Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

☑ Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
☐ Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
☐ Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
☐ Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
☐ Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
☐ Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
☐ Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

☑ Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
☐ Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
☐ Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
☑ Pages detached / Pages détachées
☑ Showthrough / Transparence
☑ Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
☐ Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
☐ Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

☑ Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

Mrs [illegible] Smith

No. 7.

JULY.

1880.

10c. Single Number.
$1.00 per year, *post paid*.

A MONTHLY REVIEW
THE BYSTANDER
OF CURRENT EVENTS, CANADIAN AND GENERAL.

NOT PARTY, BUT THE PEOPLE.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

DOMINION QUESTIONS:

The Continental and Anti-Continental Policies 341
Sir Alex. Galt and Emigration .. 346
Discussion on Commercial Union .. 348
The *Globe* and the Senate 350
The Effects of the National Policy 352
The Government and the Currency 356
The Prohibition Movement 357
Partizan and independent Journalism 359
The Universities and Education .. 361
Affairs in Quebec 364

UNITED STATES:

The Chicago Convention 366
Defeat of the Third Term 367
The Character of General Garfield. 368

EUROPE:

The Eastern Question 372

ENGLAND:

The Causes of the Conservative Defeat 373
The Dissensions in the Liberal Party 375
The Challemel-Lacour Affair .. 375
The Bradlaugh Affair 376

FRANCE:

The Amnesty Question 377
The Ascendancy of Gambetta .. 377
Touring 378
Progress and Poverty 384
Prosecutions for Blasphemy and Immorality 387
Is life Worth Living? 390
The Trapeze: Hanlan 392
The Claims of the Church of England 393
Mr. Spencer's Ceremonial Institutions 395
Jonathan Edwards and Dean Mansel 401

Toronto:
HUNTER, ROSE & COMPANY, WELLINGTON ST.
PUBLISHERS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:
THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY.

MONTREAL AGENTS:
DAWSON BROS., MONTREAL.

AGENTS IN MARITIME PROVINCES: J. & A. MACMILLAN, St. John, N. B

THE BYSTANDER:

A Monthly Review of Current Events, Canadian and General.

NOW READY!

First Half-yearly Volume, 340 pages. 12mo. Price 50 Cents.

At the end of the first half-year of its existence, THE BYSTANDER finds its circulation treble of that on which its founders calculated, and still increasing. We do not take this as a proof of agreement with our opinions, but we hope we may take it as a proof that independent journalism is in favour, and that THE BYSTANDER is believed to be independent.

PRESS NOTICES.

"The attention of intelligent observers will be drawn to Canada afresh by the promise of a modest little periodical, the first No. of which has just been issued at Toronto, and which is felicitously called *The Bystander*. It is devoted to comments upon 'Current Events, Canadian and General,' and shows *The Bystander* to be a singularly sagacious and well-informed observer, watching events with a thoroughly trained eye, and recording his comments with a firm, vigorous, and practical hand. Indeed, *The Bystander* contains some of the maturest and most admirable political criticism that the English press, daily or weekly, offers."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"The impartial opinion of one who looks upon our affairs with the disinterested yet kindly eye of a well-wisher who is outside of our circle, and personally unaffected by our successes or our failures, our vices or our virtues, ought to be of value. . . A free-lance in politics can do useful work . . whether *Bystander* talks of home or foreign affairs; whether he fights against party or advocates independence, or slashes at the Tory Government of Britain; whether he mildly hints at Sir John's "equivocating and disquieting language" on the Pacific Scandal, or slaps at Austria as "the Tory turnkey in the jail of oppressed and struggling nationalties," or pictures the showily-attired politician whose loud-patterned vests and gaudy jewellery of a generation ago have been translated in the Jingo policy of Great Britain that dazzles weak intellects; in whatever department of criticism the *Bystander's* remarks are worth reading, and often worth heeding."—*London Advertiser.*

"An examination of the contents of the first numbers shows that the magazine is edited with a vigour, ability, research, and extended information, that promise to make *The Bystander* an important auxilliary in diffusing an improved tone and sentiment in regard to the more important topics of the day." - *Detroit Free Press.*

"We like the idea of the publication of *The Bystander*, as the exponent of the independent views of one who has the power and the leisure to think out public questions, and the faculty of clothing his reflections in attractive language."

"The March No. of *The Bystander* is the raciest of the series thus far, and full of interest and practical thought. The Editor hits right out from the shoulder when addressing himself to questions affecting the Dominion, no matter which party gets hurt; and this is the kind of independence we admire."

"Turning from the miserable wrangle and slavish commendations of the party press, the new candidate for public favour (*The Bystander*) is an encouraging sign of the times, with its broad views and refreshing independence."—*Irish Canadian.*

☞ Subscriptions and Advertisements may be sent to MR. G. MERCER ADAM, Equity Chambers, Toronto, or to the Publishers,

MESSRS. HUNTER, ROSE & CO.,
25 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

TORONTO, June, 1880.

☞ Those to whom the first numbers, as specimen copies, may come, will, if they desire the publication, enclose the subscription with their address, either to Mr. Adam, as above, or to the Publishers, Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.

NOTE.

ALL Communications relating to THE BYSTANDER, must be addressed to the undersigned, otherwise no notice will be taken of them.

G. MERCER ADAM.
Manager "The Bystander."

EQUITY CHAMBERS,
20 Adelaide St., East,
Toronto.

NOT PARTY, BUT THE PEOPLE.

THE BYSTANDER.

JULY, 1880.

THE great question before the mind of the people of Canada is, and till it is settled will continue to be, that between the Continental and Anti-Continental policy, in its bearing on our commercial relations and our public works. Opinion is moving, and moving fast, as appears from the altered tone of Anti-Continental organs, which a few years, and even a few months ago, thought it safe to indulge in ridicule, but now find themselves compelled to treat the subject as extremely serious, and even occasionally to use the unfamiliar language of decency towards opponents. They have yet another step to take in this case as in the case of the Reform of the Senate. Freedom of thought and discussion respecting the vital interests and future destinies of the nation has at least been asserted. The victory is not one of which men of English race need be very proud; but at all events it has been gained, and not an hour too soon. "Let well alone," cries the Montreal *Journal of Commerce*.* Well for whom? For the knights or the country? Has not the *Journal of Commerce* itself told us that Canada is "piling up debt," that "she is drifting into bankruptcy," that her day of reckoning is near? The Anti-Continentalists they are who have forced the discussion on us, by pushing forward Anti-

---

* The *Journal of Commerce* upbraids the BYSTANDER with violating the rule of impersonality in journalism. We think the rule a good one, though we have no special interest in it; and we invariably observe it towards all who observe it towards us. Sir Francis Hincks must be aware that he has not observed it towards us.

Continental works, railways and canals, which, unless the general policy to which they belong is sound, must evidently be our ruin. A community "drifting into bankruptcy" is surely called upon, in the most urgent manner, to look about it and see whether it is on the right track, especially if it perceives that it is being drawn in a dangerous direction, not only by the tendencies of its statesmen, but by the interests of a great body of contractors and contract-mongers who are every day weaving their net around it, and who are sure to carry off great fortunes in whatever plight they may leave the people. If any one is an unscrupulous Annexationist, let him support a policy of ambitious and chimerical expenditure, such as that on which we are now embarking. Bankruptcy will assuredly lead to Annexation in the most ignominious sense of the term; not to an equal and honourable union, such as a nation still flourishing might command, but to a compulsory annexation on American terms.

We are not reflecting on the Government. The Government is merely doing, perhaps with greater energy and ability, what was done by the Government before it. All our public men are pretty much in the same boat, and none of them need specially fear the charge of inconsistency if he now does what is best for the country.

The present state of the case, as it appears to us, is truly described by a very homely phrase—the bottom has fallen out of the Anti-Continental policy. Its mainstay, and the source of its life, British Jingoism, is no more: Sir Alexander Galt finds himself in the position of ambassador to an extinct power, and goes about with his military attaché like a man who has arrived in a striking costume a day too late for the fancy ball. The Anti-Continental system of Separatist railways is practically coming to nothing. By the virtual abandonment of the line to the north of Lake Superior, and the acquiescence of the Government in the American route between Duluth and Sault Ste. Marie, the continuity of the Pacific Railway as a military and political road is fatally broken, and the Imperial under-taking falls to the ground, leaving nothing but a road-building and land-selling speculation in a territory not conterminous with Canada, which may be very good for contractors and land speculators but is nothing to the Empire. So far from fostering the ends of the Anti-Continental policy, the Pacific Railway, or rather the connection formed by it, is likely to defeat them, since it will identify the Dominion with territories inextricably interlaced, geographically and commercially, with the United States. The Intercolonial, which was to form the eastern wing of the Anti-Continental system, is not likely ever to pay a cent on its capital, even if it pays its running expenses, which the best judges do not believe it will; while the highest military authorities pronounce it useless for its Imperial object. The people, whom it is the aim of the Anti-Continentalist to estrange and separate for ever from the United States, are streaming into the United States by thousands, driven from their homes by the commercial consequences of the Anti-Continental policy itself. The St. John *Sun*, confirming our account of the exodus from that district, adds, as the result of its own inquiry, that a battalion of militia lost 166 men out of 250 between the time of the visit of the Governor-General and the Princess and the late anniversary of the Queen's birthday, and had to call for 166 recruits to fill the places of the young men who had gone away, mainly to the United States. From Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Ontario itself, the exodus is alarming, and it appears that, even in the case of Ontario, the majority of the departures are for the United States. Were it not for this depletion, discontent would be likely to come to a formidable head. In commerce, in ownership of railways, in everything, the barrier between the nations is giving way. Canadian silver circulates across the line: American paper currency circulates in Canada; unless Sir L. Tilley takes care it will circulate better than that which he has based upon his debt. If things go on at this rate, before the works which, at an enormous cost, are to prevent fusion can be completed, fusion will have actually taken place.

The North-West itself, which was to be the grand rampart of Separatism, will probably be the first scene of union, because in that region there is a very mixed population, without any old antipathy or any real dividing line.* In finance, Anti-Continentalism has arrived at an inflation of the currency. In spite of the temporary revival of trade, caused by the good harvest and high prices of last year, voices of distress and anxiety are heard on all sides. The people are fast getting into a mood in which they will not bear another English loan.

Newfoundland scans our condition and emphatically declines to join the Confederation. She is nearer to us in every sense than British Columbia. Even among the Provinces within the Confederation revivals of Anti-Confederation sentiment are perceptible, and rifts in the edifice begin to open. Prosperity unites but adversity disunites, and its disruptive influence is already seen. The Nova Scotia Correspondent of the *Globe* says—"He would be an unfaithful chronicler of our current events who, writing from Nova Scotia at present, could ignore the fact that there is a very large element of dissatisfaction, which rises above the conflict of political parties, and strikes at the Constitution itself. In city and country, from all parts of the Province, one hears of a sentiment which is expressed in the significant word 'Repeal.' At no time during the past decade was that ominous word on so many lips as now. It cannot be said that this is the result of agitation, for there has been no agitation. There is no repeal movement. There are no repeal leaders. And yet repeal—secession would be a more correct term, perhaps, but I use the word I hear—is talked of in all quarters as a most desirable thing. Nova Scotia, evidently, is sick and tired of Confederation, and if we had a political leader of recognized character and ability who could take up the repeal cause, forsaking all others and cleaving to that alone, he would speedily create a large party and a powerful movement." The correspondent then speaks of the unparalleled exodus, and says that the Province has not even the small consolation of thinking that the emigrants go to the North-West, the fact being that five out of six go to the United States. If this is not the handwriting on the wall of a domnant Policy, what is?

---

* On the other hand, there were reasons which, not only to patriotic Canadians, but to the patriotic Americans who took a comprehensive view of the interests of the country, seemed strong, for wishing that Canada should remain politically separate from the United States. Democracy is a great experiment, which might be more safely carried on by two nations than by one. By emulation, mutual warning and correction, mutual supplementation of defects, they might have helped each other in the race, and steadied each other's steps ; a balance of opinion might have been established on the continent, though a balance of power cannot ; and the wave of dominant sentiment which spreads over that vast democracy like the tide running in over a flat, might have been usefully restricted in its sweep by the dividing line. Nor was there any insurmountable obstacle in the way. Canada is wanting in unity of race ; but not more so than Switzerland, whose three races have been thoroughly welded together by the force of nationality. She is wanting in compactness of territory, but not more so, perhaps, than some other nations—Prussia, for instance—have been. In this latter respect, however, the situation has been seriously altered by the annexation of Manitoba and British Columbia, which in their raw condition have no influence beyond that of distant possessions, but which, when peopled and awakened to commercial life, will be almost irresistibly attracted by the economical forces to the States which adjoin them on the south, and will thus endanger the cohesion of the whole Confederacy. The very form of the Dominion, indeed, drawn out and attenuated as it is by these unnatural additions, apart from the attractive influence of Minnesota and California, would seriously imperil its political unity, as will be seen, if, instead of taking Canada as it is presented by the political map, the boundary-line is drawn between the habitable portion and that which belongs only to Arctic frosts. In the debate on Confederation, it was urged by the advocates of the measure that seven sticks, though separately weak, when bound together in a faggot would be strong. "Yes," was the reply, "but not so seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends."—*Political Destiny of Canada*, page 62. This passage was written some years ago, but the course of events has not yet shewn that the writer was mistaken.

The North-West is a land of promise, and its progress appears to be rapid,* though, judging from all experience, we should think that it would advance not less rapidly if it were left to be opened up in the natural way, without the sinister influences which wait on Government operations, and if its railways were laid down on commercial, not on political, lines. The construction of a railway in it may possibly be a very good speculation for Canada, as might be the construction of a railway, supposing she chose to undertake it, in Minnesota or Dakota. Minnesota and Dakota are practically just as much connected with her as a Province nominally hers, to which she has not, and is not likely ever to have, access by land except over foreign territory. It is not calling a district Canadian that will make it so, whatever the political theory may be. A good speculation the railway in the prairie region may prove, provided its balance sheet is not spoiled by making it carry works in British Columbia. The immediate consequences to Canada, however, are the loss of many of her best farmers, and the depreciation of her farms, which have fallen in value twenty-five per cent., with the prospect of still further reduction by competition with the boundless harvests of the North-West. Had this come in the course of nature, cheerful acquiesence would have been our duty, but it is rather hard that Canada should be made by her politicians to run into debt for her own impoverishment and depopulation.

---

* In one respect it is astonishingly rapid; for there is already a newspaper (*The Winnipeg Free Press*), which, typographically speaking, presents at least as fine a sheet as any in the Dominion.

Knowledge grows. The journal which, not three months ago, was denouncing as traitors and knaves all who were opposed to the construction of the British Columbia portion of the Pacific Railway, has now to publish such a paragraph as this:—

> "An engineer, who is a Conservative, writing from British Columbia to a contractor here, states that along the one hundred and twenty-seven miles of railroad recently let by contract in the Pacific Province, there is not fertile land enough to produce food for the staff which will have to be employed in working the road when constructed. He characterizes the sections let as beginning nowhere and ending nowhere, and states that in several places workmen will have to be suspended by ropes over the cliffs in order to pick standing room in the smooth face of the rock along which the line will have to be cut. He further states that the population along the projected route consists purely of a few broken-down miners, relics of the gold fever, all of whom expect to be employees on the road."

—It is announced that Sir Alexander Galt offers to advance the passages of workmen for the Pacific Railway, and that the

Government will find employment for three thousand of them for six years. This is good news for the English labour market, and good news for the steamship companies. Canada will have to lay out in passage money a large sum, the recovery of which experience shows will be difficult, especially as the men will be strongly tempted to straggle over to the States, while if many bring their families with them, she may have to relieve a good deal of temporary destitution. Hardly any benefit can accrue to our existing population. The jealousy of our own labouring classes, indeed, is being aroused by this policy, and it is likely that they will make themselves heard on the subject before long. They know that they have no interest in the special objects of our politicians. In fact they begin, like their brethren elsewhere, to care less for political or even national objects of any kind, and more for the interests of Industry throughout the world.

With respect to emigration generally, Sir A. Galt must have been made sensible of the fact that the Anti-Continental policy never had any solid basis. The British emigrant is, and always has been, almost indifferent as to the flag of the country to which he goes. Of course, he chooses the country of an English-speaking race, but he thinks very little more about the flag than about the name of the vessel in which he sails. Bread for himself and his children is what he seeks, and he will seek it as readily in Texas as in Canada. It is not that he does not care for England, but he does not care for a dependency, which to him is just as foreign as the States. Nor is this sentiment, or absence of sentiment, confined to peasants and mechanics. If there is a true Englishman living, it is the author of "Tom Brown." Yet when he wants to build up a colony for the special benefit of English youth, where does he choose his site? He chooses it in Tennessee. On the other hand, all men of English race know perfectly well, in spite of the sermons preached to them by Anti-Continental journals every morning, that they are united to their Mother Country by a bond of the heart, the existence of which depends not on any customs line, nor even upon any political arrangement. None love England better than Canadians actually resident in the States; we might perhaps add, than many of the Americans themselves; for in the American breast the natural feeling towards the Mother Country, though it has been hidden by resentment and jealousy, has never died.

The unity of the English-speaking race is an idea which is more and more embodying itself in practical forms, as kindly intercourse between England and the United States increases, and as the memory of the old quarrel fades away into the past. It will gain strength greatly from the recovered ascendency of Liberalism in England. Gradually it will be seen that while a political federation of the Empire is impracticable, there is no reason for despairing of a moral federation, which shall include, instead of excluding, the fifty millions of English-speaking people who share with us this continent. With this idea is linked a sentiment which will redeem the Continental policy from being what it has been graciously styled, a policy of hogs, and which can hardly fail to outlast the U. E. Loyalist antipathy to what is now the majority of our race—an antipathy as respectable in its origin as any antipathy can be, but, like all antipathies, doomed to die.

—We are constantly told that the removal of the customs line must precipitate us into the Union. Take away the identity of race, language, religion, fundamental institutions, commercial interest, and you may, without any fear of fusion, remove the customs line. History proves that nations can live without a customs line, not only separate, but on the most satisfactory footing of mutual hatred. But you cannot take away that identity; and its influence will more and more prevail. There was one thing which might have counteracted the attraction, and that was Canadian nationality. It is needless to say how Canadian nationality, when it showed its head, was treated by those who are now in such alarm at the danger which is the natural result of its suppression.

After all, have not those who shriek against Commercial Union themselves been doing their utmost to bring about Reciprocity? And what is Commercial Union but Reciprocity made complete instead of incomplete, and lasting instead of unstable? Would there be any saving virtue in the mere existence of a customs line, with its annoyances and delays, when commercial intercourse had been made practically free?

We are perfectly aware that our views are controverted, and we desire to speak with all possible respect for those of our opponents which, in the main, have been in possession of the public mind, though partly, we are persuaded, owing to a conventional tyranny of sentiment which has precluded free discussion. Nor do we profess to be at all sanguine as to the immediate issue of the debate. If the people could vote upon this question under the protection of the ballot, the result would astonish our politicians; such, at least, is the opinion of some well qualified to judge, and the vote of 1878, rightly interpreted, proves that the masses are beginning to think of their material interests, and to prefer them to party ties. But power is in the hands of the politicians, and the politicians, with few exceptions, have been bred in the Anti-Continental School. The leading men among them look for their highest honours, and their social distinctions not to Canada, but to England, that is, in fact, to the English aristocracy, which, in desiring to maintain a counterpoise to democracy on this continent, merely obeys the instinct of self-preservation. Both parties in this respect have been the same: it was not the Tory chief that founded the Kingston Military College, and gave the late Governor-General liberty to draw as he pleased on the public for his tours of Anti-Continental propagandism. Even politicians, who speak with perfect freedom in private, return in public to the conventional strain. The probability is, that the Anti-Continental policy will be pursued till it has led us through bankruptcy to the verge of compulsory annexation. Then, as when the desperate strife of factions had brought the national affairs to a deadlock and Confederation became the only escape, we shall hear that there is to be a change of scene, and that the leader of the Government has called upon the leader of the Opposition. Still, the duty of an honest journalist is clear: it is his business, so far as he has the power, to place the question of the day fairly and frankly before the people.

—There has been a very sudden conversion on the subject of the Senate. The late Managing Director of the *Globe* was a Senator. While he lived, we could not touch the sacred and invaluable institution without having the slop-pail emptied on our heads. He being dead, the *Globe* comes out with a series of articles demonstrating the absurdity of its former arguments, and advocating total abolition. Its Reform consort, however, the Montreal *Herald*, refuses to follow suit, and still defends the Senate. It is a canon of inductive logic, as expounded by Mr. Mill, that "If an instance in which the phenomenon under investigation occurs, and an instance in which it does not occur, had every circumstance in common save one, that one occurring only in the former, the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ, is the effect or the cause, or an indispensable part of the cause of the phenomenon." Perhaps science will uphold us in saying, that, in the present instance, the circumstance is an indispensable part of the cause.

The *Globe*, in spinning round, does the objects of its recent vituperation the honour to adopt not only their general line, but their special reasonings. That the analogy between the British House of Lords and the Upper Houses, which are supposed to be counterparts of it, is false; that builders of constitutions generally have been led astray by that fancy; that the House of Lords is not a Senate, but a feudal estate of the realm, embodying and maintaining the interest of a territorial aristocracy; that it has always acted in that interest, and never as a court of legislative revision, tempering the rash impulses of the Lower House; that in the absence of a territorial aristocracy there are no special materials for the composition of an Upper House; that, if you put the best men into it, you will deprive the popular Chamber of its indispensable leaders and controllers, while, if you fill it with the old or the rich, you will make it impotent or odious; that, when nominated by the Crown, it is a nullity, and, when elected, is almost certain to come into collision with the other House, as it is now doing in some of the Australian colonies; that the sense of responsibility in the Lower House is apt to be reduced in full proportion to the controlling influence exercised by the Upper; that the proper security for Conservative influence generally are to be found, rather in wisely regulating the mode of election to the Assembly, so as to keep it in harmony with current opinion, yet superior to transient impulse, and in framing cautious rules for the conduct of business, including, perhaps, one which would give to a large minority the power of suspending for a limited time the passing of a law—are propositions familiar enough to the readers of the *Bystander* and of certain papers in the *Canadian Monthly.* What, it must be owned, is entirely original is the *Globe's* plan for terminating painlessly the existence of the Senate. The *Globe* proposes that sentence of death shall be passed, but that the execution shall be deferred, and that in the meantime the appointments shall be given to very old men. A notable device, to place the legislation of the country for a decade or so in the hands of decrepitude, with a rope rounds its neck, and acting under the combined inspiration of dotage and despair! We cannot help thinking that extinction by chloroform would be equally humane and attended with less inconvenience to the public.

That the appointments have passed from the hands of the Grits into those of the Tories is a consideration evidently present to the minds of certain publicists; but it appears to us totally irrelevant. The Tory nominations have been of exactly the same character as the Grit, both being of the only kind which, under the party system, we can possibly expect. Nor has the Dominion Senate done anything of late to merit special condemnation, though the Quebec Senate, in refusing the supplies for a party purpose, revealed the possibilities of mischief which lurk beneath the general nullity of the institution.

What is wanted, if it were possible to obtain it, is not a faction fight over the abolition of the Senate, but a deliberate and impartial revision of our political experiment, as a whole. An experiment in the full sense of the term, it is. The talismanic phrase "principles of the British Constitution" is introduced upon every occasion, and people fancy that it settles all questions and solves all difficulties. But our Constitution is not British; we have no peerage or established church, while we have a federal element which the British Constitution has not, and which, as we have seen in the Letellier case, presents problems peculiar to itself. Moreover, the structure of society, to which all politics must be adapted, is different here and in England: among other things, Canada has no group of political families by which, in the absence of a written constitution, traditional principles can be preserved: the Conservative elements, therefore, must be looked for in another direction. But these calm processes of inquiry and readjustment are impossible under the party system. There will be once more a "tug of war," and muscle will decide whether we are to have one House or two.

It is an important question, this of the Senate; it is far more important than any connected with the mere details of our electoral machinery; but it is not the most important question of all. The most important question of all, and the one on which the new Opposition will have to take a clear and resolute line, if it means to succeed better than the last, is that of commercial relations and public works.

—Many readers of the newspapers must wish that N. and P. had been left out of the alphabet. But, as the controversy continues, it is necessary still to bear in mind that in the new tariff there are two elements, the increase of taxation and its adjustment. As to the first, there is no room for debate: there was a deficit to be filled and nobody has suggested any other way of filling it than an increase of the import duties. As to the second, there is of course room for debate, but, so far as we can learn, those who are most competent to judge regard the new system as in this respect more beneficial to Canadian industry than the old. It is hardly possible that it should not be so. Of course, it is adapted, as every tariff must be, to the general policy of the county in regard to external relations, which many of us believe might be altered for the better; but for this its framers are not to blame. To allow Canada to be made a slaughter-market was, in any case, impolitic and wrong, nor shall we fare the worse, in any future negotiations with the United States, because justice has been done by our government to our own industries in the meantime.

The best accounts we can obtain of the state of trade point to a doubtful condition of things, with hope inspired by the new tariff on the one side, and misgivings as to the future on the other. In a few months we shall know whether the optimists or the pessimists are in the right. Wages do not seem to have increased; the price of real property, which after all, perhaps, is the ultimate index, is low, and to sell it is very difficult, as all those upon whose hands it is thrown are aware. Upon one point the utterances of our informants are not ambiguous. They have no doubt as to the danger of over-importation, stimulated by large borrowing abroad, especially with the fatal facility of credit naturally produced by the results of over-production in England. To create a delusive prosperity, which is followed by a proportionate reaction in after years, is the deadly attribute of public loans, and makes the system, in the hands of weak or unscrupulous governments, doubly perilous to the community.

—The cry of the banks is, "too much money." Yet this unhappily is the moment at which the government commences the inflation of the currency. We hope it is compatible with entire respect for the character and abilities of Sir Leonard Tilley to believe, that his forced loan—for a forced loan and nothing else we repeat it is—will prove in the end the most expensive, as well as the most demoralizing, mode of borrowing. We appeal to the experience of all attempts of governments, under whatever form or disguise, to gain money by tampering with the currency.

Of course we do not expect Sir Leonard Tilley, in the present state of opinion on this subject, to abstain from "regulating the currency" altogether. We know that our view is not the established one. We hold, however, that the proper duty of a government is to put its stamp upon the coin, and that it is very doubtful whether it can with advantage to the community do anything more. Bank bills are not money; they are not substitutes for gold and silver any more than they are gold and silver: they are drafts for gold and silver, payable on demand. Like bills of exchange, promissory notes, and cheques, they are instruments of commercial transactions, the actual number and amount of which alone can properly regulate the issue. A government, it seems to us, might as well undertake to regulate in advance the number of bills of exchange, promissory notes, and cheques as the number of bank bills. The current necessities of commerce are the only true index in either case, and the current necessities of commerce can be determined only by commerce itself. Make the banking laws as strict as you like, impose penalties as severe as you like for any breach of the law; give the public every possible protection against what is unquestionably an exceptional danger; but this having been done, the banks will be better judges of the requirements of commerce, and better regulators of the amount of bank bills to be issued than any government. It is said that a gain accrues from issuing bank bills which had better go to the government than to the banks. But why does this apply to the profits of banking more than to those of any other trade? If the government is the community, it cannot gain by anything by which the community loses; and there is nothing by which a commercial community loses so much as by tampering with the currency, which is to it what the poisoning of his blood is to a man. A government issuing paper currency is a bank naming its own reserve, changing the amount at will, and exempting itself from all penalties. How the privilege has been used is written in the most disastrous pages of financial history.

In England there is no reason to fear that the government will inflate the currency for any bad purpose; public morality is too firmly established, and commercial opinion is too strong. But it is still problematical, to say the least, whether the famous attempt to regulate the paper currency by the Bank Charter Act has been successful. Evidently one of the effects of the Act is to cause, at periods of disturbance, a sort of hysterical contraction which aggravates the evil, and has thrice rendered necessary a suspension of the Act. The distress caused by a number of bank failures was the occasion of this legislation; but it is doubtful whether an amendment of the banking law, taking greater securities and imposing heavier penalties, would not have been the wiser course. It must be remembered that there are still a great many private banks of issue in England, though the establishment of any new bank of issue is prohibited by the Act; so that the results of the Bank Charter Act are seen only in a very modified form.

Our National Currency friends continue to pepper us with paper pellets, which we are far too sensible of the gravity of the question to return. A serious derangement of the currency would fill the land with ruin; those who would suffer most by it would be the receivers of wages; those who would gain would be the sharks of the gold room. We will content ourselves with once more calling the attention of our friends to the fundamental fact that nothing ever has been or can be bought with paper, or with the words inscribed upon it. All trade not only was originally barter but still is so. We do not barter three sheep for an ox, like our primeval sires, but we barter an amount of gold equivalent in real value, though one element of that value is a privilege of acting as the world's money conferred by the immemorial, general, and now irreversible agreement of mankind. The receiver of the gold perhaps barters it for an ox.

If a bank bill is used, it is like a cheque, a draft or security for the gold, and nothing more; and you can no more multiply money by multiplying drafts for it, than you can multiply sheep and oxen. These are flagrant truisms, we know, but the Greenback party in the States and the National Currency party here are based upon the contrary supposition.

We have not denied that a government can, in a certain sense, " legislate value into paper." If a law is passed enabling the holder of stamped paper to force it upon his creditors, instead of paying them the gold which he has borrowed of them, of course the paper will to that extent have a value, though the government, as we humbly conceive, will have none. To cite the case of postage stamps as a precedent for paper money surely shows a strange confusion of ideas. What is a postage stamp but a receipt for so many cents which have been paid to the government in gold, and for which the government undertakes to convey the letter to which the receipt is affixed?

—It is the duty of the Opposition press to cast doubts on the *bonâ fide* character of the Commission of Inquiry into the Civil Service. For ourselves, we have no misgiving. In the appointment of judges Sir John Macdonald has always been loyal to the public interest, and to his upright exercise of the prerogative in this respect, we owe, in no small measure, the blessing of a trustworthy judiciary, which is a set-off against many political evils. There is no reason to doubt that he would show the same spirit in other appointments; but he is not his own master. Party reigns and insists on thrusting a wire-puller into one office and a rib-stabber into another, reckless of the just claims of those who have spent their lives in the service. Even selfish considerations would strongly incline a Prime Minister to Civil Service Reform. To him the minor patronage is an insufferable nuisance; it exposes him daily to every kind of personal embarassment and annoyance. The desire of Ministers to disencumber themselves of the petty patronage was a main cause of the adoption of the Civil Service Reform, and of the introduction of the competitive, system in England. We feel pretty confident that the inquiry will be followed up by an effective measure of reform. For our own part we cannot say that we are extreme purists in this matter or fanatical advocates of competitive examination, though we have heard so good a judge as the late Lord Lawrence speak in the most decided terms of the success of the system as applied to India, where the demand for practical ability and energy is as great as possible. The essential things are that the public service shall be the public service, and not a party bribery fund, and that the appointments to the higher posts shall be made in the service, and as the rewards of administrative capacity and tried fidelity, not turned into pensions for wire-pullers and rib-stabbers outside.

It is right to say, on the other hand, that the names of the Commissioners have not been received with much favour either by the Service or by the public. These Commissions should be appointed when Parliament is sitting, and the names should be communicated, so that opportunity may be afforded for discussion. If this remark applies to the Civil Service Commission, the object of which is merely to prepare for the Government the materials of legislation, it applies to the Pacific Railway Commission with tenfold force. The functions of the Pacific Railway Commission will, we presume, be in some measure judicial; it will be called upon virtually to decide questions between the present Government and the last: but, appointed as it has been, by the present Government when Parliament was not sitting, its authority as a tribunal will be absolutely null.

—Judge Gowan, whose utterances always command attention, has been delivering himself on several questions of jurisprudence and, among them, on the close connection between intemperance and crime. His words will, no doubt, give a fresh impetus to the Prohibition movement. On this subject we feel as if we were fighting our best friends, so strong is our sympathy with the end, while we retain our misgiving as to the means. That criminals are very often intemperate is beyond dispute; that intemperance is the grand source of crime, so that by stopping the sale of liquor we should cut up crime by the root, is a position as to which we have our doubts. With regard to Maine, there is, to say the least, a strong conflict of evidence, though in Maine the contraband sale of liquor is so large that the law can hardly be said to be fairly tried, a circumstance which, however, betrays another weak point in the case for Prohibition. But crime is rife enough in Spain, Italy, and parts of France, though the people of those countries are not intemperate: the Spanish people are always described as remarkably temperate, and in days when Madrid was a den of lust and murder, it was regarded as utterly shameful in a Spanish gentleman to get drunk. However, if it really is the fact that crime is to a great extent the offspring of drunkenness, and if nothing can extirpate drunkenness but Prohibition, let us have Prohibition by all means: nobody will refuse to sacrifice a trifling indulgence for so vast a public gain. Only let us do the thing effectually, and not by halves. There is but one way of preventing drink from being sold, and that is to prevent it from being made. If it is made or imported it will find its way, openly or covertly, to the thirsty. Nothing can be more absurd than the mixture of morality and fiscality shown in legislating against drinking, and at the same time raising a revenue from drink. Let us forbid the production or importation of any kind of intoxicating liquor, without regard to its quality or to the class of the consumer. This will be business. To drive the trade into clandestine corners and into bad hands by imperfect interference, giving at the same time to party governments unconstitutional powers which are sure to be abused, seems to us, we must say, to be the most untenable course of all.

—A manifesto put forth by the new *St. James's Gazette*, in England, has revived the question between independent and party Journalism. The *Mail*, as by chivalry bound, defends partizanship. We do not want to say anything extreme on this or on any other subject; but, if the word partizan has a meaning, it means preference of party to truth, and it is difficult to imagine how the preference of anything to truth can be in itself otherwise than a defect in a public instructor. The *Mail* would hardly deny that its calling is that of an advocate. It is perfectly true, and ought never to be forgotten, that an independent journal must have all the faults and weaknesses of its writers, who do not alter their understandings or their characters, by going behind type; it may be ill-informed, injudicious, whimsical, and even worse; but it is, at least, within the pale of allegiance to truth and justice; it is not bound by the law of its being always to write in favour of one side and against the other. If it is in respectable hands, you have, at all events,the satisfaction of knowing that the writer tries to lead you right. Facts, at any rate, he can hardly have any motive for misrepresenting or suppressing, whereas party journals have a motive to which they too often yield. It seems to us that the public is becoming sensible of this; that independent, or to use the more exact as well as the more modest term, non-party journalism, is gaining ground, and that the leaders of the press themselves are tending in that direction. However, as good sense requires, we provisionally accept the situation. Party is a soft name for faction, the bane of free communities which, instead of accepting it as the permanent basis of government, will have in the end to get rid of it or die. Such is our belief; but while the party system lasts there must be organs, and the conduct of the organs must be judged, not according to the public morality of the future, but according to the public morality of the present, by the rules of advocacy and not by those of inquiry. How widely one organ may differ from another in character and in the kind of influence it exerts on the community, appears plainly enough from the contrast between the *Mail* as it is now, and the *Mail* as it was when, being "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," it contained in every number editorials which would have disgraced the veriest cad. The worst thing, obviously, that can happen to a community is the domination of a single organ without any counterpoise on the other side, especially if that organ is employed not only for party but for personal ends. Such was our condition here till we were rescued by the enterprise, energy, and literary ability of the *Mail*, for which all sensible citizens, whatever may be their political opinions or their abstract theories of journalism, know that they have practically much reason to be thankful.

—Again Sir Charles Tupper has been trying to toy with the *Globe*, and again he is a sad example of unrequited affection. It is not easy to understand this implacable antipathy. Dark allusions are made by the *Globe* to the Spring Hill Coal Mine. Does the vestal fire of indignation against all forms of jobbery and corruption glow with such unquenchable fierceness in the breast of Mr. Gordon Brown? Sir Charles Tupper may feel that he has a special reason for complaining of this second rebuff because he was laying a wreath upon the grave in which we have been told, with some injustice to its occupant, that all bitterness is buried. But the fact is that he had better have held his tongue, or at least have confined himself to those expressions of feeling at a tragic occurrence in which all may, without hypocrisy, join. When he praises Mr. George Brown, he lays himself open to the remark that he is either telling untruths or has told untruths till now. Death does not change the record, and there cannot be a worse moment for passing judgment on any man's acts or character than that which immediately follows his violent end. Partiality, enhanced by pity, may subscribe for a statue, but a more judicial posterity will write the inscription, and do justice on the one hand to Mr. Brown, on the other to the reputations without number which he assailed and to which also justice is due. When the statue is tendered for erection in a public place, opinion will be fairly challenged, and then Sir Charles Tupper and every one else will be at liberty to speak the truth.

—June brings the pleasant scenes of College Commencements and their gala rhetoric, which, however, is not altogether exempt from the liabilities of rhetoric in general. Everybody cheers the speaker who calls for more education—above all for more College education, and for an increase in the number of students. This sympathy with culture is of course entirely to be commended. Nevertheless, it may soon be time to look about us a little, and see whither we are practically tending. Is it not possible that the lighter and more intellectual callings may become over-stocked? In that case, is it not possible that the number of graduates may become too large, and that in increasing it without limit we may be multiplying disappointment and distress? That men who have had a college education will return to work on farms, behind counters, or in any rough practical line, and adorn labour with the refinements of classic culture is a pleasant dream; but we fear it is a dream. Even Agricultural Colleges are found to indispose students for the work for which they are a special preparation. It must be remembered that one of the great lines into which college graduates have gone, the ministry, is, amidst all these theological disquietudes, in a rather precarious state. One of our reasons for looking with mistrust on the multiplication of small universities has always been that the ease with which their degrees may be obtained seems likely to draw to them young men who had better not graduate at all. It is, at least, worth consideration whether our advance should not be rather in the direction of selection than that of extension; whether we should not rather aim at providing facilities for young men specially qualified for literary and scientific professions than at pressing those who are not specially qualified to come in. For our own part, we confess we have misgivings as to the elevating and refining effects of a college life on youths who have not a genuine love of learning. On the other hand, we have a higher opinion than most people seem to have of the discipline, mental as well as moral, of regular and serious business. Nor, with the variety of information given by newspapers and the immense increase of literary privileges of all kinds, can any active-minded man of business fail to pick up a good deal of general knowledge, however remote from the Temple of the Muses his office may be. In England there is a large leisure class, the young men of which must be disposed of somewhere between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one; and, upon the whole, they are better disposed of at the universities than they would be elsewhere, though some parents prefer the army, as a stricter discipline. But when a young man is destined for business, we are inclined to think that there is a great deal to be said for sending him into it as early as possible, after giving him a good plain education.

The thoughts of many people are beginning to take a somewhat similar direction with regard to our Public School system The growing expensiveness, and the undue extent to which, as is alleged, it casts on the community a duty belonging to parents, are perhaps the most frequent subjects of complaint. With regard to the second point, it may be said in reply that so large a proportion of our people contribute to the maintenance of the schools as to render them a sort of joint-stock institution, except in the case of the rich, who do not use the public schools, though they get the value of their money in social security, not to put the case on higher grounds. What seems to us more worthy of serious consideration is the tendency of the system, if not kept well within bounds, to engender a feeling of superiority to manual labour, and to send boys from the plough to the city, where they find too many immigrants already, and form a superfluous, or worse than superfluous, population. This evil has been long felt in the States, some say that it is beginning to be felt here. On all accounts, ambitious subjects, which inflate without instructing, should be struck out of the curriculum, and the public education should be limited to the necessary elements well taught.

If an allusion to education in a speech is sure to draw applause an allusion to female education is sure to draw thunders: everybody cheers gallantly for the ladies, and this really irrelevant sentiment (for what has our general feeling for women to do with the merits of a special mode of educating them?) is likely to have too much influence in deciding the truly momentous question of Co-education. We do not want here to embark upon that question. We own that we are of the number of those who think that in having two sexes instead of one, nature has shown her taste and judgment, and that men and women will be better companions and helps for each other, if the sexes are brought up with a view to partnership, not to rivalry and competition. The wealth of marriage will surely be enhanced by a variety rather than by a monotony of accomplishments. However, let Co-education be tried, since worthy people think it is to do great things for us, so long as it is to end there, and a retiring youth is not to be constrained to lead a senior wrangler to the Hymeneal altar. The only thing we have to say here is that those who undertake the responsibility of drawing woman from what has been hitherto her kingdom and her shrine into the paths of intellectual and professional ambition ought to consider well whether there will be employment for her there. A crowd of women, left at the bottom of all the professions, after renouncing domestic and maternal happiness, would not be a very happy result of Co-education. There are in Canada some excellent Ladies' Colleges, where women are educated high, yet in a womanly way. We shall display no bigotry by wishing these prosperity. Upon the principle of the Co-education theory they ought perhaps to be called upon to admit male students, but upon the whole we hope that requirement will not be forced upon them.

President White, of Cornell University, who is now Ambassador at Berlin, has been stung by the German satires on American Bogus Degrees into addressing to his Government an indignant remonstrance against the system. Of bogus degrees he may perhaps get rid; but he will not get rid of worthless degrees till he gets rid of one-horse universities; and this, the system once established, he will find it difficult to do. His own enterprise in the State of New York makes no progress in that direction.

With us, it is too apparent that University Consolidation, which at one moment seemed not far off, is a mirage and will be nothing more, unless the subject should be some day taken up by an able and powerful Minister of Education. The case has in fact become more hopeless than ever, since the foundation of the new University of London. Victoria and Queen's, under able men, have grown into important institutions, with great trains of alumni, doing good work, and not merely of a denominational kind, for though their governing bodies are denominational, their students are of various denominations. They have established a claim to recognition ; yet it is difficult to say where the means of according them recognition are to be found. It is a pity, because not only is a really national or Provincial University essential to the maintenance of a standard for degrees, and for the other direct objects of these institutions, but it would form the natural centre of our whole system of public education.

—Our advices from Quebec confirm with regard to that Province, as well as with regard to the Maritime Provinces, so far as they come under the view of our correspondents in Quebec, the account of the ominous change in popular sentiment described with regard to Nova Scotia by the correspondent of the *Globe.* Anti-Confederationism, we are told, is spreading as it never spread, and is avowed as it never was avowed, before. Such is the result of the present policy, for opposing which good citizens are denounced as traitors. The far-reaching ambition of Sir Francis Hincks is magnanimously bent on extending the Dominion to the Pacific. Prudence, pointing to the symptoms in his immediate neighbourhood, whispers him first to take care that there shall be a Dominion to extend. Compared with this movement of opinion, the Chapleau-Prentice scandal is of little importance. It is of the ordinary type, and whatever may be the ultimate verdict on it, reveals the element in which politicians live. " As you have referred to this loan," says Mr. Prentice to Mr. Chapleau, " it may be well to record the circumstances, and the attempts at blackmailing connected with it. Your faithful allies, Mr. C. A. Dansereau and Mr. J. R. Middlemiss sought me, saying that through your influence they could procure for me the negotiation of the 1878 Goverment loan, if I would divide commissions with them, which I readily agreed to do. Subsequently their rapacity increased, and they diverted two-thirds of the commission to be allowed me by the Government, Mr. Dansereau informing me that 'you had to be provided for' and that if I did not agree to this he would prevent me from getting the loan." Evidently there has been a lamentable falling out among gentlemen who lately were friends; but it unfortunately does not follow that the public will come by its own.

The storm over, Ultramontanism in Quebec again puts out its head, and in the form of a Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of the Province, asserts again the immunities of the pulpit, and the right of the Church to interfere with political elections, of course on purely moral grounds. "Everybody knows," says the Pastoral, "how loudly the Bishops have proclaimed liberty of opinion in matters purely political; but in exercising this liberty, it too often appears that people infringe the principles of morality, either by acting on motives which these principles condemn, or by violating the laws of justice, charity or truth, and then it is the duty of the shepherds of souls, in the confessional as well as from the pulpit, to reprove that which God forbids and which the civil law itself would punish if it could reach the offence." Grant this, together with the inviolable secresy of the confessional, which also the Pastoral asserts, and the result is evidently a supremacy of the priesthood, though under the pretence of upholding public morality, and even of supporting the civil power. We all know what the Syllabus and the Encyclical comprehend under moral principle. The struggle against ecclesiastical power and civil liberty is clearly recounted by Mr. Charles Lindsey in his "Rome in Canada:" though it was suspended for a moment it has not ended, nor will it end till Ultramontanism has died or killed Modern Civilization.

—At Chicago the question between General Grant and his competitors personally was swallowed up in the question between the Republic and the Military Presidency for life. The Republic triumphed; and the Third Term conspiracy received a total overthrow. Fortunately its managers did not withdraw or compromise; they struggled to the end, and were decisively beaten on the main issue, and by a great majority, in the last ballot. They had striven to gag and manacle the Convention with instructions and unit rules: they had plied every engine of force and fraud; and had they succeeded, it would have been, to all intents and purposes, a *coup d'état* under political forms. Their language when they spoke of Grant and his opponents was similar to that of the satellites and sabreurs of the Second Empire. The most violent of them actually attempted to expel three Western Virginians from the Convention for refusing to renounce a liberty of future action, the surrender of which would have been a flagrant breach of their duty as citizens to the State. Evidently these men did not mean to stick at a third term; their aim was an election of Grant for life, with themselves as his pachas. Nor, had they conquered once, can we see how they could have been prevented from conquering again. In conquering once, their Machine would have proved itself stronger than all the elements of resistance combined; four years more of power and patronage would have made it stronger still, and at the same time have given its managers a still deeper stake in the game. Had one of the conspirators been the nominee, the others would have been his rivals, and their rivalry might have brought his reign to a close; but Grant was outside rivalry, he was the indispensable instrument and figure-head of the whole band. Not from that quarter would deliverance, as some fancied, have come. The danger was great; once more the Republic has escaped; once more the ship is past the breakers; but surely, to all thinking men, the perilous tendencies of the elective Presidency must have been revealed in a glaring light.

If one man is more to be congratulated than another on the result, it is General Grant. He had already wiped out no small portion of his services, and he has narrowly escaped wiping out the whole. He is one of the few men in history of whom it will be said that their greatest piece of good fortune was a defeat. That his third administration could have redeemed the first two, as some of his friends hoped, or affected to hope, was impossible; the very conditions of his re-election would have made him more than ever a slave to the influences to which, after a feeble effort to emancipate himself, he succumbed before, and have compelled him, instead of doing better, to do worse. After all, the Republic was not so easily quit of the ordinary consequences of civil war as was supposed: the army has reappeared in enormous demands for pensions: it is said also in the increased number of tramps: and one of the generals has lent himself and more than lent himself to an attempt at usurpation. The Civil War could hardly have been avoided, but those who struggled to avoid it have been amply justified by the result.

That the Third Term Conspiracy should be foiled, and its apparatus of intrigue broken up, was the thing above all others to be desired; but the readers of the BYSTANDER will be prepared to hear that we also greatly rejoice in the nomination of General Garfield, though we were far enough from foreseeing that it would come to pass. We are sick of the phrase "self-made men," but General Garfield has pushed his way from the position of a farmer's boy to that in which he now stands, as the most impartial judges assure us, by means as honourable as is possible in the case of a party politician. His ability, force, and gallant bearing in political battle cannot be questioned; they were displayed at the Convention in a way which must have greatly contributed to his nomination. In the war he showed himself both valiant in action and a good chief of the staff; and his record is not only an assurance of the courage of which, if he becomes President, he will have much need, but no mean title to the goodwill of the soldiers, with whom, indeed, he is said to be on excellent terms. Among the various callings to which, with the versatility of his race, he has turned his hand, teaching the classics has been one, and we hear that he has kept up his reading. If he has, the Universities have a part in him, and certainly they have contributed to his triumph over the Third Term. As we have said before, they have done not a little to develop the moral forces by which the country has been saved from its peril. Culture will not supply the defects of nature or the lack of experience. It will not give a man a strong heart, energy, shrewdness, or knowledge of the world. But it will give him breadth and elevation of mind: it will put him above the influence of Machines and Bosses; it may, perhaps, enable him to help in putting other people above those influences if he knows how to use his tongue or his pen. If he is a journalist it will prevent him from being a mere organist or a rib-stabber. It was said that the German Universities conquered at Sadowa and Sedan by imparting intelligence to German armies and science to German war. In another sense the American Universities may be said to have conquered at Chicago.

—General Garfield having been nominated, it will, of course, become the business of the press, on the other side, to rake up or invent every kind of slander against him. A Presidential election is the Carnival of Calumny. Already the fetid torrent begins to flow. " Garfield,—the salary-grabber. Garfield,—the proven beneficiary of the Credit Mobilier swindle. Garfield,—who sold himself to the De Golyer Paving Company for the pitiful sum of $5,000. Garfield,—the assassin of Fitzjohn Porter. Garfield,—the pulp protectionist. Garfield,—a man with the voice of a lion and the heart of a sheep—irresolute in purpose, and with a record stained in every page." In due course of time, we shall no doubt hear that he has made false returns of Income Tax; that the sudden death of his mother-in-law was very suspicious, that his father was an inmate of Sing Sing, and that his mother took in washing and stole the clothes. It seems that his skirt just touched the projectors of the Credit Mobilier, and, of course, was defiled, but that there is nothing amounting to a stain upon his record. General Porter, whom he "assassinated," is, we believe, alive and well, though not on the highest pinnacle of military reputation. The only charge likely to be pressed is that of complicity with Oakes Ames in the affair of the Credit Mobilier, and with regard to this, it is almost enough to point to the ridiculous smallness of the sum ($369) for which a first-rate politician, with the highest hopes, is alleged to have sold his character, and placed himself at the mercy of his enemies. We are reminded of the solemn investigation which was instituted into the case of Speaker Kerr, another first-class politician, though one of the other party, who was alleged to have sold a nomination to West Point for $400 depreciated paper currency, employing as a go-between a door-keeper of the House. There is no fable, however preposterous, that would not find credence in a faction fight. In time, perhaps, the public will grow sick of this, and journalists, seeing that in traducing a man who is the choice of at least half the nation, they are traducing the nation itself, will learn to wage a less ignoble war.

General Garfield is a vigorous and vivid speaker, and as, in case of his election, we are likely to have a good deal to do with him, a specimen of his style may not be without interest. Here is the conclusion of his speech on accepting the Senatorship from Ohio.

"And now, gentlemen of the General Assembly, without distinction of party, I recognise this tribute and compliment made to me to-night. Whatever my own course may be in the future, a large share of the inspiration of my future public life will be drawn from this occasion and these surroundings, and I shall feel anew the sense of obligation that I feel to the State of Ohio. Let me venture to point a single sentence in regard to that work. During the twenty years that I have been in public life, almost eighteen of it in Congress of the United States, I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired;

but though it may seem, perhaps, a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. (Laughter and applause.) He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with (laughter), and eat with, live with, and die with; and if I could not have his approbation, I should have bad companionship. (Renewed laughter and applause.) And in this larger constituency which has called me to represent them now, I can only do what is true to my best self, applying the same rules. And if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the confidence of this larger constituency, I must do what every other fair minded man has to do—carry his political life in his hand and take the consequences. But I must follow what seems to me to be the only safe rule of my life; and with that view of the case, and with that much personal reference, I leave that subject. Thanking you again, fellow-citizens, members of the General Assembly, Republicans and Democrats—all, party man as I am—thanking you both for what you have done and for this cordial and manly greeting, I bid you good-night."

The end of the Convention was good; it was hardly to be expected that the Convention itself would be an edifying scene. To strangers looking on, it appeared an excited mob at the mercy of the last speaker. The conclave which elects a Pope is secret, and all the intrigues and machinations go on behind closed doors. In an American Convention the same things are done openly, before a great audience, and amidst the uproar of a vast assembly, with its emotions at fever heat. The most exciting debates ever witnessed must have been those of the French Convention, in which the speakers were struggling for life. Next, perhaps, would come those of the English Parliament, in the time of Charles I., when the great leaders of the Revolution and the Reaction wrestled oratorically with each other on the floor of the House of Commons, and there was no speaking to Buncombe, or to the reporters, but every faculty of men of transcendant ability was strained to sway the vote of the Assembly which they addressed. We know what scenes took place in the French Convention: we know that, after the midnight division on the Grand Remonstrance, the two parties which had been grappling all day in debate, laid their hands upon their swords, and had almost sheathed them in each others' breasts: we know what storms of passion swept both Lords and Commons during the discussion of the Reform Bill of 1832. At Chicago, the battle was for an enormous prize, the elective monarchy of the United States with its prodigious mass of patronage, and not only for this, but for the very life of Republican institutions. No wonder, then, from that great multitude there were outbursts of passion, which shocked the cool observer and made him shudder at the thought that the barque which bore the fortunes of the State should be committed to that angry sea. An optimist would, perhaps, say that the good sense of the people and their hold upon vital principles must be strong, if, through such a week of tempest, with intrigue actively at work behind the scenes, the right result could be worked out after all. But he must be an optimist with a vengeance, who can think that these Presidential elections, which merge all the more vital interests of the community in what is essentially a struggle for office, divide the nation against itself, and set it on fire with passions only a degree less fierce than those of civil war, are not a most serious source of danger and a subject for most anxious reflection to all who desire the permanence of free institutions. Not that the evil is confined to the United States, or that we who live under institutions nominally monarchical have any right to point the finger at our neighbours and hug ourselves on our immunity. Under a Constitutional Monarchy, the Prime Minister is the real king; he is elective like the President; and the process of his election, though somewhat different and not so regular in its recurrence, is attended with hardly less of excitement, disturbance and corruption. England, suspended as she was for at least eighteen months between Beaconfield and Gladstone, with a general election always in view, and the political passions in full blast, was hardly in a better case than the United States have been for the last year, and will be for the four months to come.

General Hancock, the Democratic nominee, is a respectable soldier; but he is evidently chosen less on account of any positive merits than because there is nothing to prevent the whole party from uniting on him. In a few weeks the forces on each side will have developed themselves, and we shall be able to form a surmise as to the probable result.

—It was unreasonable in English Liberals to expect an abrupt change in English diplomacy. But a change, though not an abrupt one, is taking place. One sign of it is the cordial alliance which has evidently sprung up between England and Italy. Like all other young and struggling nationalities. Italy was an object of Lord Beaconsfield's peculiar hatred: he wished to identify himself not with parvenus but with the most ancient and respectable families, and he assiduously nourished the antipathy of the Court to Italian Independence and its champions, while he never lost an opportunity of displaying his own. Austria was the special object of his diplomatic affection. It is, of course, necessary to treat Austria with good faith as well as with courtesy, but the relative degrees of affinity are reversed, and the reversal is significant of the general return from the policy of the Holy Alliance to the policy of Canning; from a policy which retires with the train of Night to a policy which comes with the Morning Star. Greece will, of course, be the gainer; her hopes live again, though amidst the rivalry of jealous interests she may not at present get all she desires. It will be seen whether England is effaced by a return to her more generous self. There is also a perceptible decrease in the councils of Europe of the spirit of intrigue and conspiracy. Open dealing and frankness of speech are regaining their ascendancy, and their revival is in itself a strong security for the reign of righteousness and peace.

All securities of that kind are likely to be needed, for Europe is evidently again approaching a crisis of the Eastern question. Turkey has done numberless wrongs to civilization. Yet, in her present state, she is an object less of resentment than of pity. The death rattle is in her throat, and around her dying bed are a crowd of creditors fiercely demanding their debts, of censors goading her with reproaches and menaces to reform. Reform! She is no longer an organized Empire. Her government has hardly the means of transmitting its commands, much less of enforcing obedience. The English Ministry which, instead of constraining her to yield to the moderate demands of the Conference, encouraged her to confront a Russian war, sealed her doom, and itself gave the signal for general spoliation by the seizure of Cyprus. It would take a prophet to say what the result will be. A Sclavonic Austria, combining the Danubian and Balkan Principalities with her own Sclav Provinces, is a possibility which begins to loom. This would certainly involve the transfer of German Austria to the Fatherland, which would receive the accession without hesitation, if once the question between the State and the Papacy were settled and the fear of adding to the Catholic element were removed. It would also involve the deposition of the Magyar from his ascendancy over the Sclav, and probably the ruin of the Magyar nationality, if a dominant race deserves that name. Magyar patriotism has always been the patriotism of an oligarch who wanted liberty to trample on his own Sclav. Had the Magyar patriots of 1848 been willing to make common cause with the Sclavs, they would have been victorious; it was by haughtily refusing all association that they cast Jellachich and his power into the opposite scale, and brought down upon them Russia, the protectress of the Sclavonic race. But the House of Hapsburg must have greater breadth of view and a better faculty for self-adaptation than it has yet shown, if it can play a part at once so novel and so grand.

—In England they are still moralizing over the sudden revolution and its causes. Conservative writers ascribe it to popular caprice, and say that the Ballot has put the nation into the hands of a fickle and inscrutable power, which pulls down and sets up governments without motive or intelligible ground.

There is some truth in what they say. The Ballot, while it shields conviction from intimidation, does give unlimited scope for the indulgence of whims, piques, and special motives of all kinds. Its influence may have been felt in the changes of fortune which have occurred in some bye elections since the Liberal victory. A man is offended by the appointment of a Roman Catholic Viceroy of India, by the retention of Sir Bartle Frere, by the apology to Austria, or, it may be, by some personal disappointment. With open voting, he would be ashamed to turn round in a moment, but under cover of the Ballot he will gratify his spleen without compunction. Unquestionably, with Party and the Ballot, the foundation of government is becoming unstable, and statesmen will be called upon to consider how its stability can be increased. But, in the present instance, the revolution, though sudden and surprising, was perfectly intelligible. A nation dependent not only for its wealth, but for the daily bread of its swarming millions, upon a world-wide commerce, found itself being drawn by ambitious adventurers into a policy which was pronounced by so cool and competent a judge as Lord Derby to be one of extreme peril. This was enough both to turn many thousands of votes and to draw out thousands of quiet commercial citizens who usually abstain from voting. But, besides this, the domestic policy of the Government, which was closely connected with its foreign policy, had raised questions which brought again face to face, though in a modern guise, the parties which encountered each other on the battle-fields of Charles I. The serious, devout, liberty-loving spirit of the nation embodied in the Scotch Presbyterians and the English Nonconformists, as of old in the Puritans, stood once more in arms against the attempt to revive court influence and unparliamentary government. The almost unanimous uprising of Scotland against the Government was most significant. "We will send back all the Tory members in one compartment of a railway carriage," said one Scotchman to another before the election. "Yes," was the rejoinder, "and they shall all have room to stretch their legs." A compartment, it will be remembered, holds eight, on two seats facing each other. The vaunt was very nearly fulfilled.

There are a number of sections in the Liberal party, which, in fact, is the nation, less the landed aristocracy and certain special interests, such as those of the State Church and the Licensed Victuallers, in alliance with it. Between these sections there were sure to be jealousies and discontents, with expressions of disappointment, after the victory and division of power. The jealousies and discontents have come, the voices of disappointment are heard. But while there are hot heads in the party, there are also cool heads, which will take care, when it comes to the point, that dissatisfaction shall not go the length of disruption, and that the fruits of the great victory shall not be thrown away. We, on this side of the water, get the worst view of Mr. Gladstone's situation. The correspondents must live in London, and London is the heart of Jingoism, aristocracy, fashion, militarism, and everything that is hostile to the new Minister. No doubt, the difficulties with which he has to contend are great enough, but his power of contending with them is great also. Of that his Budget is a proof.

Lord Beaconsfield, though he speaks very clearly, is often misreported. The report of his speech to his party at Bridgewater House made him, as he wrote to the *Times*, say the very reverse of what he really said. His veracity has been confirmed in an unusual manner. He was reported to have counselled moderation: evidently, as he says, he did the reverse, for nothing can be less moderate than the conduct of his followers. They actually abetted, as far as they durst, the attack of Mr. O'Donnell on the personal character of Challemel Lacour, the ambassador designate of France, and this with important negotiations on the subject of the Tariff pending between the two countries. A nice set of investigations Governments would have on their hands, if they were to undertake to inquire whether any Talleyrand, Pelissier, or Marquis of Hertford (to take an English specimen) had ever strayed from the paths of virtue! The attack seems to have emanated partly from Fenianism, partly from Sybaritism, the Fenians being incensed because Lacour had refused them the support of his journal, the Sybarites because he was not likely to make the French Embassy a temple of pleasure. Society always thinks that it has a right to a voice in the appointment of the French ambassador.

The vindictive violence of the Tories has been still more conspicuous in the Bradlaugh case than in that of Challemel Lacour. Their aim obviously is to fix the imputation of complicity with irreligion and blasphemy upon Mr. Gladstone, whom they well know to be a sincerely religious man, and whom, in fact, their organs have always ridiculed for his piety. Surely no right-minded Christian can fail to be filled with disgust by the sight of a crowd of infuriated partisans throwing themselves into paroxysms of affected zeal for the honour due to the Deity, when everybody knows that their real object is political revenge. Some of the most vociferous of these champions of religion are mere men about town, and even next door to scamps. Others are unscrupulous lawyers, in whose breasts probably no spiritual emotion ever found a place. Any one who knows English society would be prepared to believe that no small portion of the public assailants of Bradlaugh privately holds views not much differing from his. The whole set follow a leader who has avowedly made Bolingbroke his model, and has imitated him, not only in attempting to revive personal government, but in flattering the prejudices of the State clergy for his political purposes, while he laughs in his sleeve at their creed. In dating letters "Maundy Thursday," discoursing about the angelic origin of man, and ostentatiously attending Church ceremonies and sacraments, as in his elaborate performance of the part of a country squire, it is well understood that Lord Beaconsfield is like the actor who, that he might thoroughly enter into the spirit of his part, blacked himself all over to play Othello. The Duke of Somerset has written a treatise against Christianity; yet he sits unmolested in the House which is legally confined to Christians. He is a duke; Bradlaugh is a plebeian of the coarsest type, and there can be little doubt that, in addition to the political, there is a social feeling against him. Had he been allowed to take the oath, as he was willing to do, at the risk of his own character, he would probably have sunk in the estimation of his followers, and no sort of mischief would have ensued; for the idea that his presence could have polluted a House which has contained the members of the Hell Fire Club is really too absurd. As it is, he will henceforth be the cynosure not only of Atheists, but of all people of extreme opinions, who see themselves martyred in him, and as he is a man of far greater force than Dr. Kenealy, to whom he has been perversely compared, it is not unlikely that he may become a power indeed. No success will attend the attempt to taint Mr. Gladstone's religious reputation; and though the immediate result may be an apparent development of schisms among his followers, the ultimate effect is likely to be the restoration of his popularity with his Radical wing, the disaffection of which was his special danger, and which will rally to its chief when it sees him assailed for defending liberty of opinion. Religion will, of course, suffer by the championship of hypocrisy, but she may be indemnified in the end by the total abolition of tests. She would still be very strong if it were not for her defenders.

—There can be little doubt that France has done wisely in granting an amnesty to her Communists, to all, at least, who do not belong to the class of ordinary convicts as having been guilty of murder or arson. The utmost evil that can arise from the presence of a few hundreds of characters, once dangerous but now discredited and probably impotent, is small compared with the good that must arise from finally closing the gate and burying the memories of civil strife. The most momentous result of the discussion, however, is the accession of power which it has brought to Gambetta, who is now proclaimed "real chief, real orator, real minister, and real protector," "Emperor of the Republic," "more completely master of France than any one since Napoleon." This tendency to look to a chief rather than to institutions, and to put the country into the hands of a single man, merely on account of his brilliancy, is a relic, and not a desirable relic, of the state of things before constitutional government. If it is true that Gambetta can say that "he is the Republic," the progress made since the same thing was said by Louis XIV. is one rather of form than of substance. But the formation of political character is a slow process, and in France wonderful progress has been made. What seems most certain is that Gambetta must soon be the official, as well as the real, head of the Government. A great speech is, perhaps, not the most satisfactory title to supreme power; nor is the oratorical temperament, in which there must be a good deal of passion and of onesidedness, by any means that of cool-headed, sure-footed and comprehensive statesmanship. The greatest orators have not, as a rule, been very successful in practical politics. Pericles seems to have combined in the highest degree the faculty of swaying an audience with sagacity in council. But Demosthenes, as a statesman, was at all events less fortunate, and Cicero, though not devoid of wise conceptions, was more unlucky still. Mirabeau, the closest prototype of Gambetta, died just as the leadership of the Revolution had come definitively into his hands, and he was about to be tried as the constructor of a new order of things; but the indications, so far as they go, leave great doubt as to his probable success, though the departure of any man who retained control over the torrent was deeply to be deplored. In England, the most splendid example of an orator-statesman is Chatham, yet there are those who regard Chatham's administration as rather brilliant than wise or beneficent. Certain it is that he spent the savings of Walpole's prudence, that he heaped up a great debt, and that he totally neglected domestic questions generally, and especially the pressing questions of Parliamentary and Administrative Reform. Gambetta's inclinations are supposed to be towards a war policy; if they are, he may pull down the house which he has done so much to build—for a war policy means an Empire.

—July brings the holidays, and, with this unresting generation, a holiday means, for those who can afford it, a tour. Our children will enter into the heritage of material improvements acquired by the ceaseless toil of their fathers, and they may taste the pleasures of repose. But to the man of the present day those pleasures are unknown. He has never felt, nor can he comprehend, the sweetness and the balmy influence of a day of perfect ease and leisure spent in his own home—of getting up with the thought that you have nothing to do but to enjoy yourself, read what you like, if you have a mind to read, and lie or wander about if you have not. Give him a holiday, and he will take advantage of it to travel as far as ever he can by rail. It has been said of the English, that they take their pleasures very sadly, and it may be said, with equal truth, that they take their rest very laboriously. It is "strenuous idleness" with a vengeance. Not only the supreme happiness but the sovereign remedy now is change. "A change does one so much good." If one has the fidgets perhaps it does; but for nervous exhaustion of a more serious kind, the best remedy is tranquillity. It is a fair question for a sanitary debating society whether health is really gained by two or three months of rattling in railway cars and gormandizing at *tables d'hôte.* Not even the disturbers of the soul are left behind. For the cares and hurry of business are substituted the cares and hurry of packing up baggage, catching trains and boats, wrangling with cabmen and porters, and scrambling for rooms at hotels. The British Consul at Lucerne, in the heart of the finest Alpine scenery, used to say that thousands of Englishmen came there every year, and all apparently with one object—to catch the Altorf boat. Probably those who were in danger of missing the boat suffered agonies little less injurious to their nerves than would have been caused by a fall in stock. In a picture by Turner of a magnificent glen at the head of an Alpine pass, there is introduced a travelling carriage posting through. It is intended, no doubt, to give the measure of the cliffs; but our sense of the everlasting calm and solitude is intensified by this transient irruption of unrest. If we could look into the carriage, we should very likely find its occupant diligently studying some road-book to see how far he could manage to push his journey before night-fall. But he will have done his Alpine pass.

Sixty millions, the Americans are said to spend annually in Europe. How many millions' worth of ideas do they bring back? A good many of them, at all events, would probably be able to tell you about as much of the romantic and historic scenes which they have visited as a sailor can tell you of the ports at which he has touched. The things that tourists remember are the hotels. What hotel did you go to at Rome, at Chamouni, at Florence? They religiously go through buildings, galleries and views, as prescribed in the guide book, that they may afterwards, with a good conscience, enjoy their dinners. They have the satisfaction of saying that they have travelled, and seen all the famous things; otherwise, if they were shot to and fro daily by railroad between two first-rate restaurants, it would come to pretty much the same thing. These are the tourists whose company it is not supercilious to shun. To shun the company of fellow-pilgrims, enjoying the beauties and grandeurs like yourself, is absurd. But you may fairly accuse fortune, if you enter St. Peter's or Pompeii for the first time with one of Cook's parties, or what is even now a greater nuisance, a German "caravan." You will not fare much better if you come in the way of an "educational" expedition from the United States.

Tourists of the worthier class often, perhaps, lose much of the highest pleasure of their tours, and certainly much of the pleasure of retrospect, from want of a little preparation and a little method in sight-seeing. The guide books do their duty: they tell you at each place everything that is to be seen. You go round and see everything—ancient, mediæval, or modern—churches, galleries, factories, just as they happen to lie in your hackman's route, without any principle of selection, and without any mental pigeon-holes in which to store separately the different impressions. The result is bewilderment and surfeit, with a general recollection of having tramped about a great deal and paid a large sum in fees. In your overcharged and dazed memory, the Middle Ages are jumbled with the Renaissance, and both with the works of the present time, like the figures blended with each other by the whirl of a thaumatrope. People may be seen, catalogue in hand, going through every picture in an interminable gallery, with an effect about as satisfactory as that which would have been produced by looking for the same length of time alternately at the numbers in an auction catalogue and at a painter's palette. One impression distinctly formed is, for after-enjoyment, worth a hundred which are indistinct. A man who goes to see a country thoroughly prepared by previous study is his own guide book; he knows exactly what he wants to see, sees it, takes it in thoroughly, and makes it his own for ever. But most tourists would be grateful for a guide book that would put them in the way of seeing intelligently, chalk out a line for them, proportioned to the time they have to spend, and show them the way to a dinner such as it may be possible for them to digest, and not to a market. Where a country full of historic monuments is to be seen, it is useful to have some historic compartments prepared for their arrangement in the mind. In seeing England, for example, the monuments of the primæval Celt, of the Roman, of the Feudalism and Catholicism of the Middle Ages, of the Elizabethan period, of that of the later Stuarts and Anne, may be kept apart and connected each with its proper associations. Of the Celtic period the great monument is, of course, Stonehenge, and an impressive object it is, if you happen to see it under the right circumstances, that is in gloomy weather, particularly at the setting in of a dark evening; for in bright weather it loses its awfulness, and its scale is really small. Of the Roman period the most interesting relics are the Great Wall in the North, once the western wing of a line of defences which shielded civilization from the Euphrates to the Solway, and Silchester, the English Pompeii, on the railway between Reading and Basingstoke, a Roman city which was destroyed by fire, but of which the whole ground plan remains in a very perfect state. Pompeii was probably a little pleasure city: Silchester must have been a garrison town in the midst of a wild woodland district inhabited by savage clans; and we may trace, with interest, the efforts of the Roman governors and officers to indemnify themselves for their banishment from the pleasures of the capital by importing the appliances of luxury, including the elaborate warming apparatus for their houses, and, of course, the amphitheatre which was as indispensable to their corrupt tastes as the bull-ring to those of the Spaniards. The Middle Ages are represented by the old cities, the castles, the cathedrals, the monastic ruins. Chester, with its curious Rows, is of the old cities the one most commonly visited, but fully as picturesque and characteristic is Coventry, which cannot be out of anybody's way, since it lies near Stratford-on-Avon. Among the castles may be noted, as still preserving their genuine character and unmolested loneliness, Ragland, and Bodiam in Sussex, the latter built out of his spoils by one of the military adventurers who raided on France under the Plantagenets, and an interesting specimen of the incipient change of the castle into the manor house. Among the cathedrals it is impossible to go wrong, though about the poorest of them all is Chester, with which people are apt to begin, owing to its nearness to their landing place. Canterbury and Westminster are pre-eminent in historic interest, as well as among the first in religious beauty; York excels in grandeur, though the effect is somewhat cold and wanting in romance; Lincoln in exquisiteness of ornament; Durham, "half Church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," in majestic massiveness as well as in picturesqueness of situation; Salisbury, finished on one plan, and in the same style, is, in its symmetry and faultlessness, the Parthenon of Mediæval England; the quiet Close of Wells, encircled by ecclesiastical buildings, is the most perfect picture of cathedral life. Of the monastic ruins Fountains is the fairest and the most complete image of monasticism, but Tintern surpasses all in the beauty of situation, which was evidently an object with the builders of these houses of contemplation and prayer. Tintern, too, has been spiritualized for us by Wordsworth. The two universities belong, architecturally as well as historically, in part to the Middle Ages; hardly in any city will you see such a galaxy of ancient buildings as that over which the eye ranges from the dome of the Radcliffe Library or the cupola of the Theatre in Oxford. But you must go in summer, in early summer if possible, when the fresh green of the groves and gardens contrasts tenderly with the grey walls, and when the velvet of the lawns is at its best. "How am I to get such a lawn," asked a lady of one of the College Fellows. "You have only to mow and roll it regularly, Madam, for two or three hundred years." Avoid Commemoration, if you want to see an ancient University, and not a modern carnival. Oxford, Windsor, Eton (the typical public school), and the beautiful reaches of the Thames, between Maidenhead and Marlowe are so easily taken together that it is a shame to be in London, as many Canadians are, without seeing them. A specimen of the Elizabethan Manor House is to be found in most districts, though the finest of them are in the south, which was then the region of wealth and civilization. Burleigh and Hatfield are in the first rank of historic interest as well as of beauty. Bramshill, the mansion built for Prince Henry, the son of James the First, and the Marcellus who, if the fates had spared him, might have averted the Civil War and changed the whole current of English history, is a noble pile, and stands on a rise in a fine wild park, whereas most of these palaces are on flats, though no doubt their broad expanses of lawns and stately shade trees set them off well. Bramshill is in the north of Hampshire, in a district which in the time of James I. touched the skirt of the New Forest, not far from the line of the South Western Railway. Compton Wyniates, in Warwickshire, is another very interesting specimen, though on a smaller scale. It may be made a point in one of those carriage tours without which it is impossible thoroughly to enjoy the richness and finish of English landscapes, or to enter into the peculiar character and the poetry of English country life. From Oxford you may take the railroad to Banbury, about ten miles; at Banbury take a carriage and drive to Edgehill, the scene of the battle, where you are on the edge of the great central table-land of England, and look down upon a glorious champaign, as well as on the memorable field. From Edgehill, keeping the edge, you go to Compton Wyniates, and so on to Leamington, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Coventry. Of the monuments of the later period the grandest is one which everybody sees, St. Paul's, as superior to St. Peter's outside as it is inferior inside. But being at Oxford, you should not fail to visit Blenheim Palace. Heavy in style it may be, but it is a real palace, magnificent, monumental, full of history, and standing in a noble specimen of an English park, with oaks like that of Tennyson's Sumner Chase. The reign of Anne, in its art as in its life, is formal, modish, periwigged, but it is picturesque, brilliant, and full of interest. Strange that so good a subject should not have found an historian. Mr. Burton's work, like Lord Stanhope's, is an utter disappointment. Really there is hardly a picture of the period of Marlborough so good as the historical passages in Thackeray's "Esmond."

—In the region of Political Economy the newest sensation is "Progress and Poverty," which has been hailed by some as an extraordinary effort of speculative genius. The writer, Mr. George, is struck by the fact, as he supposes it to be, that poverty, instead of decreasing, has increased with the progress of production, and he casts about for the cause and the remedy. The cause he finds to be individual ownership of land, which, he has persuaded himself, causes a perpetual misappropriation by the landlord in the shape of rent of that which ought to go to labour in the shape of wages, and to capital in the shape of interest. His remedy is a sweeping confiscation of all landed property by the State, without giving the owners any indemnity, which, he particularly warns us, would frustrate his beneficent design. His first idea is to seize the land itself and let it out to the highest bidders, whose bids, it may be surmised, would not be very high, considering that the commodity put up to auction would be that of which individual ownership had just been totally abolished. But, on second thoughts, he considers it more statesmanlike so far to keep terms with existing notions as merely to confiscate, by means of a land-tax, the whole of what he decides to be rent; and he takes it for granted that the land-owners would be submissive and simple-minded enough to go on holding and tilling the land under these conditions like sheep growing fleeces to be annually shorn. To crown the wisdom of the scheme, the Government, into the hands of which the vast proceeds of the confiscation are to be put, is one which, in the case of the United States, the projector himself describes as a den of brigands. Our intelligent readers will scarcely ask for an analysis of the reasonings by which this conclusion is reached: they will be content to assume that it is a logical deduction from premises equally rational with itself.

It is more to the purpose to inquire why real property should always be picked out as the cockshy of confiscating theorists. Why do they propose to lay their hands upon your farm, any more than upon your coat or your umbrella? The solution, perhaps, is mainly to be found in a passage of Mill, which has evidently formed the germ of the work before us. "Before leaving the subject of Equality of Taxation," says Mill, "I must remark that there are cases in which exceptions may be made to it, consistently with that equal justice which is the groundwork of the rule. Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; these owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete passiveness on their own part. In such a case it would be no violation of the principles on which private property is grounded, if the State should appropriate this increase of wealth, or part of it, as it arises. This would not properly be taking anything from anybody; it would merely be applying an accession of wealth, created by circumstances, to the benefit of society, instead of allowing it to become an unearned appendage to the riches of a particular class. Now, this is actually the case with rent." Is it the case with rent alone? A man buys a pair of shoes; while he sleeps, the price of leather rises and an "unearned increment" accrues to him: is the State to confiscate a corresponding portion of his shoes? The same may be said with regard to any conceivable kind of property or investment; either special circumstances, or the general prosperity of the country, may cause it to rise in value without individual exertion on the part of its owner, and thus there may be an unearned increment which, according to the theorists, ought to be confiscated by the State. Mr. Mill talks of the owners of real property as constituting "a class;" in England they may be said, with some truth, to be a class, and the laws of primogeniture and entail which they have imposed on real property for a class purpose have in no small degree contributed to the creation of socialistic feeling; but in Canada and in the United States they are no more a class than other investors. A mechanic builds two houses on his lot; in one he lives, the other he lets. In the name of common sense and justice, why is he to be despoiled of the one he lets any more than of the one in which he lives? Land, we are told, is the gift of nature, and, therefore, ought not to be appropriated. Land is the gift of nature, but cultivated land, which alone will yield anything, is as much the product of individual industry as any other article. Nor is the fact that the industry of others as well as that of the owner has been expended on it a peculiarity of a farm any more than of a plough. That common ownership of land was the primæval institution is true; but experience has led to its abandonment and to the institution of individual ownership by all civilized races. The example of the French peasantry proves that there is no incentive to industry, and consequently no stimulus to production, like individual ownership of land.

Poverty, the continued existence of which is the motive, or the pretence, for advocating, in philanthropic strains, these schemes of public plunder would, as the history of all communistic tyrannies shows, be only aggravated by the proposed remedy. It is not a simple, but a very complex, phenomenon. Vice, which Mr. George leaves cautiously out of sight, is one of the principal sources of it, as may be learned by an inspection of the low quarters of any large city. It is generated by bad seasons, which no legislation about real property can avert, by the failure of particular trades, by changes in the course of commerce, which often throw numbers out of employment, even by inventions, which, though productive of increased wealth to the community, too often deprive many handicraftsmen of their bread. The chief cause, however, appears to be over-increase of population, as is suggested by a comparison of the condition of Ireland with that of France. Misgovernment and bad laws have, no doubt, played their part; bad laws respecting land tenure among the rest. But there was poverty, we presume, in Venice, though there the question of land tenure could hardly be said to exist. If the number of poor has increased, that of the well-to-do has increased in a much larger ratio; and it seems certain that, in countries not subject to class legislation, the tendency on the whole is towards the more general distribution of wealth as well as towards its augmentation.

This we believe to be truth: but it will not save, nor ought it to save, society from storms, unless the rich will do their duty, both actively by promoting the welfare of the community and, in the way of self-denial, by abstaining from luxury and ostentation, which, by the contrast, make poverty doubly bitter, and open its ears to the teachings of the leveller and the confiscator, however mad their doctrines may be.

—Not a day passes without our being made sensible that Society is in a state of critical transition. Its fundamental institutions are shifting their basis from the ecclesiastical to the rational, though there is nothing to hinder us from holding that beneath the rational basis, as well as beneath the ecclesiastical, there will lie ultimately belief in God. We take up the paper and see that the proceedings in a Criminal Court are at a stand because a juror avows himself an atheist and refuses to take the oath. Fifty years ago, the Bench would at once have launched a thunderbolt against the recusant; but now it looks anxiously about for an outlet from what, in the present state of opinion, is felt to be a most embarrassing dilemma. The end, of course, will be that the oath will have to be abolished; and that in this and in all matters, we shall have to act on the thorough-going principle that the spiritual kingdom is not a kingdom of this world, nor to be sustained by any political inducements, or by the imposition of penalties of any kind on disbelief. Still, political religion has had so long a reign, and its fibres have so twined themselves with the principles of social morality, especially among the less educated and more simple-minded classes, that the change cannot fail to be full of difficulty and danger. A highly-educated man, when called upon to give evidence in a court of justice, knows that there is no difference between the sanctity of an oath and an affirmation; he knows that God is as much witness of the one as of the other, and that the invocation is merely an impressive form. But this is by no means the case with the peasant, as was shown even by the trick, formerly not uncommon, of trying to avoid the dreaded adjuration by kissing the thumb instead of the book. At first, at all events, and till popular morality has formed itself again on the fresh basis, we should expect the abolition of the oath to be followed by a relaxation of the veracity of ordinary witnesses. Something, however, must be done: otherwise, anyone who chooses to decline giving evidence, may escape by an avowal of atheism, which, though in former days it would have made him a social leper, in these days will not prevent him from retaining plenty of associates and friends. Probably the best course, practically, would be to extend the option of affirmation to all cases of conscientious objection, without requiring any specific avowal; but, in the absence of conscientious objection, to retain the oath for the present.

Prosecutions, or attempts to prosecute for blasphemy, bring the same change of public sentiment to light. Some twenty-five years ago, as the readers of Mr. Buckle know, it was possible in England to give a man a long term of imprisonment for writing blasphemous words on a gate ; and, though Mr. Buckle denounced the judge for extravagant severity, the truth was that the sentence seemed too light to the indignant neighbourhood. It is, happily, no longer possible to inflict legal punishment for opinion, however extreme ; it is to be hoped, that the days, even of social punishment, are numbered, and that all good men will soon heartily embrace the principle of perfect freedom of discussion, unchecked by threats either of faggots or of frowns, as the only possible guarantee for any kind of truth. Wanton outrage on the religious feelings of others, like any other wanton outrage, deserves chastisement; but there is an almost insuparable difficulty in distinguishing between blasphemy of that kind, and the free, perhaps heated, expression of sincere conviction. Is the man really trying to rescue us from error, and bring us to truth ? If he is, the offensiveness of his manner is not a sufficient reason for molesting him; it will probably be its own penalty. Blasphemy is infidelity in a rage; and the rage is commonly produced by futile repression. Voltaire blasphemed furiously in France ; in England he conceived the greatest respect for the religion of the Quakers.

Obscenity is a widely different thing from blasphemy; as a rule it is both easily identified and a fit subject for repression. None but bad motives can possibly be assigned for it. There are, however, certain cases, not so much of obscenity as of immorality, or what the world has hitherto deemed such, with which it is more difficult to deal, and about which there has been trouble in the United States. We refer to such books as that of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, treating on novel, and to people in general, shocking principles, subjects connected with the relations between the sexes. It is possible in these cases to assign a good motive, and even to imagine that repression may stifle some beneficent, though at first sight, strange and revolting truths. Something may depend on the language in which the moral doctrines are couched and the manner in which they are disseminated, whether by submitting them to science or thrusting them into the hands of ignorance, frailty, and youth. But the very case we have mentioned proves that the presumption is practically in favour of letting these things alone. Mrs. Besant's book, if let alone, would probably have gone silently to its grave: but when the Society for the Suppression of Vice took it in hand, its sale became immense, and during the days of the trial, you could not walk through the streets of London without having it thrust by peddlers into your hands. The suppressors of vice will say that it is a matter of principle; but no principle that is itself sound can require us to aggravate an evil.

The law is now being invoked at New York for the suppression of Zola's novels, "L'Assommoir" and "Nana." Our own power of eating carrion being limited, we cannot say that we have read "L'Assommoir" and "Nana;" but we have read enough of them to know pretty well what they are. They seem not to be exactly obscene or even immoral; at least there is nothing in them calculated to inflame the passions. They are simply loathsome. Go into the filthiest alley you can find in New York, pace slowly along it, observing intently each disgusting object, sniffing deliberately each foul smell, and you will have a good notion of "L'Assommoir" and "Nana." M. Zola's speciality as an artist seems to us to be his faculty of distinguishing all the elements of a composite stench and presenting each, with the delectable source of it, vividly to the reader's mind. People who have a taste for bathing in a cesspool, cannot be made much dirtier by being allowed to do it. To prosecute is to advertise; to advertise in far the most effectual way of all.

—The great philosophical controversy still rages along the whole line, and the question whether life is worth living has lost none of its interest. The very existence of the debate marks a new era. For the first time in his history, man, in the full light of science and historical philosophy, is meditating on his own estate. A butterfly would have been as likely to consider whether its life was worth living, as man in more primitive times. The question evidently does not admit of a simple answer. Are we under a moral government, and will virtue have its reward? If so, a good life is worth living, though, from a worldly point of view, it may be "the weariest and most loathed that age, ache, penury and imprisonment, can lay on nature." If we are not under a moral government, and if virtue, missing its reward here, has no reward hereafter, we are thrown back upon a calculation of the balance between happiness and unhappiness in each individual life. To talk of human life in the aggregate is absurd. Is the man free, healthy, prosperous, capable of intellectual enjoyment, surrounded by affection? Or is he a slave, a leper, penniless, an outcast, without any one to love or care for him in the world? Then come subtle questions as to the effect likely to be produced on our happiness by the cravings and sensibilities which mental culture generates, and again, by the increasingly vivid perception of the approach of death. What is certain, unfortunately, is that there are a good many people to whom their lives do not seem worth living, for suicide is decidedly on the increase. Nor is it easy to see on what ground it can be prohibited by Agnostics. A Theist may say that a man ought not to leave his post, but then the Theist believes in a Commander. To talk of self-murder in a legal sense is preposterous; we might as well talk of self-theft. An Agnostic editor of a scientific periodical, attacking Mr. Mallock, thinks he has floored him by saying that a man is bound to preserve his life because it has cost so much to develop it out of protoplasm through a long ascending series of animal forms. Cost whom? The Agnostic editor of the scientific periodical? It would be idle, we fear, to deny that there are men who cannot rationally look forward to anything like so much pleasure as pain for the remainder of their lives. If there is a canon fixed by the Almighty against self-slaughter, reason will bid them exercise fortitude; but otherwise what is to prevent them from making their escape?

—The Church may return to the Theatre, but if she retains any moral influence, it is to be hoped she will not go to the Trapeze. "The great sensation of the century, a human being shot from a monster cannon, and caught by a lady hanging head downwards on the lofty trapeze. Zuila, the female Blondin, whose wonderful feats in crossing the high wire, sixty feet in mid-air and blindfolded; also with her feet encased in sacks and riding a velocipede over the high wire, sixty feet in mid-air, have been the sensation of Paris and the continent, appears in her incredible performance at each exhibition." Such are the delights provided for a Christian and civilized community. On the whole, humanity would rather prefer the prize-fight which was going on about the same time. Truly is the exhibition called in the programme a "sensation." There is nothing in it graceful or amusing. The whole attraction consists in the thrill of vile emotion produced by the sight of a danger which the spectator does not share. When Blondin, at the Crystal Palace, performed on the high rope at the peril of his life, there were forty thousand spectators; when he performed on the low rope feats fully as marvellous, but without peril to his life, there were only five thousand. There could be no doubt, in that case, what was the enjoyment. The Trapeze is the gladiatorial show, or the bull-fight, in a mitigated form. The brutality becomes more hateful when the victim is a woman, and flagrantly criminal when the victim is a child. No doubt practice has greatly steeled the nerves of these unfortunates; but the nerves even of an acrobat must be sometimes shaken by bad health; and we may be sure that the air of gay confidence with which the perilous rope is mounted not seldom conceals the quiverings of mortal fear. Slavery has been abolished, but a human being compelled daily to risk life or limb for the amusement of a vulgar crowd, though he may have a vote and be nominally his own master, is not the least unhappy or the least abused of slaves.

—Among current events a place must certainly be given to the defeat of Hanlan—Hanlan's "Waterloo," as it is styled, in keeping with the general grandeur of this farce. There does not seem to us to be any reason for questioning the Champion's honesty, which has hitherto been unimpeached, or for refusing to admit into the authentic annals of history the fact that at the turning point of the race he had a stitch in his side, an occurence familiar enough to the unathletic, though it was supposed that training exempted the athlete from the little sanitary accidents which visit weak humanity. But we seem to be pretty nearly alone in our simple faith. The general opinion of the leading journals is embodied in the words of the *New York World*: "That gallant and straightforward oarsman, Hanlan, appears to have behaved at Providence yesterday very much as that cowardly and perfidious oarsman Courtney behaved at Washington a few weeks ago. They all row one way and look another." There is nothing like this in Pindar. He never says that all the Charioteers at Olympia drive one way and look another. Decidedly if "Sport" is, as we are often told, a revival of the Greek games, it is a revival with a modern improvement. The athletes of Greece were really amateurs: they were members of a leisure class which spent its time in war or in such exercises as formed a training school for wars—a class of gentlemen—and therefore they were satisfied with the olive or parsley crown, and never, so far as we know, sold a race. So long as sports are in the hands of amateurs, all is well. With the professional invariably comes the black-leg.

—Exception is taken by the *Dominion Churchman*, the special organ we believe of the Anglican clergy, to our statement that the exclusive pretensions of the Church of England in this counrty were probably as much social as ecclesiastical, and might be called a continuation of the feelings of the English gentry towards Dissenters. We can have no desire to fix on anyone a sentiment which he disclaims, though in the very next column we find a defence of "Lord" Bishop, a title which, whatever else it may be, is assuredly a mark of social pride. Perhaps the feeling of social superiority is stronger in the laity, that of ecclesiastical superiority in the clergy. Be the special source, however, what it may, there can be no sort of doubt as to the general nature of the emotion with which the writer of the article in question looks down on those whom he is pleased to call "Dissenters" and "Nonconformists." "If," he says, "Dissenters choose to pipe, we will not listen, much less dance. If they become insolently abusive, we must get out of hearing as far as we can. We have no time to play with them, we neither love nor hate them, we reserve our feelings for worthier objects in both kinds." He warns them off with "henceforth let no man trouble us, we bear in our body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Those Churchmen who show any sympathy with Dissenters are compared to "freethinkers and free-lovers." "Dissenter," we apprehend, has reference to a State Church; "Nonconformist" to the Act of Uniformity; and neither State Church nor Act of Uniformity exist in Canada. The largest Episcopal Church by far, and the most ancient in the Dominion, is the Roman Catholic, which is, in fact, still established in Quebec; and from this, if there is any such thing as dissent in the case, the Anglicans are Dissenters. However, we respect all convictions, strongly persuaded though we are that, in preaching isolation, the *Dominion Churchman,* though it may borrow a phrase from St. Paul, would not have the Apostle of the Gentiles on its side. Acrimonious discussions on these subjects can do no good. We have only to say that if, as we suppose, there are in the Episcopal Church, Protestants who do not hold themselves to be severed by any thing essential from other Protestant Churches, they have a duty to perform. It is clearly incumbent, and urgently incumbent on them, to struggle against a spirit of isolation and mutual aversion which, as they must see, adds not a little to the mortal peril in which religion is now placed. If exclusion is a matter of principle to him who believes in it, so also is comprehension. The interchange of pulpits which took place among the churches the other day was worth a good many "Aids to Faith" of the controversial kind. A clergy may be pious and devoted, yet wanting in breadth of mind. The Anglican clergy in England has struggled hard to keep "Dissenters" out of their political rights and out of the national places of education; it is now struggling to keep them out of the national burying places, with the worst consequences to the Church herself in each case, as her wisest friends clearly see.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Ceremonial Institutions" contains a curious collection of facts, and many ingenious explanations of modern ceremonies, as disguised relics of primordial habits, though the theory seems to us to be overstrained when the perfectly natural custom of shaking hands is interpreted as a surviving symbol of military submission. But the general position that ceremony alone is primordial, and that from it sprung politics on one side and religion on the other, appears to us, we must say, as strange as anything can be in itself and wholly unsustained by the evidence. Mr. Spencer constantly asserts as an undoubted and almost self-evident fact, that religion has its origin in the reverence of the savage for the ghosts or doubles of departed chiefs, or other mighty and elevated personages, who continued to receive, after their death, the same homage which they had received in life. Going to church, according to him, is a morning call upon a dead potentate, to whose court you would have gone to pay the same mark of respect when he was living. We can hardly refrain from calling this nonsense. It is totally at variance with all that we know of the history of religion. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth;" this may be true, or it may not; but what in the world has it to do, by what imaginable filiation can it be connected, with reverence for chiefs, as for their doubles? It is, on every hypothesis, a conception of the origin of the Universe and of Man, and of the relations of both to a higher power. The same may be said even of the coarsest and wildest mythologies. Jupiter is not a dead chief; nor can he possibly be identified with one; he is the god of the sky. If the philosopher can succeed in tracing the evolution of Christianity from ceremonial observances paid to the doubles of chiefs, the feat of manufacturing moonbeams out of cucumbers will surely have been performed. Mr. Spencer seems to admit the subsequent infusion into religion of a moral element. He will, perhaps, explain in a future volume how this infusion takes place, and why it is that the remnant of an obsolete and half-animal ceremonialism, instead of dying out with the brutish superstition that gave it birth, all at once puts on a higher character, gains immensely in power, and produces so considerable a phenomenon as Christendom. In the confidence with which Mr. Herbert Spencer propounds a view so thoroughly crude and unhistorical we see a warning against committing ourselves too unreservedly to the prevailing current of thought. Let us have a little patience and see how these things will work out. Exclusive physicists have their bias as well as exclusive theologians or metaphysicians, and are by that bias prevented from being infallible guides. Science has laughed over attempts to deal with astronomical and geological questions by the principles of theology; perhaps the day may come when a more comprehensive science will laugh at attempts to settle questions of morality and religion by the principles of mechanics.

One most important fact is brought, we think, distinctly into view by the ethical philosophy of Mr. Spencer. There can be no belief in right and wrong, apart from pleasure and expediency, without belief in a God; while, conversely, a belief in God is involved in the belief in right and wrong. Moral good and evil, virtue and vice, are in short to Materialism unmeaning words. Is the action or the course of action conducive or not conducive to the prolongation and enjoyment of life? No other question than this can the materialist ask, no other reason than that which the answer to this question supplies has he for perferring one sort of conduct or one character to another. Moral emotion in him is out of place, and doubly out of place since he is a necessarian, and must hold that no man, in the given circumstances, could possibly act otherwise then as he does. Mr. Spencer, we have said, is as far as possible from renouncing moral emotion: even in the midst of his scientific reasoning, his indignation against wrong blazes out in the most fiery manner. But this, if we go to the root of it, proves that the philosopher lives still in the penumbra of superstition, or, if he will, of ceremonialism, and has not yet divested himself of belief in a God, or in something which, if analysed, would be found to imply the existence of God.

So at least it appears to us; but a writer in the *Canadian Monthly*, who is a disciple of Mr. Spencer (and one of whom Mr. Spencer has the greatest reason to be proud), undertakes to vindicate his teacher's consistency. "Mr. Spencer's indignation," he says, "is the measure of his own moral development, and signifies his instinctive recoil from courses of conduct which show the moral sense in a very backward state. Even when we understand how bad actions have come to be performed, and are prepared to make allowances for the perpretrators, we shrink from and denounce them none the less. We surely should allow the philosophers some common human privileges." We are most willing to allow philosophers common human privileges, even to the extent of permitting the editors of scientific journals to be hurried by their indignation against necessary error into treating with coarse discourtesy those whose views happen not to be the same as their own. We only claim the right to interpret phenomena, including those which seem to indicate that common-sense and feeling in a theorist's breast rebel against his theory. There are things not dreamed of in Mr. Spencer's philosophy yet discernible in Mr. Spencer. We submit that the passages to which we referred in his "Data of Ethics" will not bear the construction which his disciple puts upon them. They appear to us most distinctly to imply that the persons whose acts move the writer's indignation are to be reprobated for not having done otherwise than they did; for having broken a moral law which they ought to have kept, and fallen short of a moral standard which they ought to have reached; and this is an assumption which it is surely impossible to reconcile with Necessarianism or with thoroughgoing-Evolution. As to the statement that we denounce bad actions none the less when we are prepared to make allowance for the perpetrators, we cannot accept it as consistent with experience. Surely the fact is that as often as we know that allowance ought to be made, we proportionally reduce the measure of our denunciation, and that this is one of the proofs of our general belief in free will, and in moral responsibility as connected with it, whether that belief be an illusion or not.

The writer in the *Canadian Monthly* concludes his defence of Mr. Spencer by saying, "there is great edification in the thought, now brought home to our understanding, that by every truly moral act we help to build up and improve the life of the world and make ourselves co-workers with the principle of life everywhere." It cannot be here meant that the idea of our contributing by every moral act to the building up of the moral life of the world, and thus to the attainment of ultimate perfection and felicity, is now for the first time brought home to our understandings: such an assertion would call down a shower of citations from the New Testament and Christian writers. The idea now for the first time brought home to our understandings must be that mere life has a self-evident and indefeasible claim to our devotion and allegiance, such as has hitherto been assigned to the Deity, and is capable of inspiring, sustaining, and rewarding effort and self-sacrifice in the same way. But what is Life? What right have we, from the scientific point of view, to turn it into an abstract entity and erect the service of it into a principle? To the eye of science it is nothing more than an aggregate—the aggregate of the lives of good beings and wicked, of happy beings and unhappy; of men, beasts, reptiles and insects; of Mr. Spencer, and of the sheep, whom in the shape of roast mutton, Mr. Spencer eats. Science would perhaps find it difficult even to give a precise reason for regarding the later development as higher than the earlier. Complexity, in itself, seems no object of veneration. Then come Schopenhauer and Hartmann, with a numerous train of followers, besides the five hundred millions of Buddhists, and tell you, on the undeniably scientific ground of their own experience, that Life, so far from having a self-evident and indefeasible claim to our devotion and allegiance and being entitled to mount the vacant throne of Deity, is the Universal Evil, and that to put an end to it by annihilating will, which is its source and sustenance, is the sum of all practical philosophy. We are not upholding any system or dogma, theological, or of any other kind. We know too well that at this time clouds and darknes rest on the Estate of Man. But we are not able to persuade ourselves that they are likely to be removed by Mr. Herbert Spencer, though we have the greatest respect for him as an earnest and patient seeker after truth. His mechanical philosophy of history appears to us to bear no relation to the facts, to which, in truth, he has never attempted to apply it; his account of the origin of religion, we maintain to be equally baseless; and though there is much that is valuable in his "Data of Ethics," we cannot think that the grand problem is there solved. Suppose a man to have dedicated his life almost entirely to physical science, and to have paid far less attention to history, to literature, to moral philosophy, and generally to the study of humanity, is not this theory of Ethics, as the science of prolonging life and making it enjoyable, precisely the theory he would be likely to frame?

One word, if our readers will endure it, on the Necessarian question, which, to so great an extent, lies at the bottom of all these controversies. It appears to us that Jonathan Edwards is undoubtedly right in maintaining that there is a connection between every human action and its antecedents, and that he gains a complete triumph over those who deny that connection and maintain that the will acts, in any case, without inclining motives, and, as it were, in a vacuum. But the nature of the connection remains a mystery. We learn its existence not from inspection but from consciousness, and this same consciousness tells us that the connection is not such as to preclude the existence of liberty of choice, moral aspiration, moral effort, moral responsibility, which are the contradictories of Necessarianism. The terms *cause and effect*, and others of the same kind, which the defect of psychological language compels us to use in speaking of the mental connection between action and its antecedents, are steeped, from their employment in connection with physical science, in physical association, and they import with them into the moral sphere the notion of physical enchainment, for which the representations of consciousness, the sole authority, afford no warrant whatever. We commend this to the consideration of Necessarians like Professor Huxley, who, though they have never had, any more than the rest of us, the opportunity of inspecting the connection of a human action with its motive, have sufficient confidence in their own exact knowledge of it to pronounce dogmatically that man is an automaton—an automaton which automatically fancied itself possessed of volition, but has now automatically come to the conviction that it is an automaton and nothing else. Once more, it is early to decide ; we are in the midst of a freshet of discovery in physical science which may well have taken people off their feet for the time ; let us not be too cocksure.

—The fate of Jonathan Edwards is a warning to writers on religious philosophy against writing with any object but truth. The object of Jonathan Edwards was not truth ; it was to construct a philosophic defence of the Calvinistic dogma. He saw plainly enough whither the doctrine of Predestination led—that it presented the Deity as visiting with eternal tortures in the persons of his creatures the Evil of which He was Himself the Author—and nothing can be more pitiable than the sophistry with which he tries to reconcile the moral sense of his readers to that hideous and revolting conclusion. Nemesis has now made him an involuntary apostle of Materialism, the adherents of which appeal to his "iron-linked and indissoluble chain" of reasoning as the conclusive demonstration of the nullity of the will, and the complete subjection of human action to the laws of matter. His doom has been shared by Dean Mansel, the writer of the famous Bampton Lectures on the "Limits of Religious Thought," a work which having been intended to destroy Rational Religion in the interest of Anglican orthodoxy, or rather of Toryism, and having been hailed with loud applause by the Anglicans, now furnishes Agnostics with metaphysical proofs of the impossibility of believing in God. Leading Agnostic writers have even incorporated into their works Dean Mansel's demonstration of their fundamental position, with the qualifying remark that he is, in truth, too severely Agnostic, and does not sufficiently recognise the existence in the human mind of a natural reverence for the unknown. He cut off his own legs in attempting to make Reason slay herself with her own sword.

—Among other signs of ethical change, we note that, at Dublin, a distinguished lecturer, if he be rightly reported, has been electrifying an audience of youths, and scandalizing their sires by telling them, in a lecture on the "Life of Goethe," that it is better to contribute in some brilliant way to the development of Humanity, than to keep the commonplace and traditional laws of morals. The consequences are likely to be some brilliant contributions to the development of humanity, in the shape of tavern suppers and breakings of lamps. But who is it that feels so sure that the decay of religious belief will in no way affect morality? As to Goethe, he was the very type of an artist, who lived for art and for art alone, neither duty nor affection disputed the empire of the beautiful in his breast. He was, and had elaborately trained himself to be, a sort of Olympian statue of cultivated self-complacency. Without the faintest misgiving he sacrificed women to his fancy. The agonies of his country prostrate beneath the French invader affected him not in the slightest degree. The French were attractive people; and what were the sufferings of Germany to the sublime Goethe? Not only did he eagerly drink in compliments from the tyrant; he eagerly received baubles from him, and even, as one of the most eulogistic of biographers is fain to confess, set upon the baubles rather an extraordinary value. Mr. Lewes tries to repel criticism with a *tu quoque*. "It does seem to me," he says "that sneers at his (Goethe's) title and epigrams on his stars, come with a very bad grace from a nation which is laughed at for nothing more frequently than for its inordinate love of titles." But this is not the point. It is not of flunkeyism that Goethe has been accused so much as of callous and selfish indifference to the wrongs with which the national heart was bleeding, and which were soon to call everything that was generous and chivalrous in Germany to arms. The truth is that here within a mighty frame of intellect dwelt a soul very far less grand. The science of ethics is a practical science; by its fruits it, or anything tendered as an improvement of it, must be judged. To assure us that we are entering on a better era, we must see a higher and more beneficent type of character than the old faith has produced. Voltaire will not do; Rousseau will not do; nor, as we think, will Goethe.

NATIVE CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BULLETIN OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF ACADIA FROM ITS FIRST DISCOVERY TO ITS SURRENDER TO ENGLAND BY THE TREATY OF PARIS, by JAMES HANNAY. 1 vol., 8vo. 440 pp. St. John, N. B.: J. & A. Macmillan.

THE LOYALISTS OF AMERICA AND THEIR TIMES, FROM 1620 TO 1816, by EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D. 2 vols., 8vo. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, Wesleyan Book Room.

MEMORIALS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, by her sister, M.V.G.H. 1 vol., 8vo. 390 pages. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

THE GUIDE: A Manual for the Canadian Militia; by LIEUT.-COL. W. D. OTTER, Commanding the Queen's Own Rifles. 1 vol., 12mo. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

ENGLISH CHIMES IN CANADA, by HENRY SCADDING, D.D. 18 pp., 12mo. Toronto: Guardian Press.

LYRICS, SONGS AND SONNETS, by AMOS HENRY CHANDLER and CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY. 1 vol., 12mo. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

COWPER; a Biography, by GOLDWIN SMITH, in Morley's Series of English Men of Letters. 1 vol., 12mo. Macmillan & Co.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF GALT AND THE SETTLEMENT OF DUMFRIES, IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, by JAMES YOUNG. 1 vol., 12mo. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

LACROSSE; AND HOW TO PLAY IT, by W. K. MCNAUGHT. 1 vol., 12mo. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

LANDS OF PLENTY IN THE NEW NORTH-WEST: a book for all travellers, settlers and investors in Manitoba and the North-West Territory, by E. HEPPLE HALL, F.S.S. 152 pp., crown 8vo. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

AUTHOR'S LAST WORDS.*

Go little book ! and meet what greeting Canada gives thee,
Good report or ill, purchasers many or few—
Go with thy verse-wreath, sought from woodland, river, and hillside,
Record of fifteen years lived in the Maple Leaf land,
Quinté's calm blue bay, and Ottawa's hurrying waters,
Or where the City Queen sits by Ontario's wave ;
Now 'mid the stately streets, and now 'mid wilderness sylvan,
Home and mirror and bath, still of the Dryad unscared,
Yet they have soothed my days, those well-known classical echoes,
Yet 'mid life's losses and cares, Homer and Horace were mine.
Yet in our own poor home were gleams of Beauty ideal—
Weimar's sage and Ferney's, glories of Hellas and Rome.
Yet shall this page recall the friends that Canada gave me,
Friends most true and tried, ever remembered and dear,
Ballads of Faces Fair, that in the Past or Present
Read of erst or seen, lived in my fancies again.
Last, with the lighter strains, the heart's mirth born of the moment,
Some more serious chords come from the parsonage cell,
Sounding in fancy oft, when through the aisles of the wildwood,
Solemn sequence and hymn heard I from ages afar ;
Studied for many a year, that strange, quaint, barbarous Latin,
Monkish tomes, my work oft for a long summer day :
Have they been lost, those hours ? those rhymes, for what do they profit ?
Barbarous Latin at best, art of a barbarous age.
Yet to the student shall art be art, though the age be a dark one—
Struggling in turbid dawn on to the brightness of day.
Art to the few so dear, so scorned by the Philistine many—
Art which sufficeth itself ever for praise and reward.

Toronto, May, 1880.

---

* From Epilogue, by Charles Pelham Mulvany, in "Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets," by Charles Pelham Mulvany and Amos Henry Chandler. 1 vol. 12mo. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

FACTORY:
18 Church St., Liverpool.

ESTABLISHED IN ENGLAND 1797.

ENGLISH BRANCH:
33 Piccadilly, London.

RUSSELLS' CANADIAN HOUSE,

9 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

For Direct Trade with the Public in the line of

FINE WATCHES,
CHAINS,
CLOCKS,
JEWELLERY,
DIAMONDS,

☞ SEE THE WATCH
TRADE MARK
IN THE WATER. ☜

SOLID SILVER
and
ELECTRO PLATED
WARE.

Russells' Chronometers, Russells' Quarter Hour and Minute Repeaters, Russells' Chronographs or Fly-Backs, Russells' Independent Split Seconds, Russells' Fine Keyless Levers, in short, Russell's Watches for Perfection of Time-keeping and Quality of Workmanship,

are not surpassed by the watches of any other manufacturer in England, the only country in which perfection, or the nearest approach to that point yet attained, in the art of Watch-work, was reached over a century ago, when £20,000 stg. was awarded by the Board of Longitude to the inventor of the Chronometer.

WATCH REPAIRING.

The advantage of getting watches repaired at **Russells'** is well known. The whole management of Russell's Canadian House is in the hands of Mr. Robert Cuthbert, **Practical Watchmaker** of many years' experience. Watches are repaired and Regulated to Observatory Time. Satisfaction guaranteed and **Charges Moderate.** Watches by Express from a distance for Repairs receive Prompt Attention.

ANY ARTICLE OF JEWELLERY MANUFACTURED ON THE PREMISES.

Goods sent to any part of Canada to responsible parties, on approbation, from

RUSSELL'S CANADIAN HOUSE,

9 King Street West, Toronto.

WILLING & WILLIAMSON,

BOOKSELLERS

10 & 12
KING ST. EAST,
TORONTO.

MAN'S MORAL NATURE. An Essay. By Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D., Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Ontario. 8vo, cloth, $1.50

"The author very ingeniously attempts to show that the 'moral nature,' meaning the whole range of properly emotional experience, is probably connected with processes in the great sympathetic system, as the 'intellectual' and the 'active' natures are connected with processes of the cerebro-spinal system. Suggestions to this effect have been made before by various inquirers but nobody has supported the position by so careful a consideration of the phenomena of feeling from the subjective point of view, or has been less disposed to exaggerate the force of the objective evidence (which, from the nature of the case is mainly of a deductive character). The author's view of feeling, as subjectively manifested in the two fundamental couples of opposites — love-hate, faith-fear (faith not to be confounded with intellectual belief) is very strikingly worked out, and so is his view of the special emotions as varying combinations of these groundforms which diverse intellectual representations (which he calls 'concepts'). On the physical side of the case he, at all events, shows that there can be no sufficient account given to the expression of feeling in relation merely to the cerebro-spinal nervous system. Dr. Bucke writes with a singular earnestness of conviction, and even when his arguments are, as they not seldom are, rather fanciful, the spirit of them does not cease to be scientific. The book helps to shed light on the most obscure and perplexing department of the psychological field."—*Mind.*

THE SCIENCE OF ENGLISH VERSE. By Sidney Lanier, $2.25.

THE MASTERS OF GENRE PAINTING. Being an introduction for the study of Genre Painting. By Frederick Wedmore, with 16 illustrations, $2.00.

COWPER. By Goldwin Smith. *English Men of Letters Series.* 85c.

A thoroughly appreciative biography of the poet . . the melancholy tenor of his life is treated with great truth and delicacy, and the critical remarks on his share in English literature will commend themselves to those best qualified to form an opinion.—*Bookseller*, London.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, By Theodore Martin, volume the fifth concluding the work. With portraits $2.25.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections with Critical Introductions. By various writers and a general introduction by Matthew Arnold, edited by T. H. Ward, M.A., 2 vols. $3.50.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS HENRY BUCKLE. By Alfred Henry Huth. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, $2.25.

THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS. References, Plots and Stories. By the Rev. E. C. Brewer, LL.D., 1170 pp. half bound, $4.00.

DAWSON (Principal). FOSSIL MEN AND THEIR MODERN REPRESENTATIVES. 8vo. $2.00.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT. Complete in one vol. 12mo. Cloth, $2.25.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN THE BRITISH COLONIES. By Alpheus Todd, Librarian of Parliament, Ottawa. 8vo. $5.00.

CEREMONIAL INSTITUTIONS. Being Part IV. of the Principles of Sociology. By Herbert Spencer. 12mo. Cloth $1.35.

SCIENCE PRIMERS. Introductory. By Professor Huxley, 35 cents.

☞ **Post free on receipt of Price.**

WILLING & WILLIAMSON,

12 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.