win, and France might be launched into a crusade for restoring the temporal power of the Pope. But the male peasant, saving in Brittany, is indifferent to religion. It is said that the propagandism which the Radicals have been systematically carrying on in the rural districts by the diffusion of anti-clerical literature has not been without its effect, and that positive scepticism, as well as indifference, has begun to appear. The peasant freeholder feels, at all events, that his title to his land is derived from the Revolution, of which the priest is the natural enemy. On the other hand the Church has her advantages. Not only is she alone stable, or apparently stable, in a land where all is fleeting; she alone is majestic and impressive in a land where a crude democracy has reduced everything else to commonplace. The ceremonial of what Macaulay called "an august and fascinating superstition" is the only poetry of peasant life. The French peasant, however irreligious, still resorts to his parish church, as does the Nonconformist peasant in England, for baptism, marriage and burial. He sees in the priest, as well as in the *gendarme*, an indispensable personage of the *commune*, and often finds in him a temporal adviser as well as a social companion. Even if a peasant is sceptical he hardly wants to tear down crucifixes or to teach atheism in the village school. Nor have adversity and exposure to hostile criticism failed to produce their salutary effect on the French priesthood, many members of which are exemplary and even saintly in the discharge of their parish duties. The anti-clerical movement in Belgium the other day overshot its mark, brought on a great re-action and was totally defeated by the clerical party at the polls. It would not be altogether surprising if in France something of the kind were to occur, though there being no large district in France so clerical as Flanders, the force of the re-action is not likely to be so great.

THE columns of a contemporary were recently the scene of a debate about the position of Englishmen in Canada, which, commencing on the economical ground, extended to the general question, ending with a rather lively fusillade. The subject is curious as well as ticklish. A Briton who brings here nothing but his muscle and aspires only to the wages of a day-labourer, provided that there is room for him in the labour market, will certainly find himself just as welcome and as much at home in Canada as he would in Victoria or New Zealand. But it is otherwise with regard to the higher callings. In these there is a marked and growing jealousy of British intrusion: occasionally there are ebullitions of stronger feeling. A bank which employs British clerks is regarded with an evil eye. Years passed before resentment ceased to be expressed at the appointment of two English scholars to offices in the University of Toronto. The admission of an Englishman to the Civil Service arouses the same feeling. The other day a paper in the Maritime Provinces threw out a suggestion that a man of British birth should be made a Senator. Another journal at once replied that places of honour and emolument, such as a Senatorship, ought to be reserved for native Canadians. What emphasizes the fact, and at the same time seems to point to a cause different from mere nativism, is that the same objection is not felt to the appointment or election of Americans naturalized in Canada: nobody makes any angry remark when Mr. Plumb is nominated to the Senate, or Mr. Dodge is elected to the Commons. But an Englishman of the wealthier and more educated class can hardly settle in Canada without being made to feel, so long at least as his nationality is remembered, that he is half a foreigner, and that in competition for emolument or honour he is regarded as something like an interloper. Yet, in the United States, a country reputed as unfriendly to England as Canada is friendly, the individual Englishman, let him take what walk of life he will, encounters no prejudice whatever. All callings and offices are just as open to him as to the native American, nor is any jealousy expressed at his advancement. Headships and Professorships of American Universities are freely conferred on English scholars. Nobody in the States, we believe, would think of taking umbrage because the clerks in a bank or in any other commercial institution might happen to be principally of British birth. The English immigrant, we apprehend, seldom goes into American politics, but we do not believe that he would find his birth a disadvantage, except where the Irish vote was strong. The explanation, we conceive, is that the history of Canada has hitherto been that of a dependency, placed like all dependencies in a position of inferiority to the Imperial country. Her chief offices and the high places in her

professions, before the present generation, were inevitably filled by Englishmen, and a vague idea still survives that there is some sort of preferential claim, and that immigrants from the Imperial country fancy themselves entitled to the prizes of life in the dependency. Against this idea the rising spirit of independence and self-reliance revolts, and the consequence is for the time a somewhat overstrained jealousy of British candidates for employment or distinction. In the United States the British immigrant has never enjoyed or been supposed to claim any sort of advantage. He has always been upon exactly the same footing as the immigrant of any other nationality. There has been no jealousy of his pretensions because there has been nothing to excite it. The feeling of Canadians is natural, and implies no social antipathy or want of attachment to the Mother Country. It will pass away when independence has finally taken the place of dependence, and Home Rule of every kind is assured. For the present English immigrants must recognize it: those who are here already, by presenting themselves as little as possible in the light of competitors with natives; those who are intending to come here, if they belong to the class to which we refer, by turning their steps to other shores.

THE much-talked-of cricket match this week between eleven gentlemen of England and an eleven representing the Province of Ontario is another evidence of the influence of fast steamers and cheap passages. We are becoming so accustomed now-a-days to international matches of all descriptions that the novelty of the sight of the Old and New Worlds shaking hands in friendly competition on some green lawn or flowing stream has altogether worn off. Toronto has been fortunate in her share of these contests. Only a few weeks ago we were favoured with an exhibition of some beautiful tennis playing, to-day we are looking on while eleven picked gentlemen, whose homes are three thousand miles away, match their skill against Canada. This interesting match, following so closely upon the lawn tennis tournament, invites a comparison of the two games. That they are rivals, only the staunchest devotees of tennis, we think, will care to assert. Certainly this latter pretty and, at the same time, scientific pastime has many advantages which make it, to some, very prepossessing. The enticements of "fair companionship," the hospitable private lawn, the tea and cake in the overlooking verandah, the pretty dresses, and the possibility of turning a formal call into a sociable "foursome"—all combine to tempt less energetic young men from the crease to the court. Another and more potent inducement is the short time in which a number of excellent sets can be played. The man of business who could not possibly spare a couple of days more than once or twice a season to cricket, can with ease enjoy an afternoon's tennis every day in the week. Lawn tennis, too, between practised players is a highly scientific game. This, even those who most affect to despise it must allow. Otherwise, why the many disputes on the relative advantages and disadvantages of "base-line play," "volleying at the service-line," "cuts," "smashes," and what not? But when all is said for tennis that can be said, cricket must still evoke our greater admiration; and though tennis may draw its thousands, cricket will always draw its tens of thousands. In smaller towns, truly, where there is a relative lack of wealth and leisure, tennis may for a time oust cricket from her legitimate position; but in the great centres of athletics this can never happen. Here, indeed, cricket and tennis cannot be called rivals. Cricket still is the reigning queen; tennis is her chief maid of honour—or, perhaps better, a sort of prince consort, on the friendliest terms with the sovereign, but with no right of succession. Neither need we fear that this queen will ever abdicate. Popular as tennis has grown, cricket still is paramount. Indeed, in Canada to-day both flourish admirably. That we have room and leisure for both is a fact upon which we may heartily congratulate ourselves.

JUDGE LORANGER, who has gone to his fathers, was a man whose influence was out of proportion to his eminence. As president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society he was the incarnation of French-Canadian nationality. Personally he had a genuine fear of the results of Confederation on the race of which he was official representative: a fear which reacted on and intensified the feeling of that nationality in the isolation of which he fancied he saw the salvation of his race. This feeling gave colour to all he did and said. In the pamphlets in which he expounds the Constitution, of which the British North American Act is the text, he mistakes the imaginary for the real and draws from extraneous sources rules which have no existence in the Act. The constitution which he depicts, far from being the real thing, is the creature of his own wishes. Being accepted by his countrymen as an oracle while he lived he will find imitators now that he is gone. In him the period of constitutional exposition under the new régime had an untoward beginning, and we may expect a race of perverse critics who will insist on regarding him as an authority on the Constitu-

tion. But it is not an authority which will be enduring, or which meets anything like general acceptance even now. The position of the French-Canadian nationality was sure to bring out the strongest expression of local autonomy, and in Judge Loranger local autonomy reached its last stage of extravagance. The greater the exaggeration the sooner will come the reaction. At present the centrifugal forces show greatest activity; and Judge Loranger found listeners at a distance who pretended to believe in doctrines which they thought they could use with effect against the central authority. He did not stand alone in putting a strained construction upon whatever concerned the relations and obligations of the two races by which Canada has been colonized; he was the lineal descendant of writers who loved to appeal to the obligations of the treaty of cession by which the country changed masters, obligations which were provisional and only intended to restrain the recipient nation and not, as they contended, to be a clog on the freedom of Canada acting as a whole without distinction of nationality. Under Judge Loranger's presidency the St. Jean Baptiste Society reached its fullest development and its orators put forth the greatest pretensions, prophetically looking in their conspicuously conscious day-dreams to the time when, they tell us, the Gallic race is to rule North America. But they were guilty of the fallacy of assuming that the past increase of the race in Canada is to be the guide for the future. The small-pox, which struck all alike before the days of Jenner, now works exceptionally; and the French-Canadians who find employment in New England factories will not always raise exceptionally large families. The social economy of the Province of Quebec changes slowly, but it will not always remain what it is; repatriation, without being on a large scale, will provide the leaven by which the change will be brought about. And immigration from France, which may now be revived, will bring on influence which will tend to disturb the state of things now existing.

POUNDMAKER'S TRIAL.

RIEL, the organizer and leading spirit of the North-West Rebellion, has been tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged, and now everywhere men are discussing whether the sentence will be carried out or not. The Indian chief, Poundmaker, has been tried, convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and no one says a word in his favour, nor is there a question raised as to a reduction of his sentence. Poundmaker is a poor Indian chief, uneducated, ignorant even of our language, and without vote or influence. He was tried under a process he did not understand, by a race of strangers who had swarmed over a country once the sole property of his people. When arraigned, his pathetic remark, "The law is a hard, queer thing, I do not understand it," only raised a laugh among the idlers who thronged the court.

The prosecution endeavoured to establish their case against Poundmaker by proving four main points:—1st, That he had signed a certain letter to Riel which incriminated him; 2nd, That he was at Battleford when it was plundered; 3rd, That he was present at the fight at Cut Knife Hill; and 4th, That he participated in the capture of the teamsters. The evidence produced in support of the case for the Crown, as far as can be gathered from the somewhat lengthy report in the *Toronto Mail* of the 24th and 25th August, seems to be very weak and inconclusive. The sole evidence of Poundmaker's responsibility as to the letter is that of Jefferson, the instructor, who wrote it. This man was an accomplice, and his evidence does not appear to have been corroborated. He would not swear that Poundmaker had dictated any portion of the letter, or that he had absolutely authorized him to sign his name to it. It would surely be very unjust to convict a man on the strength of a letter written by another in a language the prisoner did not understand, especially where there was a doubt as to whether the prisoner authorized his name to be attached to it.

The evidence for the Crown as to Poundmaker's conduct at Battleford shows that he came down, with other Indians of his band, to get food, but apparently with no intention of plundering. He shook hands with the white men he met, and acted in the most friendly manner, asking, with evident surprise, why the town was deserted, and why the police were fortifying themselves with the intention of firing on his men. He does not appear to have been even armed. He took no part in the plundering of the deserted houses and shops, but told the Indians "to stop breaking things." There is no evidence that Poundmaker was responsible for the plundering of Battleford. As to Poundmaker being seen at the battle of Cut Knife Hill, the evidence is that he was seen at the distance of fifteen hundred yards through field-glasses. If this be so, either the officer who saw him or Poundmaker himself must have been pretty well in rear of the fighting line. But Poundmaker admitted he was present, and claimed that he urged his people to cease the pursuit; and Father Cochin, who

was present, corroborates this statement. Judge Richardson in his charge seems to attach some importance to the fact of Poundmaker's being present at Cut Knife. He must have forgotten that the Indians were all instructed to go to their reserves and stay there and they would be safe. Poundmaker was upon his reserve; the witnesses for the Crown say this explicitly; and his band was attacked there. There are conflicting statements as to who fired the first shot, but our troops marched upon them with infantry, cavalry, artillery and gatling guns in all the form of war, and the fight almost began by the shelling of the Indian camp. If Poundmaker was obeying the instructions of the Government in being upon his reserve, how can his presence there be a proof of treason-felony, unless he is proved to have participated in the fight? and of this there is no proof. But can a man, roused from his sleep by the bursting of shells, be blamed if he should try to defend himself? Father Cochin, a loyal man who was present, says that Poundmaker begged his people not to pursue our troops on their retreat, and prevailed upon them to stop. The circumstances all corroborate this statement. The only evidence as to the capture of the teams is that of James Shearer, who swore that he did not see Poundmaker when he was captured, but saw him afterwards in the camp; and there is strong evidence as to Poundmaker's kindness to the prisoners. In fact the whole testimony shows that a Half-breed and the Stoney Indians had incited the attack on the teamsters, that any hostile feeling was on the part of others, but that Poundmaker himself was uniformly using his influence in favour of peace and to prevent bloodshed. Considering the whole case, it is very doubtful whether there has not been a great injustice done to a man who was our friend throughout, and it is a question whether some effort should not be made to obtain a pardon for him.

Let another test be put to Poundmaker's conduct: Was it consistent with innocence? Assume for a moment that Poundmaker was a loyal, true friend of the Government, and yet had not absolutely control over his people: what was there inconsistent with innocence in his going to Battleford for food, in his refraining from plundering, in his begging his people not to break things, in his friendliness to the whites he met, in his assurance that he meant no harm, and in the fact that he was unarmed? What could an innocent man, ordered to go on his reserve, do more than Poundmaker did when he was attacked upon his reserve: which was to use his influence for peace and to save life the instant the necessity for self-defence ceased? When the move was made from Cut Knife Hill to join Riel a Half-breed took command, and Poundmaker, who wanted to go to Devil's Lake, was prevented, and obliged to keep with his band. He had nothing to do with the capture of the teamsters, but when they were brought in he took their part and treated them kindly. His was the influence that led to their being released, and his also was the voice that prevailed for peace and brought about the surrender of the band.

Canada has a great future before her, but she cannot afford to be unjust to a poor Indian because he has no friends and cannot appeal to public sympathy, save in the few dignified and manly sentences in his speech to Judge Richardson: "Everything I could do was done to stop bloodshed. Had I wanted war I should not be here now; I should be on the prairie. You did not catch me; I gave myself up. You have got me because I wanted peace." Every one of those sentences has the ring of truth, and yet this man is condemned as a felon to imprisonment for three years, and because he is an Indian not a voice is raised to say one word for him. LEX.

HOW TO RECONSTRUCT THE SENATE.

A CONVENTION of "Young Liberals" is to be held in Toronto next week, when the attempt will be made to frame a new party platform. The discussion of several changes which, it is expected, will be proposed on the occasion is already warm. One of these will almost certainly be the reconstruction or, perhaps, the abolition of the Dominion Senate. As for abolition, that will not be so easily effected as some of its advocates may have imagined. Two great examples, those of France and the United States, can be cited against it with telling effect. They are both Republican examples, too, which will make the effect all the greater. Those who would demand abolition on the ground that the existence of a second chamber is opposed to constitutional rights and liberties, or to Republican government, will find it simply impossible to make out their case.

The United States Senate is, beyond question, the model second chamber of the world. Its political power goes far beyond that of the British House of Lords. For all the more important offices the President holds his appointing power subject to its approval; and it is too influential, not only at Washington but throughout the country, to be dictated to by the House. For real political influence, one average Senator

outweighs half-a-dozen of the average Congressmen. The American Senate is no mere shadow of authority, but a real live power in the State.

"Ah! if we only had such a second chamber in Canada"—some amongst us might be saying. Well, the thing need not be so very difficult after all. To oust the present occupants, and to take from them the position which has been conferred upon them by the constitution and the laws, would indeed be no easy matter; but the change might be effected gradually. Whenever a vacancy occurs in the Senate representation of any Province, let the Local Legislature of that Province elect the individual who is to fill it. By this plan the body would, in course of time, become a renewed and reconstructed one, and without any violent method in the doing of it either. A place in the Senate, conferred by the people's local representatives, would be a distinction for which the foremost men in each Province would contend. From the entrance of the first Senator, elected by his Province, the body would begin to gain in weight and popularity. No rights belonging to the individuals now composing the Senate would be invaded, for each one would hold his place until removed by death.

Two objections to this plan can be foreseen. The example of the United States will be cited in favour of giving each Province the same number of Senators; but over the border it is seen already that this equality of States was a blunder from the beginning, and one the removal of which would be welcomed could any possible plan for accomplishing this be suggested. The truth is that, when the American constitution was framed, the several States were morbidly jealous of local rights and local importance, and the result is that to-day we see half-a-dozen States sending twelve Senators to Washington, while one State, exceeding their whole mass in wealth and population, sends only two. The injustice will be remedied some day, but our neighbours will have a hard fight over the change ere it will be accomplished.

The other objection is the difficulty, the impossibility almost, it may be thought, of getting the Government for the time being to relinquish the appointing power. But Governments have before now been coerced into doing what the people have demanded; and the power of public opinion to compel them is every year increasing. Some time, ere long, when a general election is at hand, it may appear that the change we indicate is imperatively demanded by the people. And then—presto!—we may see the chiefs of both parties respectively running a race as to which will go the farthest and promise most in this matter. And such a time may be nearer than most people imagine. SENEX.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS, FRANCE.

CRITICS continue to be divided as to the place Alexander Dumas père should occupy in history. The novelist, despite all his faults, remains still very popular. Now, Dumas wrote badly, in the sense that he displayed neither care nor respect for a phrase or a word; whether in prose or verse he was contented with the first expression that came to his pen—or to that of his numerous collaborateurs. Dumas wrote badly because he thought badly; his style is neither correct nor true, and his personages and their ideas are outside of nature and reality. He was ignorant of the intrinsic value of words and of the harmony of phrases. In his theatrical pieces he never forgets the key to success—action, and was prolific in resources and situations. Scribe is accused of being too artificial. Dumas shocks by the falseness and improbability of his means. In his romances, Dumas has established his success by farming the sentiment—so human and so widespread—which desires to know what passes behind the scenes. It has been observed that there is in every individual a "Jeames," or a *concierge*, more or less dormant, but ever curious on the subject of gossip, and pleased when satisfied.

Dumas himself could not state how many romances he wrote. They are all improbable adventures, framed in a reality of history, endless dialogues, where all the characters speak the language of—Dumas, and full of good humour, dash and chance. But as for reflections, never expect such of a serious nature. In the "Mysteries of Paris" and the "Wandering Jew" a few of Sue's creations live, and have become almost proverbs. But in the case of Dumas, not a single character is popular; and with respect to the male personages, only d'Artagnan survives among the millions of puppets of which his imagination has been *accouchée*. And why? Because d'Artagnan is Dumas himself, and fitly figures life-size on his statue in Paris in a swaggering, lounge attitude on the pedestal, while Dumas on the summit sits in an office chair.

Dumas has put the history of France mechanically in *feuilletons*, and only the *vita brevis* prevented him from doing the same with universal history. His secret consisted in drowning reality in a flood of romantic inventions, often ridiculous, but always identical. Dumas had another string to his bow to secure publicity, that of ably advertising himself. Then, the nature of his talent was in sympathetic affinity with the popular imagination. His "Impressions de Voyage" and his "Memoires" attest this. He persuaded his readers, after convincing himself, that he lived in the same atmosphere as his heroes and heroines; like d'Artagnan, in a word,

he has been everywhere, seen everything. In adventures, no Gascon has surpassed Dumas, and he has described all with so much tact that it is impossible to separate the fiction from the fact. He lived not for art or for literature, but for pleasure and the joy to live. It is thus that his own life is his best—as it will prove to be his most durable—work, and his own adventures the most curious of his romances. Dumas is an illustration that the popularity of a writer does not necessarily depend upon, or is at all bound up with, any æsthetic value or literary excellence. His character, however, was sympathetic: he was a right good fellow, and while remaining the friend of the human race demonstrated how closely that philanthropy is synonymous with self-interest.

Of the two volumes per month that it was asserted Dumas wrote, the reader will never find therein a single conception of life; but in nearly all, were that reader only a child, will ever be found amusement. But if you attempt to reflect on what you have read, you will discover Dumas the most tiresome writer in the world. What boy cannot comprehend his "Three Musketeers"? what cook cannot revel in his "Monte-Christo"? The popularity of Dumas will continue green and fresh, till he be superseded by a Dumas more amusing still.

M. PAQUIER'S contributions to the Central Asian question are thoughtful. He would like to see either England or Russia—the latter has his preference—in the possession of Herat, a city which has an "eye to see, and an arm to strike," following the proverb. It is not simply the key to India, but to the whole of Central Asia. The veritable "open sesame" of India is Quettah, in the valleys of the Pishin and Harnai. Herat ought to be a city. It is as old as Cabul, which has the reputation of having been founded by Cain when flying from Mesopotamia, after he slew Abel. In the twelfth century Herat had no less than twelve thousand shops, six thousand baths, and three hundred and fifty colleges. Its climate, so serene; its neighbourhood, so attractive, and its pleasures were so fascinating as to make it "the most beautiful city in the world," according to the Oriental proverb. It was also the great market of Asia. The region round Herat is a Land of Goshen; two harvests are reaped annually; forty different varieties of grain are sown; there are cotton, tobacco, fruits, and mulberries raised in immense quantities. There are seventeen kinds of grapes cultivated, despite the anti-alcoholic precepts of the Koran. The neighbourhood is rich in iron, copper, silver and precious stones. The leather prepared at Herat has no rival, and the native boot and shoe-makers cannot execute all the orders addressed to them by foreigners. The women of Herat are very beautiful, which is due, it is said, to their drinking the limpid waters of the valley—a true fountain of juvenescence. Hence the aphorism, "Khorassan is the shell of the world, and Herat is its pearl." M. Paquier, although Russian in sympathy, as of late a Frenchman naturally is, views the railway to Quettah as of the highest strategic importance, protecting as it does the approaches from the Indus by the Pishin Valley and Candahar, and by the extension of the railway system connecting with Herat one of the finest regions in the world would be opened up. He inclines to believe that the "pearl" will fall to English protection, and so to the profit of European commerce and civilization. Will she have the pluck to take the tide at the flood?

BÉRANGER, the French Burns, has at last his statue in "that Paris, full of gold—and misery," where he was born. He avowed himself that had he a choice in the selection of his birth-place, he would have chosen Paris. The idea of the statue reverts to Gambetta, who was a great admirer of the composer's bacchic, epicurean and erotic ballads, but the practical realization of the statue is due to Coquelin the actor. It may not be generally known that six months after their marriage Béranger's parents separated, and that he was born at the residence of his grandfather, a worthy tailor. He was sent to Burgundy to be nursed, the land of Piron and Rétif. He was an illustration of Dogberry's philosophy, that reading and writing come by nature, as Béranger never knew how he learned such accomplishments; he had an aversion for school, but he was nevertheless sent to one in the Faubourg St. Antoine for a short time. It was from the roof of the school, under a lovely sun, that he witnessed the demolition of the Bastille. He was in turn waiter, printer, clerk, till he finally drifted into his natural calling—poet. He commenced to rhyme at twelve years. An admirer promised to have him made a page to the coming new king, but he refused to promise never to sing the *Marseillaise* in the Tuileries. He narrowly escaped having to sing blind, like Homer and Milton, owing to an explosion of an infernal machine in his father's house. The Bonapartists claim him as theirs. The truth is Béranger was a sincere Republican, but he was dazzled by Napoleon's glory, which he accepted as that of France itself. The illusion clung to him till death, but secured for him in July, 1857, a Hugo funeral by Napoleon III., as the nation mourned him as if for a Marc Aurelius. Lucien Bonaparte, in order to encourage Béranger, abandoned to him his own pension of Academician. It was when in deepest misery, and the occupant of a garret, that Béranger wrote his gayest ballads, and it is by such lightheartedness under misfortune that he has kept his hold on the French masses as well as by the fertility of his own ideas, for he is the songster of his country, as LaFontaine is its fabulist. As he said himself, "the people is my muse," and he remained faithful to that device—the popular and national ballad writer of France. He was elected in 1848 a deputy for Paris against his wish. On entering the Assembly he delivered the only political speech he made in his life: "For once, I demand a favour from my country—to be allowed to resign." In private life Béranger was the soul of honour, a sure and constant friend, with a weakness for advice-giving. His tastes were simple. "Lisette" is a modest income he allowed an annuity to two old ladies. "Lisette" is among his most popular songs, as "Mon Habit" is among his most quoted. The former is the symbol of the loves and follies of youth, and is the

avourite fife march of the school battalions. "Lisette" is an imaginary creation. His humorous, perhaps erotic, songs are the "Roi d'Yvetot," his first and most finished, and "Madame Grégoire," both full of rhyme and reason. The "Hirondelles" and the "Bon Vielliard" are sentimental; the "Bohémien" and the "Vieux Vagabond" are very perfect. We skip his Napoleonic odes. It has been said Béranger made songs, not odes; that his images are confused and crowded, laboured and calculated; who remembered Horace in his ideal—not a bad classic. He has been called a great coquette from the capriciousness and contradictions with his ordinary good sense. But Pegasus never was trained. ZERO.

HERE AND THERE.

THE summer is unmistakably over. That it has been all too short is lamented on every side—a lament that comes round with unfortunate regularity each year. So far, however, as the produce of the soil is concerned, meteorological conditions have been on the whole favourable, and to an agricultural country this is the first consideration. The indications are all in favour of a good fall trade. In this respect Toronto will probably benefit by the misfortune of her Quebec neighbour and rival, though the small-pox epidemic in Montreal must have a disastrous effect upon the gross volume of the country's trade. Meanwhile the thoroughfares of the Queen City are looking their brightest and best. Storekeepers have furnished up their places of business, and the streets are lined with windows plethoric of goods calculated to delight and tempt the thousands who have arrived and will yet come to visit the Exhibition. The travelling circus will soon disappear with the swallow; the bronzed holiday-seeker returns like a giant refreshed, and finds abundant assurance in the columns of the press that the budding season will give him ample opportunity for recreation between the heats in the race for wealth. The Toronto Opera House programme has been pretty well digested by this, nor can its details fail to be satisfactory to the reasonable amusement-seeker. With commendable wisdom Mr. Sheppard opened the season 1885-6 with a week of light performance, and though Baker and Farron scarcely sustained their reputation, the *chic* and irresistible little Lotta delighted the large houses which assembled to greet her. The theatre has been thoroughly overhauled with advantage. Doubtless bumping houses will cheer the hearts of all interested this week, when visitors and citizens have opportunity once more to see the sensational "Michael Strogoff." In the musical world we are promised a varied array of talent the like of which has scarcely been known in Canada before, not the least attractive announcement being that of a series of concerts, founded upon the plan of the world-famed "pops" of London. Decidedly, all makes well for a notable fall and winter.

APROPOS of matters musical, during the approaching season THE WEEK will resume its comments upon prominent performances and performers, with such other notes as may be considered of interest to devotees of the divine art. In another column will be found a list of recently published songs admirably suited for use in the family circle—*avant-coureurs*, it may be hoped, of the host which will come to amuse and cheer us during the long evenings.

It is remarkable how hard some fallacies die. In England it is proposed to restore trade by appointing a Royal Commission. In Canada, despite repeated failures, some people would make us sober and virtuous by act of parliament. Why not have an enquiry into the causes of bad weather? The truth is that the causes of each lie beyond statutory control. The Rev. R. Wallace has just published a pamphlet entitled "The Scott Act and Prohibition the Hope of Canada," which at least demonstrates that intemperance is not confined to the users of alcoholic beverages. Mr. Wallace has chosen to adopt a tone, in writing of those who differ from him, which renders reply unnecessary. What can be thought of a teacher whose creed has for its chief corner-stone Charity, and who yet writes of anti-prohibitionists: "The consequence (of the adoption of the beer and light wine amendments) will be the political death of those cowards or traitors who seek thus to continue the wholesale murder of our people, and to perpetuate the unutterable woe caused to women and children by that accursed traffic." There has been too much in this strain; but happily it has come from the advocates of "temperance." The *brochure* is full of like extravagances, and shows an ignorance of social customs not easily pardoned in one who professes a desire to ameliorate them.

THERE can be no doubt about it, the Canadian Protectionists are alarmed. In some cases scurrility and innuendoes have taken the place of arguments—a conclusive sign of panic and weakness. The Commercial Union cry set up by THE WEEK is eagerly discussed, and has been boldly adopted by not a few who have shaken themselves free from prejudice and party. Men who have the courage of their opinions are not likely, we suppose, to be influenced by the disingenuous attempt to identify Commercial Union with Annexation, and so to discredit a policy which would vastly and immediately increase the prosperity of Canada as a whole and Ontario in particular.

THE general impression in official circles appears to be that the law will be allowed to take its course, and that Riel will be hanged.

It is an instructive spectacle to see the giver of the banquet of nastiness arraigned on a charge of conspiring to steal the viands. The feelings

of those who publicly endorsed Mr. Stead's scheme cannot be enviable now that he is demonstrated to be in league with General Booth to boom their several speculations. Humiliating as the whole business is, it may be productive of some good if, as almost appears probable, the exposure results in relegating the Salvation Army to its proper place, and in purging journalism of some unscrupulous sensation-mongers.

WE observe with pleasure that Mr. J. M. Oxley, of Ottawa, has been successful in winning a \$20 prize offered by the *Chicago Literary Life* for the best epitome of a famous story or poem. The subject selected by Mr. Oxley was the "Scarlet Letter." There was a host of competitors from all parts of the Union, and the epitomes were referred to three judges, whose fair play is amply evidenced by the fact of a Canadian being permitted to bear off the prize.

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

It is difficult to understand what worthy purpose can prompt the persistent assertion that the prestige of England is raised by the accession of Lord Salisbury to power. Nothing can be further from the truth, and the facts are accessible to all who desire to possess them. The present Tory Ministry have simply carried out the policy they inherited from their predecessors in office, not so much that such policy was in all respects admirable in their eyes, as because it was the only course open to them. If it be true, as alleged, that the relations between England and Russia are more cordial than during the latter days of the Gladstone Ministry, the reason will probably be found in the fact that Russian aristocrats look with dismay upon the march of Democracy in England, and see in the accession of Lord Salisbury a chance to stem the tide of Western Radicalism, which they know must eventually turn in their direction. The distance between Toryism and Despotism is much less than the difference between the Russian military party and the English Radicals. Otherwise, to credit Tories with the more pacific state of Continental affairs is on all fours with Lord Churchill's cool assumption of credit for a placated Ireland which was brought to its senses by the firm wisdom of Lord Spencer.

IF all goes well the Woman's Club, on Fifth Avenue, New York, will open for business December 1st. The *Philadelphia Record* is authority for this announcement. It will include among its members, we are told, most of the fashionables well-known at Newport. The club is to have no hobbies, and it will happily have nothing to say of Woman's Rights. There will be reading and billiard rooms, but it is not to be supposed there will be any accommodation for card playing. There will also be a hall for small dancing parties. The name has not, as yet, been fully decided upon, but it will probably be the Woman's Club. The originators say that they do not fear ridicule, as they are so socially strong. But why should they be ridiculed? Why should not the ladies have a regular place of social resort? You do not hear of a great restaurant, and probably that will not be attempted, for it is at least unlikely that a party of ladies would give it sufficient support. But who thought a year ago that American ladies would support an out-and-out club? The club ladies are not to keep late hours. All the enjoyments of the club will be during daylight.

DICKENS has celebrated Rochester, but Rochester has never memorialized Dickens. In the first novel written by the novelist he described Rochester and Chatham in his own humorous way. Pickwick saw Rochester in company with Jingle. The famous quarrel between Jingle and Dr. Slammer took place in the Bull Inn, Rochester. The duel which never came off between Dr. Slammer and Mr. Snodgrass was fixed to come off in a field near the Rochester fortifications. In fact, Dickens may be said to have almost begun his career as a writer of fiction with Rochester. He certainly ended it with Rochester. Its cathedral was the scene of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Its Canon's-row was explored by him the week before he was laid low with a view to a description in a chapter which was never written. What the neighbourhood of Bath was to Fielding that Rochester was to Dickens. But Rochester has no memorial of him. When the Johnson Club visited the city, it asked in vain for a memorial to the novelist who died at Gadshill, near at hand. The memorial is now to be erected. "A scheme is on foot to erect in a suitable and conspicuous position a monumental tribute" to the chief of English humorists. Its form is not yet decided upon; but once the movement is started, it can hardly be stayed until success has rewarded its promoters.

THE October number of *Harper's* is to contain a paper entitled "A Glass of Beer," some of the facts given being remarkable. The brewing industry, we are told, stands sixth among all industries in the United States in the amount of capital used, and its growth is shown by the fact that, whereas in 1880 the production of the United States was something over thirteen million barrels, in 1885 it was over eighteen millions. The United States stands third in the list of beer-producing countries; Great Britain, at the last general estimate, brewing 1,000,000,000 gal-

lons, Germany 900,000,000, and the United States 600,000,000. The census reported 2,191 breweries, employing 26,220 people, who earned wages of \$465.21 yearly—an average higher than in almost any other industry. Those who indulge in malt liquors will be interested in the many varieties of beer mentioned, from the ordinary "bitter" of England, and "lager" of Germany and America to the frozen beer of Tasmania, and the condensed beer manufactured in Switzerland for export. The writer points out that the words "ale" and "beer" are used indiscriminately in England, and he might have added in Canada; but American brewers confine the word beer to *lager*, the product of what is known as the under fermentation process, and ale to the product of the upper fermentation process, which are carried on with different kinds of yeast and at different temperatures.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

THE ALLEGED MARKET OF SIXTY MILLIONS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The proposal for commercial union with the United States is not a new one to the people of Canada; but just now it is being revived under circumstances which will force it upon their attention more than ever before. It is to be a principal plank in the platform which the "Young Liberal's" convention next week will be asked to adopt; so we are told on pretty good authority. And this is confirmed by the course of the *Globe*, which is already trimming sails in order to catch the expected breeze.

Various arguments are adduced in favour of the scheme; but the main one of all is the plea that it would open to our producers a market of sixty millions of people, instead of five millions only, as at present. This is on the face of it the most plausible and the most "taking" of all the arguments by which commercial union advocates hope to carry their point. It is a direct appeal to the money-making ambition of our business men, and in fact of almost every Canadian citizen. For the desire to make money is a very powerful motive, and one very widely diffused amongst us, too. The argument is at the same time utterly unsound, because based on a false assumption.

The assumption that with commercial union we should be able to sell largely of our products to the community of fifty-five millions over the border is a false one, and a very bold one too, in view of well-known facts. Let it be admitted, at the start, that we should certainly sell somewhat more to our neighbours of animals and their products, by reason of the demand in the Eastern States. We might also sell more barley; but this is doubtful, for it may be contended with some force that as things are the Americans do actually buy from us as much of our barley as they have need of, in addition to what they raise themselves. That we would find much of a market over there for our wheat and flour is highly improbable, in the face of the immense wheat surplus which the Western States have to find a market for, the energy shown by American millers in pushing sales of flour in all quarters, and the prevailing system of railway discrimination in favour of long distance freights. Besides, the European demand for American food products is visibly slackening and falling off, a fact which ought to cool the ardour of those amongst ourselves who feel cock sure of the market of fifty-five millions aforesaid. Be it remembered that things have changed since the period of the old Reciprocity Treaty. Then the European demand was strong and never failing; now it is weak, variable and uncertain. One by one the governments of Continental Europe are being forced by popular clamour into the adoption of protective duties in favour of the home producer and against his foreign competitors. So marked has the European movement for the exclusion of American products become that already special measures of retaliation are being talked of in Congress. Any one who has eyes to "take in" the course of the markets, and the growing tendency of all continental Europe towards high protection for agriculture as well as for manufactures, may see grave reason for doubting whether the old Reciprocity Treaty, were it renewed next year, would be found much more than the shadow of what it was to us from twenty to thirty years ago.

But if we did not sell so much more to our neighbours as some people bid us expect, we would still get better prices for what we did sell. As the late Hon. Malcolm Cameron once told the electors of South Ontario: "Reciprocity means two dollars on a hog and fifty cents on a turkey." It would be safer to divide these figures by two; and at all events the argument is a dangerous one for free traders to use. For it implies that the American duties on our farm products are now paid *wholly* by the Canadian producer. That the latter would benefit by *half* the duty remitted is the very outside of what it would be reasonable to expect.

But the lever with which the advocates of commercial union hope most to move public opinion is the argument that we should find a market of fifty-five millions more for our manufactures as well as for our farm produce. Can those who use this argument have any idea of the absurdity of what they are advancing? Do they really read the papers, or do they take any note at all of what comes to us from the other side every day?

With over production in almost every branch of manufacture, are we going to be able to sell in a market which is already overstocked? It is folly most astounding for Canadians to think that with open ports they could sell machinery and articles made by machinery against the keen competition of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Chicago. As well teach your grandmother to suck eggs as imagine that in machinery and its uses you can go in and beat the irrepressible "live Yankee" on his own ground. But everything is made by machinery now, and you see what follows. Your supposed market of fifty-five millions is but an optical illusion—a mere shadow. Take care that in grasping at it you do not lose the substance. Quit your "glittering generalities" for a while, and condescend to come down to some practical details. Give us some tangible reasons for believing that under commercial union we should be able to sell cotton cloths in Boston and New York, stoves in Buffalo and Troy, and agricultural machinery in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota. But you may say, if we could not sell cotton goods in New York and New England, we might make sales in the Western States, where such goods are not manufactured. You forget that New England would be there to meet you, as well in far away Nebraska as in Boston; and with all the discrimination that American railways could make in favour of their own side. Our present market of five millions is a reality, and it will soon be ten millions if we do but stand firm against all attempts to

seduce us from our allegiance to "Canada First." Let us beware of the gigantic illusion of an imaginary sixty millions market on one hand, as well as of the glittering bauble of Imperial Federation on the other. And let us hold fast to our National Policy, which is what we must depend upon to make Canada a nation.

JOHN MACLEAN.

FIGURATIVE FIGURES.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—It is instructive to note how prominent teetotallers contradict each other's statistics. A Mr. Beauchamp said the other day at Milton: "James G. Blaine, of Maine, says that ninety-five per cent of the drunkenness has disappeared from his state, Maine." Lately in *THE WEEK* there appeared a quotation from Neal Dow who said that under prohibition the consumption of alcohol did not now exceed five hundred thousand gallons annually—just about the average of proportionate consumption in Canada. Now, if five hundred thousand gallons represents merely five per cent of what was formerly consumed, that would represent a former consumption of ten million gallons to a population of about seven hundred thousand, or about fourteen gallons per head, man, woman and child. Does Mr. Beauchamp believe this? or in speaking of figures does he merely speak figuratively?

There is to be a convention held in Toronto soon to discuss the prohibitory situation, and it is to be hoped the representatives will look the matter squarely in the face, and not trade any longer in emotional figures. They ought seriously to consider that it might be possible to utterly abolish "wine" by utterly destroying the grape-vine from the face of the earth, and that the same may be said of the tea and coffee plants, and many other things; but that the use of alcohol cannot be abolished—it is an impossibility excepting to individual moral force—when it can so easily be extracted from every vegetable that grows. It is time for serious plain talking, and those men who would force the people to acquire the knowledge of the simple process necessary to extract alcohol will incur a responsibility which cannot be measured, and which they must eventually seek to escape from as was once done before by preaching drinking out of the homes into the public places of sale. Scientific knowledge cannot be quashed in these days; and it is the bounden and imperative duty of these representatives to ascertain if any compulsory power on earth could prevent the people from doing as stated above. Canada is temperate now, and getting more temperate. The people are on "the line of the least resistance" now; why should all this be altered?

A. B. C.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

"RULER OF MEN!" Whatever greatness lies
 Wrapped in those three short words, 'tis born of Mind.
 No prowess stands for this. The brawny god
 Of muscle and of limb may sometime sway
 The gaping multitudes who court meanwhile
 The bustle and the tumult and the fray,
 The rushing, foaming, angry surface whirl
 Of that great cauldron called Society;
 But far below the troubled surface dwells,
 Among space-deeps that only Mind can reach,
 A pulsing heart that dominates the world.

Johnston, N. Y.

J. OLIVER SMITH.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

L'AMOUR C'EST L'ESPOIR.

WE stood by the shore of the sounding sea,
 And the stars shone over my love and me.

True as the stars and strong as the sea
 Would be forever his love for me!

There came a white ship over the sea,
 And my love went sailing away from me.

"Oh, I will come back," he said, "to thee
 If thou wilt but wait and be true to me."

Many a ship has come back o'er the sea,
 But never the one that took him from me.

And the stars are shining over the sea,
 But my love has never come back to me.

Yet still I wait by the sounding shore,
 For my love shall love me for evermore!

FIDELIS.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNERGANS.]

VIII.

THE jovial revelry of the hunting party lasted until far on into the night. As was only to be expected the enamoured Secretary and the fair Greek afforded inexhaustible themes for the genial fun and good-humoured raillery of his companions. Many a flowing bumper was emptied to the health and happiness of both, while the officious Demir Keran and the unlucky Ilia were anathematized and laughed at. Werner submitted to their jests at his expense with apparently good humoured indifference. He drank, laughed and chattered like the rest; honoured all toasts, even those most hazardous and satirical in their nature, with a youthful recklessness, and though he ascribed no further significance to the whole adventure, and took them laughingly and in good part, as a necessary accompaniment to

his little love romance. His real feelings were, to be sure, but little in harmony with his outward conduct. These, however, he carefully avoided making known to his friends, and all the more because after his interview with Cyrill he had seen his little romance vanish into thin air.

But it was not in the power of the young Secretary to explore the innermost recesses of his heart and find out what was hidden there, and so he did not attempt it. Both he himself and his unspoken hopes were stunned and deafened by the clamour and din of his comrades; and it was only after the noise had ceased, and the company, one after the other, had retired to rest upon the divans which ran round the walls of the dining-room, lying Eastern fashion, the feet of each sleeper touching the head of his neighbour, that his hope began to assume a bodily form. Then the thoughts until now suppressed and concealed in the young man's bosom stole forth from their hiding place and, joining hand in hand with the fancies of his excited brain, united in playing a symphony, running through all the scale of love and passion, from the *pianissimo* of first slumber until the feverish *fortissimo* of a grand *finale* drummed fiercely upon the temples of the awakening sleeper. Everything that he had lived, thought, felt, throughout the day was present to him in his dreams; but in that weird, condensed form, that fantastic, glaring blending of colours which the dream is wont to lend all things.

"Are you trying to grasp the thunder?" said the Engineer to his friend with pathetic irony, as he beheld him spring from his couch with his arms stretched above his head, and if the hearty laughter of the hunters had not fallen upon his ear, and the keen morning breeze blowing through the opened door in sudden gusts been a pretty palpable reality, this Faustian quotation interjected by chance into his Faust like visions would have gone far to deepen his sense of their reality.

"Hurry, hurry!" called old Sebastianus from outside the door, "the sun will be risen in half an hour, and by that time each one must be in his place and at his post."

The hunters were soon ready, and quickly took their way towards the mountain. Demir Keran alone remained behind in the monastery. When the ex-chasseur was questioned by his comrades as to the reason for such a strange proceeding on the part of the Turk, he replied shortly: "Would you have this janissary go sneaking after hares and foxes when he has been all his life accustomed to track nobler game?"

Ilia, on the other hand, had joined the party, although the old porter, with contemptuous curtness, had refused to assign him a place in the line of hunters.

"I know the ways of the mountain better than he," retorted Ilia defiantly and with equal curtness, after one of the sportsmen had preferred Ilia's request and had received the same flat refusal from old Sebastianus; "and I will go my own way," he added, as he struck off into a by-path leading to the left, half-way up the mountain, and disappeared in the forest.

"Do not place thyself in the line of fire with the hares!" shouted the old man after him in derision, and just as derisively Ilia shouted back: "Keep thy advice for others!"

Scarcely had the strangers passed through the gate leading into the garden which divided the monastery buildings from the neighbouring mountain, than Demir Keran was already afoot. Saddling his horse quickly he bounded on his back and galloped up to the porter's lodge. There he dismounted, forced open the door and roused up old Kloantzza, who after her husband had departed with the well-stocked provision waggon had lain down in the outer room and gone to sleep again, from which she was rudely awakened by the outcries of the Turk.

"Where is the Greek?" he shouted, and dragged the old woman towards the door of the inner room.

"God and His saints be gracious to us!" screamed Kloantzza, "there she is lying on that bench—beside the wall—opposite to me."

The Turk groped his way in the dark towards the bench.

"By Allah! Thou liest, woman; here is nobody!"

Floriana meanwhile had stumbled down from her attic, alarmed by the noise downstairs.

"Strike a light, ye accursed women!" shouted the Turk, and when at last he was enabled to see what he was doing he ransacked the little house from top to bottom, storming and raging, leaving not a closet or a press undisturbed in his search.

"Where is she? Ye must know it?"

"Where is she?" answered Floriana who, having by this time got over her fright somewhat, had found her tongue again and looked the Turk boldly in the face. "Where is she? She will be with her lover to be sure."

Demir Keran was startled for a moment and then asked shortly:

"Ilia! . . . or the Frank?"

"How should I know!" replied the Roumanian. "Go and find out for yourself, if you want to know it. They are both of them upon the mountain behind there. Go and ask them themselves and leave us silly women to our rest!"

Demir Keran made no reply. After thinking an instant he turned on his heel without deigning to notice the women further and went into the open air, then, swinging himself once more into the saddle, rode through the convent gate at full gallop.

IX.

THE sky was beginning to redden in the east when Werner took his post upon the projecting rock which old Sebastianus had indicated to him. As yet all about him was shrouded in darkness. Enveloped in the twilight which precedes the sunrise Werner looked around and perceived in front two paths leading from the valley beneath up to the spot where he was

standing, and which the old porter had assured him was the best position in the whole line, as it was next to impossible for even the most unskilful sportsman to miss his aim. At last the sun rose above the horizon and Werner, as he stood upon his rocky promontory, felt himself surrounded by its enlivening, all-penetrating light. A boundless sea of clouds rolled between the mountains and the horizon, above which the crescents on the cupolas of Isakcha twinkled like stars. "There it was," a something seemed to whisper to the young Secretary: "there it was, that Eurikleia first appeared to thee; that her hand first pressed thine; that her eye first rested upon thee and seemed to ask thy love; that—"

A rustling in the bushes behind roused him from his reverie; he grasped his gun quickly; the thicket parted—and Eurikleia stood before him.

Without being perceived by any one the young Greek, after Sebastianus had departed with the provision waggon, had stolen from the house and taken her way towards the rock which had been pointed out to the Secretary as his post. She made no attempt at analyzing the feelings by which she was attracted to the youth; she felt impelled irresistibly to speak with him, to thank him for his help, to take leave of him, she said. She felt that she would like to explain to him, alone, unwatched by prying eyes, her reasons for acting as she had done; to tell him—but what was she going to tell him? Was there not, without her suspecting it, without her daring to acknowledge it, in her heart, likewise, a secret corner haunted by the thought that their fates might yet be otherwise? She waited there, among the bushes, until she heard the voices of the hunters echoing through the forest, and then she had stepped forward. And as Werner beheld her standing there before him in the sunlight, her form standing out in bold, bright relief against the dark background of clouds, as he saw her lift her eyes to his, then, once more, a glow passed through his soul, through his whole being! The wild fancies of the night once more resumed their sway! Everything was at once forgotten—the Abbot, Ilia, his promise! She had sought him; she had clambered up the precipitous cliff in the horror of the night darkness to visit him! to speak with him! He felt, he was assured, she loved him.

"Eurikleia!" he exclaimed, and sprang forward to embrace her, to press her to his bosom, to call her his own.

But with a spring she reached the highest pinnacle of the rock and stretching out her hand commandingly she said:

"Touch me not!" and her voice trembled and a paleness as of death overspread her face, while clasping her hands imploringly, she added: "If thou lovest Eurikleia, if thou dost not regard her merely as one with whom men may best sport and divert themselves, if thou beest he whom I took thee for, whom thou wast at Isakcha, before the house of Popovich, when thou didst promise to defend me and Ilia—"

"And Ilia?" stammered Werner, and a black cloud seemed to veil his eyes and his heart quivered with the violence of his emotion. He darted up the rock and clasping her convulsively in his arms repeated: "And Ilia?"

Eurikleia, however, took his hands in hers; he felt how she trembled; he saw how she strove to maintain her composure; he heard the loud beating of her heart, and half coaxingly, half commandingly, she loosed the arm which he had passed round her waist, and suddenly extricating herself from his embrace, said: "I implore thee listen to me. Not a step farther, or, I swear it, I will fling myself down the cliff!"

The tone in which these words were said was so resolute, her voice sounded so hard, so metallic, that Werner was confounded, and recoiled before it. He knew that voice, he recognized that tone. It was thus she had spoken when the Turk strove to tear her from the waggon, and when she raised the whip to smite him to the earth. And yet her look belied her words, and her flashing eyes were suffused with rising tears.

"Eurikleia," he exclaimed, "what dost thou mean? What language is this? Yesterday—"

"Yesterday? yes, yesterday thou wast my defender. Thou hadst promised to defend mine honour, me and my affianced husband. Hast thou forgotten?"

"And thou? Hast thou forgotten thy kiss? My kiss which thou didst not refuse? Thy kiss given in return? Hast thou forgotten it? Eurikleia, I love thee! And I—"

"I was then a poor weak girl. I knew not what I was doing. Wilt thou hear me? No nearer; stay where thou art; or—!"

"I hear thee; speak; but I must tell thee I love thee with my whole heart, and I tell thee here, Eurikleia, in this solitude, here under God's free heaven!"

She cast her eyes down towards the ground; a mighty struggle was going on in her breast; she raised them towards the youth again: "Thou lovest me? Yes, I doubt not thy word, but—"

"But what?"

"Wouldst thou be ready?" she said solemnly, "to repeat these words of thine, not here, under God's free heaven, but over yonder in the great city, in the church of God! Not here in this solitude, but there before men, before thy friends, before thy mother, and lead me home to thy hearth as thy true and lawful wife, before God and before the world? Thou art silent!"

Her voice faltered. He looked at her and his eye met hers with its deep, sad, steady gaze, which so gently and yet so powerfully penetrated his heart, and it seemed as if his whole being was dissolved, as in the morning when the cool breeze played around his burning temples and his fancies of the night were dispelled by the dawn; and, bending as if beneath the burden of an inward reproach, he whispered: "Pardon me, Eurikleia."

Her lips trembled; she had expected this answer, and yet a pang went through her heart as though something had suddenly broken within it.

"I pardon thee! Thou hast misjudged me. But wilt thou reach me thine hand, wilt thou be my defender, my best friend, wilt thou—?"

A shot was heard in the valley beneath; she broke off suddenly. The shouts of the peasants who were driving the game towards the hunters were approaching where they stood. A trampling as of many feet was heard in the dense underwood, and a herd of startled deer crashed through the thicket and galloped towards them.

"Shoot!" called Eurikleia, "they are dashing up the rocks!" And before the excited Secretary could prevent it she snatched the gun from his hand, took aim, and fired into the advancing crowd. The herd swept past them like a whirlwind, and when the smoke cleared away a noble stag lay at Werner's feet. Loud and excited voices were heard in pursuit.

"The Secretary has fired!" shouted old Sebastianus, close at hand. Eurikleia pressed her lips passionately upon the young man's hand.

"Farewell!" she said. "No one must see me here. Do not follow me. I know the way."

And light as a bird she swung herself over the cliff, and, seizing with vigorous hand the bushes and projecting rocks, she let herself down swiftly and disappeared in the forest at its foot.

The fleeing deer had made a pathway through the undergrowth, and Eurikleia followed it. She wished to get back into the monastery and there, under the protection of the Abbot, await Ilia. Suddenly she heard a voice near at hand, which called to her in commanding tones to halt! She looked about her hastily, and there high upon his horse sat Demir Keran!

"Stand! or, by Allah, I will shoot thee down!" shouted the Turk, and before she could make any resistance he had seized her and flung her upon his horse and wound his loosened turban about her mouth to stifle her outcries. Eurikleia clutched the Turk fiercely; she had one hand free, the other was tight in the grasp of the gendarme. Taking the bridle between his teeth, with his right hand he defended himself against the attacks of the desperate girl, while with his left he held her firmly upon the horse.

"By Allah!" laughed he scornfully, "Demir Keran will not let himself be outwitted by a woman!" And his iron grasp compressed the tender hand of the maiden until she fainted from the pain. And then, dashing his spurs into his charger's flanks, he rode through the forest towards the plain at the top of his speed.

x.

THE hunters remained standing together upon the projecting rock and followed with their eyes those of their comrades who had scrambled down into the vale beneath, and with the zeal of Sunday sportsmen were hurrying through the wood in pursuit of the fleeing deer. Shots were heard every now and again, and the hunters, as they tore through the tangled undergrowth, shouted to one another as they caught a glimpse of their prey or lost sight of it again. A quarter of an hour might have passed in this way when Ilia, descending slowly and wearily the narrow path which led from the higher ridges of the mountain to the little rocky plateau, where they were standing, entered their midst. He bore upon his shoulders a full-grown stag, and his face was bathed in perspiration.

"Hallo, Ilia! you are quite out of breath!" shouted the ex-chasseur, who was the first to perceive him.

"Do you think this burden is so light a one, then?" replied Ilia, as he flung the animal down before the wondering group.

"Where didst thou shoot him?" asked old Sebastianus, looking askance upon the Bulgarian.

"Up yonder!" replied Ilia, pointing to the ridge which rose right in front of the monastery, but in the opposite direction to that portion of the forest which stretched towards the plain. "I do not need the help of your beaters in order to get a shot. Wouldst thou know where the deer feed, follow me and I will show thee."

Old Sebastianus turned his back on him without making any reply. Ilia, however, stepped up to Werner, and reached him his hand with a friendliness strangely at variance with his former conduct.

"I know now that you are my—that you are our friend."

"How do you know that now?" asked the astonished secretary.

"Eurikleia told me."

"Have you spoken to Eurikleia just now?"

Ilia looked him sharply in the face for an instant. "How should I have spoken to her just now?" he answered. "It is to be hoped that Eurikleia has not ventured down into the forest, and the sun only just risen! . . . I saw her yesterday evening."

Werner started. It seemed strange to him that Eurikleia should have told the Bulgarian yesterday evening of a friendship which had been ratified only that morning. He was on the point of asking Ilia what Eurikleia had told him last night, when a wild, startled outcry rose from the forest. With a terror-stricken countenance one of the hunters who had hastened in pursuit of the deer through the forest rushed out of the thick copse, and called to his comrades for God's sake to come down at once, for something dreadful had happened.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed old Sebastianus, "they will have shot one of the beaters and the blame of it will fall upon me."

With one accord the hunters rushed down the slope and followed their comrade into the wood. Just in front of the rock on which they had been standing, a little way inside the forest, upon the beaten path which led towards the plain, Demir Keran was lying upon the ground beside his horse. The horse was standing with his head turned towards the plain. He had not stirred from the spot where his rider, stricken to the death, had tumbled from the saddle. The Turk lay on his back, his left foot still in the stirrup; his unrolled turban was hanging down beneath the saddle and trailed upon the ground; his hand pressed convulsively against his

right breast; the blood flowed slowly between his fingers and soaked into the pathway. Demir Keran was dead.

The hunters stood speechless round about the body.

"The deer must have passed this way," said one of the party as he pointed to the trampled grass and bushes. "We have fired upon them and the Turk has been hit!"

"What business had he here!" exclaimed Sebastianus, who was terribly alarmed, because, as he was responsible for the placing of the hunters, he felt that he would be held answerable for the accident which had occurred. "I warned everyone; at the last moment I warned Ilia not to get into the line of fire."

Ilia was standing behind the others.

"It is no longer any use asking after the why and the wherefore of the affair," he said briefly. "The Turk is dead; let us carry him to the convent."

Some of the party raised the dead body, and without speaking another word they moved slowly towards the monastery.

The Engineer was a few paces in the rear close to Werner. Turning to the latter he whispered softly:

"The wound is in front, on the right side! We fired from behind and from the left side?" Werner made no reply beyond a significant glance.

"If the Bulgarian had not been up there along with us—" The other replied without, however, completing the sentence.

Werner's lips moved as though he would answer the Engineer; he refrained himself, however, and, laying his hand upon his friend's arm, said: "We have seen nothing, and let us keep our thoughts to ourselves."

When Werner, accompanied by several of his friends, entered the Abbot's cell to inform him of the fatal termination of their morning's sport, he found Eurikleia there likewise. Cyrill appeared greatly agitated and distressed by the intelligence brought him by the Europeans. He quickly recovered himself, however, and showed such presence of mind in devising the measures which it behoved him to take in order to prevent any dangerous consequences befalling the monastery over which he presided and the peasantry who regarded him equally with the monks as their protector, that one could almost believe that he was not surprised by the intelligence, and had already had time to think over the case and prepare himself for the part he was to play. He would at once write to the Pasha an account of what had happened; the letter must be carried to Isakcha and delivered in person by some of the hunters. The remainder of the party he advised to leave as soon as possible by Ilia's waggon, make for the Danube by the shortest way and get themselves ferried across by the fishermen.

"I am going along with you!" exclaimed Eurikleia, who had hitherto been listening silently and with averted face to the counsels of the Abbot. She had risen, and while casting an imploring and piteous glance upon the Secretary, as though she wished to remind him of his promise, she seized Ilia's hand with a passionate grasp.

"Take her with you," said Cyrill, as he stepped up to Werner and looked at him significantly; "it is impossible for her to remain longer in this land! and Ilia Michalovich will not abandon his affianced bride. My protection will accompany you to the city beyond the Danube."

Ilia and the Greek sank upon their knees, and Cyrill laid his hand on their heads in token of blessing. Eurikleia was deadly pale; but her eyes sparkled with unwonted brightness. About her neck the hunters perceived a dark red mark, like a bruise, which extended right across her face and mouth; the knuckles of her right hand were painfully contused and swollen, and the sleeves and bosom of her dress were torn as if by force.

The sportsmen, from whom Demir Keran's death had taken all desire of remaining longer at Kokosh, hastened to follow the Abbot's counsel. Those among them who regarded themselves as being the unlucky authors of the day's misfortune set out on their journey to Isakcha, bearing a letter from Cyrill to the Pasha. The ex-chasseur, who alone was acquainted with the Turkish language, declared himself ready to accompany them.

When Werner and the engineer, together with the others, had ascended the waggon upon which Ilia and Eurikleia had already seated themselves, the Abbot advanced at the head of his monks to take leave of his guests. In his kindly benevolent way he wished them a safe return to their quarters, and expressed the pleasure he had felt at entertaining them, but especially the young Secretary, to whom he had taken a very great liking, and his deep sense of the honour done his humble abode. Then he turned towards the young Greek, and, taking her in his fatherly arms, said with a broken and faltering voice: "Eurikleia, to rescue thee and also thy bridegroom, thy friends have done much, very much, to-day! Remain true to those who have loved thee so dearly."

And with a hand which trembled from unwonted emotion he presented her with a rose, the fragrant moss-rose of his winter garden, before which he and the young Secretary had stood yesterday in fond admiration. Afterwards he turned to Ilia and slowly reached him his hand, but without uttering a word or making a remark of any kind; and then, with a gesture of farewell, took his way to the monastery. The little party moved rapidly forward.

Suddenly Werner felt Eurikleia's hand laid upon his own. Since their last interview he had studiously avoided either speaking or looking at her. After having forcibly overcome his hopeless passion he had no desire to expose himself to a return of the intoxicating dream, so painful and yet so delicious. He shrank from the touch of her hand as from the prick of a thorn.

"Friend," said the Greek, "thou wast kind to me; thou art so still; I know it; and I shall never forget it. The word thou didst pledge to me thou hast kept faithfully. I have promised thee my friendship and I will keep my word as thou hast kept thine; as a pledge receive this

rose." So saying, she reached him the moss-rose, and, as he hesitated taking it, she forced it on him and put it herself into his hand: "Take it as a remembrance, and as a token of everlasting gratitude!"

Ilia turned round at the sound of her voice.

"Do not look so, Ilia, one would think thou wert going to fire a second ——" She interrupted herself hastily, as if terrified by the word she had been on the point of uttering. Ilia held out his hand to Werner. "You have indeed helped us!" he said gently. "She has told me everything—not yesterday," he added, lowering his voice as he said it, "to-day, this morning early."

The hand he held out was cold, its pressure hard. It chilled Werner as he took it.

The waggon by this time had reached the bank of the Danube. Night was already settling down upon the flat, fog-covered plain. A few fishermen, whose huts stood near the river, and who were acquainted with the Bulgarian, were ready to ferry the belated travellers to the other side.

"I am leaving the waggon and horses here," said Ilia to them, as he stepped with Eurikleia into the boat. "If any of you are going to Longavitzza they can make use of them."

The boat pushed off and was soon lost to view in the deepening gloom. The harbour was shrouded in darkness when they landed.

"Thanks, friend!" said Ilia, "We shall see one another again."

He turned towards the dark, rolling waves of the majestic river, and looking across to the opposite bank, where the Turkish watch fires were twinkling in the distance like so many stars, "Be accursed!" he muttered to himself, "be accursed! The day will come in which the fate of Demir Keran awaits you all." Then he ascended the bank, and with rapid steps preceded the others to the city.

Eurikleia followed him. Werner walking in silence by her side.

Suddenly he said in a low tone of voice to his companion, "Eurikleia! You know much more than we do of the Turk's death."

She stopped, looked keenly and enquiringly in his face for a moment, and then answered shortly, "Yes!" "He?" and Werner nodded significantly in the direction of the Bulgarian. She hesitated a minute before replying as before, "Yes!" Then with a sudden outburst of fiery and passionate energy she seized Werner's hand and added while her voice trembled with the emotion she strove to quell: "Wouldst thou have acted otherwise? I was lying powerless upon Demir Keran's horse. He was riding off with me at full gallop. I was altogether in his power. Ilia saw him riding away with me. He shot him dead from his horse!" She was silent an instant and then she added: "And thus Eurikleia desires to be defended! And thus has Ilia a second time won Eurikelia?"

THE END.

MUSIC.

THE Toronto Choral Society has announced that it will produce during the coming musical season the oratorios "Israel in Egypt" and "St. Paul"—the former by Handel, the latter by Mendelssohn. The artistic aims of this Society must certainly be considered progressive, as in the whole range of standard oratorios two more noble works could not have been selected. This being the first season in which the Choral Society has attempted the production of two complete oratorios, the fact may be chronicled as marking an important era in its career, a career which has been one of unusual success as compared with musical societies in general. We understand the chorus will be considerably strengthened, Mr. Fisher having declared that at least 400 voices are necessary to the effectual rendering of the works selected. As the study of "Israel" is to begin in a few weeks, and as this famous work has never before been performed in Canada, a few words regarding its chief characteristics may not be uninteresting. The English musical critic, Henry F. Chorley, thus writes in his admirable "Handel Studies":

If there be one work of musical art beyond another regarding which admiration cannot be too enthusiastic and appreciation cannot be too stringently called on to retain every faculty of judgment within control, it is Handel's Jewish sacred oratorio "The Messiah," being his Christian sacred one. The epithet belongs to the choice of the words, which, like those of the Messiah, were chosen from Holy writ. No work so rudely, so fortuitously, so accidentally made, could, in result, be more noble and subliming. St. Mark's in Venice is not a more complete example of splendid and rich materials, wrought with patches of coarse and quaint art, probably (let the rhapsodists say what they will), with no completeness of design, yet forming a whole almost without paragon in its pomp and impressiveness, than this "Israel in Egypt." The entire work was composed and committed to paper within the space of one month. The present second part was composed first in the form of a cantata entitled "The Song of Moses," and the idea of lengthening the work to the proportions of an oratorio was evidently an afterthought. Handel accomplished this by prefixing to the cantata another act, nearly equalling it in length, and outdoing it in variety.

A striking feature of the work as a whole is the unusual importance given throughout to the chorus, there being out of thirty-nine numbers no less than twenty-eight choruses, and of these nineteen are double choruses. There is no overture; merely six bars of recitative for tenor, to introduce the first chorus. Space forbids any attempt here to analyze the almost unbroken chain of choruses by means of which the composer has portrayed the plagues of Egypt, the march of God's chosen people through the cloven deep, and their final deliverance. Suffice it to say that Handel has here given free reins to his fancy, and produced a series of tone pictures which, for dramatic force, brilliancy, and sublimity, are unsurpassed in the whole range of choral music. The second part of the oratorio is laid out on a grand scale, the double chorus being freely used, and besides several fine solo numbers, are introduced three important duets, one of which is the superb "The Lord is a Man of War," set for two basses. The oratorio closes with the famous double chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord," popularly known by the title "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the

sea," bringing the work to as brilliant a climax as it is possible for mortal man to conceive. Although this oratorio is pre-eminently distinguished for its sustained grandeur, it is also noted for the great number of borrowed ideas which Handel took from his own earlier works, and even those of other musicians, and embodied here under new conditions and improved form. Chorley again says, regarding this peculiarity: "In no other work does Handel seem to have been so unscrupulous as this; in none, however, does his own genius soar so high or burn so brightly." In speaking of the performance of "Israel" at the recent Handel festival in the Crystal Palace, London, the *Musical Times* says: "With this the climax of sublimity was reached. To the audience it really seemed as though nothing could possibly transcend the effect of grandeur and majesty, or so deeply move the feelings. Eloquent words have been said about 'Israel' at the Crystal Palace, but attempts at description are as hopeless as in the case of Niagara. In this work, more, perhaps, than in any other oratorio, lies the immortality of Handel. Such a demonstration of genius cannot be challenged, but must remain a power while ability to recognize greatness belongs to the human race."

WITH the approach of the concert season the world of music is preparing to amuse and be amused, to give or to receive instruction, and those who "discourse sweet sounds" for the public are putting forth announcements which speak eloquently of the rapid advance made in musical culture in Canada. The publishers are no whit behind in the preliminary bustle, and it is gratifying to see amongst other evidences of enterprise that local firms are well to the fore with excellent specimens of new and reprinted sheet music. The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, of Toronto, send ten songs, vocal and piano score, all of them pretty, and each of them may heartily be commended to public attention: "The Three Beggars" by Molloy, words by F. E. Weatherly; "A Simple Story" is by A. H. Behrend, words by Mary Mark Lemon; "Grandpapa's Wooing" is by Theo. Marzial, words by D. F. Bloomfield; "Old Fashions" is by Milton Wellings, words by F. E. Weatherly; "Sans Adieu" is by Jacques Blumen-thal, words by Cecil Lorraine; "Enchanted Ground" is by Joseph L. Roeckel, words by Hugh Conway; "An Old Garden" is by Hope Temple, words by Helen M. Burnside; "Dame Durden" is by Ciro Pinsuti, words by G. Clifton Bingham; "I Dare you to Forget" is by Stephen Adam, words by Claribel; and "As When the Snowdrifts" (from "Nadeshda"), is by A. Goring Thomas, words by Julian Sturgis. It will be seen that all are the productions of first-class composers; and, without detracting from the merits of any, we may be permitted to call special attention to the first half-dozen, which are bound to have many admirers during the coming season. The same firm also sent the libretto of "The Mikado"—very funny reading.—From Messrs. Suckling we have received a graceful impromptu by Mr. A. E. Fisher: "Joyous Moments," which is published as No. 1 of a series of *œuvres choisies* in a very handsome wrapper.—J. M. Russell, of Boston, send "There's Light Behind the Cloud," a simple melody, and five sacred selections: "I will give Thanks," "Sun of My Soul," "We come, we go," "Minstrel," and "It shall be Light."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE DOMINION ANNUAL REGISTER. For the Eighteenth Year of the Canadian Union—1884. Edited by Henry J. Morgan. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company.

In claiming for the "Register" "unswerving impartiality" and "thorough accuracy" the editor shows that at any rate he comprehends what such a book ought to be. In many respects, indeed, Mr. Morgan has come creditably close to his ideal, and it is natural that his efforts should have won recognition, as he states in his preface, from the public press and from individual subscribers. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that he has not been more conscientiously seconded, and that some departments are inaccurate so far as they are incomplete and partial in respect that they bear traces of having been compiled by some one not above prostituting the book to ends other than those apparently contemplated by the editor and publisher. This is more particularly the case in the chapter on "Literature" and the Appendix on living public Canadians. The trail of the serpent is here very distinct in a petulant burking of publications not adorned by the writer's productions and a petty ignoring of *littérateurs* who have incurred his august displeasure. Apart from these blemishes, the "Register" is rapidly approaching to its ideal, and, in spite of them, is an invaluable book of reference.

MALTHUS AND HIS WORK. By James Bonar, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Malthus has not yet been assigned the position he is entitled to as a political economist. Mr. Bonar has proved himself equal to the task of righting this wrong. He shows that the prevalent conception of Malthus was an entirely mistaken one, and that the obloquy poured upon him by the British Philistine was undeserved. He is known by most people at second-hand, and is regarded generally as a man of one idea—and that idea, how to prevent the birth of superfluous babies. What nonsense all this is Mr. Bonar shows, and shows so well that an impetus should be given to the sale of Mr. Malthus' philosophical writings. He claims that Malthus must take position as second, in time and in honour, of "the three English writers whose work has become a portion of all political economy." With clearness and conciseness he expounds the true inwardness of the celebrated "Essay on Population," and compares it with other portions of Malthus' philosophy. A biographical chapter closes the volume, which is in the main expository and critical. In rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, Mr. Bonar has also earned the congratulations of his friends, and proved himself a clear thinker and an admirable writer.

BRICKS FROM BABEL. By Julia McNair Wright. New York: John B. Alden.

The sub-title aptly reveals the scope of this handful of essays: A brief view of the myths, traditions and religious beliefs of races, with concise studies in ethnography. They were chiefly written in the British Museum, the author's object being "to throw light on many important passages in Holy Writ," and to show that the Bible is not contradicted by Science.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

D. APPLETON AND Co. will publish during the present season Admiral Porter's "Anecdotes and Incidents of the Civil War."

"FRUIT PASTES, SYRUPS AND PRESERVES" is the title of a little book for housewives, written by the well-known author of "Ugly Girl's Papers," "Anna Maria's Housekeeping," etc. It will shortly be published by Cupples, Upham and Co.

PART II. of "Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature," consisting of one hundred and sixty small pages, and carrying the work from Al to An, is to hand. The price is nominal, and as specimens and critical notices are added to the various biographies it should command a large sale.

THERE is a report that Robert Browning, notwithstanding his seventy-three years, is again talking of a visit to the United States. He is reported to be very anxious to see Boston, Harvard College, Niagara, and the Yosemite, and may sail after he has finished a new poem on which he is now engaged.

MR. GEORGE ROBERT SIMS, the famous journalist and playwright, author of "The Lights of London," "The Romany Rye," and a score of other well-known dramas, has broken down in consequence of ill-health, and has been ordered by his physicians to take a complete rest from all mental and literary labours.

THE Leonard Scott Publication Company, Philadelphia, announce that they have completed arrangements for doing their own printing, and in future their reprints will appear promptly. The work will be done in the best typographical style to make them absolutely correct, so far as careful proof-reading and the best mechanical methods will permit.

GEORGE J. COOMBS, N. Y., will shortly publish "Vanity and Insanity of Men of Genius, from Pindar to Dickens," by Miss Kate Sanborn, which is an elaborated and carefully revised edition of her lecture on the "Vanity and Insanity of Genius," and "That Very Mab," a satire on English society, to which Mr. Andrew Lang furnishes an introduction.

THE Boston firm, Little, Brown and Co., will have ready October 1st a new popular edition, in two volumes, of "Montcalm and Wolfe," Francis Parkman's latest work. They have recently published a new edition of Grote's "Plato," uniform with the popular edition of Grote's "History of Greece"; also, the nineteenth volume of "The Encyclopedia Britannica."

Few people knew General Grant better than Mr. George W. Childs. Their friendship lasted over twenty years and was of the closest kind. The anecdotes about the General, therefore, furnished by Mr. Childs, and printed in the *N. Y. Tribune* of Sept. 2, will doubtless attract attention and be read with marked interest. They are not only personal but political, and the historical value of the incidents described cannot be underrated.

T. Y. CROWELL AND Co. have just published "Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of Our Time," a handsome octavo volume, profusely illustrated, edited by Mr. James Parton. This interesting work consists of a series of biographical and descriptive sketches of noted Americans and Europeans written by the most prominent authors of the day. James T. Fields, E. P. Whipple, Archdeacon Farrar, Archibald Forbes, Miss Mamie Dickens and others are among the contributors.

A NOVEL paper from the pen and pencil of W. Hamilton Gibson is promised for the October *Harper's* under the title of "Back-yard Studies." Mr. Gibson astonished himself one fine morning by counting, in his bit of city garden, twenty-five by twelve feet, not less than sixty-four different species of plants, many of them among the most curious, though the most common, of vegetable forms. City and country people alike will be interested in this strange revelation, the interest of which is enhanced by Mr. Gibson's delicate drawings.

BOTH in England and America the demand for Gordon's "Diary" has almost stopped. There was an extraordinary demand at first both here and there. Then the curiosity of the public seems to have been satisfied. Satiated with the long press notices, book buyers had their attention turned to other matters, and Gordon's "Diary" is likely soon to be obtainable very cheaply at the second-hand store. On the whole this is to be regretted, for the "Diary," though a little monotonous, save to Gordon worshippers, is a fine unveiling of a great hero, and contains all sorts of curious speculations and good thoughts.

THE printer's error of changing dodo to dado in Mr. Crawford's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, which we chronicled a fortnight ago, is matched by the remark of a lady to a friend of ours, that she was having her hall re-papered in the latest style, with a dodo running around the bottom. The error, moreover, was not a whit worse than Mr. Crawford's own mistake of alluding to the steinbok as an *extinct* animal. What feats this author is capable of in logic and in English style, we have already indicated; but his mathematical idiosyncrasies are still more deserving of wonder and admiration.—*N. Y. Nation*.

To preserve the copyright of Mr. Max O'Rell's forthcoming volume, "Les Chers Voisins"—or rather of the English translation of it, which will appear almost simultaneously with the original—the London publishers, Messrs. Field and Tuer, have issued a little brochure bearing the latter title, containing a translation by Mr. O'Rell of the preface to his book. France and England, Max O'Rell says, are like neighbouring householders: they view each other with mutual distrust and dislike, until one day an introduction is effected through a mutual acquaintance, and Jacques and John are delighted to find their suspicions were quite groundless, and speedily become the closest of friends. In other words, there are "thousands of absurd prejudices existing in France on the subject of England, and in England on the subject of France," and Mr. O'Rell intends, in the capacity of mutual friend, to destroy as many of them as he may be able.

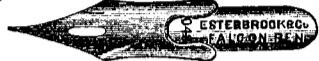
CANON WORDSWORTH, the new Bishop of Salisbury, did not actually deliver *in propria persona* the "Bampton Lectures" which bear his name. After he had prepared them he met with an accident which might have been fatal had not the lady who was with him at the time been skilled in some of the first duties of a surgeon. Taking a country walk, he was passing through a gate, when a savage dog made a dash at his calf, and actually bit a large piece from it. He would have bled to death, but his companion had had lessons as a member of an ambulance corps, and she extemporised a tourniquet, staunching the wound, and saved the scholar and divine from what under other circumstances would have been his fate. It is a question at Oxford of how the chaplain of Brasenose will wear his silk stockings and gaiters when they come to him. Perchance he will follow the example of another bishop, who, not possessing a leg which he can show with pride, boldly dons the ordinary continuations, and lets those laugh who think that a bishop's excellence depends upon his costume.

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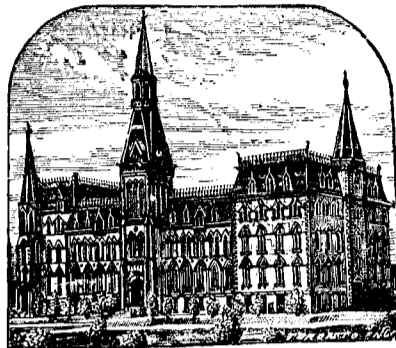
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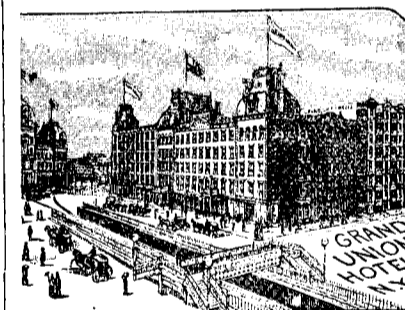
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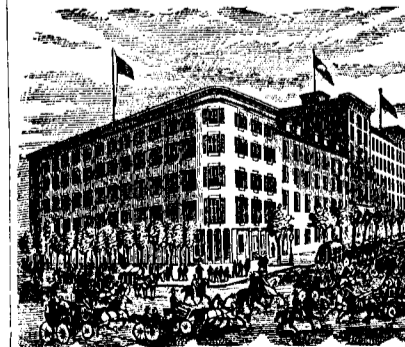


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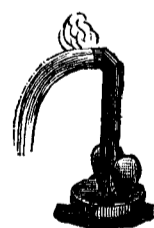
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