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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE new Minister of the Interior in entering on his office proclaims, and no doubt with perfect sincerity, his intention of devoting his best attention and faculties to the administration of the North-West. He even intends to pay a visit to that region, to see it with his own eyes, and to make enquiries on the spot with the aid of local intelligence and experience. This is most creditable to him and very gratifying to those whose affairs he is going to manage. But what the North-West specially wants is not administration: it is more self-government. With more of self-government, and more liberty to develop its resources in its own way, it would have attained a larger measure of prosperity, and would have had no Half-breed rebellion. Mr. White, let him do what he will, is a member of a distant Government, and in his bureau at Ottawa he must be beholden to channels of information the trustworthiness of which he has no means of surely ascertaining. He is a member of a Party Government, the basis and controlling force of which are probably in Quebec, and certainly not in the North-West; while the small representation which the North-West nominally enjoys at Ottawa has, with perhaps the exception of one man, been captured by the usual allurements, and has practically gone into the pocket of a Premier who has never set foot in the North-West, and whose paramount aim is, and must be, to keep his party in power. In the use of patronage the claims of partisans must be satisfied, and they must be preferred to the interest of the community: if Mr. White has formed good resolutions on that subject, as we willingly believe, he will find that they will gradually ooze away. The very first man appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship was a politician whose subsequent adventures clearly enough show how he might have been expected to behave in the administration of a distant trust, and what sort of influence he would have been likely to exercise on the character of a young community. He has been followed by a train of men appointed on similar grounds, under the pressure of the same party necessity, and with as little regard for the interests of the settlers in a remote territory. Both the parties in this respect have sinned alike, and both may plead the same excuse. Partisans are importunate, and at Ottawa North-West opinion is not felt. It has also plainly appeared

in the case of the late rebellion that a local office-holder suspected of having brought on by his misconduct the greatest disasters, if he belongs to the party in power, is safe under the party screen, so that practically official responsibility does not exist. An administrator who has had a glimpse of the country and the people over which he is to rule is better than one who has not even had a glimpse. But daily familiarity with the affairs to be managed is better still if there is brain for management, as we have no reason to doubt that there is among the enterprising and vigorous population of the North-West. That the new Minister means to be a new broom we may be sure. If he does not make everybody in the North-West contented and happy the failure will be due not to his want of good-will, but to his remoteness and to the untoward influences of which Ottawa is the seat.

AFTER a long and tedious investigation the Commission appointed to enquire into the charges made against Warden Massie's management of the Central Prison has got through all the direct evidence; only some enquiries into prison discipline elsewhere remain to be made for purposes of comparison. The general impression made on unbiassed minds is that the case for the prosecution was extremely weak; the principal charge, that of religious favouritism on the Protestant side and religious hostility on the Catholic, failed altogether, as the leading counsel against the warden admitted. Some bad meat was proved to have been served out to the prisoners; but it was withdrawn from use when its deficiencies became known to the warden. Most of the witnesses against the warden were convicts and ex-prisoners, some of whom were men of exceptionally bad character, and guards who had been drawn into the intrigue set on foot to procure his dismissal. That the object was to supplant Mr. Massie by a Roman Catholic warden is generally believed, and the belief rests upon facts which it would be difficult to explain away. He was charged with showing hostility to Roman Catholic prisoners as well as the priest. The priest practically admits that he insisted on subverting the prison discipline by setting up the rules of his Church against the authority of the warden and the law of the land. It seems to have been made an imperative condition that one of the commissioners should be a Roman Catholic. In the contention between the warden and the priest we may be sure the latter would have the approval and support of the Archbishop; and Mr. Massie, who, resolved to be guided by what he believed to be the dictates of duty, refused to release a prisoner from close confinement on the demand of the priest, was at once marked as a victim. A discreditable system of espionage was employed in the hope of making out a case for dismissal. Under guards thus corrupted, a serious relaxation of discipline must have taken place, and the necessity of restoring the full authority of the warden has been made apparent. This can only be done by relieving from duty the officials who allowed themselves to be seduced from their fidelity to the chief officer and used the opportunities of their position to attempt his ruin. It is quite clear that the warden and the rebellious guards cannot work together in that bond of mutual confidence which is a necessity of their relative positions. The management of the prison may not have been perfect, and the inquiry may have disclosed some defects of discipline which require to be reformed; but that the warden was a monster of cruelty, or that he did intentional wrong in matters of serious import, has been clearly disproved.

THE steady progress in Montreal of a disease so completely controllable as small-pox is not without its special cause. In vain do employers of labour insist that their workpeople shall be vaccinated if the nuns succeed in persuading that part of the family which remains at home to resist the use of the preventive. And this appears to be what is happening, with the result that the disease, having established a number of centres, is spreading in every direction. From the same cause small-pox was, on a former visitation, more fatal in Connaught than in the rest of Ireland, and six times as destructive as in London. The excessive mortality resulting from the cholera in Spain is due to a defiant neglect of sanitary precautions, which the Church, if it exerted its power, could mitigate or prevent. When the small-pox broke out in Montreal, the

pulpit had scarcely ceased to fulminate anathemas against the great discovery of Jenner, and medical men whose science still felt the influence of clerical restraint openly denounced vaccination; now the appearance of the Roman Catholic clergy as the tardy ally of sanitary science is so novel that the new command which it delivers is far from being responded to by the universal obedience of the bewildered and panic-stricken flock. Crowds of people of all conditions spend whole nights in supplication, while large numbers of houses are left without drainage. There seems to be no hope but in compulsory vaccination, strictly enforced, and an improvement in the sanitary condition of the city. The original objection to vaccination, that it conveyed the diseased blood of beasts into the veins of human beings, has been modified by doctors in Montreal raising the objection that the means of preventing one disease was the insidious instrument of propagating a number of others. The alarm reinforced the superstitious fears of the ignorant, and the result is seen in the havoc which the scourge is making. The objectors did not deny, and could not deny, that vaccination had greatly reduced the rate of mortality in every country where its use became general. That it is necessary to obtain pure lymph no one would think of denying, and with reasonable care no incidental damage from vaccination need be feared. Like all precautions of which the necessity has ceased to appear urgent, Jenner's discovery has, in several countries, ceased to be availed of as generally as it should be. Even England was recently threatened with a new outbreak of small-pox; but the appearance of a real danger caused a speedy resort to known measures of safety. The disease will probably spread far in the Province of Quebec, where the conditions are favourable to its propagation, and in Ontario precautions need to be taken. In vaccination and cleanliness alone can safety be found. The necessity for vaccination in Ontario seems scarcely to be realized as it should be, though the daily bulletins from Montreal should dispel any apathy which may exist. Where municipal inertia creates unnecessary risks, individual initiative can generally lead the way to safety.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1883, appeared an article by Lord Randolph Churchill, entitled "Elijah's Mantle," the subject of which was the unveiling of Lord Beaconsfield's statue. It contained a passage which subsequent events have rendered memorable. Lord Randolph Churchill was at that time caballing against Sir Stafford Northcote, with whom he now sits in the Cabinet; and he draws with a pen dipped in venom a contrast between Sir Stafford and Lord Beaconsfield. He then turns to Lord Salisbury, by whom also he says, with a sneer, the character of Lord Beaconsfield "was to some extent imperfectly appreciated," and observes that "for some reason or other an unknown master of the ceremonies had reserved to the Marquis the very secondary function of moving a vote of thanks to Sir Stafford Northcote for having unveiled the statue." Considering that Lord Salisbury had regarded Lord Beaconsfield with intense and unconcealed aversion, had written against him and his policy, and had been attacked by him in turn as a master of flouts, gibes and jeers, the unknown master of the ceremonies may have had a pretty good reason for his arrangement. There follow, however, the words to which special attention is called:—

"Speaking to the delegates of the various Conservative Associations on the eve of the ceremony, Lord Salisbury condemned in forcible language 'the temptation' which, he said, 'was very strong to many politicians to attempt to gain the victory by bringing into the lobby men whose principles were divergent and whose combined forces therefore could not lead to any wholesome victory.' Excellent moralizing, very suitable to the digestion of the country delegates, but one of those puritanical theories which party leaders are prone to preach on a platform, which has never guided for any length of time the action of politicians in the House of Commons, and which, whenever apparently put into practice, invariably results in weak and inane proceedings. *Discriminations between wholesome and unwholesome victories are idle and unpractical. Obtain the victory, know how to follow it up, leave the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness to critics.* Lord Salisbury, when he used the words quoted above, must have forgotten that a few hours later he was going to take part in unveiling the statue of a statesman whose whole political life was absolutely at variance with Lord Salisbury's maxim. The condemnation of a particular method of gaining political victories was in reality a condemnation of the political career of the Earl of Beaconsfield."

The last sentence must have been pleasant reading for Lord Rowton, if he is engaged in writing the life of Lord Beaconsfield. Truer words were never penned, for the great achievement of Lord Beaconsfield's career was the divorce, so far as his followers and his party were concerned, of politics from morality. To comment on the rest of the passage would be to gild gold and to paint the lily. It may safely be said that in the worst pages of the most immoral writer on politics, in the most cynical effusions of the lowest American demagogue, a parallel will not easily be found to this frank profession of dishonour. Yet, two years have sufficed to educate

the Marquis of Salisbury up to the mark of Lord Randolph Churchill. He has become Prime Minister by a coalition not with "men whose principles were divergent," but with the avowed enemies of the realm.

The writer of "Elijah's Mantle" proceeds to illustrate, historically, his view of Elijah's morality. "In 1852," he says, "Mr. Disraeli put Lord John Russell into a minority by allying himself with Lord Palmerston, and in 1857 Mr. Disraeli put Lord Palmerston into a minority by allying himself with Mr. Gladstone and the Radical Party. In 1858 Mr. Disraeli put Lord Palmerston into a second minority by following the lead of Mr. Milner Gibson and the Radicals. . . . In 1866 Mr. Disraeli, with the assistance of Lord Cranborne, placed Mr. Gladstone in a minority by allying himself with the Whigs, whose principles are even more divergent from the modern Conservatives than the principles of the Radical Party, and certainly any political victory in which Whigs bear a part must be to the last degree unwholesome and scrofulous. . . . Again, in 1873, Mr. Disraeli placed Mr. Gladstone in a minority by making a temporary alliance with the Radicals and the Irish." Lord Randolph Churchill has omitted the first instance of these tactics, which was the coalition with the Whigs and Radicals against Sir Robert Peel in 1846. And what was the practical result? One which it is eminently wholesome and anti-scrofulous to mark. In 1858 Lord Palmerston having been placed in a minority by the "fortuitous concurrence of atoms" appealed at once to the country and came back victorious. On the other occasion the gain to the Conservatives was a brief tenure of office on sufferance without power or honour, a sacrifice of the principles and character of the party, a speedy re-union of the opposing forces and a disastrous overthrow. Only once in his long life of strategy did Lord Beaconsfield lead his party into power, and that was in 1874, when there had been a genuine Conservative reaction, produced by no device of his, but by social and commercial causes entirely beyond his control, and when, moreover, Mr. Gladstone, by a hasty and ill-advised dissolution of Parliament, had thrown the game into the hands of his opponents. Had the Conservatives remained true to their fundamental principles and to Peel as their leader in 1846, there was nothing in the temper or the circumstances of the country to prevent power from being handed down through a succession of moderate Conservative statesmen from that hour to this. In fact if any one wishes to understand the weakness of intrigue in a country under Parliamentary government he will do well to study the history of the Conservative Party in England from 1846 to 1880. We shall now see whether the epilogue will not be in keeping with the play.

So long as the public morality of a nation is sound, there is hope. Not only is there hope, there is the certainty of ultimate salvation whatever errors the statesmen of the day may commit. When public morality ceases to be sound, all is lost. If for the honour which was the guiding star of Chatham, Pitt, Canning, Grey and Peel, were to be substituted the maxims which Lord Beaconsfield put in practice, and Lord Randolph Churchill preaches, the story of British greatness would be closed. Every one, then, who feels an interest in the fortunes of England must have watched with extreme anxiety to see whether the intrigue between Tories and the Parnellites would be followed by a moral recoil. By a moral recoil it has been followed. Honourable Conservatives, and the more independent organs of the Conservative Press, have entered a protest, and a loud one. Lord Spencer has received an ovation in which Conservatives as well as Liberals have borne a part, and Lord Salisbury and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach have found themselves compelled to pay to him at least the tribute of hypocrisy. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach even essayed to deny that there had been an understanding with the Parnellites, but the falsehood died upon his lips, and he took refuge in a sorry jest. Still it must be confessed that the selfish madness of faction has half stifled the voice of honour, and that in this, of all respects the most vital, England is in no small peril. Now it is that the eye turns wistfully to the receding figure of Mr. Gladstone. Wonder has often been expressed that a High Church Anglican who makes Ritualists Bishops should receive as he does the ardent support of Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists. The reason is one of which the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists as Christians and patriots need not be ashamed. It is that Mr. Gladstone, amidst all his changes of opinion and connection, has been steadfastly loyal to morality. Flaws there may be in his statesmanship, mistakes he may have made. His Irish policy of conciliation may have failed to conciliate; his treatment of the Egyptian question may have been weak; his cultivation of the French Alliance may have been illstarred; his tactics as a leader may not have been masterly; but he has never swerved from what he believed to be the line of his public duty. Faithfully, to the best of his

knowledge and ability, he has served righteousness. He has never sought power without a patriotic aim, or shown the least unwillingness to lay it down when it appeared that he could no longer hold it with advantage to the state. He has never conspired or intrigued. He has never entered into profligate coalitions. His opposition to Palmerston's Chinese Wars, to which Lord Randolph Churchill alludes as though it had been a coalition with Disraeli, was in the strictest accordance with the principles of his whole life. While a degenerate aristocracy is lowering the standard of public character, the Great Commoner may say with truth that he always kept it high; and if the events of the last few months are an earnest of what is to follow, Englishmen who are true to morality and to country will have too much reason in the coming years to think of Mr. Gladstone with mournful gratitude.

MR. PARNELL must feel that he has his Tory confederates completely at his feet since he ventures on the morrow of his alliance with them openly to declare for Dismemberment. An Englishman by blood and of the stock of those very intruders whom he represents himself as thirsting to expel, he is animated not only by Disunionism, but by a renegade hatred of his own race; and his real object has been perfectly manifest from the first to all who had watched his course and who were not blinded either by self-deluding ambition or by the weakness which refuses to see unwelcome truth. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke fancied that they could traffic with him and buy his help in their ascent to power at some price short of the repeal of the Union. Lord Randolph Churchill, in an article to which reference has been already made, suggested, with ingenuous roguery, that "though the Nonconformist tendencies of Scotland and Wales precluded much hope of Tory popularity in those regions, in Ireland something might be done; and if Lord Beaconsfield's spirit could for a moment animate his statue an Irish policy might be suggested which would captivate the Celtic race." How successfully the Celtic race has been captivated the reports of Irish agrarianism show. There must be an end, at all events, of paltering and twaddle. If Mr. Parnell can be said ever to have worn a mask he wears it no more. Not local self-government, in any form, or under any name, but Separation is his demand. He aims at severing Ireland from England and forming it into an independent and hostile republic. This he hopes to accomplish by wrecking the legislature of the United Kingdom, and in that attempt again he looks for success to the help which he will receive from the selfish madness of the British factions. British statesmen can feign ignorance no longer; if they mean to be traitors they will have to look their treason in the face. And in truth they had better commit whole treason than half treason. If they mean to buy the Irish vote at the next election by letting Ireland go, they had better let it go at once and altogether. The *Standard* is perfectly right in saying that worst of all would be Home Rule with Mr. Parnell still at Westminster. Entire separation would have its advantages: there would be an end of the enslavement of Great Britain by its internal factions to the Irish vote. "Grattan's Parliament," if revived, would be, as it was before, an unmixed curse. But if the politicians are cowardly and faithless, Orangeism is not dead yet, and with Orangeism the Union may live.

LORD HARTINGTON, at all events, has declared manfully for the Union, and to him must the eyes of loyal Unionists be turned. To him, for want of a greater leader, must, so far as we can see, be turned the eyes of all who care for the country, of all who do not want to see the unity, the greatness, the dearest interests of the nation put up to Dutch auction between Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill. That Lord Hartington should be the only visible preserver of England is one among a thousand proofs that Party is a poor nursery of political greatness. Not only is he not a heaven-born leader, but the circumstances of his birth in that capacity were far from auspicious. The provisional leadership, during the moody absence of Achilles from the field, was, in fact, thrust upon him largely through the machinations of intriguers who, judging of him from his career up to that time, expected that he would be a cypher, and reckoned on pulling his wires, and, when he should be translated to the Lords, leaping into his place. The hereditary politician, to whom public life had been a bore, whose heart had always been in his racing stable and who had yawned at his own speech, displayed under pressure unexpected qualities and an unlooked-for devotion to the duties of his post. He has steadily grown in the confidence of the better men of his party and in the esteem of the whole nation. A commanding figure he is not, nor has he the gifts with which Mr. Gladstone enthralled the imagination of the masses; but he has good Parliamentary abilities as well as good powers of administration; and even on the platform, which has now become an essential part of a statesman's field of action, he is impressive though not magnetic.

Above all, in these days of the Chamberlains and the Churchills, he is a man of the strictest honour. Nobody could ever suspect him of playing dirty tricks, telling falsehoods, or deserting for any consideration what he believed to be his duty to the country. From selfish ambition he is even too free and too willing to be released from the unsought burden of power. Though he cannot dominate the House of Commons like Mr. Gladstone, he appears capable of exercising a vigorous control. He showed it during the closing days of the last session by restraining the more violent Liberals, who would have retaliated for the obstruction of the Tory rowdies, and enabling the necessary work to be done. Unluckily the death of his father, who is very old, may at any moment banish him to the House of Lords; but while he remains in the Commons his leadership is about the patriot's best hope.

FINAL judgment may now be said to have been passed by public opinion on the *Pall Mall* and its moral "toxin." This result is marked by some curious somersaults in the religious press. The Archbishop of Canterbury is in full retreat. His manifesto of withdrawal is treated by the *Times* as "tardy and halting"; nor can it be denied that the filthiest literature ever published with impunity in England has gone into the homes of the people with something like an Archi-episcopal imprimatur. No one will think of impeaching the motives of the Archbishop, but his judgment and that of his brother of York must be said to have somewhat failed them. To cover his retreat, the Archbishop advocates a "chivalrous crusade" under the name of the White Cross. A badge for the crusaders His Grace does not propose, and in truth it would be rather curious to see a gentleman coming into a drawing room with a white ribbon in his button-hole to indicate his superior chastity. Gratitude is due to the crusading spirit for what it achieved in the age of Dragons, but Peter the Hermit has been a long time in his grave. When the conflict is with some evil institution or custom deeply rooted in interest or prejudice, such as Slavery or the Slave Trade, it is necessary, perhaps, to have recourse to an organized agitation, which the lovers of poetic language may, if they please, style a crusade. But a crusade against the Powers of the Air, or in favour of a general virtue such as chastity, is too likely to set a number of feather-headed persons playing the knight-errant many centuries after date and giving themselves fantastic airs of superior virtue without any more satisfactory result. If the White Cross is to have a secret department of inquiry, with a system of espionage, after the fashion of the *Pall Mall* Commission, we may look for a social reign of terror and a carnival of blackmailing. These again will too probably be followed by a revolt not only against the moral tyranny of the Crusaders but against morality itself. If the frantic language of the *Pall Mall* or Mrs. Booth were to be deemed sober truth, and the community had really become a Babylon, spasmodic and convulsive effort, such as the Archbishop wishes to evoke, might be the sole hope of salvation. But for this dismal belief no adequate ground has been produced. Fierce passions lead to terrible aberrations, and in every great and luxurious city vice will sometimes take hideous forms. But there is no reason for supposing that the number of seducers is larger in proportion to that of the decent population than that of criminals of any other kind. Whatever vice there is, too, is just as rife among the lower classes as among the higher, though it may be indulged in a coarser and a less expensive way, so that there is no justification for any venomous appeals to class hatred. Let the regular guardians of public morality do their work, and let Science, to whom all things are pure, investigate the morbid perversions of the passions and seek cures for moral disease. The general conduct of the Press on this occasion has been entirely justified by the result, and it is satisfactory to know that a journal cannot lower its character as the *Pall Mall* has done without ultimately lowering its circulation also.

"THE most atrocious criminal will always find those willing to see his punishment mitigated, and for some time back the friends of Lieske, the Socialist, who murdered Dr. Rumpff, the Chief of Police at Frankfort-on-the-Main, have been moving heaven and earth to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life." So ran the *Mail's* cablegram on Saturday last. It was added that Lieske's appeal had been heard and rejected, so that he would shortly be executed. Supposing Germany, then, to be a civilized nation, it cannot be asserted that the whole of the civilized world has yet renounced the infliction of the death penalty for political offences. If it had, civilization might be placed at the mercy of a horde of Nihilists and Dynamiters, more devastating and murderous than were the Northern Barbarians. The plea that the object of the criminal was not the destruction of life but the subversion of the Government, is just as sound, and may be presented with the same pathetic embellishments in the case of

Lieske, or any other Socialistic conspirator, as in the case of Riel. The fact is, that in hardly any case, except that of personal revenge, is the destruction of life the object of the murderer: his object is plunder, the suppression of evidence, or some advantage to the attainment of which the destruction of the life is necessary. Ravallac, Balthazar Gerard, Guy Fawkes, the Cato Street Conspirators, and the French contrivers of the Infernal Machine would all have been sheltered from justice by the defence which Riel's advocates set up; for every one of them was perfectly disinterested, and had, no doubt, thoroughly persuaded himself that he was removing an obstacle to public happiness. Ravallac, Balthazar Gerard and Guy Fawkes unquestionably believed that they were promoting not only the temporal welfare but the eternal salvation of mankind. Riel himself, by his mock indictment of Scott, has stopped the mouths of his own advocates on this occasion. If he escapes justice it will be not because anyone doubts that treason is a capital offence, or because anyone believes that a man sane enough to plan and conduct an arduous enterprise is not sane enough to be accountable for his actions, but because the Government is afraid of the French; and it would be much better frankly to take that ground than to make a way for the escape of a particular criminal by violating and falsifying the general principles of criminal law.

It was announced the other day that negotiations were going on between Germany and Austria with a view to a Customs Union, the occasion being the adoption by France of a protective policy with regard to cereals. Whatever the result of the negotiations may be, it is pretty clear that neither Germany nor Austria supposes its separate nationality to be dependent on the Customs Line. A nationality which depended on a Customs Line would be frail and precarious indeed. Yet this argument either openly or in disguise meets every proposal to remove a fiscal barrier which cuts off Canada from the commercial life of her own continent, shackles Canadian industry, starves Canadian enterprise, and prevents the Canadian people from enjoying the full measure of prosperity which in a fair field their industrial qualities would command. Our immense apparatus of government, with its multitude of places, legislative or administrative, the salaries attached to them, and the Imperial titles which they often bring, forms such a paradise of politicians that the slightest apprehension of losing its exclusive enjoyment is enough to send a nervous tremor through the whole of the class. But if practical Reciprocity did not weaken the political division between Canada and the States, why should the abolition of the Customs Line, which is simply a full measure of Reciprocity, destroy it? This question has often been asked; but, so far as we have seen, never answered. Not many years ago Mr. George Brown was denouncing all who talked of commercial independence as traitors. Commercial independence, he said, would manifestly sever the tie which bound us to the Mother Country. Commercial independence has come; it has been proclaimed by a Conservative Minister; yet the mutual attachment of the Mother Country and the Colony remains just what it was before. The removal of the Customs Line, while commercially it would be an immense benefit to both countries, would leave the political destiny of Canada as fully in her own hands as it is now. The citizen of a free state can ask no more.

It is singular that the world should be looking with a thrill of anxious expectation for the latest news, not of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual vigour or general health but of his voice. If Mr. Gladstone were the master of a pack of hounds, a strong voice would certainly be indispensable to him; but it seems strange that it should be indispensable to a leader of a political party or the chief of the national councils. Such, however, is the fact, and it marks the fatal transition from the statesman to the platform orator and the demagogue. The question whether Mr. Gladstone shall remain the head of the Liberals is assumed to depend on his ability to address large audiences in the Mid-Lothian Campaign. Of this point the most perplexing doubt, by the latest accounts, prevails. We may be sure that assiduous appeals are being addressed both to the strong and to the weak part of Mr. Gladstone's character by those who wish him to keep the leadership, believing that his abdication would be the signal for a schism between the Liberals and the Radicals, and sound the death-knell of the party. That the dreaded result would follow and have a disastrous effect on the elections is, to say the least, extremely probable. Yet, it may be doubted whether the artificial union maintained by Mr. Gladstone's personal ascendancy is really a good thing for the country, and whether it would not be better that the division, which in the end is sure to come, should at once take place and leave both Liberals and Radicals at liberty to act on their own convictions. One thing, however, is certain: if there is a doubt in the minds of Mr. Gladstone's medical advisers as to his retention or resignation of the leadership, Mr. Gladstone will decide in favour of retention.

RIEL'S SECOND REBELLION.

WINNIPEG, August 20th.

RIEL'S second rebellion—a more formidable one by far than his first—is now a matter of history, and, as such, can be viewed with a calmness impossible when the din of war was resounding throughout the land. No student of Canadian history who is familiar with the causes which led to the Red River Rebellion in 1869, and who has witnessed the results which followed that rebellion, will deny that so far as the North-West is concerned the outbreak of '69 secured to this country and its inhabitants what could probably not have been attained by a decade of constitutional agitation. It required such an event as an appeal to arms to draw the attention of foreign powers, as well as the attention even of Canadians, to a country the area of which was but dimly comprehended by most Canadians, and the resources of which were purposely concealed by the Hudson Bay Company, for reasons which I deem it superfluous to explain. The Company did its utmost to perpetuate the impression that, somehow, had gone abroad in the earlier portion of the century, and in fact long anterior to that, and which was doubtless started by the corporation named, that this "land of promise," as it has justly been called, consisted of a vast region unfit for agricultural purposes, productive only of fur, and useful but as a hunting ground for the aboriginal tribes of North America, who roamed its ice-bound prairies.

In the manner thus indicated public attention was drawn to the country, its resources were made known, and while the disabilities under which the Half-breed settlers laboured, and for the removal of which they were finally obliged to resort to arms, were removed, a degree of prominence was secured to this country, which has been followed by immigration, settlement, colonization, investment, and all the other great forces of development and civilization. He must indeed be a dull student who cannot divine that a rebellion of the proportions of that just closed will exert an influence upon the destiny of our country relative, in proportion to its magnitude, to that of 1869. While many will view the rebellion merely as a disaster, in so far as it entailed the sacrifice of much treasure and scores of precious lives, and while some will regard "the affair" merely as the outcome of an agitation begun and carried on by the recreant Riel, with the sole object of obtaining the notoriety he is known to covet so eagerly, the majority, especially of the thoughtful, cannot fail to consider the causes which led to the outbreak, and reckon upon the consequences which are sure to follow. With the causes which led to the rebellion Canadians generally must be familiar; if they are not, their ignorance is to be deplored. Canadians must be conversant with the history of the Métis who have attained so large a degree of prominence recently, and who always occupied a prominent part, especially in connection with the North-West. The redress by the Dominion Government of the grievances for which the Half-breeds took up arms in 1869 was an acknowledgment that their claims were just; and, therefore, the more strange in the light of their experience of 1869 that the Dominion Government suffered the grievances of the Saskatchewan Half-breeds, so persistently urged, to go unredressed. It will be of interest to know that a very large proportion of the Saskatchewan Half-breeds who participated in the rebellion just ended were located along the Red River in 1869, and took part with Riel in his first rising of that date. They view with alarm advancing civilization; they abhor municipal organization, statute labour and taxes: and so it was that they readily disposed of the land or scrip which they secured after their appeal to arms, and betook themselves to the distant valley of the Saskatchewan, where they could live in primeval peace, tilling sufficient land to supply the daily bread they required, hunting the buffalo which then abounded on the Western prairies, and pursuing any vocation they chose, untrammelled by the enactments of legal and municipal institutions. But the buffalo, their greatest source of food and revenue, disappeared. Civilization in its onward march again overtook them; and once more, when the land which belonged to them as original owners was being cut up by Government surveyors, when the concessions accorded to other settlers were withheld from them, and when to their mind their landed rights were being interfered with, they rebelled. But they did not rebel before resorting to constitutional means to secure a redress of the grievances complained. They sent delegates to Ottawa; they made representations by letter; they passed resolutions; they held meetings, and at last, with heart-sickness begotten of hope deferred, they resorted to arms. That such action was precipitated by Louis Riel, who had been sent for to Montana by the Half-breeds to aid them in securing the rights demanded, will scarcely be denied; but, before urging the resort to arms, Riel, as is well known, spent months in constitutional agitation, and a perusal of the Bill of Rights which he framed cannot fail to convince one of the genuineness of their grievances and the justice of their claims. That Riel himself had nothing at stake seems to me beside the question. Even admitting that he was a mere adventurer trading upon the grievances of his brethren to secure a money bribe from the Government to leave the country, it does not lessen the magnitude of those grievances, but goes far to establish their genuineness, as—admitting that the leader was an impostor—the grievances themselves must have been substantial to induce men of integrity and known honesty to sacrifice their lives, their freedom, their all, to secure redress. If additional proof of the existence of grievances and neglect of redress is wanted, it should only be necessary to call attention to the last appointment of the Dominion Government: of a commission to investigate the claims of the Half-breeds, and the further fact that about \$200,000 worth of scrip, besides a very large amount of land, was distributed amongst them by that commission. The testimony of the commissioners in regard to the character of the Half-breeds is such that were the integrity of the commissioners not known, their expressions touching the Half-breeds might be

regarded as flattery. Mr. Street told me himself that the Half-breeds did not know how to deceive. So thoroughly honest were they that but one case out of the entire number dealt with sought to secure what he was not justly entitled to. In all cases where Half-breeds participated in the rebellion, they frankly acknowledged it to the commissioners without questioning, and resignedly submitted to the consequences, which meant exclusion from any share in the advantages accorded to the loyal ones. This testimony from gentlemen, who, had they any leaning, it would likely be in a direction favourable to the Government, might also be regarded as additional evidence that the Half-breeds would not rebel unless they had some substantial reason for so doing.

Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty; but the Half-breeds, unrepresented as they were in any representative institution of the country, had no means of watching their own interests. They had no one to advocate their rights, and could only take what was given them. Thus they were at a disadvantage under which no other race, save the Redskin who had the treaty to fall back upon, laboured. In going thus far to justify their cause, I should not like to be understood as seeking to justify the extreme means they resorted to in order to secure redress.

A British subject who understands the Constitution knows that recourse can be had to the Crown, but every allowance should be made for the poor deluded Half-breeds who knew nothing about the Constitution, and who, if left alone, would never seek to inform themselves as to its provisions. I cannot help thinking, sometimes, that in a free country like Canada a race if it chooses has a right to eschew civilization, and, so long as it does not interfere with the laws of the land, live in its own unique manner.

Before discussing the causes which led up to the outbreak, mention should be made of the gallantry displayed by a race hitherto regarded as lacking in courage and valour. In an unequal fight maintained against troops well armed and fully munitioned, and being almost ten times as numerous, the Half-breeds displayed a bravery that would have gratified Wellington and a tact that could not fail to please the Great Napoleon.

Having, as I deem, fully dealt with the causes which led to the rebellion, I will now refer to the results—both of an immediate and prospective character. The first result, therefore, was, as indicated previously, a partial redress of grievances complained of; but that redress came so late that ruin and disaster was first spread in the once prosperous localities of Batoche, St. Catharines and Duck Lake. It came so late that the best Half-breed settlements in the Prince Albert district were broken up, and in all likelihood will never be renewed, for with characteristic superstition and fear of the legislative power of the whites, the poor Métis may either desert the country altogether, or take another stride farther west and settle in the Peace River country, where they can safely count on being unmolested for a decade or two. Although scrip was scattered among the Half-breeds with liberality it will afford but a temporary relief. The rebellion has been disastrous to them. Their homes have been pillaged, their effects, in the majority of cases, carried away; they have no crops this year, and ruin and starvation stare them in the face. True, the Government, through the Mounted Police and one or two other mediums, are making a feeble attempt to relieve immediate distress, but if continued in the form of charity it must be at the expense of the self-respect of the Métis, and that sunk they have little incentive for which to work. Some public work begun by the Government in the disaffected district, to afford employment, and thereby the means of subsistence to the Half-breeds has been suggested, but it is doubtful if even that would effect the desired result, for the Métis are very proud, and might decline, if they knew it, to work for a Government which they consider has treated them so badly.

When the rebellion first broke out a cry of alarm was sent up that it would check immigration, and that thereby the prospects of the country would be once more marred. Citizens looked to the relief that would be afforded by the money brought into the country by immigrants, and when they saw the cup dashed from their lips they were loud in their lamentations. But what was regarded as a disaster proved to be a blessing in disguise, regarded in the light of temporary financial relief. The millions that were squandered in supplies and transport, the hosts of old time-servers who received lucrative positions, and the not less number of sharks who were afforded an opportunity of glutting themselves with treasure out of the public trough, was indeed a "shower of blessings" for which this country has reason to be thankful, no matter what the cost may be to the Dominion at large. Temporary relief was an important desideratum to the citizens here, and a degree a thousand per cent. greater than would have been afforded by the immigration that we might have secured was obtained through the rebellion. Farmers readily disposed of hay and oats at a good figure, and with a team earned ten dollars a day. Contractors made money rapidly, store-keepers sold their goods, railway companies had a harvest, freighters got their own figures, and thus the money was scattered broadcast over the land. Viewed as an immediate result this was a most important one to the people of this country. Judging from the foreign inquiries made of the Government and land companies for land, it is quite evident that the advertisement given the North-West abroad through the medium of the rebellion has done the country more good in bringing it prominently before foreign powers than a hundred immigration agents could do in as many years. As the Red River Rebellion did so much in opening up the country so the Rebellion of 1885 will have a similar effect. It has been said that an important result will be the building up of a national sentiment. To those who believe in the future of Canada under the present Confederation system such a contention may have considerable force, but to Manitobans (and there are a great many who think so) who perceive that the future of this country is linked by nature to the future of the neighbouring Republic the contention carries little weight indeed.

There are scores of minor consequences which must follow such an event as a rebellion, such as the effect upon the Indians, the political and social results, etc.; but it will be to every Canadian a source of congratulation that a most searching inquiry into the administration of affairs in the North-West must of necessity follow in order that the root of the evil will be got at and the disease cured. It is very unfortunate for Sir John Macdonald and his Government that they have not been more judicious in the selection of officers who have been administering the policy of the Government in this country for years past, and to whose culpable negligence and cupidity the rebellion is doubtless due. It surely must have been that Sir John was deceived in his men here, or was too much absorbed with other matters of state to attend to the complaints that are sure to have poured into the Government from the Territories, for he is certainly possessed of sufficient tact to avert such a disaster had he known positively it was pending. Perhaps it was that he could not trust his agents here, and so disregarded the warnings which many of them assert they sent to Ottawa. Be this as it may, every Nor'-wester sincerely hopes that the inquiry which must be made will result in the establishment of a policy under which the North-West will be accorded fair play, and will be allowed the privileges in regard to railways and other matters she must enjoy before she can attain to her just degree of development.

The last, and to my mind the most important, consequence which must follow will be the final opening up and complete development of this vast heritage of man, the capabilities and resources of which are but dimly comprehended by even the best-informed in regard to the country. Crazy as Louis Riel appeared when he addressed the Court at Regina, urging reasons why sentence should not be passed upon him, he struck a key-note when he said that the people of the earth must soon recognize and occupy the North-West. It was a heritage provided by Providence for the increasing millions and must soon be taken up. The attention of foreign powers directed to the country by the recent war within its borders will be riveted here, investigation will follow, and suddenly Canadians will awaken to the fact that they have within their confines a territory vast, fertile and full of resource.

One word more: In his speech at Regina Louis Riel said that his mission here was to bring about "practical results." It matters little now whether the misguided and ambitious rebel be hanged or not; but the people of Canada will yet acknowledge that that speech of his was prophetic, and that "practical results" indeed were brought about by the poor Half-breed who was born within the sound of the chimes of St. Boniface—Louis Riel.

R. L. RICHARDSON.

SMALL-POX IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, August 29.

MONTREAL is suffering very severely from small-pox. Her death-rate has doubled in consequence of the epidemic, her commerce is seriously impaired, and the opening of her schools is postponed. The preventability of it all makes the most grievous feature of the case. A Pullman-car porter arrives in the city stricken with small-pox, he is placed in an open ward in an hospital with other patients, and of course the disease spreads disastrously. But why, it may be asked, did not general vaccination hold the small-pox in check, as in other cities of the civilized world? More than an answer will be needed for an answer.

Our French Canadian population has a prejudice against vaccination for two reasons. In past epidemics there have been dreadful cases of disease communicated through impure vaccine; and as recently as three months ago there have been more instances of the kind. These cases have been fastened upon by some of our physicians, who either disregard the immense balance of evidence in favour of vaccination, or who look upon it when compulsory as a breach of individual rights. A much more active reason than this, however, exists. The Roman Catholic priests regard small-pox as a punishment for spiritual offences, against which material means of protection would be wrong,—nay impious. They do not openly oppose vaccination, but they do not use their vast power to promote it. Consequently the epidemic has slain but few victims outside their fold. Of these the great majority have been infants and young children, that, duly baptized, have, without doubt, passed to celestial bliss. And among a fecund race, with whom poverty is the rule, grief at the death of offspring soon passes into resignation.

As usual in epidemics, the death-rate from diseases other than that specially prevalent, has fallen off, especially among children under five. A word here as to the ordinary death-rate of Montreal, which is high. That death-rate parallels an uncommonly high birth-rate, and is swollen by the returns from the Foundling Hospital of the Gray Nunnery. That institution is a striking example of the perversion of benevolence when unguided by wisdom. To its wicket are brought every week ten to twenty infants, from not only the city, but the surrounding country as far as Quebec and Ottawa. Even Great Britain has sent in its quota. Frequently born without the physician's care, transmitted in valises and boxes, the wretched infants require the instant application of the baptismal touch lest their frail bodies be left behind by unregenerated souls. Can philanthropy and religion lift the suspicion of murder from all this?

How sincerely the small-pox epidemic is regarded by the Roman Catholic Church as a scourge not to be fought with carnal weapons is clear from the Bishop's order that prayers be offered to St. Roch, the saint who is believed to be specially charged with the relief of epidemics. To a theocratic explanation of the disease the French-Canadian is apt to join an indifference to it, as an infliction which is truly enough painful, but about as

inevitable as childbirth. Very often a French-Canadian mother will bring her children to infection that they may be over and done with a disease which later in life might prove more serious. This view of the matter leads them to resent the placarding of the houses containing patients, and while a French-Canadian public officer has to be brought before the Recorder for tearing down placards, the heir to Sir Hugh Allan, on discovering that there is small-pox at his lodge, at once telephones the Health Office and has the entrance to his grounds duly placarded.

Curious is the effect of the scare on the labours of the Health Office. Every day about five times as many new cases of small-pox are reported as prove to be such on examination. Epilepsy, severe biliousness, and even *delirium tremens*, have been interpreted as the fell disease. In some cases, too, small-pox is extremely mild in its attacks, so much so as to be well on its course before its recognition. Last week a physician noticed that his coachman looked rather ill, and although the poor fellow had not failed to attend to his duties for a single day, still he had been, and was then, suffering from varioloid.

The present epidemic would not have so thoroughly aroused Montreal if it had, as on former visitations of the kind, not seriously affected business. Now, however, that the city's trade suffers very materially, in a year which was dull before the epidemic, a bitter feeling of condemnation is evident against the ignorance and superstition which have brought loss to the chief interests of Montreal. These interests, represented by English-speaking employers, neither ignorant nor superstitious, are enforcing vaccination among their employes, who are very largely French-Canadians. Individual effort has compassed a compulsory measure of safety which municipal authority would have denied. In the relations of the two races of this metropolis there is a dormant dislike, which, like the solid lurking in a solution, only needs an awkward shake for precipitation. When one section of the community neglects the alphabetical laws of health, another section which loses thereby takes on decidedly unneighbourly feelings. Z.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

WASHINGTON, August 22, 1885.

AN occurrence like the death of General Grant, by calling out the full resources of journalism, offers opportunities of a rare kind for noting what may be still weak or defective in the organization or working of the great engine by which the public mind is informed and directed, while estimating the progress made since the last occasion for retrospection.

Seldom has the Fourth Estate found more abundant material for narrative or commentary than in the course and ending of the great soldier. His humble beginnings, his apparent effacement in the midst of a very modest career, his privations and failures in a variety of civic occupations, his quiet return to military employments, his steady rise without extrinsic aid and against much distrust in high quarters, his unique position at the close of the great war, his extraordinary reception by the princes and peoples of the Old World, the pathetic incidents of his latter days; his simplicity, homeliness, calmness, courage and pertinacity—here are adornings for many a tale and points for moralizings without number. The press has not slighted its opportunity, but what is the quality of the product?

Allowing for the current fashion of neglecting smoothness and finish of expression, and barring a tendency on the part of the provincial press to overtax the superlative degree in choosing adjectives descriptive of the merits of the subject and his doings, the editorial work, proper, has been, on the whole, well done. The points suggested by his environment and achievement have been duly made and correct generalizations deduced from them *pro bono publico*. The reporters' labours are less deserving of praise. The heroic character has been belittled by dull triviality, the domestic life of the patient and his family during the long illness too fully narrated, personal traits have been professedly illustrated by alleged facts, absurd or impossible; the reputations of dead and living worthies have been assailed in the invention of exalted or dramatic situations for the notability of the hour, and much hysterical language has been used in describing the behaviour and utterances of people incapable of the extravagances attributed to them.

The fierce and distorted light thrown by the press upon the relatives, intimates and friends of the departed has been reflected in their own sayings and doings. Knowing that their every word and act were destined to be published to the world, they have, sometimes unconsciously and sometimes not, posed, attitudinized and declaimed where, otherwise, they would have been simple and natural. This is not spoken by way of censure, but merely to emphasize what has been so often said of late concerning the influence upon private life and conduct of the extension to the press at large of methods of reporting introduced by the Henrys and Edmunds of "society" journalism.

Another fact strongly brought out is the passionate desire of multitudes of people to get, in some way, before the public. Hundreds of men whose contact or intercourse with General Grant was of a purely casual, temporary or unimportant character, have been gratified by having their names attached to trivial narrations or anecdotes, and other hundreds have obviously fabricated stories in order that they, too, might win, for a day, a little dust of notoriety.

Many a man must have noted to himself, and those who have not will recognize the truth of the suggestion upon sight, that the habitual reading of newspapers, if not altogether a "vanity," is at least a "vexation of spirit." One may reasonably doubt that burdening oneself in the morning with the follies, crimes and miseries of a whole world is the best possible preparation for the day's work ahead; and yet the actual doing of a day's useful work by a majority of the world's inhabitants each day is the tenure by which mankind holds its inheritance. Weighty, therefore,

are the grounds upon which Society may rightfully demand of those who are to it as the Levites were to the other eleven Hebraic tribes, that the great trust shall not be exercised otherwise than in sound reason and conscience. That it can be so exercised is demonstrated in the professional career of the founder and director of the *Baltimore Sun*, whose seventy-ninth birthday has recently been the occasion of so many just and kindly compliments from the press of the Union. "Dean of the Editorial Fraternity" is the title bestowed upon him by one of our journals, and it would be well if the designation carried with it the idea of æsthetic and ethical authority instead of mere length of days. The *Sun* is one of the best types of what the daily newspaper should be. No news of a general or local character, worthy to be called such, is missing from its columns; its daily picture of the world is neither better nor worse than the truth warrants; but it shuns padding, decoration or sensationalism, and confines itself to moderate statement and discussion in plain, pure language, of actual facts and occurrences, such as the average man or woman may profitably know and reflect upon. And the public's appreciation of such faithful and intelligent service lends proof and point to what Mr. Henry Irving has said of his experience, as actor and manager, in presenting Shakespeare's plays to the masses. B.

HERE AND THERE.

IF Toronto is to retain her position in the advance-guard of civilization in Canada, the problem, How to deal with our City Savages? must be solved at once. THE WEEK has before called attention to this subject, and to the numerous annoyances to which citizens are subjected at the hands of young "toughs." That parents are largely to blame in this matter is unquestionable. As the *Mail* very aptly remarked, they have practically abdicated their position as domestic rulers, and leave Young Canada to form its own character. Relieved of the wholesome restraint which formed so valuable a part of early training in former days, being indeed totally undisciplined, thousands of boys finish their education in the streets, an unflinching means of becoming demoralized socially and physically. As the first step towards amending this unfortunate state of affairs, let parents, as our contemporary suggests, keep their boys home at nights: the next step must be largely left to the judgment of those concerned; but until respect for their elders and better manners are imparted our youth can never be, as it ought to be, the pride of the country.

As was naturally to be expected, the Canadian press promptly objected to the importation of social outcasts from England. "A Mother," writing to a Toronto journal, hit the nail on the head when she protested in the name of Young Canada against such a step. It is an unfortunate fact a mistaken sentimentality cannot justify us in burking, that woman seldom is reformed. Once her character is soiled, or she becomes a victim to intemperance, it seems almost impossible to reclaim her. Nor is this so much a matter for surprise as might at first sight appear. The weakness—whether it be love of display or of excitement—which principally leads to her fall is aggravated by that catastrophe; the appetite grows by what it feeds upon; her power of resistance to temptation becomes more demoralized than that of a man who has transgressed the moral law. Nor would the proposed exportation of so-called reclaimed women answer the purpose contemplated by English philanthropists. So long as the character of the lower-class female remains unchanged, such a step would only result in the drafting of recruits into the ranks of vice so depleted. The only satisfactory way to deal with the social problem is to guard the weak ones whilst they are pure; to impress upon young girls the fact that even men of lax morality admire nothing so much in women as chastity; and to teach thoughtless womankind that dress alone does not make her lovable. It is no use theorizing in this matter; we should be practical. The two great factors in the social evil question are idleness and the love of dress. If we could get working-class mothers and Sunday school teachers to teach their girls that honest work is honourable, idleness a disgrace, and that a seal-skin coat or a satin dress does not make a lady, something might be done. Let them be taught that virtue raises them in the eyes of men, and that a woman has higher aims and responsibilities, let her be of what class she may, than degrading her sex by conduct which brings nothing but misery and wretchedness in its wake. Let the working mothers and employers of female servants look after these girls, not allowing them to be out late at night, or to dress beyond their means, and we might certainly protect our young girls without the aid of legislation. It is not a question for the men but for the mothers to decide.

THE *Globe* suggests that Toronto's Island should be transformed into a public park, and that the number of buildings on it should be strictly limited. Our contemporary might have added that camping should in future be entirely prohibited. Any resident will tell why. The nuisance arising from defective sanitary arrangements—or total absence of such arrangements—on the part of many who have spent the summer under canvas is insufferable, and must have been the cause of much sickness. What the results might have been had an epidemic overtaken the city heaven only knows.

THE *Canadian Sportsman* laments the decadence of lacrosse in Canada, which it attributes principally to the numerous "barbarianisms" associated with the game. Our contemporary very properly thinks "the age is too refined to enjoy the spectacle of twenty-four young men doing their best to cut and main each other." This was the view taken by THE WEEK in

commenting upon the matter at the opening of the season, and it is one worthy the attention of all lovers of *bona fide* out-door sport. Roughness and wildness in play and language redolent of the fish-market are sufficient to render any game unpopular.

IF the forthcoming three days' cricket match between an English and a Canadian team is not an unqualified success, the meddling grumblers who have aired their crotchets in the columns of the Toronto press will be solely to blame—providing always that the weather is favourable. For many reasons—chief amongst them no doubt the "barbarianisms" accompanying lacrosse and base-ball—there is a growing interest in cricket, and its devotees claim that the time is not far distant when it will take its place here, as in England, as the king of out-door games.

THERE is no more objectionable feature about journalism than the personalities which too often characterize it. Not even the vulgar language used by party hacks brings greater discredit upon the press. The sentiments expressed in editorial columns are, in well-regulated communities, tacitly understood to be endorsed by the whole *personnel* of the journal in which they appear, by gentlemen are treated as such, and are not attributed to any particular writer. Only on such lines can a publication attain dignity; only on such terms will writers who are worth reading connect themselves with the press. We have had occasion to refer to this matter before, and to request offenders to quote what appears in THE WEEK as of THE WEEK, and not as of this or that contributor. In some cases our hint has been taken; in others, we regret to say, it has not. A few persons, apparently having conceived themselves outside ordinary social courtesies and professional honour, persist in attributing articles to some individual writer—usually the wrong one. There is no pretence that this line of action assists to a better understanding of the subject under discussion; it is done with the sole idea of annoyance, and is the instinct of a blackguard. The following rebuke, administered by the Halifax *Critic* to the Nova Scotia *Herald* for an offence of this scandalous nature, may prove profitable reading to those who thus disregard journalistic decency: "We really must decline to discuss any question whatever with the *Herald* if it is going to attribute our editorial remarks by name to this or that writer, supposed to be connected with this paper. To every journal belongs the responsibility for its editorials. For any editorial of the *Critic* that 'incorporeal entity' called the *Critic* ought to be praised or blamed. It is among the unique journalistic methods of our contemporary to attribute any distasteful remarks in the *Recorder* and the *Chronicle* respectively to Hon. J. W. Longley and the Provincial Secretary. We do not wish to imitate or to encourage this unconventional style of journalism, and we are glad to say that we have no inclination and no facilities for prying into the authorship of the editorials in our contemporaries."

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

It is singular that religious journals which applauded as morally wholesome the obscene revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and impugned the moral principles of those who took the other view, should object to the catechizings of the confessional as a polluted introduction to evil. The Roman Catholic priesthood, it seems to us, may make great capital out of the conduct of Protestant journals and clergymen on this occasion.

THE following are the reflections of Charles de Mazade, the writer of the "Chronicle" of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the Salisbury Government. The writer is a close observer of English politics and, like the *Revue* itself, a decided Conservative.

On a near view this seems a strange Ministry. It has certainly not come into power under favourable conditions as regards foreign affairs, and it cannot reckon upon gaining a hold upon public opinion by brilliant successes. It begins, at any rate, it must be confessed, by acts of singular rashness; it seems bent on astonishing England by the suddenness of its evolutions. The Conservatives of the new Ministry are doing now what Lord Beaconsfield did in former days with an audacious dexterity. They are trying to wrest the weapons out of the hands of their opponents by showing themselves more liberal than the Liberals, particularly in their Irish policy. They are going the length of a sort of semi-socialist radicalism in the hope of capturing the Irish vote, first in Parliament and afterwards in the elections. Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his bold and well-attested liberalism, had been compelled, in presence of the most frightful crimes, to have recourse to the strongest measures of repression; and the last Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Spencer, had persistently demanded the retention of those laws. The new Ministry inaugurates a policy of non-interference without limit; it almost disavows the repressive measures of former days, and it even consents to a revision of the decisions given in all conscience in the interest of the Irish, and that agrarian measure seemed bold enough in all conscience. The present Ministry brings forward in the Upper House a Bill to facilitate the purchase of land with money advanced by the State. Strange to say it is the Liberals to-day that are accusing the Conservatives of attacking the right of property by their legislation. Has the new ministry reason to hope that by these means it will at any rate win the sympathies and the votes of the Irish? It will perhaps gain the momentary support of tacticians like Mr. Parnell, though even Mr. Parnell and his friends have recently voted against it. The agitators who lead the Irish are not contented with these concessions; they look for a speedy and gratuitous distribution of the land, and the Ministry runs great risk of gaining nothing by its wild and spasmodic liberalism. It is making an experiment which it may find hazardous enough for its party as well as for England herself, with its Tory democracy, and one which, without reconciling Ireland, may certainly give birth to perils of other kinds.

THE *Mail* concedes to the electors of Northampton the right to choose their own parliamentary representatives, but does so grudgingly and in terms which for indecency were probably never equalled by Mr. Bradlaugh. That notorious non-jurist may—indeed does—hold views with which neither the *Mail* nor THE WEEK can have any sympathy; but in expressing them he is neither "blatant," "coarse," nor "vulgar." On the contrary, his delivery and his writings are usually calm and judicial in tone, and his language is never disfigured by the use of gratuitous insults such as are used by the *Mail's* writer. It is difficult to characterize in proper terms the assertion that a majority of the Northampton electors are "brutalized," and the still more contemptible comparison of Jews, Dissenters and Roman Catholics with "lepers." Champions such as this it is which bring discredit upon Christianity.

"*Sic vos non vobis*" may be said of inventions as a rule. Howe, of sewing-machine fame, Bessemer, and Stephenson certainly reaped the benefit of their respective discoveries; but, as a rule, inventors, like sheep, are shorn; like bees, robbed of their honey; and Dr. R. H. Gilbert, who died recently in New York, was no exception to a too-general rule. He invented the Elevated Railroad system, which, as visitors to New York may remember, gives you such an admirable idea of the inner life of the streets you pass through. Dr. Gilbert was made chief inspecting engineer to his own railway; but as the company infringed his rights, he sought the aid of the law. A compromise was effected, and he received \$100,000 in shares. But as the stock paid no dividend, he lived and died no better off for his invention, which we trust may never be introduced into Canada.

ACCORDING to the French authorities our old friend the sardine is in a bad way. At Concarneau and other places on the coast of Brittany where sardines most do—or rather did—congregate, they have grown exceedingly shy and congregate in much smaller numbers. The fishermen of Concarneau are almost starving, the factories are being closed, and only a few of the establishments possessed of large capital can hold on. The fishermen who can hire steam power, and thus get further out to sea, are able to catch a few fish, but they assure the visitor that sardines are no longer what they used to be, either in numbers or quality. This decline is by some attributed to the failure of cod roe, which is the most attractive bait for sardines. Others fall back upon the Gulf Stream which, it is said, has been diverted from its old course, and the fish who like its warmth have followed it. Whatever the true explanation may be, sardines are declining in numbers. We do not know whether the consumer is equally deserving of compassion. Sprats we always have with us, and although there are doubtless experts who know a sprat from a sardine, the vast majority of the public are obliged to take tinned sardines on trust. The *dictum* laid down by Sam Weller in his famous discourse on meat pies may be very safely extended to other comestibles: "It's the seasoning as does it."

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.

FIDELIS.—The substance of your communication having appeared in the daily papers, it has lost its interest for our readers.

THE NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Your very forcible and just criticism of Mr. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" reveals the weak point of that ingenious book; but it is only fair to the author to remember that he himself looks upon his whole scheme as merely tentative. In fact, his own spiritual system is evidently undergoing metamorphosis. Deeply religious, and brought up, one would judge, "after the most straitest sect" of Predestinarianism or Puritanism, he is at the same time a man of brilliant scientific attainments, and a proponent of the doctrine of Evolution, which is rapidly becoming accepted by scientific men everywhere, and even by theologians like Bishop Temple. In collating his religious and his scientific views he finds the former gradually, almost imperceptibly, undergoing change. He tells us this in his preface: "The crystals of former doctrine were dissolved, and as they precipitated themselves once more in definite forms I observed that the crystalline system was changed" (p. vii). "My spiritual world before was a chaos of facts: my theology a Pythagorean system" (p. x). "I felt it to be due . . . to begin again at the beginning and reconstruct my spiritual world step by step. The result of that enquiry I have not given in this book" (p. xii).

The whole preface reads like the plaintive confession of one who is not at all satisfied as yet even with his own attempt to reconcile Science with Religion; and, without being a prophet, one may venture to prognosticate that if, as we must hope, the gifted author favours the world with another work, we shall see a still further reconstruction of those religious opinions which with him are confessedly in a state of flux. He will no doubt be himself struck with the vast discrepancy between the Natural Law of Biogenesis and his (Predestinarian or Puritan) view of the Spiritual Law of Regeneration. The Natural Law is universal and constant; the Spiritual Law, from his point of view, acts fortuitously and fitfully.

Now I hope it will not be put down to "priestly pretensions," "High Church arrogance," in all that sort of thing, if, as a "High Anglican," I venture to suggest that Mr. Drummond's difficulties would vanish if he could regard Christianity, not from his Puritan standpoint, but from the "Catholic" one. His beautiful work, for such it is in spite of its incompleteness, has been a great boon to Christian thought, and has thrown much light on the religious problems of the day. At least his lucid descriptions of the Natural Law suggest many analogies in the Spiritual World which the author himself,

thanks to his Puritanism, has not yet caught. Let me state some points in which I fancy Catholic doctrine would elucidate his theory and clear up many of his difficulties.

(1.) The Catholic doctrine views the Christian religion as something affecting the whole man, in all his complexity of body and spirit, of mind and matter. Hence, it lays much stress (not by any means the sole stress, as some represent) on sacraments, ritual and external worship. The Puritan doctrine is too Pythagorean (to use Mr. Drummond's own term) and views the "soul" alone, segregated from the body, as concerned with religion.

(2.) The Catholic doctrine takes into account the solidarity of the human race, and the fact that the individual is conditioned by his environments. Hence the Catholic theory of the Church as a "state of salvation" is the application of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Biological Sociology to the Spiritual World, just as that Sociology again is the application of the Natural Law to the Social World (p. xiii).

(3.) The Catholic doctrine of Regeneration, Election, etc., is at least more in accordance with Natural Law, inasmuch as it conceives of Almighty God working in the kingdom of grace as He works in Nature, viz., by means and by regular laws.

(4.) The Catholic doctrine takes into account the fact that God has provided for the salvation (or conversion, regeneration, spiritual evolution, religious development--what you will) of man by the instrumentality of his fellowman. Mr. Drummond's system takes no account of this important factor.

(5.) The Catholic Doctrine of the Church as the creation of its Divine Founder, an organism of which Christ is the "Life," is quite compatible with all instances of "Degeneration," "Parasitism," etc. "The extension of the Incarnation" is a phrase very shocking to Puritan ears; but after all it is only the analogue in the Spiritual World of the Natural Law of the evolution of Protoplasm.

I readily grant that the Catholic idea may be—nay, has been—pushed to extravagant and absurd lengths; but that does not justify the equally absurd and extravagant rebound of Puritan individualism. In conclusion, pray allow a "High Anglican" this little bit of vapouring. It is to be hoped that some High Churchman will take Mr. Drummond and "teach him the way of God more perfectly." Then, I feel sure, we shall have from him a book which will be a masterpiece of Christian apologetics.

The Rectory, Brockville.

G. J. Low.

THE ROYAL GAME.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The view taken by "Pawn" in a recent number of THE WEEK as to the status of Chess in Canada is not only unnecessarily despondent, but illogical. What would be thought of a man who should compare, with result unfavourable to Canada, the volume of her trade, her military, mercantile or naval power, with those of England or Germany, without making allowance for the differences of age, population, etc. It is surely equally as absurd to compare the position of chess in Canada with that which it holds in England or Germany. Canada is a new country even in a new world. She has really no leisure class. Young men, after the labour of the day, seek in the field a more healthy, if not more intellectual, pursuit than is to be found poring over a chess problem. We are but the budding of a nation; and is not the *mens sana in corpore sano* much to be preferred to a more highly-developed nervous system at a sacrifice of blood and muscle? "Pawn's" sneer at the intelligence of the Volunteers engaged in suppressing the North-West Rebellion, because of the paucity of chess-boards among them was uncalled for. We are free to affirm that there are many chess-players among our Volunteers; but, to say nothing of the small compass into which their baggage had of necessity to be compressed, is it feasible that, in the pitch of excitement to which they had been wrought consequent upon their departure, they would think of taking chess-boards with them? As well might "Pawn" reason that the small quantity of tobacco taken by the "Boys" demonstrated that there were few smokers among them.

Toronto.

S. HERBERT M.

AD ASTRA.

AD ASTRA! lo men call him fool
Who ever upwards turns his eyes;
For by their harsh and narrow rule
The worldly man alone is wise.

The worldly man who treads along,
Nor heareth heavenly harmonies;
For him the woodlands breathe no song,
No hidden murmur in the breeze.

Ad astra! to the kindly stars
That beam with pity and with love—
That look on life, racked with fierce wars—
From heaven's deep blue far, far above.

Ad astra! may we make our way,
Our souls bent upward to the light.
So shall we seldom go astray,
Nor leave the straitened path of right.

B.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

V.

MEANWHILE Ilia had helped the woman to carry the still unconscious maiden within the house of old Sebastian, the porter of the monastery. It was the first time for years that he had crossed its threshold. A feud of long standing, as is frequently the case in these remote villages, one whose origin no longer admits of explanation, or appears so paltry that we involuntarily endeavour to find other and more deeply hidden causes for it, had divided both families. Father Sebastianus, as he was called in the monastery and the neighbourhood, had held a mortgage over the lands of the Michalovitchs; during the Turkish War the elder Michalovitch, Ilia's father, had suddenly disappeared, and with him the bond which made old

Michalovitch, Ilia's grandfather, the debtor of Father Sebastianus. From that time the prosperity of the Michalovitchs had gone on increasing while that of the Sebastianians had declined in proportion; and whilst, to-day, young Ilia, the heir to the property, cultivated his unencumbered lands with his own horses and farm implements, and was the wealthiest man in Longavitz, old Sebastianus had been glad to find a shelter, together with old Kloantza, his wife, as porter, gardener and factotum to the monastery of Kokosh. This position, thanks to the skill of old Sebastianus in all matters pertaining to husbandry and gardening, together with the economy so rigidly practised by Kloantza, had made the childless household tolerably comfortable; and all the more so as the foreign Abbot knew how to appreciate the knowledge and obliging dexterity of his new gardener and porter and recompense it with a generous liberality; and so, in course of time, Sebastianus became, in a sense unknown before, the steward and manager of the lands of the monastery. Not the less bitter, however, was the enmity of the old man against the family of the Michalovitchs and all connected with them; consequently a very significant murmur passed through the circle of monks when they saw Ilia, aided by Kloantza and her Roumanian servant girl, Floriana, carry the fainting Greek within the porter's dwelling. The bearers had hardly disappeared within the house with their burden, when, already, old Sebastianus, grumbling and muttering unintelligible words behind his shaggy beard, hobbled after them as fast as his stiff rheumatic joints would allow, and entered the room upon the divan of which the women had deposited their interesting charge. Without vouchsafing Ilia so much as a look, the old man remained standing by the door, which he held open in a most significant and unmistakable way, and called into the room:

"That is women's work! There is enough room for men outside in the court-yard!"

For the first time Ilia became aware of the lengths to which his agitation and anxiety for Eurikleia had carried him. For a moment he hesitated between his hatred of old Sebastianus and the feelings which prompted him to remain beside his still unconscious bride; and it even seemed as if his newly awakened resolution would lead him to brave the old man's rancour as he had already opposed the interference of Werner, and that, without heeding the significant words and no less significant action of the old porter, he would watch over the recovery of his betrothed. He cast a gloomy look upon the old man, who still kept his place; a quivering movement passed over his closely compressed lips, as if he were debating with himself whether he should choke down or whether he should give vent to the angry and bitter words which trembled upon his tongue. His hesitation was speedily put to an end by Floriana, who, placing her arms akimbo, stepped between him and the unconscious Greek, and said, with the saucy "cheekiness" peculiar to Roumanian girls:—

"Since when has Ilia Michalovitch made it a habit to be present when maidens were being undressed and put to bed?"

Ilia made no reply. And then there happened what always happens. As a spring which has been subjected to a violent tension recoils upon itself only the more forcibly, so the timid unwarlike Bulgarian nature, after a short effort at manliness, shrank back within itself and remained stronger than all the feelings which strove in vain against its innate cowardliness. Grinding his teeth as though he cursed his weakness in his inmost soul, Ilia left the house without bestowing another look upon the old man, who still held the door open for his departure.

"A pretty lover, forsooth!" the Roumanian Floriana called after him with scornful laughter, "a pretty lover indeed, who lets a couple of women and an old man drive him away from the side of his bride!"

Sebastianus, however, shook his head as he looked after Ilia's retreating form.

"There is something going on in Ilia's mind! . . . He hesitated as to whether he should obey, and didst thou mark, Floriana, how his hand clutched the hilt of his knife? . . . You Roumanians call the Bulgarians a race of cowards? But woe, when they once awake from their sleep! And it seems to me as if there was one of them there, who had come to the end of his slumbers! . . . But what does it matter to me! Let him do what he will!"

So saying the old man slammed to the door violently and shot the bolt into the staple.

Ilia remained standing for a moment in front of the inhospitable abode, thoughtful and irresolute as to whether he should follow the hunters into the dining hall; then, suddenly turning round, took his way with a firm step towards the little wooden door in the back wall of the monastery which opened upon the foot of the mountain, and was soon lost to view among the gloomy walks and leafy arbours of the convent orchard.

VI.

UPON the spacious wooden verandah which extended in front of his apartment the worthy Cyrill was awaiting his guest. Yielding to the thoughts with which he had been occupied since the scene of the morning, he suffered his eyes to wander over the convent garden which lay bathed in the dazzling light of the warm midday sun. A few tall sunflowers and wild dahlias raised their heads in rude, obtrusive fashion above the smaller flowers and shrubs which, already limp and yellow, lay shimmering in the noonday heat, while some sickly-looking asters, half-choked in their neglected beds by the tall, withered grass and weeds which grew in rank luxuriance above and around them, peeped forth timidly, looking for all the world in their dress of faded colours like so many widowed flowers who had put on mourning for their deceased consorts; and it almost seemed as if kindly Nature had wished before they fell victim to the approaching winter, to pour forth her warmest and brightest rays upon these poor sorrowing relics of a glorious past, the golden sunbeams played so jocund upon blade and leaf, the butterflies

danced their airy rounds so joyously, and the bees hummed so sweet and dreamy a lullaby about their drooping heads. A fairer and very different garden was blooming upon the balcony above, where, carefully shielded alike from the north wind and heat of summer, Cyrill had placed his pet flowers in pots or long wooden boxes, the handiwork of the monks. During the hot months the projecting eaves afforded a sufficient protection against the scorching noonday sun, and the Abbot never neglected watering with his own hand, both morning and evening, his foster-children as he was wont to call them. Here they remained throughout the autumn and even until the early snows began to whiten the mountain tops, breathing the mild and genial air; but when winter came in good earnest and the keen frost threatened their tender blooms, they were removed from the breezy balcony into one of the rooms Cyrill had built in this wing of the monastery, and where he was accustomed to keep his few treasures, the works of some of the great Fathers of the church, rare old folios bound in parchment and clasped with locks of antiquated fashion. Roses, broad-leaved ivy, red and white geraniums, hyacinths, lilies and fragrant bulbs stood on artistically carved and tastefully arranged consol tables and pedestals, or hung suspended from the ceiling in pots and boxes, all daintily filled with fresh moss, while around the walls and in the corners tender shrubs and plants of taller growth formed leafy arbours and graceful alcoves. Here amid his flowers, the only luxury his quiet and simple monastic life allowed him, Cyrill was wont to retire when wearied with the duties of the day, or whenever he was desirous of collecting his thoughts, and here his monks, as they went their rounds, could see the Abbot busied, until far into the night, with his favourite flowers, or spellbound by the persuasive eloquence of John of the Golden Mouth. The monks looked with veneration upon their Abbot, so unlike themselves in every respect, so accomplished and yet so unassuming, so serious and yet so kindly, they loved him as a father and revered him as a saint, who held closer commune with Heaven than they ventured to aspire to. The Turks honoured in him the prudent peacemaker, always reconciling differences and healing feuds, and whose thoughtful and wise conduct had smoothed away many difficulties and spared their government much serious trouble. The peasants in the neighbouring villages knew that they never knocked at Cyrill's door in vain, and that he was always ready to assist them to the utmost of his ability. Many and many a time his wise and benevolent mediation had brought back peace and union to a divided family; and times without number, by the judicious and seasonable advance of a small loan, he had saved from ruin some unfortunate Bulgarian who had got behind-hand with the taxes and imposts. In the affair of Eurikleia and the Secretary he had a task of no small difficulty before him, one that would require all his tact and skill, and it was not with a light heart that he entered upon its performance. As he witnessed the painful scene enacted at the gate of the monastery that morning, he had perceived at a glance the dangers which threatened all concerned, not merely the Greek maiden but Ilia and the foreign Secretary as well. He was well acquainted with the Turkish soldiery, and knew all that the order of a pasha meant for a gendarme, especially in the present circumstances, when a Bulgarian peasant and a poor, helpless Greek girl were the objects concerned. For the present, indeed, he had succeeded in restraining the violence of the Turk and reducing him to reluctant and sulky obedience, but he knew well that here, not less than elsewhere, the old proverb would hold good: "Forbearance is no acquittance." On the other hand, even suppose he succeeded in saving the pretty Greek from the hands of the Turks, how should he protect her from the danger which threatened her from the side of Werner and from her own evident liking for the young stranger? How should he bring her back again to Ilia Michalovitch! He felt a truly fatherly interest in this fair young Greek; as she lay at his feet that morning she had commended herself to his favour and protection in words so fervent and yet so touching in their simplicity; she had raised her eyes to his with a look so beaming and so joyous as he bent over her and bade her welcome as his fellow-believer and his countrywoman, that he had promised to himself, cost what it might, to save the poor thing from the abyss on whose edge her feet trembled, and that much, that everything, depended upon the young stranger, his penetrating and experienced eye had not failed to perceive.

Cyrill was still considering how he should broach the subject to Werner, when the latter, conducted by a young monk, entered his apartment. Cyrill received him amid his flowers, and desired Brother Gregory to produce pipes and tobacco, as well as the unavoidable *doldshas*,* and its accompanying glass of water, the essentials of every Bulgarian *tête-à-tête*.

"Pardon me that I ask you to assist at a private interview when we have hardly seen one another. I feel, however, that I need a friend, a confederate, to aid me in the work I am undertaking, and I believe that I have both in you. Will you trust me?"

"Venerable father," answered Werner, who had indeed suspected that the Abbot desired to speak with regard to Eurikleia, but who did not quite comprehend what Cyrill could want from him by these words, "why should you not possess my confidence? But in what way can I?"

"I have seen," interrupted the old man quickly, "that the young Greek counts upon your protection, and implores your aid against the gendarme who persecutes her. I have heard that you promised her your help, and in good truth, my young friend, you are disposed to extend a brotherly and helping hand to a maiden as good and pure as she is noble.

Still, bethink you, Demir Keran is prepared to venture everything, to run every risk. Tell me, then, how you propose acting so as to save both her and Ilia her bridegroom?"

Werner had not by any means calculated upon the conversation taking such a turn. The words of the Abbot sounded to his startled conscience as a reproof, and blushing deeply he replied that he had not yet considered in what way he might be of assistance to the maiden.

"To the maiden, and to her bridegroom," answered the old man in the same measured, confident tone, "for, should any misfortune befall the young Greek it would be all over with Ilia." And then he related to the young stranger how, in the Bulgarian villages, marriages were made in simple, patriarchal fashion, how Eurikleia and Ilia had known and loved one another since childhood, how they had grown up together, how since their earliest youth all their plans for the future had been in common, and how in this land ruled by aliens alike in faith and race, they had accustomed themselves to look forward to confronting the sorrows and trials, as well as the joys, of life in one another's company. And, as the Secretary seemed moved and interested by this picture of idyllic happiness, the worthy Cyrill proceeded with well-considered additions to fill in and complete the picture in its smallest and most affecting details.

"I readily believe you, venerable father," replied Werner, when the Abbot at last paused in his description; "but, still, it seemed to me, this morning, as if Eurikleia's feelings for Ilia were not so deeply rooted, for she reproached him often and passionately, too, while on the way here, with his cowardice, and when he had not courage to defend her she turned from him and—"

"And turned to you, you would say?" said Cyrill smiling. "Yes, indeed, I know that. And that is just the way with girls. But he would be greatly mistaken who should conclude, from this sudden outburst of angry scorn, that love had fled, and woe to him, says the old Western proverb, 'who will place his finger between the bark and the tree.' On the day in which Ilia, along with us, dares to confront the Turk, on that day will Eurikleia behold in him her true and only friend and legitimate protector."

"Well," answered Werner with an amused smile, "all I can say is, that the day on which the unhappy Bulgarian confronts the Turk does not seem to be very near at hand."

"Do not deceive yourself, my son," rejoined the old man. "Ilia is a Bulgarian, and you do not yet know this people. They endure injustice and oppression longer than Europeans, but suddenly the long-smothered fire bursts forth, and forget not what you have often heard, that none are more terrible, more bloody in their vengeance than cowards when they have once resolved to break their bonds. Ilia Michalovitch is one of the best of his countrymen, he bends his neck to the yoke, but woe when he once breaks that yoke from his neck. When the day of deliverance dawns the weak are ready to go to the greatest extremes. But to do this they require friends to give them comfort, advice and aid. And these friends my son, we will be to poor Ilia."

So saying Cyrill reached forth his hand to Werner, as if to ratify a solemn treaty. Werner hesitated for a moment to grasp it, he felt himself shaken by the Abbot's words. Since the morning he had been living in a romantic dream of love and utterly regardless of his own prospects and reckless of consequences he had sketched out a romantic and daring plan of abduction and of an entrancing, soul-ravishing existence with this Greek, so gentle and yet so brave, so fascinating and yet so tender. And now it was as if through the gentle and persuasive words of this kind-hearted Abbot, another feeling had got the mastery over him, a feeling of reproach and of repentance, a feeling of shame at his own weakness. He thought of the promise that he had given to the unhappy Bulgarian to defend him and his bride, and he blushed involuntarily when he reflected how near he had been breaking his promise and becoming a traitor to him.

"Count upon me!" he exclaimed, while he laid his hand in that of the Abbot. "What do you wish me to do? I will stand by you."

"I have not been deceived in thee, my son," said Cyrill in a voice trembling and indistinct from his emotion; "thy heart is good and noble, keep it so and good fortune will attend thee all thy life."

And once more he pressed the young man's hand.

"Let me think over the matter and consider in what way we are to act," he added. "So long as Eurikleia remains in the monastery, so long will no ill befall her. Take the gendarme back with you over the Danube, and while he accompanies you I will find time to come to an understanding with the Pasha."

The last beams of the sun sinking slowly behind the lofty mountains lit up the flowers on the verandah with their soft golden light.

"You have not yet admired my garden, my son," said Cyrill, and rising he led the youth from flower to flower with kindly, winning courtesy. In one of the corners a solitary rose was blooming, but of how rare beauty and how delicious fragrance. A moss rose, half bud, half flower, turned its beautiful white corolla striped and rayed with pink towards the sunlight while exhaling a most exquisite perfume. A smile passed over the old Abbot's face; two bees were humming busily about the flower, and seemed to be striving which of them would be the first to sip the fresh, sweet honey of the young rose; a big, dark bumble-bee, in a coat of variegated velvet, was buzzing noisily round about the flower, as though it aspired, as well as its more slender and more graceful cousins to rifle the sweets of the lovely rose. The sight seemed to have awakened the same thoughts in the minds of Cyrill and the Secretary.

"We will soon make an end of the bumble-bee," said the latter, extending his hand to the Abbot.

* *Doldshas*.—The readers of Mr. E. D. Gerard's interesting novel, "The Waters of Hercules," at present running its course in *Maga*, will hardly recognize the Roumanian *dulcitia* (pronounced *Dolchit-ia*) in its barbarized form. It is a kind of sweetmeat or confection as popular in Roumania and the neighbouring countries as ice-cream is elsewhere. Its name is derived from Latin *dulcis*.—Tr.

"And the bees will no longer contend for the possession of my lovely rose," replied Cyrill; and with an affectionate farewell he took his leave of the young man.

As Werner passed in front of the porter's lodge he caught a glimpse of a female form which rose suddenly from the window and drew back into the obscurity of the chamber. Was that not the form of Eurikleia? And why did she strive to hide herself from him? Much disquieted and perplexed in mind the youth returned to the dining hall. He almost repented of having given the promise which the Abbot with his persuasive eloquence and paternal interest had so easily and, as he now said to himself, in an ebullition of youthful, inconsiderate weakness, succeeded in obtaining from him.

VII.

THE shades of evening had gathered round the convent, and soon a deep solemn silence prevailed in the court-yards and cloisters. Nothing broke the calm of the mountain solitude but the noisy revelry of the hunting party in their night quarters in the dining hall. Lights were still burning in the porter's lodge and through the little windows the women could be seen actively engaged in making preparations for the morrow. Provisions were being cooked, rice was being washed, and fowls plucked and made ready for the spit, while the hot and steaming loaves, of which Sebastianus had ordered an extra number to be baked, were ranged in rows and piled one upon the other on the dressers and tables, and a plentiful supply of the light wine of the convent was stowed away in stone jars or portly looking wine flasks. Old Kloantza, with that cowed look upon her face which seems natural to the Bulgarian peasant, her bent figure and her crawling gait, her wrinkled, sunburnt face and red, bleared eyes, looked, as she moved slowly to and fro in the narrow little room, like some old witch or sorceress of the Danube legends. She muttered incoherent words to herself, as the aged are wont to do, as she went up and down occupied with her household duties, and the flickering, unsteady light cast her shadow on the whitewashed wall in weird and grotesque forms. In cross and cankered tones she ceased not to find fault with her bustling handmaid, the Roumanian Floriana, who although no longer young, was by no means withered or ill-looking, but still bore traces of youthful beauty. Eurikleia, who had recovered from her swoon, and looked none the worse for her mishap, beyond being a trifle pale, which rather added to than diminished her charms, was busily helping her hostess. But her thoughts were far away. A tumult of feeling was within her breast. She felt as if she had been living since yesterday in a dream. She was no longer the courageous maiden who, with a fearless disregard of all danger, had bravely confronted the Turkish soldier and done battle for her honour and her freedom. She was no longer the same being since she had felt the kiss of the handsome young Frank upon her lips and under the influence of uncontrollable emotion, had returned it. She had to close her eyes for very shame when she thought of it, and at times a vague terror came over her, and she trembled, she who had never yet known fear, before the sense of an overpowering danger which threatened her.

A passionate, irresistible outgoing of her whole nature had drawn her towards Werner, so soon as she found in this unknown the helper, the protector she had expected so long, a man who, without thinking of himself, had bravely faced danger for her, one who, with the knightly spirit of another clime and of another age, had espoused the cause of a defenceless maiden. She had hoped this from Ilia when she promised to become his bride. She had promised Ilia to become his under a condition, and this condition Ilia, in the joy and rapture of successful love, had unhesitatingly agreed to, and as soon as they were married they were to depart from this land to another beyond the Danube, a land in which no Turks dwell. He was ready to promise this and much more. Everything which she asked from him. Good Ilia! He little suspected the feelings he excited in the young girl's heart when, in hesitating accents, and with all the timidity of the shrinking Bulgarian nature, he explained to her that in this land lay his possessions, in this land he must live as his fathers before him had done. In vain Eurikleia strove to bring him back to other and more manly resolutions. Every time that she had broached the subject, he had suffered his head to sink upon his breast, and answered in a half-audible voice that what was impossible could never become possible and that Eurikleia must yield to the inevitable as he himself had been compelled to do. Once again as they spoke together in the house of Popovich of the dangers which threatened their love from the orders of the Pasha, Eurikleia had urged him to become a man, to put an end to these humiliating and dishonouring terrors and to flee with her. And when, even then, he answered as he had done before, then all the pent-up feelings of her heart burst their bonds and she broke forth against him in passionate and scornful upbraidings. She told him that the man who could not or would not defend his betrothed bride against the insults of a Turkish gendarme was not worthy of her. The man, was a base coward who was not ready to leave everything, to dare everything, to save his betrothed from such dangers. And then, all of a sudden, Werner had appeared and told her and Ilia that he would protect and defend them at whatever risk to himself. She had reached him her hand and she still felt the pressure of his kiss! Such an one should he be, so should he think and act, to whom Eurikleia was prepared to give her heart for ever. And yet she had seen Ilia step up to her, push the stranger aside with angry gesture, felt him raise her from the ground and heard him declare resolutely that he would defend her, and that Eurikleia was his bride and belonged to him alone. And then a thrill had gone through her heart and the blood coursed like liquid fire through her veins. Then a voice seemed to say reproachfully to her: "Thou hast misjudged Ilia, thou hast treated him badly. For a stranger, an unknown who will, perhaps, betray and abandon thee

to-morrow, thou art willing and ready to betray and abandon thy bridegroom, the friend of thy youth!"

Such was the current of her thoughts this evening as she busied herself along with Kloantza and Floriana about the preparations of to-morrow. She listened in silence to the easy chatter of the Roumanian, and the songs which, from time to time she sang at the full pitch of her clear and ringing voice, neither did she heed the sly allusions which Floriana, womanlike, failed not to make to the peculiar circumstances of her arrival at the monastery, the persecutions of the Pasha, and her too evident inclination for the handsome young stranger.

It was growing late when the door turned upon its creaking hinges and old Sebastianus entered.

"Wilt thou never have done singing?" he called in cross, bullying tones to the Wallachian while he pushed the heavy wooden bolt into its place. "Dost thou know that evening bell has rung? One would think that thou wast trying to attract suitors to thy window with that stupid singing of thine. Outside there, the foolish Bulgarian bridegroom is sitting on the stones. A pretty fellow, truly. I wish the girl joy who lets Ilia Michalovitch lead her home as a wife. He is brooding over the courage which he lacks. They are dogs, these Michalovitchs. Cowardice runs in their blood. My father could have told something about that, if they had not shot him dead, like so many assassins, hidden behind a hedge. It is there that these people are courageous. Come now," he roared, turning to old Kloantza, "what art thou still doing here? Give me a glass of arrack and then get to bed. Thou wilt have to be a-foot to-morrow before sunrise." And as he slowly sipped his arrack he related how he had got everything ready for to-morrow's hunt: the peasants had been directed to take post behind the convent, and then, spreading themselves out in a wide half-circle, drive the game towards the mountains, and each hunter had his place assigned him.

"And where have you stationed the handsome young stranger, the friend of the Greek?" asked Floriana curiously and femininely, and with a roguish twinkle in her eyes at the same time.

"Why, dost thou want to make up to him, Floriana?" said the old man, as he pinched her cheek with a clumsy attempt at gallantry. "He is placed at the very end of the line of hunters, at the corner just up there on the big rock yonder. If thou wilt speak with him, Floriana, thou wilt find him there, if the little Greek there, who is looking so sharply at me, does not scratch thine eyes out for thee."

And, so saying, he made a pretence of passing his arm round Eurikleia's waist. But the Greek evaded his embrace, and laughing and chattering good humouredly he disappeared along with Kloantza in the room behind, whilst Floriana sought her bed in the garret upstairs, and Eurikleia lay down to rest upon the coverlet spread for her upon the floor. After a short quarter of an hour all was still in the porter's lodge; nothing but the heavy breathing of the sleepers broke the silence of the night. Then Eurikleia rose quietly from her couch, pushed back the bolt softly and stepped forth into the open air. A dark form rose from the pile of stones lying in front of Sebastianus' door. "Ilia," whispered Eurikleia.

"I was waiting for thee," answered the Bulgarian, and his voice was strangely firm and resolute in the calm, quiet night.

"Poor Ilia! I was seeking for thee. I had to speak with thee. But what art thou doing here with a gun in thine hand?"

"Am I not thy bridegroom, Eurikleia? I am here to guard this threshold."

"I did thee injustice, Ilia. Thou hast both courage and strength, wilt thou pardon me?"

With a quick and vigorous arm Ilia drew his bride towards him and pressed her to his breast.

"I am ready," he said in a resolute tone, "wilt thou flee with me?"

With a half suppressed cry of joy Eurikleia broke from his embrace, "Now? Immediately?"

"No;" answered Ilia slowly and speaking in a grave and measured tone of voice, "not immediately, not to-night, but to-morrow," and his hand grasped tightly the gun, a long double-barrel. "I am going to hunt like the others. My friend, Stefanus, who lives yonder behind the monastery, has lent me his gun. I must also shoot something, Eurikleia, so that we may be able to live for the first few days over yonder, in the big city beyond the Danube, for as a poor man Ilia goes forth with Eurikleia."

He broke off suddenly, and leading Eurikleia back to the door he added. "We have no time, Eurikleia—but to-morrow after the hunt we will leave."

"But the Turk?" Ilia made no reply.

"But Demir Keran?"

Ilia was silent a moment, then he squeezed her hand in token of farewell, and said in a low tone:

"Let me care for that. Demir Keran will allow it. To-morrow we leave this land. Good night!"

He lingered as if irresolute upon the last step. His fingers still played about the barrels of the gun. Then looking steadily into the eyes of his bride: "Eurikleia," continued he, "Eurikleia, dream of no other to-night, but him who to-morrow shall lead thee away as his bride."

Again he broke off. Once more his fingers caressed the gun, and he added slowly, averting his face from Eurikleia:

"It is a double-barrel which Stefanus has lent me."

He gently pushed the Greek within the house, listened until the bolt was thrust into its place, and then sat down again upon the heap of stones, the gun between his knees.

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE BRITISH POACHER.

THE regular or wholesale poacher pursues his favourite occupation for about seven months out of the twelve, and probably works fitfully at some kind of handicraft during the other five. From March to August he is a tailor, shoemaker or bricklayer. From August to March he is more agreeably occupied: spending his mornings in bed, breakfasting copiously about noon on beefsteaks, bacon and ale, diverting the afternoon with dog-fighting and skittles, and returning at night to the fields, woods and plantations. During the greater part of this time he may earn from two to three pounds a week, and during the other part perhaps half as much. There is no denying that poaching has a charm of its own which redeems it from the utter brutality of the house-breaker or garotter, and accounts, to some extent, for the mischievous indulgence extended to it by persons who do not look below the surface. Ground game is taken by the night-poachers in long nets from two to three feet in height and pegged to the ground at short intervals along the edge of a plantation. One man can set one hundred yards in three minutes. When the net is ready, the adjoining fields, where the hares and rabbits are at feed, are beaten with mute dogs, who drive them to the shelter of the cover, where they are at once, of course, entangled in the meshes, and speedily find their way into the poacher's cart. The wonderful silence with which all this can be effected must have been experienced to be understood. The practised ears of the watchers and keepers may be close at hand and yet fail to catch a single sound: the faintest whimper, the lowest whistle, even the cracking of a leaf, being sufficient to put them on the alert. We have lain in a ditch ourselves while six or seven poachers passed within a dozen yards and never heard the slightest noise; for it is necessary, of course, to let them set their nets before showing yourselves, as in that case you not only catch them in the act but at the same time secure their implements, always an object with the game-keeper, as they cost a good deal of money, and the loss of them falls heavily on the poacher's fund, out of which all such expenses are defrayed. The great danger while lying in ambush is that the poacher's dog may get wind of you, in which case you may be taken at a disadvantage, with very disagreeable consequences.

These gangs, whether they come from distant towns or the large manufacturing villages which are common in the midland counties, are often formed of desperate men, who are formidable antagonists even when unarmed with guns. They are as regularly trained in stone-throwing, for instance, as our soldiers are in musketry, and with pockets full of the sharp Mountsorrel stone, used for mending the roads, they will keep at bay any but a very resolute assailant. Serious wounds are often inflicted by these missiles; for at eight or ten yards the poacher is a dead shot with them, and if the blow only stuns the keeper his purpose is answered just as well as if it had cut his head open. With guns, of course, they are still more dangerous. But we cannot agree with the dictum recently delivered from the Bench by one of our learned judges, that keepers should always be allowed to carry guns when they expect a conflict with poachers, and for this reason, that a poacher is not deterred from coming to close quarters by the sight of fire-arms, while he will feel all the more justified in carrying them himself if he knows they will be carried by the keepers. The latter, moreover, can never fire till they are fired at, so that the poacher has a double chance, and he will run the risk of a return shot with the most perfect hardihood. A relation of the present writer fell in one night with some poachers, for whom he was on the watch; and in the course of a struggle that ensued he and the keeper succeeded in separating the leader of the gang from his companions, and after a long pursuit brought him to bay at a narrow foot-bridge spanning a small but deep brook. On the other side of the planks the poacher took his stand and levelled his gun at the keeper. "Very well," said his master, "if you shoot him I shall shoot you, so I give you fair warning." The Squire was known far and wide for a man of his word, who, if he said he would shoot you, was like Sir Thomas Picton, "damned likely to do it." But the man pulled the trigger without a moment's hesitation. Fortunately for all parties the cap missed fire, and before he could replace it his pursuers rushed in upon him and took him. Here was certain death staring him in the face, but it did not stop him. The fact that two men stood in front of him with loaded guns, which, as he well knew, they were fully prepared to use, would not have prevented murder from being committed had not an accident intervened.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE laws prohibiting the immigration of paupers, as well as the importation of labour, are enforced with considerable vigour in the seaports of the country, but it seems that the laws do not prohibit this sort of visitation by land. A party of wandering Arabs, who recently arrived by steamship at New York, were put back on the same ship to be returned to the country whence they came, as they were likely to become a public charge. But the Arabs appear to have turned up again, and have crossed the Canadian border into Vermont, whence they are moving southward to a more congenial climate. The subject will doubtless receive the consideration of Congress at its next session. With the utmost vigilance it is impossible to prevent the smuggling of goods on the Canadian frontier. The difficulty of preventing the smuggling of men over the same border may readily be appreciated. Nothing can be done beyond making appeals to the comity of foreign Governments. Canada has as great an interest in prohibiting this kind of immigration as the United States, and a remonstrance to the Government of the Dominion ought not to be without good results.—*Philadelphia Record*.

PERIODICALS.

HENRY JAMES has three opening chapters of a new serial in the September *Atlantic*. It is entitled "The Princess Casamassima." Mr. Howells is the writer of a sketch of the unfortunate Italian poet Giacomo Leopardi, who died in 1837. The seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Portfolio" are disappointing, as were most of what he has written under that title. The poverty of modern as compared with ancient Greek is treated of by William Cranston Lawton. "A Diplomatic Episode" is a very readable account of the fight for Alto Vêlo, the miniature Spanish island whose guano deposits exercised United States diplomats and lawyers for so long a time. Other valuable items on the list of contents are "Mondamin," "Childhood in English Literature and Art," "The Poetic Element in the Mediæval Drama," instalments of "A Country Gentleman" and "On Horseback," poetry, and literary notices by the editor.

THE *St. Nicholas Magazine* has a long and varied table of contents, one of the most attractive features of which is a fanciful tale by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "The Battle of the Third Cousins." "A Great Financial Scheme," by Sophie Swett, is a very funny story with a very good moral. In "Spiders of the Sea," C. F. Holder contributes an interesting paper about crabs. Henry Frederic Reddall writes an entertaining article on "Nicknames." The number is well supplied with poems and verses. Of the serials, "Sheep or Silver?" is concluded; while both "Driven back to Eden," by E. P. Roe, and "His One Fault," by J. T. Trowbridge, are evidently working to the satisfactory conclusions. Schubert is the subject of the "From Bach to Wagner" paper, and Edmund Alton tells about Congressional Investigations and Republican Simplicity, in "Among the Law-makers."

THE *Magazine of American History* for September is a number of great interest. It opens with an admirable steel portrait of General Grant in military uniform, and its leading paper treats of the "Historical Associations of General Grant's Resting Place," at Riverside Park. The second paper, "Washington's First Public Service," is from T. J. Chapman, A.M. Three excellent articles follow in the Civil War Series. Hon. James W. Gerard writes a chapter of much interest on "The Closing Days of Louis XIV.;" and "Tributes to General Grant," from eminent sources, complete the general contents of one of the strongest and best numbers ever issued of this rapidly advancing periodical.

WIDE AWAKE for September will be sought for and treasured for its fine albertype portrait of General Grant, which is accompanied by some personal reminiscences of him when President, from the pen of Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont. "The Little Blackamoor and the Gold Princess" is a good story "with a moral." The Hawaiian Story, "How the Boojums went down the Crater," is concluded. Lieutenant Schwatka contributes an interesting story of Arctic adventure, "Little Ahmow's Fight with the Wolves." Mary E. Wilkins gives a true story of early Colonial days. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney concludes "How the Midlies set up Shop." The Chautauqua Readings treat of History, Art Science, Literature and Hygiene in an interesting fashion; in her "Souvenir" Mrs. Frémont gives some very readable reminiscences of early days in California and of Bret Harte.

THERE is nothing specially remarkable about the current *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. The following is the list of contents: "Cruise of H.M.S. Challenger," "Through the Virginias," "Chaucer," "God's Glory above the Heavens," "Pegga's Haven," "Charles Wesley, IX," "Skipper George Netman," "Newfoundland," "The Higher Life," and editorial notes.

VOLUME VI. of *Outing*, which includes the monthly parts from April to September, is completed with the current issue. The proprietors and editors have done all, and more than all, they promised when the enlargement and improvement of this excellent magazine took place, and it takes undisputed position as the foremost illustrated periodical devoted to legitimate outdoor sport published on this continent. Anecdote, travel in all the varied forms that suggest themselves to the muscular side of Christianity, sketches, poems, and sporting chit-chat, together with a mass of valuable editorial suggestions, are departments which, amongst others, receive careful attention in each number, whilst the illustrations and general get-up are first-class.

SEPTEMBER *Lippincott's Magazine* is light and amusing, as a number issued in the dog-days should be. "On this Side" is brought to a conclusion. "The Truth about Dogs" is a good-humoured protest against the exaggerated fondness for "pets" and esteem for the qualities of the canine species which has risen to a kind of fetish worship. "The Story of an Italian Workwoman's Life," by Marie L. Thompson, professes to be a true narrative. In "A Chapter of Mystery," Charles Morris deals with the cognate subject of Spiritualism. "Roses of Yesterday and To-Day," by Alice King Hamilton, is a paper of pleasant reminiscences. "Master-Day in New England" is an amusing picture of the training and tactics of the old State militia. There is a quantity of fiction and poetry, and the "Gossip," among other good things, contains extracts from Tourgénéff's correspondence.

THE *Eclectic* for September contains the following interesting and varied table of contents: "Mind and Motion," by George T. Romanes; "Roman Life and Character," by F. Marion Crawford; "Footprints," "London: I.," "Tongues in Trees," "A Chinese Ascot," "A Swain of Arcady," "The English Aristophanes," "The Work of Victor Hugo," by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "The Afghans are the Lost Ten Tribes," by the Ameer of Afghanistan; "A Brother of the Misericordia;" "What is Public Opinion?" "Pride," by the Archbishop of Westminster; "To Within a Mile of Khartoum," "The Earl of Beaconsfield," "The Primitive Ghost and his Relations," "Becket," and the usual variety of foreign literary notes, varieties and miscellany.

BOOK NOTICES.

BY-WAYS AND BIRD NOTES. By Maurice Thompson. New York: John B. Alden.

The reputation of the essays collated in this little book has long preceded the volume, and Mr. Thompson is widely known as a cultured student of nature. Besides the famous "Tangle-Leaf Papers" there are nine other papers, including "The Haunts of the Mocking-Bird," "A Red-Headed Family," "The Threshold of the Gods," etc. Writing of Mr. Thompson, the *Literary World* says: "From his youth up, he has been in the habit of making long occasional excursions into unfrequented regions to study nature. He is a ready and accurate sketcher, and from every excursion he brings home pencilings of birds, plants, animals, bits of landscape, persons and places that serve to enrich his written memoranda. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, a crack shot with rifle, pistol and shot-gun, and as an archer has surpassed every authentic record in wing-shooting. He is also an enthusiastic and expert trieyclist."

RUDDER GRANGE. By Frank R. Stockton.
 A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. By W. D. Howells.
 WINTER SUNSHINE. By John Burroughs.

Three very popular books, published in a *bijou* "shilling edition" by David Douglas, of Edinburgh, N. B., and for sale by Messrs. Hart and Company, of Toronto. "Rudder Grange" is one of the funniest books written by that most engaging of American humourists, Frank R. Stockton. His style is inimitable, and in this work he surpasses himself.—"A Chance Acquaintance," by Mr. Howells, is naturally a very different book, but is possessed of just as great a charm in another direction. In it the author tells the story of a friendship struck up on a steamboat, and although the necessities of the tale involve some ruthless unmasking of characters, the relation is very charming, and delicate touches of quaint humour give refreshing piquancy to the whole.—"Winter Sunshine" is the gem of the trio. It is in Mr. Burroughs' best style. The famous essayist and naturalist begins by giving forcible expression to the opinion that in the seasons, as in most other things that affect life, the happy medium is the most enjoyable; summer is too hot; winter is too cold; betwixt the two humanity will find the highest capabilities for enjoyment—for life in the true sense of the word. And so, with all the loving tenderness of a true student of nature he takes his reader into the fields and woods and by many a stream, pointing out all that is curious and beautiful. In the course of his rambles he crosses to the Mother Country, and gives what is so rarely given by American writers—an honest tribute to the innumerable charms of her rural life and a candid recognition of the solidity of English character and institutions.

THE LADY WITH THE RUBIES. By E. Marlitt. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company.

It was a happy thought which induced Messrs. Lippincott to publish the series of translations from the German of which this is one. Although "The Lady with the Rubies" is a ghost story the ghost is laid so naturally and the narrative is so calm and smooth, that no unhealthy excitement is developed in its perusal. With most of these translations domestic and rural life enter largely into the composition, nor is "The Lady with the Rubies" an exception. Mrs. Wisher has not only caught the knack of doing German into English, but the very spirit of the language.

A PRINCE OF DARKNESS. By F. Warden. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A sensational novel of the most pronounced type, with more than the average proportion of murders, robberies, and other lawlessness, with a very ingenious plot, the development of which alternates between England and France. Published in Messrs. Appleton's paper-cover series.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A CABLEGRAM announces that Mr. Mowbray Morris is to be the new editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE secret of the authorship of the best anonymous novel of the year, "Across the Chasm," has leaked out. Miss Julia Magruder, daughter of General Magruder, it may be stated with certainty, is responsible for the story.

JANSEN McCLEURG AND COMPANY, Chicago, announce a hand-book, "The Standard Operas: Their Plots, their Music and their Composers," compiled by George P. Upton; and "We Two Alone in Europe," by Mary L. Ninde.

THE rumour that Tennyson is about to publish another volume of poems is unconfirmed, and his real friends sincerely hope that it may remain so. The Laureate's latter flights have considerably detracted from his reputation.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has presented to Harvard College Library 600 or 700 valuable volumes. Included among them is Lopez's "Chronicle," of which George P. Marsh said: "He that buys it at its weight in gold will make a cheap bargain."

MAX O'RELL'S new book, "Les Chers Voisins!" appeared in Paris on the 2nd of September. It is intended to be a humorous study contrasting the French and English characters, and bringing into relief, from the writer's point of view, the best sides of both.

TWO of the successes of the London publishing season have been made by books written by ladies of distinguished connections. The "Lucas Malet" who wrote "Colonel Enderby's Wife" is a daughter of Charles Kingsley, and the author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime: A Record," is the widow of the late Professor W. K. Clifford.

SAMPSON LOW AND COMPANY, of London, have in press for early publication the second volume of Barry O'Brien's "Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland." This volume is brought down to 1881, and concludes the work. A history of the Land League agitation and a sketch of the Parnellite party which it embraces makes it of especial interest.

THE series of articles on Tory Prime Ministers, which Mr. T. E. Keibel is contributing to the *English National Review*, will, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, re-appear in the autumn, enlarged and in great measure re-written, under the title of "A History of Toryism from the accession of Mr. Pitt to power in 1873 to the death of Lord Beaconsfield in 1881."

THE new Boston house of Ticknor and Co. begins its career with a literary inheritance of a magnitude sufficient to give it a place at once with the leading publishing firms of the country, and a *personnel* that should be able to overcome all obstacles in the way of its prosperity. The list of forthcoming publications includes "The Life and Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," edited by Rev. Samuel Longfellow; "Tuscan Cities," by W. D. Howells, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "Social Silhouettes," by Edgar Fawcett; "The Young People's Tennyson," by W. J. Rolfe; "The Haunted Adjutant and Other Stories," by Edmund Quincy; "English Homes," by Rev. Robert Laird Collier; "The Golden Spike," a novel by Edward King; and "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," by Professor Morse. Ticknor and Co. will also publish Mr. Howells's "Rise of Silas Lapham," and Mr. James's "The Bostonians." As a holiday book they will issue a superb illustrated edition of Byron's "Childe Harold."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR will probably arrive at Quebec on or about September 11th. He goes thence to Montreal, Toronto, Niagara, Chicago, Washington and Baltimore. In Philadelphia he will lecture in the course known as the Griswold Lectures. He will be in New York on Saturday, October 17th, passing the interval between that and the 20th at Riverdale-on-Hudson, as the guest of the Rev. Dr. George D. Wildes, Rector of Christ Church. On Monday, accompanied by Archdeacon Vesey, of Huntington, England, and Dr. Wildes, he will go to attend the annual session of the Church Congress in New Haven, Conn. On Tuesday, October 20th, Archdeacon Farrar will be one of the speakers in the Congress on the topic: "The Christian Doctrine of the Atonement." On Wednesday he and Archdeacon Vesey will probably take part in discussing "The Grounds of Church Unity." Until the 30th, he will be in New York as the guest of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. Then he goes to Boston by invitation of Dr. Phillips Brooks.

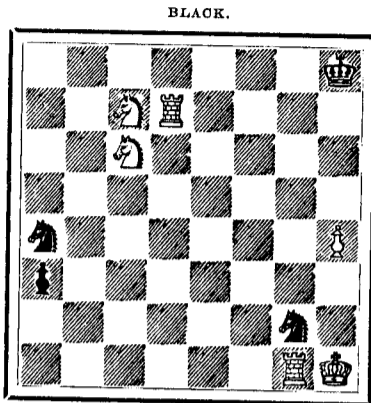
CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 122.

From the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.

By Samuel Loyd.

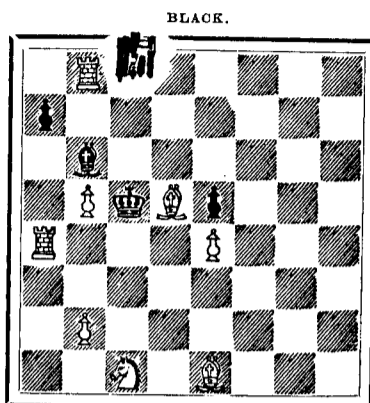


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 123.

From the C Monthly Tournament.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

THAT END GAM !

To the Chess Editor of the Week :

SIR,—Is not the redoubtable Sam. Loyd's "Solution Machine" out of gear in indicating that after White K Kt 5 "K Kt 2" is Black's best? For White follows with Kt B 5 ch., and whether Black K takes Pawn or moves to R 1, White Kt Q 6 wins Black's Bishop or Queens the Pawn.

Of course when Black plays his *best* move, viz :—B B 2 (instead of K Kt 2), and follows it up by keeping his Bishop on the diagonal between his Kt 1 and R 7, the "Solution Machine's" elegant variation comes in in the end, White bringing his Kt round by way of his Q B 6. But there is still another variation, viz :—

White.	Black.
K Kt 5	B B 2
Kt B 6	K Kt 2
Kt K 5	B K 1 (a)
B (say) Q 3 (b)	K R 1 (c)
K R 6	B moves and White takes with K or mates with Kt as the case may be.

(a) If Black B R 7 (say) White B B 2, and if Black K R 1 White K R 6, and mates next move. If Black B moves again instead of K R 1, "S. M." variation follows.

(b) Waiting move.

(c) If B moves it is either taken or White can play Kt B 7 queening next move.

Toronto, Aug. 20, 1885.

F. L. H. SIMS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP SOLVING TOURNEY.

The *Mirror of American Sports'* Third Problem and Solution Tourney for the solving championship of the world, will begin with the issue of Oct. 3rd, 1885, and continue five months, ending Feb. 27th, 1886. It will include direct mate problems of two, three and four moves. One point will be credited for each solution discovered or for finding that any position has no solution. One-half point will be deducted for one incorrect variation of a problem after the Key move. Two or more incorrect variations will annul the solution. Solutions to be mailed within two weeks after the receipt of paper.

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CHESS NOTES.

Gunsberg has won the first prize in the Hamburg Tournament, beating Blackburne, Englisch and Mason.

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

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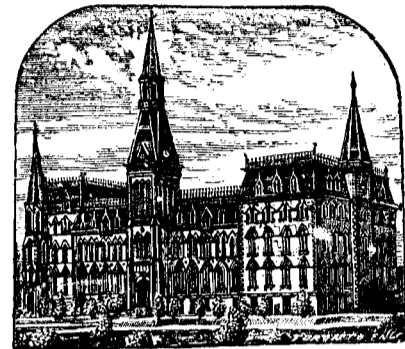
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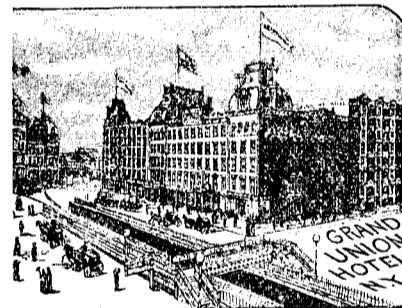
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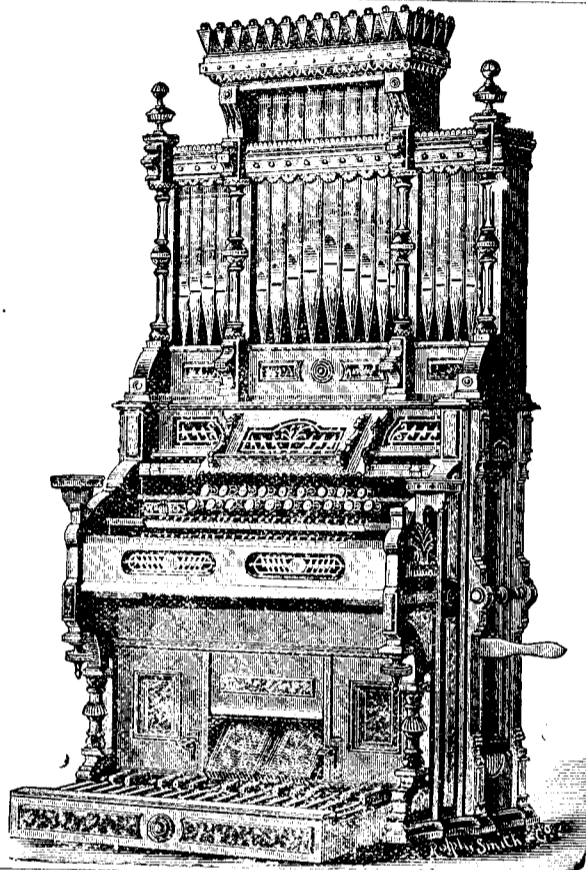
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II-III. **Virginia Local Institutions:—The Land System; Hundred; Parish; County; Town.** By Edward Ingle, A.B. (J.H.U.), Graduate Student (Baltimore). February and March, 1885. 75 cents.
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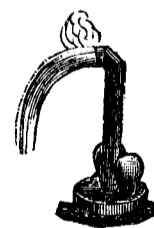
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