

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 32.

Toronto, Thursday, July 8th, 1886.

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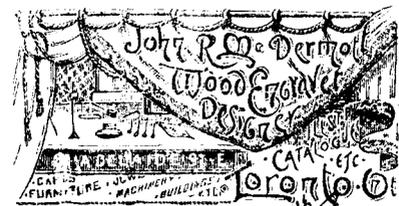
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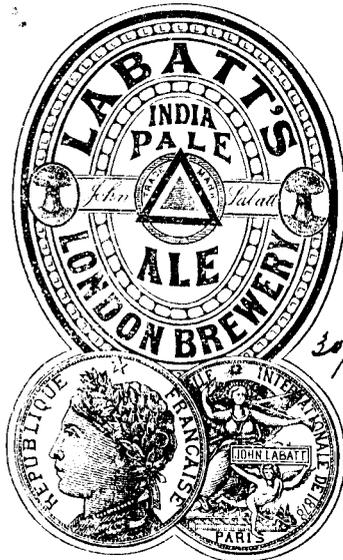
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THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 32.

Toronto, Thursday, July 8th, 1886.

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Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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THE ELECTORAL CONTEST IN ENGLAND.

I HAVE just returned from the London centre of organization, but no more light as to the probable result of the election is to be had there than here. Election it can hardly be called, at least in the ordinary sense of the term: it is a plebiscite on the question of the Union. The addresses of candidates deal with that subject alone. The fate of the nation seems, as I said before, to depend on the decision of Hodge. And how Hodge will decide, it is simply impossible to divine. He knows, as I have said before, absolutely nothing about the Irish question. Probably he could not tell whether Ireland lay to the east or to the west of England, much less is he acquainted with its history. The Irishman comes over and competes with him as a labourer at harvest time; for this he hates the Irishman and would like to be rid of him; and if he takes it into his head that Home Rule would do it, he will be for Home Rule. That probably is the only consideration connected with Ireland which is present to the mind of the real arbiter of an issue respecting the future relations between Ireland and Great Britain, on which the integrity of this nation and the fate of the Empire depend. Suppose the question of an inconvertible currency were to be submitted by plebiscite to the Red Indian. He would vote perhaps for that which he thought pleasing to the Great Mother, or for that which he fancied would produce most buffalo. And this, I suspect, is about what Hodge will do. He knows one name—"Muster Gladstone, he a very good man." He has also a vague, but not unfounded, idea that with Mr. Gladstone's name and policy is connected an agrarian revolution by which he may in some way profit. He will, therefore, vote for the G. O. M. and the hope of more buffalo.

Among the masses in the cities and the people generally who are of a somewhat higher grade of intelligence than the worthy Hodge, there prevails a sentiment which is as creditable to them as the manner in which he plays upon it is discreditable to Mr. Gladstone. They fancy that they are doing justice to Ireland, and substituting a policy of conciliation for one of coercion. If the case were fairly put before them, they might see that to hand over Ireland to the government of the League would be doing her the greatest injustice, and that the policy proposed by Mr. Gladstone, instead of conciliating, would only lead to fresh quarrels, and, if the Union was not to be given up altogether, to increased measures of coercion. But to put a case of this kind fairly before people when they are in a state of violent excitement and following a leader who has fascinated their imaginations, is extremely difficult, and Mr. Gladstone in his appeals to sentiment has an enormous advantage, of which he makes an unscrupulous use. His organs, of course, follow his lead, and instead of attempts to show that Ireland would be better governed by a separate Parliament, or that Mr. Gladstone's plan is workable, we have nothing but appeals to sentiment in favour of Conciliation against Coercion. "The Almighty arm of kindness" is the last phrase coined in the Gladstonian mint. I should like to know whether the Americans have found the arm of kindness almighty in putting down anarchy and outrage.

Having appealed in his first manifesto to the class-feeling of the masses

against the educated, Mr. Gladstone is now trying to set the different nationalities of the United Kingdom against each other. His last appeal is to the prejudices of the Scotch. Since England at the last election gave a majority against him, he has been affecting to be not an Englishman but a Scotchman, and has inscribed the great historical fact of his Scotch origin on the monument which, in anticipation of the verdict of posterity, he has erected in his own honour at Edinburgh. Nothing would please him more than by the help of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales to coerce and humiliate the rebellious England which has failed to recognize his divine mission. Surely if Scotland was at first discontented with the Union, but by continuance in it became perfectly contented, that is a good reason for recommending Ireland to try continuance in the Union, and for hoping that she also will become contented. Ireland stands precisely on the same footing as Scotland, with a larger representation, and with the same opportunities for making her wishes felt on local questions in Parliament which the practical and sensible delegation of Scotland has used with the most satisfactory effect. The object of all the best men of this country has been to get rid, as far as possible, of divisions between class and class, between section and section, and to make the community a community indeed. Mr. Gladstone's reckless ambition is reviving every antagonism and re-opening every sore.

The enthusiasm which attended Mr. Gladstone's progress to Scotland was, of course, organized. It tells, nevertheless, upon the imagination of the people. The Unionist leaders, I venture to think, do not see so clearly as might be desired, the nature and conditions of this battle. Their addresses are directed to the educated and the intelligent. But the educated and the intelligent are on their side already. They can win only by detaching from the Arch-demagogue some portion of his immense following among the ill-informed masses, and to do this they must manage in some way to dispel the glamour which surrounds him. That it takes this line is the only redeeming point in Lord Randolph Churchill's flippant and indecent address, one phrase in which, however, "the old man in a hurry," will stick.

The patriotic alliance between Conservatives and Liberals is a ray of hope on the darkening horizon of British politics. Another is the self-devotion with which the Liberal Unionists, or Hartingtonians as they are called, have taken their political lives in their hands and confronted the ire of their Gladstonite constituents in defence of their conscientious convictions and of the threatened integrity of the nation. The laborious exertions which these men are making also deserve a large meed of praise, considering that some of those who are working hardest and incurring the greatest sacrifices of ease and health are very rich, and have the song of the Sirens of pleasure always in their ears. There is some good stuff in Old England yet. At the same time I must admit that a change has come over her, and that it is impossible for an onlooker at this crisis not to be sensible of a decline of national spirit and a general lack of the robust and masculine patriotism of former days. Political power at all events has passed into the hands of classes which, perhaps pardonably, care much more for their own wages than for anything national or imperial, and which would be ready, I suspect, to give up not only Ireland but half of England itself, if its cession would bring them another meal a day. The influences belonging to the old and patriotic England, which struggled against this apathy, are, I suspect, diminishing in force, and if they are, whatever may be the result of this battle, catastrophe in the end must come. Fifty years ago, what would have been the fate of a British politician if he had leagued himself, like Mr. Gladstone, with the avowed enemies of the realm, and gone about, as Mr. Gladstone does, traducing the honour of the country before the world? Fifty years ago, would not the heart of the nation have taken fire at seeing money sent over by American conspirators to carry British elections in the interest of a party of Dismemberment?

The bells which were rung to usher in the Queen's Year of Jubilee had to my ear anything but a jubilant sound. The Queen has been morally almost dethroned by great demagogues who during the long seclusion of Royalty have usurped the throne, while her dominions are in imminent danger of dismemberment. It is largely her own fault, in not showing herself more to the people. She is now making an effort to win back the heart of the nation, but it is almost too late.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Oxford, June 23, 1886.

*MARTINEAU'S TYPES OF ETHICAL THEORY.**

It is a gratifying proof that the scientific study of ethics is receiving considerable attention in England, that the work before us, although consisting of two large volumes, has come to a second edition within the year. Dr. Martineau does, indeed, refuse to "treat ethics as a science, giving account of that which *is*. It would be nearer the truth to call it an *act*, or system of rules directed upon an *end*." Without discussing this question of terminology, it is at least certain that every subject can be treated in a scientific manner or spirit; and we have had more contributions to such a treatment of ethics during the last twenty years than for a very long time before.

Dr. Martineau's book has a character of its own. It is neither a history nor an exposition of the author's own theory of morals, although it partakes of both characters. We greatly need a good history of ethics. We have a good many partial and fragmentary accounts of the development of ethical teaching, such as the portion of Zeller's History of Early Greek Philosophy which deal with this department; Mr. Lecky's History of Christian Morals; and Dr. McCosh's account of the Scottish Philosophy. But a work which does for ethics what the work of Ueberweg does for philosophy in general, is still lacking, and is much to be desired. Dr. Martineau has not given us this; but he has made an important contribution to it in the selection and criticism of types of ethical doctrine, which he has given us in the present volume. He has also done something towards elaborating a rational and spiritual theory of ethics, in opposition to the physiological and evolutionary theories which have of late been, somewhat absurdly, taking to themselves the name of ethics.

Dr. Martineau apologizes for neglecting to provide what might seem to be a necessary preparation for a theory like his, by giving an exposition of the nature of free-will and of the existence of God. A theory like his, he says, that is "elicited from mere interpretation of the moral consciousness, is open to the charge of depending upon an act of faith: it collapses at once for any one who persuades himself that the moral consciousness is not to be believed. Unless he can accept his inward assurance of free-will and of a Divine authority in right, the whole organism of deduced rules lies in ruins." We are quoting these words of Dr. Martineau's, not because we sympathize with the supposed objection, but that we may let the intending reader know what he may expect.

Dr. Martineau postulates a belief in God and in liberty, and he bases his whole ethical teaching upon these foundations; and surely he is right. Apart from God and free-will, moral obligation is a mere phrase which has no substantial meaning. The harmonious action of the powers of body and soul, producing beneficent effects upon the agent and others, are, in the absence of such belief, no more moral in the strict and proper sense of that word, than masculine vigour or feminine beauty.

Ethics, according to Dr. Martineau, has to do with man's character and conduct. It may be defined, he says, as "the doctrine of human character." Taking man's ordinary moral judgments as a body of ethical facts, it is "the aim of ethical science, to strip from them their accidental, impulsive, unreflecting character; to trace them to their ultimate seat in the constitution of our nature and our world; and to exhibit, not as a concrete picture, but in its universal essence, the ideal of individual and social perfection. To interpret, to vindicate, and to systematise the moral sentiments, constitutes the business of this department of thought."

He next points out that ethics must "run out beyond the circle of mere introspection, in order to determine the objects in whose presence man continually stands, the relations he bears to them, and the dealings he has with them." These objects may be expressed in two words, Nature and God, understanding by Nature the totality of perceptible phenomena, and by God the eternal ground and cause whose essence they express.

Such being the case, the question arises as to the starting-point of the inquiry. Shall the mind begin with itself, or shall it start from the objects around it? And this, he says, is no trifling question, as it might appear, for it makes the whole difference between "the most opposite schools of opinion, between an objective and a subjective genesis of doctrine, between ancient and modern philosophy."

We recommend a very careful study of the whole Introduction, and especially of the part in which these statements occur, because it is here that we learn the author's philosophical or ethical method. He sums up his conclusions as follows: "In the last resort, the difference, I believe, will be found to consist in this: that when self-consciousness is resorted to as the primary oracle, an assurance is obtained and carried out into the scheme of things, of a free preferential power; but when the external

whole is the first interrogated, it affords no means of detecting such a power, but, exhibiting to the eye of observation a course of necessary evolution, tempts our thought to force the same type of development upon the human soul. In the one case, we obtain a volitional theory of nature; in the other, a naturalistic theory of volition; and in the resulting schemes of morals the great difference is impressed, that according to the respective modes of procedure, the doctrine of proper responsibility is admitted or denied." Accordingly, Dr. Martineau divides all ethical methods into two classes.

If we had room or inclination for criticism, we should perhaps plead for another classification, making three distinct methods of inquiry—the metaphysical, the physical, and the psychological. Dr. Martineau does, in fact, expound these three methods in the order in which they are here given. But he places the first two under the class of unpsychological theories, so that the metaphysical is thus placed nearer to the physical than to the psychological. It is, however, impossible to criticise the details of the book in this place. Those who wish to do so may be recommended to the pages of the quarterly philosophical magazine, *Mind*, where they will find some very acute criticisms by Professor H. Sidgwick.

As regards the book in general, it is admitted to be one of the most important contributions to ethical science recently given to the world. In respect to the author's own theory, it comes very near, as he tells his readers, to the teaching of Kant, although with less of that author's somewhat empty ethical dogmatism. We may further draw attention to an interesting correspondence between the author and Mr. Herbert Spencer placed at the end of the second volume of this edition. C.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

SATURDAY, the 26th of June, was certainly the perfection of a travelling day. During the early part of the week, Toronto had been enveloped in mist and gloom, and the sun had scarcely deigned to show his face. Having a long journey by land and water in contemplation, I was inclined to welcome weather so unusual to our first summer month as a favourable augury of what Nature held in reserve for me; nor was I disappointed when Saturday morning broke clear, bright, and cool, with heavy masses of soft, fleecy clouds drifting so high overhead that they held no thought of storm or shower in their gray depths. At 10.15 a.m. I made my way to the Union Station, having previously secured a through return ticket to Victoria (the first one probably issued from the office at Toronto), and embarked upon the branch of the C. P. R. which runs to Owen Sound and connects with the Canadian Pacific boats at that place. The parlour-car was well filled, and I was fortunate in meeting with friends who were bound for some distant spot near Fort McLeod, and meant, like myself, to stop over at Winnipeg; so that they could act as companions and protectors by the way.

There was no dust, and a delicious air, and as the train sped on its way I felt I had been exceptionally fortunate in the date I had chosen for my journey. At Carleton Junction, the C. P. R. had an opportunity of practically illustrating its maxim of "Parisian politeness:" a passenger expressed a desire to get off and change a ten-dollar bill, which he was permitted to do; but he slipped on again so quietly, into the smoking carriage instead of his own seat, that his return was overlooked, and a vigorous search instituted for him which delayed the train some twenty minutes, much to the amusement of his fellow-passengers. When he was discovered, vials of wrath were poured over him, but the principle of "Parisian politeness" had been carried out all the same. After this trifling diversion, the train got again under way, and steamed through some pretty rolling land between Cheltenham and Inglewood, in the county of Grey; then on past the Forks of the Credit, made famous by two celebrated picnics. The scene looked unchanged since I saw it last; and as we crossed the lofty wooden bridge which spans the Credit River, I felt as if I must descend and enter the wooded dell so plainly visible from the car window.

A few moments more and the train slowly mounted the heavy grade to the top of the valley, and at Orangeville we halted for dinner; then on again through an ugly, flat, well-wooded district, very suggestive of timber limits, to Owen Sound, which we reached at 3.30 p.m. punctually, and found the "Alberta" lying at her wharf, on the other side of the platform, not a stone's throw from the train. We proceeded to extricate ourselves and rugs from the mysteries of the parlour-car seats and embark upon the solid steel vessel, which inspires confidence at a glance. The "Alberta" is a first-class screw steamship of 1,179 tons, built on the Clyde, and brought out to this country three years ago for service on the upper lakes. Her machinery is particularly fine, and consists of two large compound engines, fourteen hydraulic engines, and one electric engine,

*Types of Ethical Theory. Second edition. Two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

which are in the best of order, and black with all the brilliancy that polish can give. Everything on board, even to most of the cooking, is done by steam, and the system of electric lighting is very complete, the saloon being illuminated by six centre chandeliers of artistic design and six single branches from the side walls, all provided with globes, which mellow and tone the light without detracting from its power and efficacy. The "Alberta" and "Athabasca" cost \$300,000 each, including the machinery. The former is registered to carry five hundred and eighty passengers; her cabin accommodation is excellent, and the table good and well served. The only deficiency I noticed was the lack of camp-stools or other available deck accommodation. Of her qualities as a sea boat I am happy to say I had no opportunity of judging, for our trip to Port Arthur was over a waveless sea, under a cloudless sky.

Saturday night found us well out on Lake Huron, and on Sunday morning after breakfast, we were steaming up the Gardow River which connects that lake with Lake Superior. The scenery along its winding course was very pretty and varied in character, the land falling away from Lake Huron in high wooded hills, flooded with rich purples in the distance and deep greens in the foreground, to low cleared land in the neighborhood of the Sault St. Marie, where the river narrows perceptibly, so that the American and the Canadian towns of the Sault lie exactly opposite one another, and comparatively close together. The American town is situated in the State of Michigan, and to its government belong the locks through which all vessels must pass to avoid the unnavigable rapids of the Gardow River, which toss their foam-crowned heads beside us as we steam slowly through the short canal out into Lake Superior.

It is some time after we leave the Sault, before we really lose sight of land and find ourselves launched upon the bosom of this huge inland sea, the largest lake in the world, with the exception of one in Russia. Some idea of the size of Lake Superior may be formed from the fact that from its two extremities the distance is equal to that from London to the centre of Scotland. In width it is capacious enough to take in the whole of Ireland. It is 900 feet deep, the surface being 600 feet above, its bed 300 feet below, the ocean level. Its water is remarkably pure, with the colour of the finest crystal.

We pass a number of steam barges and deeply-laden vessels, and are now fairly in the lake, with its rugged rocky hills on the north shore ascending to a height of a thousand feet. We are prepared for a slight rocking at the least, but are agreeably surprised to find Superior as smooth and smiling as nature could make it. The air, however, became perceptibly chilly as the land receded, and by six o'clock we were all glad to retire to the warmth and comfort of the saloon, behind closed doors and windows. The night passed quietly and uneventfully; not a suspicion even of fog detained us; and on Monday morning at 9 o'clock we were off Thunder Cape, which reared its magnificent mass of rock close above the vessel. I never saw anything more exquisite than the purple lights on its rugged wooded sides as the "Alberta" steamed away from the lofty headland, with its picturesque and invaluable lighthouse, towards Port Arthur, whose houses could be distinctly seen rising in a semicircle on Thunder Bay.

This is the terminus of the C.P.R. boats, which connect here with the through trains from Montreal, east and west. The town is beautifully situated, and seems to be a thriving place. At 11 o'clock we were moored to the wharf, and soon found our way to the Northern Hotel, five minutes' walk from the boat—which should be at some future day a delightful summer resort. It is decidedly ambitious in structure, and its wide verandahs on both stories command a most extensive view over Lake Superior, with its numerous headlands and islands, and Thunder Cape an imposing mass in the distance, whilst a delicious cool breeze sweeps in from over its waters. At 1 o'clock we were provided with a good substantial dinner, and at 3.10 the C.P.R. train from Montreal brought up just in front of the hotel to embark passengers and baggage. We were soon rushing along at full speed, bound for Winnipeg and the far West. A dining-car was attached to the train, which we patronised for tea, and at 9.30 o'clock on Tuesday morning we breakfasted in Winnipeg.

I never performed a more comfortable journey; no time was lost, and no casualty occurred. The only thing I have to complain of is the extremely dreary, barren country which extends between Lake Superior and the prairie region. We traversed long stretches of black, boggy swamp to which the Indian name of "Muskeg" has been given; and elsewhere, as the train moves on, nothing but rock and forest are to be seen in their most rugged forms. The country about Rat Portage, situated at the junction of the Lake of the Woods and the River Winnipeg, is, I believe, extremely pretty and interesting; but we passed it at night, so I had no opportunity of appreciating its beauties; and when I awoke in the morning we were at Selkirk, twenty miles north of the city of Winni-

peg, and had entered on the prairie land of the West. In another half hour the train steamed slowly into the station at Winnipeg, and, a few minutes later, I was comfortably settled at the Leland House for the next two days.

E. S.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE weather continues sombre. That unfortunate *question des princes* is still awaiting the decision of the Senate. The papers are filled with accounts of the death and funeral of the King of Bavaria. Such being a résumé of the news of the day, it is certainly permissible to contemplate other subjects for the moment.

Everyone knows what an important factor is the café in the sum of a Frenchman's happiness. To the casual observer, he seems to pass his entire existence there; but, believe me, it is not so. Except for that nonentity, the *poseur-flaneur*, it is nothing but a place of momentary relaxation from the labours of the office and the study. In Paris you have every imaginable and unimaginable variation on the given theme—café. Between "Tortoni" and the *brasserie* of the Latin Quarter lies a whole world of variety and interest. To do justice only to each specimen café, space does not permit, but you can glance with me at least into one or two.

The café in France dates from the end of the seventeenth century, and the Café Procope, of which I would speak, from the year 1688. In 1669 the Ambassador of Turkey served coffee to the courtiers of Louis XII. Though the doctors took great pains to prove that this new beverage was one of the strongest of poisons, it became so popular that its price rose to eighty francs per pound. However, Mmc. de Sévigné wrote that people would soon tire of it, as of—Racine.

Sauntering down the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, so called from the Comédie Française having once stood in it, I caught sight of a white lamp hanging over the door of one of those tall, narrow houses, so closely packed together; the name "Procope" printed upon it, informed me I had found the object of my search. But alas! the shutters were down. By good fortune, however, the proprietor had come to air the establishment, so he allowed us to enter. Within, all was dust and disorder, for repairs were soon to be made; still, in the dim light we could trace upon the walls the portraits of Voltaire and d'Alembert, J. J. Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Piron—

Pauvre Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien.

In the darkest corner we found a marble table, differing materially from no other marble table, but in reality more precious than them all, as you shall see.

On a certain night of the last century, the Café Procope was more than usually noisy, for the tragedy of "Sémiramis" had just been acted in the theatre across the way, and the critics were flocking in after the performance to discuss it. In the most ill-lighted nook, seemingly absorbed in his paper, sat a sombre abbé—no other than M. de Voltaire, "with spectacles on nose . . . listening to the debate; profiting by reasonable observations, suffering much to hear very absurd ones and not answer them, which irritated him." Neither was this the first nor last time his august elbows pressed the above-mentioned table.

Destouches, Rousseau, Diderot, and many other literati made of this café a veritable ante-chamber of the Academy. Later, when the discussion of plays was supplanted by that of reforms, liberty, and the guillotine, it was converted into a club, with Hébert for president.

When George Sand began her literary career in the Latin quarter, the streets of which echoed not seldom to her boyish escapades, *Procope*, reconverted into a café, was one of her frequent resorts. Under the Second Empire, Vernorel and Gambetta here planned their social reforms. As we now contemplate its silence and emptiness, we cannot help feeling certain twinges of pain; but a clear, mocking voice, a voice we know, I think, rings in our ears: "Why wish us here; we are now in the free air you breathe. True, we have entered the 'House of many Mansions,' not one hidden far away behind the clouds, but one here, in the heart and brain of man."

L. L.

Paris, June 22nd, 1886.

ERSKINE was reproached with his propensity to punning, and was told that puns were the lowest kind of wit. "True," he said, "and therefore they are the foundation of wit."

GEORGE COLMAN was an admirable punster. Sheridan once said, when George made a successful hit, "I hate a pun; but Colman almost reconciles me to the infliction." He was once asked if he knew Theodore Hook? "Oh, yes," was his reply, "Hook and I (eye) are old associates."

LITERARY NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

On the frontiers of Oran, in Algeria, is the famous Oasis of Figuig, belonging to Morocco. It adjoins the Sahara. France wants that region to round off her Oran province, and the lamb troubles the stream. Figuig, it is alleged by the French, is simply the repair for Kroumirs, etc. So it is, then, down for a "Tunisian Protection" in due course. The territory is naturally very rich, and a Naboth's vineyard is always tempting. The native population of the province of Oran is chiefly pastoral, cultivating only so much of cereals as suits their wants. In 1882, France sent a mission to the Emperor of Morocco, complaining of the Figuig Kroumirs, and demanding half a million francs, damages. The Sultan's minister, for reply, drew forth his little bill, amounting to 1,800,000 frs. for exactions by the French troops on the frontiers of the kingdom, and requesting payment of the balance, after deducting the half million claimed by France.

M. Duval urges Morocco not to listen to other European powers—also having axes to grind, but to place herself under the guidance of disinterested France. Up to the present, the Sultan does not see this; more especially as he is asked to give a pledge of his desire for the alliance by ceding Figuig. The latter—as Europe will have soon the Morocco nut to crack—is about 600 square miles in extent. It is a little republic—birds of a feather flock together; an African Andorra or San Reno. Each of its eight chief villages enjoys "Home Rule" from time immemorial. The territory is sheltered from northern and desert winds by high mountains, and is watered by two excellent rivers; it contains numerous springs and palm forests, has plenty of vegetables, and produces the best of dates. The population, adds Duval, is active, warlike, industrious, and intelligent. Strange Kroumirs!

Lenaga is the capital, with a population of 6,000, of whom 2,000 are armed with rifles. The town is surrounded with nice gardens. There is a camp city, Gitane, whose inhabitants live under tents. They are, it seems, broken-down robbers, who have given up their peculiar struggle for life, and now live by begging. It would then be a capital region for the recidivists, and less costly than exporting them to the Pacific.

Some of the towns of Figuig are defended so strongly by palm-tree barricades as to defy the best "Woolwich infants." Three highways give access to the region, whose "commerce and industry are in a flourishing state." It is a business centre, and exports to the Soudan, silk, cottons, woollen and linen tissues, ready-made *burnous*, jewellery, arms, gunpowder, harness, etc.; in exchange for ivory, gum, pepper, ostrich feathers, and morocco leather. The inhabitants are tall and robust, with terrible black eyes. M. Duval promises they will very soon be made happier when annexed to Oran, in a word, Burmahized.

Those interested in *chinoiseries*, or porcelains and kindred wares, ought to keep a sharp eye on the Celestials, who are as good as Britons in manufacturing antiquities. The south-west portion of Borneo has a speciality in the production of gigantic vases. No householder there would feel happy without such a "penate," and that he venerates more than ever did a Roman his. The Dyak's vase has a large mouth, tapering down to a very limited base; the sides are varnished, and have relief designs—the latter chiefly a coiling serpent or lizard. M. de Torney fixes the price of one of these vases at 4,000 fr.

The patterns confer the value, because they are viewed as cabalistic. A Dyak will make any sacrifice to possess savase, will negotiate for its purchase during several weeks, and it is paid for in lingots of gold, and even slaves. When a visitor enters a hut, the vase is carefully placed for greater security in a corner of the hut. It is piously cared for; the owner will hardly permit its being cleaned, even with a little oil; but it is occasionally rubbed with some blood. If the proprietor intend going on a journey, he places some rice beside the family jar—because popular belief ascribes to it a soul, the same as man's, and its presence in a house, suffices to turn aside misfortunes, assure good harvests, guarantee prosperity in business and success in love.

THE assassination of Lieutenant Palat in the Senegal is viewed by some as an intrigue on the part of the Senoûsya. The Touareg, however, do not require the stimulus of fanaticism to rob or assassinate travellers. For them, the enemy is not so much the Christian, as the explorer. They object to Europeans penetrating into their territories. In the Upper Gambia, the French have their Soudan—apart from the open southern frontiers of Algeria. The Musselman's associations or "lodges," are blamed for causing the hostility in Africa to Europeans. According to Captain Ney and M. Meyer, there are ninety of these Islam-Freemason confraternities. The members must acknowledge absolute submission. They are simply "cyphers" in the power of their directing chiefs; their first duty is to obey; the second to aid their brothers. They "form only one and the same soul."

These communities have ramifications everywhere, with head-centres at Constantinople, in Egypt, Tunisia, and Algeria. Their messengers are sometimes discovered, their despatches deciphered, or their watchwords found out. A morsel of wood, or a shred of cloth, indicates in advance the time for a "rising." The success of a Mahdi, either against the English or French, becomes quickly known. This confraternity has its "organ," which is published in Constantinople. It is a tiny sheet, with a circulation of 100,000 copies, possessing immense influence, and having "our own correspondents" from Samarcand to Mogador. It is alleged that the Sultan is powerless against these associations, whose hostility could overthrow him.

The English and French are the enemies which the corporations desire to extirpate; against them "the war will endure till the Day of Judgment, with truce-interludes, but never peace." If this be so, the English will become rooted in Egypt till the crack-o'-doom. The official clergy denounce these societies, but the best way it seems to "repel attacks" is by quoting texts of the Koran on toleration. Pity Hicks Pasha did not try that. Scripture quotations do not carry much weight, apparently, with Western nations. In any case, it is good to put one's trust in the god of battles, keep the powder dry, and never to lose faith in big battalions.

PROFESSOR MOSSO, of Turin, draws attention to the cause of Fear. Our body contains, on an average, nine pounds of blood, which, by veins and arteries, is kept constantly circulating, and so sustains life. These vessels dwindle down to a fineness greater than hair, hence they are called "capillary" vessels—as seen on the lips, tips of ears and fingers, while imparting to the cheeks their carnation hue. These tubes communicate with larger sized veins, and soon these rivulets swell to streams, and streams to rivers, till brought to the heart in the form of a grand current.

The blood-vessels or canals are coated with muscular fibres that dilate or contract. In the former case more blood is concentrated—hence, "blushes;" in the latter less—hence, paleness or fear. These two psychical facts do not depend upon the heart, since it beats more rapidly, or more strongly, following the emotions of bashfulness or fright. The influencing agents are: the innumerable nerve filaments which accompany the blood canals, exercising their expanding or contracting action, and more perceptible on the face because the blood-vessels are there most delicate—similar to the hand when placed in hot, and then plunged into iced-water or snow.

In youth, the emotions of the mind are more easily betrayed by the features than in advanced years, not because timidity has disappeared, but owing to the delicate vessels having become harder and less sensitive. Just as sunshine acts on the visage of an infant or a youth more markedly than on adults. Ladies will not blush uniformly, though the promoting cause be the same, no more than when leaving a heated room their hands will be equally warm. This is due to a greater degree of dilation or contraction of the tiny blood-vessels. It is the same cause which makes one cheek blush more, or one part of the forehead perspire more freely, than the other. Although the vaso-motor nerves be equal on both sides of the body, they excite differently. After an emotion or fright the sensation of "cold" follows, stronger about the head and down the back, when the "flesh creeps," and next in the arms and legs. This is due to the contractions similar to our dropping asleep in bed. The heart's pulsations increase during digestion, and by their volume Professor Mosso can tell whether an individual has eaten or not; whether he is a reflecting or impulsive temperament. The more rapid the circulation, the more vigorous the life. Just as in the case of a river, the more the bed is contracted the swifter is the rush of the current. A lady avowed that a ring she could never remove from her finger ordinarily, actually drops off if she gets a fright. Because the vessels contract, the blood rushes from the extremities of the fingers to the heart. Hence, the correctness of the proverb, "a cold hand but a warm heart."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EFFECT OF MR. GLADSTONE'S HOME RULE BILL ON IMPERIAL POLITICS.
To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's attempt to practically disrupt the British Empire, we see the beginning of a new era in the Imperial political world. The new Parliament will doubtless contain a lesser number of Gladstonian Liberals, or as the *Times* styles them—Fetish Worshipers. It is curious to note, that some men who boast of being advanced Liberals, and who reject all belief in a Supreme Being and Divine Providence, as antiquated ideas and behind the spirit of the age, yet bow down, surrender their judgment to, and practically worship, a man, who, although a great orator, and very clever, is not even a statesman in the true sense of the word; besides lacking in statecraft morality. After the lapse of thousands of years, some self-styled advanced men have travelled in a theological

circle, and again set up man-worship, of one who runs counter, not only to his own previous declarations and actions, but also to the preponderating mass of the intellect of the Empire. The newly-coined word, Gladstonolatry, exactly expresses it. It is the greatest mental and moral phenomenon of the time.

Among your readers are those who will in the future sway the destinies of Canada. Such should "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the leaders in *The Times* of June 9. The leading independent journal in the Empire, never to be bought, bullied, chicaned, or cajoled into advocating unpatriotic or unworthy measures—given to temperate, guarded, and measured speaking, says, that "Mr. Gladstone himself has opened the eyes even of life-long believers to the tremendous defects of their fetish," and that he has "enforced his policy (anent Home Rule) by every species of unworthy chicanery." To this I quote in addition, "These be your Gods, Oh Israel!"

Rarely in modern history will your readers meet with more instructive teaching, and how vital it is to withstand the system of caucus machine-politics, recently so disastrously introduced into Great Britain by Mr. Chamberlain. The noble conduct of the ninety-three Union Seceders, notwithstanding threats and blandishments, and the recent secession of Reformers in Canada on the Riel affair, afford great hopes that a new and worthier era in politics is approaching, when it will not be, as Carlyle scornfully said, "hungry Greek throttling hungry Greek, until one cries, 'Hold! I have had enough! The place is yours.'"

There is a curious parallel between the downfall of Napoleon I. and Mr. Gladstone. Napoleon was very greatly the abler man of the two, except in speaking. Very few of the great actors in the world's history have been even tolerable speakers. Certainly in private life, when we want able and skilful managers, captains of industry, or even cooks, we don't advertise for people who can orate for three hours at a time.

There was the same restlessness and craving for admiration and notoriety in Napoleon as in Mr. Gladstone, the same power of seeing what he wished to see, whether true or untrue, and upholding it, knowingly or unknowingly, as the truth. The same inability (with Napoleon, excluding purely military affairs) of seeing the consequences of given actions; a similar replacing independent men with flatterers; the same insensibility to human suffering and wrongs, caused by their own actions, yet coupled with kindness in private life; the same habit of utterances capable of various meanings; the same power of influencing the unthinking with sonorous words, and of those led by grandiose phrases and appearances.

In February, 1813 (and often subsequently), after his ruinous campaign in Russia, Napoleon could have made peace on the easiest terms, giving up the merest trifle of his power for evil, but fortunately for civilization he would not do so. The terms offered were so advantageous, that it seemed like madness to put all to the hazard. As Professor Seeley says, in his life of Stein, the only hope for Europe and its future peace was, that Napoleon himself would come to its rescue—and this he did, time and again. He himself, by political blunder after blunder, turned friends into foes, and supplied everything that was wanting to his enemies. The final result was, Europe had peace for thirty-nine years. If he had accepted the terms tendered, peace would not have lasted for as many months. Had Napoleon acted with the least common-sense, his dynasty would have retained its position, with Belgium, Holland, Italy, and two-thirds of Germany under its sway: but civilisation on both sides of the Atlantic would have been the sufferer.

In the case of Mr. Gladstone, he has for years politically and morally made false step after false step, until now we see him leagued with the very people he prosecuted and put in prison, for attempting in their own way to bring about that which he now pretends (having suddenly found eighty-six reasons) was always right, and ought to have been done long ago.

Three times in a few years has he thrown away a splendid majority and position. His position was so strong, his worshippers so blindly obedient, that the only hope was, that he himself would come to the rescue of the Empire, and of political morality; and like Napoleon in the case of civilization, he has done so. As with Bonaparte, had he given way ever so little, he could have retained and exercised as before his great power for ill-doing.

What is to be hoped for is this, that the Conservatives may gain some seats, but not enough to enable them to dispense with the aid of the Hartingtonian Liberals (Whigs), and that the two may form a joint Government on a Liberal-Conservative basis; affording a firm and unyielding protection in Ireland for life, liberty, and property. If that is done, we shall see what has not been the case for years, a firm, stable, and just government at home and abroad. Yours, LIBERAL.

FANATICISM IN CANADA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The Methodist Conference lately held in this city has placed upon record their continued confidence in the "efficacy" and "necessity" of the "Scott Act," and has also declared for "Prohibition"—pure and simple; and the Presbyterian Assembly, lately in session in Hamilton, has declared for a more severe and stringent law regarding seduction than that passed at the last Session of the Dominion Parliament. We may take it for granted, therefore, that if a large or even considerable number of Methodists or Presbyterians are elected at the next general election for the Dominion, further and more sweeping inroads and encroachments on the personal freedom and the "liberty of the subject" will be attempted to be carried by legislation in this country. The question also arises naturally, how far the oath or obligation of a Member of Parliament to legislate solely for the good of his country in all things conflicts with his agreeing or acquiescing in the decisions of Church Conferences, Synods, or Assemblies,

of which he may be a voting delegate, or, if not, in which church he may be a member in good standing, and thus feel bound to carry out the well understood wishes of the said church, especially if the vote in council on any social or temperance question be a unanimous one.

For instance, Mr. Charlton, M.P., was a member of the last Presbyterian Assembly, and also was on the committee appointed by the Assembly regarding the question of seduction, which committee brought in a report recommending a more severe law than that passed last Session.

We are thus left in doubt as to Mr. Charlton's efforts during the last five years, in endeavouring to have a "Seduction Act" passed, being an opinion or "fad" of his own, the opinion or wishes of his constituents, or whether he was simply acting as the mouthpiece or instrument of the Presbyterian body in this social legislation; and so with his course in the future. Although from experience gained in the working of the Act, or any arguments Mr. Charlton might hear in the House, he might become convinced of the necessity of the repeal of the law, or at all events that a more severe and sweeping law was unnecessary or undesirable, Mr. Charlton would still feel bound to carry out the wishes of his church—to which he was also a party,—or would feel at all events greatly hampered thereby, and his free mental course of action impeded in the matter. So, too, with a Methodist Member of Parliament elected, say from a "Scott Act" county, a majority of whose constituents having had a fair trial of the Scott Act were convinced that it was unworkable and undesirable, and so petitioned the House of Commons for its repeal, how would this Member decide between the wishes of his constituents, his conscience, and the duty he felt towards his church?

It is noticeable, Mr. Editor, that no other Canadian religious denominations, in council, save the two mentioned, have attempted to dictate or influence their present or prospective Members of Parliament, or to bind them by resolution of Conference or Assembly to any particular course of action in dealing with such questions as may in future be legislated upon; and it is for the people of Canada to say now whether such an attempt on the part of two denominations to control, through their representatives, moral, social, or temperance legislation directly affecting the habits, actions, and personal freedom and liberties of the people, should be tolerated or permitted, much less countenanced, in a free country with free institutions.

I am convinced, Mr. Editor, that such an attempt as government in secular matters by the churches would not only be a great mistake for the churches themselves, but would also be destructive of the personal freedom and mental independence of our legislators, injurious to legislation, and also a source of grave danger to the State in setting sect against sect, socially and politically, and, perpetuating heart burnings, feuds and bad feeling generally, most injurious to the prosperity and welfare of our common country in the future.

The Church of Rome, well knowing from experience the mistake and hazard of dictation or interference in secular matters more particularly in legislation concerning the "liberty of the subject," and also fully recognising by experience the futility of trying to make people moral or temperate by Act of Parliament, has shown a wise and most commendable (and to some persons unexpected) liberality, patriotism, and common sense in holding the Church sternly aloof from the fanatical wave now sweeping over Canada; and the Roman Catholic Church in taking this course, has shown itself fully abreast of the spirit of the times, and alive and awake to the experiences and teachings of history the world over.

In striking contrast to this action of the Church of Rome is the foolish, ill-judged, fanatical, and hasty action of some of our Protestant denominations, whose zeal in promoting temperance and morality has outrun their discretion in endeavouring to impose their ideas and extreme opinions on the whole community through the medium of Church Parliaments in convocation assembled.

It is argued that the hostility or indifference of the Church of Rome to the "Scott Act" arises not so much from enmity to the cause or principles of temperance as to the fact that in matters of social purity or temperance, as of faith or morals, it is the province of and duty of the Church, and the place of its ecclesiastics, to deal with such matters, rather than governments and legislatures; and I can conceive no higher, more reasonable, or logical ground for any Church to take than this, Mr. Editor; and, in fact, for the churches to take any other, and to abandon missionary effort and moral suasion in public matters, and to rely principally upon legislative enactments as props to their views in influencing people's conduct in private, is simply to make the humiliating confession that churches and ministers have no reason or excuse for their support or existence, and that Christianity as a means of educating, civilizing, refining, or humanizing the world, is a failure. It is no argument or answer to say that the church is a mere help, incentive, or instrument in making good laws in any country, because these laws would in any case be called for and passed in the time when public opinion was ripe and called for their enactment, if churches had no existence: and if the majority of the people, freely and spontaneously, and without religious or other excitement, prompting influence, or dictation, do not call for and demand legislation affecting themselves, then there is not much reason or necessity for new laws being passed at such a time at the dictation of the minority. It is reasonably certain, Mr. Editor, now that attention has been called to the matter, that the views I have expressed will make themselves felt at the next election, and in the conventions of both parties, and I am encouraged in this hope from the perusal of an able letter in the *Globe* of 25th ult. from an extreme Reformer, on the "Scott Act," who says, that while he considers Sir John Macdonald's Government to be the "sum of all villainies," he, the writer, will not support the Reform Party if they make a plank of Prohibition. This shows that the feeling of personal liberty is superior to party allegiance, and it is a good omen for the country and the ultimate victory of personal liberty over fanaticism in social matters, and legislative coercion. P. B. S.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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It is difficult to perceive what useful purpose can be served by a Convention of Young Liberals or Young Tories, if their highest ambition is to travel in exactly the same rut as the oldsters. The Young Liberals who met in convention in Montreal last week have shown themselves to be but a junior branch of the Liberal Party, with all the drawbacks of juvenility, and they have contributed scarcely one fresh thought or promise of solution to the problems that stand before the country. No doubt, for a number of young men to travel hundreds of miles, at an expense of time and money, in order to meet and discuss grave political questions this hot weather, evinces a laudable spirit; but *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle* when the cards have been packed by the old ones. From these we have learned already that the Party is in favour of the eight or nine good measures, and as many bad ones, embodied in the platform of the Young Liberals—that the leaders of the Party are in favour of setting up an independent Parliament at Dublin (which is consistent enough with their apparent desire to make the Provincial Assemblies of Canada independent of the Parliament at Ottawa); but what we should like to have learned from the Young Liberals is, what business the Party have to interfere in the home affairs of "men from abroad" as they are termed elsewhere in the platform—between Parties in England, or with the internal government of the United Kingdom? By the time the Young Liberals have procured the adoption of Prohibition and the "discontinuance of the practice of importing *men from abroad* to fill positions in the public service," some of them will have grown very grey-headed indeed, especially if they continue to bewail the untimely end of M. Riel; and they will, perhaps, have discovered that it would have been wiser to confine their attention to the affairs of their own country and to the solution of such problems as one they have set: "The right to make our own commercial treaties" without incurring the obligation to pay a share of the cost of the maintenance or enforcement of these treaties.

BOYCOTTING is so cowardly and tyrannous an offence that it is not likely to find favour with Americans—much less be allowed to take root in the country. Our cousins may applaud the band of ruffians who by that among other and worse means have brought the people of Ireland into a condition of abject slavery—they may counsel Great Britain to make an abject submission to this League; but when the offence is committed among themselves, they return at once to common sense, and put it down; their judgment being freed from the Irish bog which, polluting their own political life, disturbs their reason when they think of Ireland and Great Britain, and renders that the one subject in the world on which their opinion and advice is not worth consideration;—their reason in this case having full sway, undisturbed by the overpowering wish to get rid of their Irish problem at the expense of England, they are able to take a calm survey of the situation, with the result that prompt measures are taken to avert the danger. In the first trial of a boycotter at New York the other day, the judge, in charging the jury, said: "Men may legally combine to raise the price of labour, but they must be careful as to the means they adopt to secure the end. No man or number of men may conspire to prevent people labouring where and for what they please in any lawful trade or calling. A man has a right to go to his friends, secure their sympathy in his cause, and even ask them to withdraw their patronage from certain persons." "But," the judge added, "it is a very different thing when fifty or one hundred men conspire to ruin a man's business, and parade before his place, distributing handbills and intimidating purchasers or those who would purchase." No less sensibly, the jury, after an absence of fifteen minutes, brought in a verdict of guilty; and it may be hoped that boycotting, in New York if not in Ireland, has received its deathblow. Labour-unions at any rate have been shown that conspiring to deprive a man of his means of livelihood is as profitless as it is wantonly and heartlessly tyrannous.

THE Tariff is a question that will soon overtop all others in the States. The Randall Bill now before Congress will not pass; nor will any bill pass or even be seriously considered while Parties are in their now artificial state. The tariff question is one that touches every individual of the nation

so closely that it is likely the elections in two or three years' time will turn altogether on this issue. The way will be cleared by the date of the next Presidential election; the Democratic Party will in the meantime gradually draw to itself the tariff reformers of the West, and these deserters from the Republican ranks will be replaced by the "business interests" everywhere that see themselves threatened by tariff reformers. The next Presidential election may be fought out on the old lines; but the reorganisation of parties on the tariff question will be precipitated by that event, and not till then will any considerable alteration in the tariff be made.

THE Springfield *Republican* affords a capital illustration of the amount of knowledge brought to bear on the discussion of the Irish question by the average American newspaper. It is immovably convinced that Mr. Gladstone's projected surrender of Ireland to the Fenians and disruption of the British Empire is the one and only possible method of granting Ireland self-government, and it flouts as Tories all who venture to think there may be other methods of roasting a pig besides the one invented by Charles Lamb, and now proposed by the Grand Old Incendiary—of burning the house down. As its latest contribution to the bewilderment of its readers on this subject, and some others, it says in its last issue: "Goldwin Smith is to put himself on record this week as unworthy of his reputation by issuing in London a brochure on 'Dismemberment no Remedy.' He refuses to give to Ireland what Canada gives to his own Province of Toronto." But if any of them should discover (1) that there is no such province in existence, and (2) that, be the name of the province whatever if may, Canada gives it nothing, but on the contrary receives power from it,—if they should discover this ignorance, on the part of their local luminary, of a country next door, they may suspect that possibly the statesmen and the majority of the British nation who are with Goldwin Smith in his opinion may know a little more about the matter than the Irish-led press of America.

It appears from the latest English papers that the origin of the disturbances in Belfast was due to the objection of a number of Catholic navvies, engaged in the docks, to the presence among them of two Protestants, only one of whom was an Orangeman. Being peculiarly obnoxious to his pious fellows this heretic was warned to leave, and afterwards assaulted; whereupon he took out a summons. The day following the assault a number of riveters, employed in a shipbuilding yard, having heard of the proceedings, marched down to the docks and "went for" the navvies. This was not, to be sure, strictly legal, but it was very natural; and very naturally, too, they proved too many for the navvies, and drove them into the river. During the engagement many heads were damaged; and one unfortunate youth, of the Catholic side, was drowned. This was the only life lost in the encounter between the two mobs, and this happened on the 5th June; so that manifestly neither the riot nor the loss of life so far had anything whatever to do with Orange exultation over the defeat of the Disruption Bill, which did not take place till June 8th. On Sunday, however, June 6th, the remains of this poor lad were conveyed to their last resting-place by a mob of co-religionists, who are described as drunken rowdies and shameless trulls, using disgraceful language and gestures, and armed with stones and bludgeons, which—both the language and the weapons—were freely used against the Protestants. Collision between the two factions was inevitable; and when it *did* take place the Catholic party again were routed. The next two days were days of somewhat "strained relations" between the two parties; bad blood was stirring; and naturally when, on the rejection of the Separation Bill, the overjoyed Orangemen celebrated the victory in torchlight procession, the demonstration was bitterly resented by the Papists. Riots ensued; and eight Protestants were killed, most of them being innocent persons returning from work, who were mistaken for rioters by a county police officer commanding a force just drafted into the town. And this mistake of a panic-stricken Fenian paper in America has been gloating over since as a victory over Orangemen: these victims of an official blunder are they the Home Rule Press of our own country have been since maligning.

FROM the temper with which Mr. Gladstone has replied to Mr. Bright one must doubt if the loss of the latter has been fully compensated to the Gladstonites by the accession of Lord Lorne. Such heat argues a deep disappointment as well as a deep-felt wound; but although Mr. Gladstone has desperately attempted to reply, the accusations of Mr. Bright are really unanswerable, save in the Gladstonian manner of splitting hairs and magnifying the minute subdivision of a hair into a whole switch. With such a switch Mr. Gladstone has attempted the correction of his old co-

league; but, after all has been said, the fact remains that Mr. Gladstone is unfair when he charges England of to-day with responsibility for deeds which belong to ancient history, and which have been long since redressed. No government could have done more than has England for Ireland during the past fifty years. The Irish malady, however, is not political but economic; and the legislation Mr. Gladstone proposes, which would dignify a treasonous Conspiracy with the name, form, and power of a Parliament, can be nothing but a step forward in the march through rapine to the break-up of the Empire. Absenteeism is undoubtedly a great evil, and one that must be dealt with forthwith; but, as Mr. Bright says, the proposed Land Bill would make the English Treasury a universal absentee landlord over all the land in Ireland. With a National-League Government it would be impossible to collect the rent due this absentee, for the teaching of the Parnellite Conspiracy during the last seven years has been against paying rent; and consequently the cost of presenting the soil of Ireland to a nation who would be both independent and hostile would fall on the already over-burdened English taxpayers. And, if the Irish Bill passed, it would be absolutely impossible, apart from public reasons, for the Parnellites to remain at Westminster. They now have their expenses paid by the avowed enemies of England; and with a Parliament at Dublin, these are not likely to enlarge their donations so as to cover the expenses of both Representations. They can work all the mischief they wish through their Dublin tools; and as mischief is their main purpose they are not likely to pay for Representation that is only likely to defeat their ends.

At the present writing, it looks as if the Unionist majority against Mr. Gladstone will be increased—but not by much. The boroughs, where the active life of the nation chiefly lies, have pronounced against his Home Rule scheme more decisively even than they did a few months ago against his previous five years of misgovernment; and this notwithstanding the transfer of the Irish vote to his side. But Mr. Gladstone has not of late pretended to represent the intellect of the nation: the business interests, the professions, the enlightened classes,—all who are able to estimate intelligently the baneful effects of his want of statesmanship, are obnoxious to him; and having parted successively in his long career from the upper class and the great middle class, he has now attached himself to the populace. He is already an honorary member of the National League; and if the result of his destructive legislation should be the creation of a Mountain he would be the Danton of that Mountain. At present, however, he is in pause, waiting for the verdict of Hodge. By loudly proclaiming himself a Scotchman—just as he would proclaim himself a Jacobin, if more votes were to be gained than lost by doing so—he appears to have captured a portion of the Scotch vote; but we believe he will not be very successful in gulling Hodge. He will get many of their votes; but there is nothing that we can see in what has happened in England since last December that will give him more of their votes than he took then; on the contrary, there is much in the division he has brought into the Liberal Party that must tell with them in favour of the Conservatives. And unless he can at least maintain his position, his is a lost cause.

MR. FROUDE and the London *Standard* have between them completely knocked the bottom out of New Zealand credit. If any one in Canada has been led by the doleful arithmetic of the Liberal party-leaders into the belief that this country is going to ruin, let him take comfort from the fact that there is a long stretch to be traversed between any point we are likely to arrive at during the next half century and the point already reached by the New Zealanders. With a population not much exceeding one-eighth that of Canada, and with no trans-territorial railway to show for it, the debt of New Zealand exceeds \$275 per head—an average, say, of \$1,375 per family. The population has nearly doubled since 1874; but the Revenue has increased only from \$88,000,000 for the quinquennial period 1875-9 to \$92,000,000 for 1880-4; while the Expenditure for these two periods was \$99,000,000 and \$98,000,000, respectively—a chronic deficit each year of, on an average, \$1,600,000. During the same period, imports have materially declined in value; the exports have risen only to a trifling extent; the gold-fields are not one-half or one-third as productive as in the past; wool, the main staple of the country, has fallen to an almost unremunerative price; although banking as a whole displays some progress, the note circulation, the true index to prosperity, remains stationary; and, finally, the best of the Crown lands have been sold off, the price of lots now averaging only about a fourth of the price realised formerly. Altogether the situation is a *bonne bouche* and one to afford abundant opportunities to the Opposition, if they have acquired the Canadian and Gladstonian habit of decrying their country for party purposes.

THE London papers contained the announcement of the death, on June 12th, at Manor Road, Brockley, of MR. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, formerly of the Foreign Department, General Post Office, aged 76;—on which, quoth an Irish Unionist, “Ah! the fact is melancholy; it is the details that are dispiriting.”

THE Union Flag has a history interesting at the present juncture. The high sheriff of an Irish county says:—“The Union Flag, or the Union Jack, with its three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, is the symbol of the Parliamentary union between England, Scotland, and Ireland. The histories of the Flag and the Union are one. In 1707, when the Scottish Parliament was united with the English to form the Parliament of Great Britain, the Cross of St. Andrew, with its blue ground, united with the red Cross of St. George, became the national ensign. When the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland were united in 1800, the Cross of St. Patrick, with its white ground, was blended with the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, to signify the union of the three Parliaments, and to form forever the Union Flag of the United Kingdom.”

GLoucester fishermen cannot be so bad as they are painted; for here is one with a strain of genuine humour in him, and genuine humour never accompanies total depravity. If this had been of the mechanical sort that passes for humour with the admirers of some noted American humourists, not a word need have been said; but it is far otherwise—of altogether a superior sort—and so deserves to be recorded:

“Captain Gorman, of the Gloucester mackerel seiner, the *D. W. Daisley*, has complained that the fog whistle (in one of the Nova Scotia bays) was not blowing during the night of June 25, and he thereby narrowly escaped running ashore.”

The pretension that Canada should keep up a light-house system and fog-whistle service for the benefit of American fishermen who come here solely to steal our fish is delicious: we should like to have seen the twinkle in the skipper's eye as he made it.

THE report of the Suez Canal Company shows once more how trifling is the interest of all the rest of the world in the artificial strait compared with that of England. Of the entire number of ships that went through the Canal, three out of every four were English. France comes next, and her vessels were just about one-tenth the number of England's. It is worth noting that the Australian trade through the Canal has increased with unparalleled rapidity during the last seven years. In 1878, twenty-seven Australian ships passed through; in 1884 the number was 228, which is not far short of the French total. Such figures as these are only one argument the more for making English imperial insurance really effectual. To be satisfied because the English navy is larger than those of other Powers is absurd. In a few years it will have to protect half a dozen countries each of which will have a commerce greater than that of most European States.

A FRENCH astronomer, M. Maurice Lespialt, has propounded a curious theory on the subject of the novel and unaccountable appearances discovered by Signor Schiaparelli on the surface of the planet Mars. The discoverer took them for canals; but M. Lespialt refuses to believe in canals a thousand miles long and fifty broad in Mars or any other planet. The mathematical regularity of the outlines forbids us regarding them as natural phenomena, however; and his conjecture is that they are vast strips of forest created to remedy the inconveniences to which the people of the planet found themselves exposed after having denuded the surface of their globe of the provision made by Nature for their defence against the fury of the elements, as we are on the high road to doing ourselves. Mars, he points out, is an older planet than the earth, and the process must have been carried much further there by this time than we have as yet any experience of. The inhabitants of Mars have already reached the pass to which we are drifting, as the increasing frequency and violence of the American hurricanes indicate, and they have been forced to the necessity of concerting measures on a grand scale to remedy the evil. M. Lespialt predicts that, before a century is over, plantations on something like the same extensive scale will have to be begun in America, if that continent is to continue to be the home of man.

MR. GLADSTONE has striven hard to torture the meaning of the word “coercion” and its kindred terms to his own uses, hoping to ride to victory on the back of the abortion he has produced; but happily the respectability of the thing intended is vouched for by better authorities than he. Till he misused the word it was held in the highest honour by English

writers. Hallam admits that anarchy was "less odious to a rude nation than the coercive justice by which they were afterwards restrained," but makes no secret of his own preference for the coercive system. "The debtor is ordered," says Burke, "on a supposition of ability and fraud, to be coerced his liberty until he makes payment;" and it is certain that no Bristol elector who listened to the speech considered the fraudulent debtor to be unfairly used. Hobbes knew that it would never do to trust simply to the good feeling of people to perform their contracts; "but," he observes, "when there shall be such power coercive over both parties as shall deprive them of their private judgments in this point, then may such covenants be effectual, seeing he that performeth first shall have no reasonable cause to doubt the performance of the other that may be compelled thereunto." According to South, "Government has coercion and animadversion upon such as neglect their duty; without which coercive power all Government is toothless and precarious." Jeremy Taylor lays it down that "without a coercitive power there can be no government." Dryden remarks that "the virtues of a general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful command, and the exercise of magnanimity as well as justice."

COMMENTING on the tragedy of King Louis of Bavaria, the London *Spectator* says, with, one would think, a side-glance at Mr. Gladstone:—The liability of monarchs to insanity, probably owing to their loneliness, and to the effect of power in releasing the will from healthy external compression, is greater than that of other men, and is increased in Europe by their habit of intermarriage. Two clans practically reign in Europe, the Catholic one and the Protestant one, and in both the disease has repeatedly broken out, the Spanish Hapsburgs in particular constantly showing the predisposition, which is attributed also, in the form of melancholia or insane fury of temper, to the House of Romanoff. Its existence is often quoted as a final argument against monarchy, and as against absolutism it is no doubt a serious one. It is difficult to see what can be done with an insane Pope or Czar except kill him, which is impossible except through a palace murder such as has, in Constantinople and St. Petersburg, once or twice created a vacancy in the throne. As a rule, however, some Minister masters the maniac, and in Constitutional Monarchies the argument is not worth much. The avowed lunatic is quietly superseded, and the cryptolunatic might do as much mischief as President or orator. Andrew Johnson was very little better, and M. Gambetta, had he secretly lost his reason, might have thrown all Europe into confusion before he was restrained. Institutions can only be worked by persons, and must be nearly as dependent on the health of individuals as the ordinary operations of life are. The American machine stopped while President Garfield fought out his losing fight with death, and might have stopped months longer. Indeed, in this particular instance the illustration makes the other way. Only an old and solid monarchy could have remained unaffected by the madness of the head of the executive for ten continuous years. The king has died, the solitary crowned suicide of modern European history, his family is half ruined, and the world is shocked; but the life of Bavaria, political and social, goes on undisturbed even by a riot. No Republican State has yet attained to that tranquillity, and though tranquillity is not all, it is the condition of most that is progressive in free States.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* calls attention to a speech made by the late Sir Robert Peel, on April 25th, 1834, against the repeal of the Union. Mr. Gladstone began public life as a Peelite; and as he often professes great respect for Sir Robert's memory, it may be hoped that when relieved from the cares of Government he will find time, in the intervals of the agitation he has threatened, to study this speech; for it would be difficult to find anything better illustrating the late Sir Robert Peel's wisdom and sagacity. He predicts that the Union cannot be repealed without a revolt of the North, and he maintains that the existence of an independent Parliament in Ireland is radically inconsistent with any real connection with Great Britain. Separation itself he prefers, and prefers greatly, to rival Legislatures:—"I conceal from myself none of the vast evils and dangers of Separation,—the imminent hazard of collision between the two countries, the certain diminution to each of its power, influence, prosperity, and social happiness. But presuming Separation to be an inevitable consequence of Repeal, I prefer Separation now to Separation embittered by the additional animosities of a protracted intermediate struggle. Separation, too, has this advantage. Powers independent of each other have definite relations, have mutual rights prescribed by the long-settled code of the law of nations; but Powers standing in the relation in which, after Repeal, England and Ireland would hereafter stand toward each other, have the limits of their respective authorities quite unsettled,

and have no known arbitration to refer to for the peaceful adjustment of their differences. Whenever, therefore, the success of the Repealers shall be inevitable, I shall be very much inclined to say to these gentlemen, 'Let us part in peace; arrange your own form of government for Ireland; establish a republic if you please, or replace on the throne of Ireland (if monarchy be more acceptable to you) the descendants of your ancient kings.' " And there is one rather impressive part of the speech—the answer to Mr. Sheil—impressive when we remember the extent to which the Home Rulers are asking England to confide in Mr. Parnell's assurances and the assurances of his party that Ireland will accept as final Mr. Gladstone's proposal. Mr. Sheil had indulged in similar predictions as to the result of restoring the Irish Parliament, and the cordiality it would create between England and Ireland. Sir Robert Peel replied to him by reminding him of his (Mr. Sheil's) own confident statements to a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1825, that Catholic Emancipation, if granted, would end the disloyalty of Ireland for ever. In 1825, Mr. Sheil had expressly asserted that if Catholic Emancipation were granted, the reasons for demanding the repeal of the Union would disappear, and that after that event Ireland would be quite content to plead her own cause in the House of Commons. What, asked Sir Robert Peel, had become of these assurances of Mr. Sheil's, now that, though Catholic Emancipation had been granted five years ago, Mr. Sheil appeared as the advocate for a repeal of the Union which he had then declared that Ireland would never ask for, if she did but obtain justice for the Catholics? In 1825, Mr. Sheil could not believe that if Catholic Emancipation were conceded, Repeal would ever be demanded. In 1834, after five years' experience of Catholic Emancipation, he clamoured for Repeal. So undoubtedly it would be with the Parnellites of 1891, if they got what they declare to be final in 1886.

THE ORGANIST.

In his dim chapel day by day
The organist was wont to play,
And please himself with fluted reveries;
And all the spirit's joy and strife,
The longing of a tender life,
Took sound and form upon the ivory keys;
And though he seldom spoke a word,
The simple hearts that loved him heard
His glowing soul in these.

One day as he was wrapped, a sound
Of feet stole near; he turned and found
A little maid that stood beside him there.
She started, and in shrinking-wise
Besought him with her liquid eyes
And little features, very sweet and spare.
"You love the music, child," he said,
And laid his hand upon her head,
And smoothed her matted hair.

She answered, "At the door one day
I sat and heard the organ play;
I did not dare to come inside for fear.
But yesterday, a little while,
I crept half up the empty aisle
And heard the music sounding sweet and clear;
To-day I thought you would not mind,
For, master dear, your face was kind,
And so I came up here."

"You love the music then," he said,
And still he stroked her golden head,
And followed out some winding reverie.
"And you are poor?" said he at last.
The maiden nodded, and he passed
His hand across his forehead dreamingly;
"And will you be my friend?" he spake,
"And on the organ learn to make
Grand music here with me?"

And all the little maiden's face
Was kindled with a grateful grace;
"Oh, master, teach me; I will slave for thee!"
She cried; and so the child grew dear
To him, and slowly year by year
He taught her all the organ's majesty;
And gave her from his slender store
Bread and warm clothing, that no more
Her cheeks were pinched to see.

And year by year the maiden grew
Taller and lovelier, and the hue
Deepened upon her tender cheeks untried.

A USELESS MAN.

Rounder, and queenlier, and more fair
Her form grew, and her golden hair
Fell yearly richer at the master's side.
In speech and bearing, form and face,
Sweeter and graver, grace by grace,
Her beauties multiplied.

And sometimes at his work a glow
Would touch him, and he murmured low,
"How beautiful she is!" and bent his head;
And sometimes when the day went by
And brought no maiden, he would sigh,
And lean and listen for her velvet tread;
And he would drop his hands and say,
"My music cometh not to-day;
Pray God she be not dead!"

So the sweet maiden filled his heart,
And with her growing grew his art,
For day by day more wondrously he played.
Such heavenly things the master wrought,
That in his happy dreams he thought
The organ's self did love the gold-haired maid:
But she, the maiden, never guessed
What prayers for her in hours of rest
The sombre organ prayed.

At last, one summer morning fair,
The maiden came with braided hair
And took his hands, and held them eagerly.
"To-morrow is my wedding day;
Dear master, bless me that the way
Of life be smooth, not bitter, unto me."
He stirred not; but the light did go
Out of his shrunken cheeks, and, oh!
His head hung heavily.

"You love him, then?" "I love him well,"
She answered, and a numbness fell
Upon his eyes and all his heart that bled.
A glory, half a smile, abode
Within the maiden's eyes and glowed
Upon her parted lips. The master said,
"God bless and bless thee, little maid,
With peace and long delight," and laid
His hands upon her head.

And she was gone; and all that day
The hours crept up and slipped away,
And he sat still, as moveless as a stone.
The night came down, with quiet stars,
And darkened him. In coloured bars
Along the shadowy aisle the moonlight shone.
And then the master woke and passed
His hands across the keys at last,
And made the organ moan.

The organ shook, the music wept;
For sometimes like a wail it crept
In broken moanings down the shadows drear;
And otherwhiles the sound did swell,
And like a sudden tempest fell
Through all the windows wonderful and clear.
The people gathered from the street,
And filled the chapel seat by seat—
They could not choose but hear.

And there they sat till dawning light,
Nor ever stirred for awe. "To-night,
The master hath a noble mood," they said.
But on a sudden ceased the sound:
Like ghosts the people gathered round,
And on the keys they found his fallen head.
The silent organ had received
The master's broken heart relieved,
And he was white and dead.

A. LAMPMAN.

I was sent to survey a three-mile section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the Bay of St. Ignace, Lake Superior. The lay of the land was that of a house roof, and it was at the foot of an eight-hundred-foot cliff. Most of the roadway was cut out of solid rock, with here and there a bridge over a ravine, or a tunnel under a spur of rock, to break monotony.

The work was half finished, when I was visited by the District Engineer, bringing with him a boy whom he proposed to leave to my tender mercies. The apprentice was described as an interesting and amiable youth, and had improved the occasion by scaling the precipice overhead. He had succeeded in getting lost, and we were organising a search party, when he favoured us with his presence and was introduced. He presented an interesting and rather torn-up appearance, and was dressed in brown corduroy. He was of slender build, with very marked, irregular features, an exquisite skin, and soft, expressive eyes. He began our acquaintance by expressing doubts as to whether the rock formation was plutonic or metamorphic, exhibiting some very poisonous berries which he described as having an agreeable flavour, and borrowed five dollars.

Next day, we went to work and measured out one of the big rock-cuts. I tried Eustace with the chain, the measure, the rod, and in all these he showed, and cheerfully admitted, the grossest incompetence. His talent for making blunders was marvellous, and the cause was—thinking. Often, when his negligence stopped the work of the party, I feared to rouse him from meditations that might benefit the human race. In climbing, he was slow and heavy; in locating, he was blind and obtuse. I set him to mark the stakes, and blessed him when he forgot their sequence. Before evening I saw that he was entirely useless.

Whenever he had a chance he would go up among the cliffs and get lost. When he did turn up he was generally more or less damaged from falls, and always laden with amethysts, herbs, ore, sketches, and ideas. He would favour me with his ideas on anatomy, speculative astronomy, submarine navigation, boating, statuary, and other kindred topics. He would draw plans, and sometimes, on the sly, write verses. He never inflicted these on me, and I forgave him, because he was a good listener. In the evenings I tried him at "estimates," but he would make little digressions, estimating the velocity of the earth, or drawing heads on the waste paper, and proved incompetent. He was at home with logarithms but stuck at a common fraction: I did the estimates alone.

Notwithstanding the fact that he hindered my work, I grew to like the boy. He would ask questions that set my hair on end, without showing effort or seeking effect. Once he asked me if I thought him a coward, and I could not say; but when a stone from one of the blasts knocked the paint-pot out of his hand, he only observed that that was a wasteful method of blasting.

A day came that I had dreaded for many weeks: the Black Cape had to be measured. I postponed the job until the afternoon, walking up and down brooding over the difficulty. I told my party that one of us must be lowered down the cliff, and swinging out below the dread brink of the precipice, must paint a conspicuous white mark at a point that I should name. The narrowness of the ledge from which the work must be done, the weakness of the rope, the difficulty of keeping a clear head in such a place, all made the operation exceedingly dangerous. I could not do the work myself, for my presence was required below; my men were too heavy, and Eustace—"Mr. B—, I'm going down the cliff." Eustace was standing before me, very pale, his eyes glittering. Presently he had gone away, and I saw him sitting on a log at some distance, trembling violently. I didn't think Eustace was so sensitive. After dinner I told my chainman: "Sinclair, you must do that cliff business." The three started the ascent to the ledge by ropes and ladders. The rodman went first and Eustace after him. The rope was being attached to a small cedar, as I adjusted my tripod, and looked through the instrument. I had prepared my lense, and bade them lower away. In the inverted picture presented by my lenses I saw a human form, lowered by a rope, swing into view. "Lower, five feet, lower yet, one foot up, three to the right, a little to the right, more, an inch higher, a little to the left still. Right, place the mark there." I finished signalling these directions with my hands, and leaving the instrument looked towards the cliff. The men above were in great distress, and the voice came up from below: "Cease lowering, hold on, I say!" It was Eustace swinging in mid-air, and the cedar was yielding! A moment of confusion. I shouted directions, they responded, the navvies looked up and joined the shouting. The cedar was crashing down the cliff with an avalanche of stones. The men on the ledge and Eustace were hidden by the dust. The men above were safe, but Eustace!—

From out of the cloud of dust I heard his voice: "Have you got any more cedars up there?"

When the dust cleared, the cedar was floating on the lake below, but Eustace was hanging on the face of the cliff, below the impending ledge. How he got out of the rope I don't know, or how he hung where there was no apparent crack in the face of the rock, I cannot tell. I recovered the rope, and took it up to the ledge, drawing up and attaching one of the guide-ropes that aided the ascent. Some men were piling blankets and sacks upon the rocks below, in order to break the fall. Hastily we lowered the rope, and called to Eustace. From below he was seen to swing outwards from the cliff, holding only by one foot and hand. His last support gave way, and he fell into space. A tremendous wrench threatened to drag us from the ledge. He had caught the rope, and was hanging in mid-air, swinging in space. We lowered the rope, and felt him swarming down to its lower end. They were calling us to lower away, and the last yard was in our hands. "How much more?"—"Twenty feet." We gave

A PUNSTER being requested to give a specimen of his art, asked for a subject. "The king." "The king is not a subject," he replied. This holds good in French likewise—"Le roi n'est pas un sujet."

THE card is the epitome of civilisation. A lady's visiting card is representative, and implies far more than the mere data of name and residence. Giving you her card a lady gives with it her social recognition, her goodwill, her remembrance, the entrée to her house. The card being thus representative should stand for more than it often does. A card is a call, and save among special friends it is the most desirable form of a call. It implies that you are held in kindly regard, and that future meetings will be agreeable. It does away with any possibility of mistakes or with any awkwardness or chance meetings. In fact, the card is the sign and symbol of social enlightenment, and deserves to be canonised.

up the hold of one man, and lowered the rope a bit; we gave up the second man, and one bore the strain alone. The strain was more than that one man could bear. "Look out!" There was a dull thud, a cry of expectation, and then three ringing cheers. When I descended to the lake, Eustace thrust a scrap of stone into my hand. "What's this? I found it where the mark was to be made."—"Why, its silver!"

Next day, Eustace told me that he thought it would be advisable to go down to the "Landing" and have his teeth doctored: "Because I have neuralgia, you know; and really the diet here does not suit me."

I have had many a worse investment than the shares of a certain mine, found on the face of a cliff by a thoroughly useless man. COYOTE.

SKETCHES FROM EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

MAFEESH.

A WORD here about this comprehensive dissyllable, surely one of the most remarkable products of Arabia. Conversationally, it is to the evasive and procrastinating Arab all that, materially, the cocoanut palm is to the South Sea Islander, or the plantain to the Equatorial African. It is the traveller's "hold all" of dialogue; the "concentrated luncheon lozenge" of conversation. It carries all before it like a circular letter of credit. You knock down every troublesome inquiry with it as with a constable's staff. It is your true universal negative. If it were not for the magical "Mafeesh," that other ogre, "Backsheesh," would desolate the continent and, as Sindbad adds, "the islands adjacent thereto." But it is the recognized solvent of every mendicant difficulty. The "go with God" of Portugal is good; the "by-and-by" of Spain is better still; but "mafeesh" is best of all. The Hindoo disposes of solicitors with "as it will be, so it must be," and the Moslem of the East shuts down the lid upon all inconvenient importunity with "as Allah pleases." But the Arab combines all four finalities in one word, and adds moreover the further signification of the British "go to Bath." What the real meaning of "mafeesh" is, theoretically, I do not know; but practically it is the formula of non-existence. If you ask for a melon and there is not one left, if you inquire for the master of the house and he is not at home, if the coolie will not carry your baggage, nor the boatman row you, nor the sentry let you pass, each says "mafeesh." So I think it may be accepted as one of the most compendious, comprehensive, and convenient words known to human speech. But when the British army, the outer barbarians of Europe, came to Suakin, it was discovered by the natives that the insular mind did not readily respond to such catholic completeness of negation, nor grasp so prodigious a *non possumus*. So, by way of explanation, they prefixed the Hindustani "bus," and to make assurance trebly sure, added the English "finish." "*Bus mafeesh finish!*" Was there ever tagged together before a phrase so definitively, conclusively, and catawomptiously negative?

CATS.

I remember when I was in Alexandria after the bombardment, being astounded at the congregations of cats that one surprised among the ruined houses. For the Egyptians, though they may not worship the little animal nowadays, have an inordinate liking for them, a relic, perhaps, of an old-world sanctity. They are to be seen everywhere, not one at a time, but in half-dozens, and in the less frequented parts of the town as many as twenty may be seen in a waste corner holding an afternoon conversation. When, therefore, the British shells knocked down the houses of Alexandria and the inmates fled, the cats found themselves homeless and friendless, and they gathered together in pathetic assemblies upon the debris of the shattered walls. How gaunt and dreadful they were! Charitable folk used to collect scraps for them, but the sufferings of the creatures must have been great, and doubtless, if the truth were known, very few of the Alexandrian cats lived through the momentous crisis of British occupation without sharp apprehensions of cannibalism. All day long they prowled among the rubbish heaps of fallen masonry, or sate about in groups, pathetically mute and most unnaturally regardless of passers-by. In Suakin also they are utterly callous to their surroundings, but there the similarity ceases. For in their case indifference is begotten of a preposterous prosperity. So consequential are they that they do not move out of the road, and the Arab when he stumbles over them swears at them, but never molests them. The bazaars are full of them, and they fight and make love in the thoroughfares in broad daylight as if it were the most natural thing in the world for cats to do so. Till then I had thought Grimalkin was a nocturnal beast. For in Europe we are accustomed to see them sleepy and lazy all day, and to hear them noisy and active at night. But this is only, apparently, a geographical accident. In the Soudan, at any rate, cats are diurnal and go to bed at sunset, while in Suakin in particular, where the people live so largely on fish, and the refuse of their meals lies in heaps at every corner, the feline tribe have assumed much of the importance and something of the demeanour of dogs. They lie under the stalls or sit upon the bedsteads—which, after Oriental fashion stand in the open air—as if in charge of the premises and property. For one thing there are very few dogs. It is true they are unclean beasts to the Moslem, but perhaps the cats have made it impossible for any dog of spirit to exist. Indeed, such an endless multitude of them is enough to break the heart of even an English terrier. But physically they have deteriorated into the merest travesty of their race. They are absurdly small and proportionately meagre, with sharp noses, flat thin heads, and very short fur, while the shoulder-blades stick up above the level of their backs in the queerest fashion. So when I came back to England I was at first surprised at the very large size of all the cats I saw, their extraordi-

nary plumpness, and the thickness of their fur. So, by-the-way, too, with the flies, which in Suakin, as everywhere else in the Red Sea, are in infinite myriads, but they are only half the size of the British insect.

ANTELOPES.

They are dainty little antelopes, these gazelles and ariels of the Soudan, and look charming in the streets where they wander about or snooze in the shady corners as unconcernedly as the goats. Unfortunately they are exactly the colour of the sand, and more than once coming home at night from the telegraph office, I have narrowly missed falling over the sleeping animals. Still worse in the dark is the camel kneeling in the road. When the Arab turns in for the night he tethers his brute to the corner pole of his shanty, and the great thing kneels down, often blocking up the narrow alley. More than once turning a corner in dark shadow I have suddenly found myself brought up against a camel's ribs. The brute, abruptly rising, nearly shakes its master's frail shanty of cane and matting to pieces, and the Arab comes forth, savage at his disturbed sleep, nebut in hand, ready to smite the man who he thinks is trying to steal his beast of a camel.

INDIAN SOLDIERS.

I have a great liking for the Hindoos when they are not Anglicized. Their nature is to be sympathetic; their sensibility is wonderfully delicate. As a race, they possess the supreme gift of good taste. How engaging, too, is the natural behaviour of them. Perhaps it may seem to some to be childish, but, after all, that is only because it is so natural. Look, for instance, at this man coming along with a great fish he has bought. It weighs, perhaps, nine pounds, it is a lovely, rosy red, with scarlet gills and fins, and has a broad carmine band along the back. His fellows, and he too, have never before seen a fish like it—and so cheap! How they talk their prize over, these simple folk. And while they dress it, passers-by stop and lean against the tree and talk too, and they are all amused together over this big painted fish that only cost them a penny a pound. Well, and is not a fish of such colours worth being natural over? What child of ours would not wonder at the painted thing, or what man or woman either that had not been tutored and governessed out of all the pleasantness of being natural.

AN ARAB WAKE.

From a corner of the town reaches me a monotonous throbbing—the dull tom-tomming of some social festival. Some one is droning out a melancholy chant, no doubt, as the manner is; but though the solo is inaudible at this distance, the regular refrain is plainly heard. For a company of women are shrilly "keening" with a harsh wild cry that, like the kite's sultry scream, harmonizes with the hot dazzling city walls, the arid waste surrounding it, the barren barbarism of the land and the landscape. It is the Arab equivalent of the noise made at an Irish wake, only given in a higher key and with more rapid vibrations. One woman starts it with a sharp piercing scream, and the rest join in with ear-splitting sounds, quavering their voices with extraordinary rapidity, and as their breath fails, combining for one grand final unanimous yell. Even more striking, and unearthly beyond anything I have ever heard, is the *barking* chorus. At a distance, both from its volume and its regularity, it sounds like some powerful pumping machinery at work; but as heard when close, it is possibly the most appalling, the most weird sound ever emitted from lungs. Have you ever heard the Zulus' war-song when the ground fairly shudders under the rhythmic stamping of the feet and the deep ventral grunting rolls along the air? Or heard the emu drumming? These two sounds, until I heard the Arab's barking, were respectively the most awful and the most ghostly I knew of. The lion's roar, the tiger's hungry sneering whine, were not within many stadia of them. But in Suakin I heard the Moslems at this pious exercise, and the horror of it was unforgettable. On several occasions, when the sound reached me from afar, I thought it came from one of the condensing steamers, and so, probably to the last, did the great majority of strangers. But one midnight I was making my way back from a friend's quarters to the ships. I stood and listened, and then determined to follow it up. So in and out, up and down the narrow dark alleys of the native town, I wandered in chase of this ventriloquial uproar. Passing between two high mud walls, I stumbled over a man who was crouching on the ground, and at the same moment a door opened, and came a negro, reeling as if drunk, and fell in a heap by the side of the man I had stumbled over. And then I saw there were several others sitting huddled up along the bottom of the wall, groaning from time to time, and in a most frightful manner. As the door remained ajar I peeped push it wider, and step inside into the large courtyard upon which it opened. No one noticed me, for every one was engrossed, as if bewitched, in the religious function that was proceeding. In the centre stood a dervish, with a book from which he was chanting. On either side, with did before, stood two acolyte-like youths, who yelled a sort of accompanying personages was a ring of forty men, negroes and Arabs, some bare-headed and nearly naked, others in the complete costume of the well-to-do. They were holding each other's hands, and whenever the dervish came to a pause the whole company suddenly raised their joined hands, and as suddenly brought them down again. As they descended every man bowed his head as low as he could, and gave a deep ventral "*hough*." The time they kept was so exact that the forty barked like one. On a sudden the dervish stopped, the acolytes yelled afresh, and then the company of de-

votes, pumping with their arms and doubling up their bodies, proceeded to a fearful competition of lungs. Still keeping in perfect unison, the barking grew faster and faster, and faster still, until one by one the huge, brawny, great-boned Africans reeled and staggered out of the ring, leant against the walls, or fell exhausted, gasping and groaning, like heaps of rags, upon the ground. The contagious delirium of this amazing orgie was something dreadful to behold. A few still held out, but faint and muffled in voice, and the torches flashed and spluttered, showing the fainting men lying all round the court, tossing their arms about, and raving, until it seemed as if the devils had been let loose on the earth. My own sensations were extraordinary, for I, who had only been looking on, felt actually faint and out of breath, and I was glad to get out of the court, with its reek of men and stench of guttering torches. As I went the voices grew weaker and weaker, and so died out altogether; the man who gave the last grunt of all being the winner for the night of the prize for piety.—PHIL. ROBINSON: *Contemporary Review*.

MUSIC.

HAMILTON.

MR. F. W. WODELL gave a very interesting vocal recital in Grossman's Hall, Hamilton, on the evening of the 29th ult. Admission was by special invitation, and the audience, gathered in this way, was thoroughly representative of the musical culture of the city. Mr. Wodell was assisted by Miss Rose Braniff, the popular soprano of Brantford, and by Miss Cummings, solo pianist. The programme formed almost a model for schemes of this class, among the compositions performed being the recitative and *aria* from "Acis and Galatea"; "O Ruddier than the Cherry"; "The Erl-King," Schubert; "Serenade," Lachner; *aria* from "Semiramide"; "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," Knight; and a couple of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte." The artists were enthusiastically recalled several times during the evening, and the concert was a gratifying success. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wodell, encouraged by the success of his experiment, will establish a series of similar vocal recitals, as they would do much to counteract the pernicious influence of the inferior music of which of late years it has been unhappily the custom of concert managers to make up their programmes.—*Clef*.

ST. CATHARINES.

THE evening of the 29th June will long be remembered by the citizens of St. Catharines as the time set apart for the rendition of the "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata, by the St. Catharines Philharmonic Society, under the skilful leadership of Mr. Angelo M. Read. The occasion opened under auspicious circumstances, allowing the music-loving people to gather without being overpowered by heat. The house was well filled with the health, wealth and beauty, of our fair city, and every-thing portended an evening's enjoyment.

The stage was tastefully decorated with exotic plants of every description and made a beautiful foreground to a more beautiful background, that of St. Catharines' fair daughters and sons — which was opened to the gaze of the audience as the curtain rolled up.

Part first of the programme was a miscellaneous one, and opened with the favourite "Moonlight" Sonata. Mr. Thos. Martin, the distinguished pianist, rendered it in a manner at once poetical and at the same time displaying that manly vigour and understanding which is requisite to free the works of Beethoven from sentimentality. His other numbers were equally successful, especial mention being made of the *Novellette* (in E major) by Schumann, and the *Polonaise* (a flat major) by Chopin.

Miss Ella Ryckman fairly won the hearts of our people. Her voice is a pure, sweet soprano; she sang with finish the songs allotted her, and had to respond to frequent encores. Miss Abell sang Mr. A. M. Read's translation (from the German) of Piutti's cradle-song, and received a recall.

Mr. W. Ellis, President of the St. Catharines Philharmonic Society, during the intermission made a few remarks relative to the organization and working of the Society, and paid a marked compliment to the conductor, Mr. A. M. Read.

Part second of the programme was devoted to Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The frequent applause, which followed the different numbers, speaks much for the encouragement of oratorio music in our city.

The Philharmonic Society, in undertaking a work of such difficulty for their first season's concert, and giving the entire work in so brilliant a manner, deserve credit. The soloists were Mrs. Muir, of St. Thomas Church, Miss Carroll, and Mr. H. B. Walker. All acquitted themselves well and received the warmest applause. Mrs. Vanderburg presided at the piano; she played the difficult accompaniments in a manner worthy of the highest praise. Mrs. Mittleberger ably presided at the organ. The singing of the Chorus was at times above that of the amateur. There were many points of "artistic" excellence. Our distinguished visitors from London expressed their surprise at the excellent attack and precision of the chorus work.

THE New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., which enjoys the distinction of being the largest and best equipped in the world, attracted to its halls last year 2005 students from fifty-five States, Territories, Provinces, and Foreign Countries. With its corps of 100 teachers, including such well-known artists as Augusto Rotoli, Carl Felton, J. C. D. Parker, Louis Maas, Otto Bendix, Timothie Adamowski, Alfred de Seve and Leandro Campanari,—it merits for the coming year a still larger patronage.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

NUTTALL'S STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. New Edition. By Rev. James Wood. London and New York: Frederick Warne and Company.

The publishers of this standard work have given us in this new edition a most conveniently sized, clear and well-printed, dictionary. The volume consists of over 800 pages, and contains, besides the dictionary proper, essays on orthography, orthoepy and accentuation; the origin, composition, and derivation of the English language, the pronunciation of Greek and Latin proper names, Hebrew and Scripture proper names, the pronunciation of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages, with lists of literary abbreviations, Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, and an alphabetical list of familiar phrases, proverbs, maxims, quotations, and mottoes from the Latin, French, and Italian languages. Altogether it is a thesaurus of the language of the highest authority, which we can strongly recommend as both complete and cheap.

MR. BARLOW CUMBERLAND gives us a most useful and excellent guide-book to the *Northern Lakes of Canada* (Hunter, Rose, and Company). There is just a touch of the commercial element visible in its pages; but we do not think it any the worse for that, especially as we have only frank advertising and no puffing. A book like this was much wanted, and it will contribute, in no small degree, to increase the pleasure and enjoyment of tourists. Few men, probably, are better qualified to give us this kind of information, and Mr. Cumberland gives it with adequate fulness, with perfect perspicuity, and with good taste. We need say no more in order to win a hearty welcome for his book, which is very well illustrated with excellent wood engravings.

WE have received also the following publications:

- CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. July. Toronto: William Briggs.
- MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. July. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
- THE FORUM. July. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.
- NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. July. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
- OUTING. July. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. July 3. Boston: Littell and Company.
- BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. July. New York: 7 Murray Street.
- CENTURY. July. New York: Century Company.
- POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY. July. Boston: Ginn and Company.
- BOOK BUYER. July. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- QUERIES. July. Buffalo: C. L. Sherrill and Company.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Century* for this month overflows with the rare charm its midsummer number always holds. So full of light and warmth and colour is it, so permeated with the subtly vital essence of the summer, so brimful of the intellectual activities of the time, that the half dozen strained verses in which Sidney Lanier sets his speculations about death to a minor key quite fail to be even poetically and pleasurable depressing, and Maria Blunt's graphic article, "In the Wake of Battle," seems a canvas of Antietam seen through the mellowing influences of a decade. So long as a veteran or a drummer-boy concerned in the American Civil War remains above ground, so long, it may be presumed, will the public be periodically treated to these gory reminiscences. It is gratifying to foreigners to reflect that the interest of the younger generation is so sensibly less that with the disappearance of the last Federal pensioner the magazines will find it profitable to let the matter drop occasionally. This, of course, is drawing upon the promise of extreme futurity, but there is every reason to believe that it is only a question of time. Frank Stockton's portrait forms the frontispiece, a clever profile, but conventional and self-conscious. The full-face drawing that accompanies Mr. Buel's delightful biographical sketch of this recently rediscovered genius is altogether more pleasing, though also the work of Alexander. It has that preternaturally solemn expression which no humourist's countenance can afford to be without. "Henry James has finished 'The Bostonians,'" he said the other day. "I guess," he added sadly, "he is the only one who has." The man in this picture might say anything like that, but there is a dyspeptic suggestion about the frontispiece that effectually vetoes any impression of flippancy. Since the advent of "The Late Mrs. Null," the Americans are beginning to comprehend the difference between Mr. Stockton and the somewhat unscrupulous purveyors of humour to whom they are so well accustomed and render such unstinted admiration. "His writings," says Mr. Buel, "will outlive a thousand laughs, because fun is their colour and not their substance. Their substance is human nature thrown into relief

by a glass which imparts a comical hue." There will remain a doubt, however, in the minds of some of Mr. Stockton's readers whether his object and achievement is not, first, the telling of an ingenious, amusing, and surprising story, and, second, the truthful presentation of such human character as happens to be connected with it. "Two Runaways," by H. S. Edwards, is a delicious Southern sketch, full of Georgian colour and ludicrous with inimitable negro character; and Emma Lazarus's "Day in Surrey with William Morris" throws an idyllic interest about the first of three labour articles discussing coöperation.

Harper's for this month opens with an ideal portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose face, so full of gentle responsiveness, one never tires of studying. The work of great men is apt to trick most of us into a faith that it takes some sort of physical expression in their lineaments, a faith which the first illustrated magazine is very likely to shatter without mercy. Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of those rare examples of consistency in nature where the face is eloquent of an eloquent soul. Every line in it bespeaks, not only his genius, but its peculiar quality.

To read this instalment of Mr. Warner's "Pilgrimage," with its audacious accompaniment of sketches by Reinhart, is to avail oneself of one of the most enjoyable and inexpensive trips advertised this season. One may lie in the hammock of his own verandah, the somewhat public retirement of his own sand nook on the Island, or the unassailable privacy of the fourth-floor back in a boarding-house of any grade whatever, and depart in the society of one of the best fellows in modern literature for Newport and Narragansett, and all the quaint, quiet bayberry-grown old places along that coast. There is just enough story in "Their Pilgrimage" to give it human interest, but it is most artfully subordinated to the author's main purpose, which is buoyantly descriptive. Mr. Warner's irony seems to improve in quality as we follow him in his exhilarating course, his perception to grow keener, and his transcription brighter and breezier.

"And that is the famous Kittery Navy Yard."

"What do they do there, uncle?" asked the girl, after scanning the place in search of dry-docks and vessels, and the usual accompaniments of a navy yard.

"Oh, they make 'repairs,' principally just before an election. It is very busy then."

"What sort of repairs?"

"Why, political repairs; they call them naval in the department. They are always getting appropriations for them. I suppose that this country is better off for repairs than any other country in the world."

"And they are done here?"

"No; they are done in the department. Here is where the voters are. You see, we have a political navy. It costs about as much as those navies that have ships and guns; but it is more in accord with the peaceful spirit of the age. Did you never hear of the leading case of 'repairs' of a Government vessel here, at Kittery? The 'repairs' were all done here, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the vessel lay all the time at Portsmouth, Virginia. How should the department know there were two places of the same name? It usually intends to have 'repairs' and the vessel in the same navy yard."

This may be an old story, but Mr. Warner has given it a new virtue. "Bonne Maman," by Grace King, is a story which admirably illustrates the peculiar Southern quality of literary contributions of its nature. Miss King is a young lady of New Orleans, pretty and piquant, graceful and clever, bearing a sort of cousinship, I think, to Joaquin Miller, and her personality is in some vague but perfectly appreciable way expressed in her story. There is something fine and delicate about it, like a perfume. Its thought texture is exquisite, its English discrimination dainty and charming; but it is very gossamer. It is the product of several generations of indolent culture, and hangs in one's memory filmy and beautiful, only till one's next impression blows it away into utter oblivion.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, when he decides to stop sermonizing about national jealousy, a thing no amount of homiletic discourse will affect one iota, will probably give us something entertaining in his papers on "French and English," the first of which appears in the current *Atlantic*. Mr. Hamerton has another advantage beside that of a dispassionate spirit. He knows whereof he speaks, and he has a facile fashion of imparting his knowledge. A little sane impartial discussion of Gallic and British merits and demerits will be refreshing, after the imbecilities that have been the current exchange of international compliment lately.

Notwithstanding the rampant egotism of Dr. Holmes's "New Portfolio," the leaves which have slipped into the *Atlantic* this month, contain a very special charm. They have lain in the Autocrat's Mental Portfolio these fifty years, and are stamped with youth and young impression. It is the London and Paris of half a century ago, and the hand that paints

the magic picture covers its canvas with the skill of to-day. One finds even Dr. Holmes's unapproachable conceit easy to forgive in view of its unique quality. It has a salt, a raciness, that reconciles one's literary palate to its most flagrant expression.

How full of this vigorous to-day Gotham's new magazine, *The Forum*, has, so far in its brief existence of five numbers, invariably succeeded in being! A glance at its table of contents and the names of those who serve thereat is more than enough to convince a busy man that this is the topical *menu* which the conditions of his hurried existence make easiest and most profitable of assimilation. It is, above all, a popular magazine. Within, the great Public finds itself reflected as in a glass, not darkly, but with vivid exposition of its latest mood. The reflection is most recognizable too, for it is made in English that a wayfaring man, though a fool, can hardly fail to understand. In its most successful effort after comprehensibility, *The Forum* touches low water mark in the popular intelligence this month, rather needlessly, however. Ella C. Lapham writes of "Woman's Duty to Woman" in a lengthy paper in which she is at much pains to evolve the proposition that every mother should train her daughter for self-support. The "woman question" is not fertile of novelties, but Miss Lapham's theme is hackneyed beyond recollection. And truly, one would think that Junius Henri Browne might have been induced to discourse upon something more favourable to the display of his abilities and more useful to the people generally than "The Manuscript Market." Everybody knows about the manuscript market who has ever brought his wares to it, and no amount of discouragement can avail to prevent others from gaining the same unhappy experimental knowledge. And the fact that while the initiated will find a positive insult in the truth of Mr. Browne's article, the uninitiated will regard it with scornful incredulity, seems to deprive it somewhat of its value to everybody for whom the subject possesses the slightest interest.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S sermons delivered by him during his present visit to England are to be specially reported and published monthly verbatim in *The Brooklyn Magazine*.

THE editor of the *Century* has just put into the printer's hands a novelette by Mr. Stockton. It will fill three numbers. This is in addition to the long story upon which Mr. Stockton is now working.

THE Southern custom of "Strawberry Day" is celebrated in a poem in the July *Wide Awake*, by Susan Coolidge; the large strawberry-growers of some sections having established the beautiful observance of giving the first day's pickings to the sick and the poor.

THE July *Wide Awake* gives to its subscribers a fine photogravure of French's famous statue of The Minute Man at Concord, Mass. It accompanies the stirring ballad of "The Minute Man," by Margaret Sidney, commemorative of "The Shot heard round the World."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER has promised to furnish *The Brooklyn Magazine* with a series of "Letters from England" during her sojourn abroad. The "letters" will consist of impressions of persons, places, and incidents which may come under Mrs. Beecher's observation.

MISS HELEN GRAY CONE, whose "Oberon and Puck" has proved so popular, is one of the younger poets of New York City and a writer of much promise. "July," which D. Lothrop and Company publish, contains a fine sonnet written by her expressly for that volume.

MRS. ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS, whose name appears as that of an original contributor to the July volume of *Through the Year With The Poets*, is the wife of Daniel Rollins, Surrogate of New York City. Her verse, strong and delicate, has been felicitously characterized as "poetry for poets."

A VERY fine piece of historical writing appears in the July *Wide Awake* from the pen of E. S. Brooks, entitled, "When George the Third was King." In this story the author gives in popular form the details, which never before have been so carefully collated, of the Declaration of Independence proceedings at Philadelphia.

IN "The First Blow for American Liberty," *Wide Awake*, as also *Harper's Magazine*, gives the story of the famous "Bunker Hill Powder," written by a descendant of that John Demeritt who carted the powder to Bunker Hill with his ox team, having previously then buried a portion of it in his cellar for safe concealment.

ELDRIDGE S. BROOKS, of the editorial staff of the *St. Nicholas*, and one of the rising young literary men of New York, is the author of a very notable Wonder Book published by D. Lothrop and Company, entitled, "In No-Man's Land," a first edition of which was very rapidly exhausted. An almost equally popular wonder book published by the same firm, "The Bubbling Teapot," is by Mrs. Champney, the wife of the artist of that name, which is brimful of marvels and transformation scenes.

MR. CHARLES P. O'CONNOR, Ottawa, has received from General Lord Wolseley a letter thanking him for a copy of the poem "Didn't I Lead Them Straight?" which appeared in *The Citizen* a month or so ago. The famous general writes of how Mr. O'Connor's ballad interested him, and thanks its author for the complimentary way in which he alludes to him, Lord Wolseley. Mr. O'Connor enjoyed the personal friendship and patronage of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who caused his name to be placed on the Civil List, in recognition of his patriotic and other literary productions. Mr. O'Connor is about to publish a new volume of song which will be illustrated by Miss Ellen Edwards and Sydney P. Hall, of London, Eng.

FRIENDS having business in New York city will find the Grand Union Hotel, on 42nd Street, opposite Grand Central Depot, one of the best of the many hotels in the city. It has recently been refitted nearly throughout, and its accommodations are all first-class. Its manager, Mr. W. D. Garrison, is always attentive to the wants of his guests, and insists that the same attention shall be shown by every employee under him. We have tried the Grand Union on many occasions for a number of years past, and can cordially recommend it and its genial host to our friends, when either pleasure or business calls them to the metropolis.

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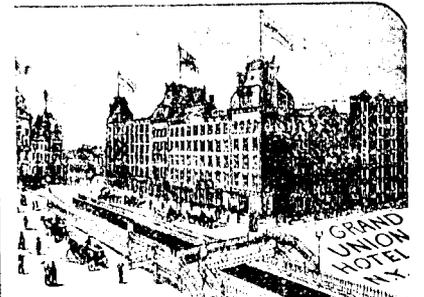
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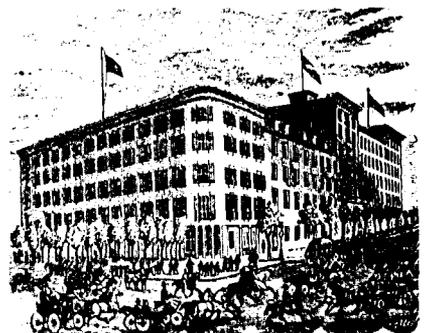
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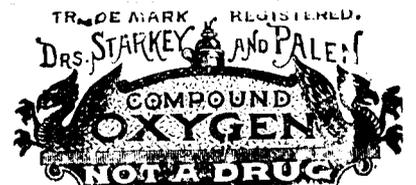
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WESTWARD HO! Charles Kingsley. July 31.

A NORTHERN LILY. July 3.

UNKNOWN TO HISTORY. C. M. Yonge. July 10.

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TWO YEARS AGO. Charles Kingsley. July 24.

MY FRIEND JIM. W. E. Norris. August 7.

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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1886.

Portrait of the Earl of Dufferin. Frontispiece.

A Neglected Corner of the Metropolis. Historic Homes in Lafayette Place. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.

The Dongan Charter to the City of New York. Illustrated. Hon. James W. Gerard.

History of the Fisheries Question. J. Macdonald Oxley.

The Speeches of Henry Clay. Charles H. Peck.

Toryism in the Canadian Confederation. John Carrick.

Cedar Mountain. Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-Gen'l U.S.A.

Reminiscences of Libby Prison. Illustrated. John Shradly, M.D.

An Old Mormon City in Missouri. William A. Wood.

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