

THE WEEK:

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The signatures of 155 prominent retail grocers of Toronto are appended to this testimonial. Toronto, November 30th, 1885.

This is what thirteen well-known city bakers have to say on the subject. It is signed also by the steward and head bakers of the Rossin House and Queen's Hotel.

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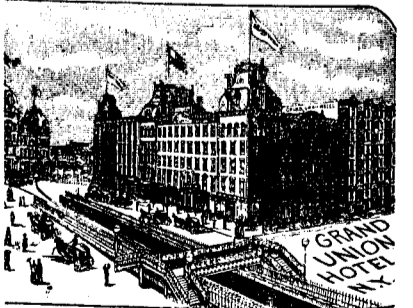
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THE PROGRESS OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

"FOR some time past I have been coming to the belief that the final solution of the Irish question will be a bloody one, and one which will leave the Island without any representation at all in Parliament for a considerable time at least." So writes an American observer of the situation in England, a man of high intelligence, of perfectly calm judgment and large political experience, after informing his mind by intercourse with reflecting men of all parties. Such, indeed, is the goal towards which the Irish question has now for some time been too evidently tending. Such is the consummation which all who, either in England or in Canada, foster and flatter rebellion for the sake of catching the Irish vote are doing their best to bring about. Nor are there wanting, in England at least, those who in disgust and despair say: "Let the inevitable come; the sooner the business gets out of the hands of the political intriguer and into those of the soldier the better." But this, though natural, is not humanity; it is not statesmanship. Humanity and statesmanship alike call aloud upon the leaders of the nation to avert civil bloodshed, which they may yet with ease do, if, laying aside for a moment their selfish ambition and their factious rivalries, they will unite in delivering Ireland from a reign of lawless terrorism and restoring the reign of law. When this has been done, if Mr. Parnell complains of any political grievance, let the complaint be fairly heard, and the grievance, if it is proved to exist, be promptly redressed. Redress of any proved grievance has never been denied by the British Parliament to Ireland since the reform of 1832 made the House of Commons a real representation of the British people. In truth it is to the action of English and Scotch, rather than of Irish members, that practical improvements in Ireland have been due. The Irish members, instead of earnestly seeking the removal of grievances, have hugged them as the capital of sedition. At this moment Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt are doing their best to make the Purchase Act miscarry, lest it should content the people and the fuel of sedition should be withdrawn.

As yet no specific grievance of any kind has been alleged by Mr. Parnell or any of his associates. Disorderly demonstrations in the House of Commons, murder, outrage and terrorism throughout the Celtic and Catholic provinces of Ireland, attempts to massacre English men, women, and children wholesale with dynamite, torrents of hellish invective against the British race and name we have had; but not one definite charge of tyranny or abuse, not one intelligible demand for reform. In the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Justin McCarthy, vice-leader of the Nationalist party, comes forward again with a general demand of justice for Ireland and with complaints of a want of the friendly sympathy on the part of the British which, he thinks, Irish dynamite ought to have produced; but what injustice is being done to Ireland he does not attempt to explain. About the Viceroyalty a great fuss is now being made, and in a former paper Mr. Justin McCarthy described it as a devilish engine of British tyranny, the counterpart of the Austrian satrapy in Venetia. The answer given at the time in these columns was that thirty years ago the House of Commons voted the abolition of the Viceroyalty by a majority of three to one, and the measure was dropped solely in deference to Irish opposition, particularly the opposition of the citizens of Dublin, who liked the pageant, the entertainments,

and the expenditure. Nobody in England, Wales, or Scotland cares a rush whether the Viceroyalty is retained or not, and the only reason for hesitating about its immediate abolition is that any change made at this moment is a betrayal of nervous weakness and will act as oil poured on the fire of rebellion. It will no more appease the enemies of the Union than did the Land Act, the Disturbance Act, the extension of the Franchise or any other concession that has been made. What they seek and have sought throughout is not reform, to which they have never, even in the case of the Land Act, lent anything like a cordial support, but separation.

Mr. Lecky, the historian, is an Irishman and an Irish patriot. He has warmly defended his compatriots with his pen. He says that the one thing which Ireland wants is British security for contracts, commerce, and industry. "A Liberal" last week said the same thing in these columns. When the Nationalist movement began, the savings banks were full of money, commerce was active in Belfast and its other seats, and the rate of pauperism had fallen ninety per cent. from what it had once been. The agrarian legislation of Mr. Gladstone, as some of those who voted for it in public acknowledged in private, gave a severe blow to the faith of contracts and to commercial confidence. But by the terrorism of the League the very springs of trade and industry are being broken: no lawful calling can be freely pursued, no binding contract can be made, capital can no longer be securely invested. Deliver Ireland into the hands of the revolutionists; by the fatal necessity of revolutions, the more violent will prevail; and there will follow an orgie of confiscation. Mr. Parnell calls for Grattan's Parliament, but what he means is Tyrconnell's Parliament, which passed a sweeping Act of Attainder against all Protestant and British proprietors. The reign of Jacobin robbery in France, by paralyzing all the motives to industry, brought on a national famine: a reign of Fenian robbery in Ireland would do the same.

By the time these pages reach their readers the veil which still covers the intrigues and plottings of the party leaders will probably have been raised. At this moment we can only see, in shadowy confusion, the workings of a passionate desire on the part of Mr. Gladstone to turn out the Government and get back to power, a refusal on the part of the Moderate Liberals to gratify his cravings at the expense of the unity of the nation, a disposition on the part of Mr. Chamberlain to set up at once for himself as leader of the Radicals, a struggle in the bosom of the Ministry between the duty of a Government to Ireland, and the shallow scoundrelism of Lord Randolph Churchill. Perhaps we also discern a certain trepidation on the part of Mr. Parnell, who, having been enabled by the pecuniary proceeds of his patriotism to pay off his mortgages, now feels that he has something to lose, and finds that the American and Dynamite wing is beginning to escape from his control. In the meantime it appears that the spirit of the nation is still rising, notwithstanding the selfish weakness of politicians, and that under anything like patriotic leadership it will defend its union against savagery and superstition as the Americans defended theirs against slavery. Why, it is asked by the partisans of dismemberment, is not separation to be conceded to Ireland when it is conceded to Bulgaria? In the first place, because it cannot be said in the case of Bulgaria, as it can be said in the case of Ireland, that a third of the people at least are attached to the Union, while of the rest the great majority care nothing for the political change in itself, but only as it is a license to agrarian plunder. In the second place, because it is possible to disentangle the Bulgarian from the Turkish element, while the British and Irish elements are inextricably blended in the two islands. In the third place, because, whereas for Bulgaria the only hope of freedom and civilization is separation from Turkey, for the Celt of Ireland, ridden by priests and demagogues, the only hope of real freedom or civilization is continuance in the Union. In the fourth place, because the dissolution of the Turkish Empire is not, while the dissolution of the British Empire would be, the destruction of the Power which has hitherto led the march of progress, and whose influence is still of inestimable value to humanity.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

"ALL my argument," says Mr. Gladstone, in his reply to Professor Huxley in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*—"All my argument, the chief argument of my paper, leads up to the nebular or rotatory hypothesis." Precisely so. Where can Professor Huxley have been this last quarter of a century not to know that this is the chief characteristic of all Mr. Gladstone's arguments?—*St. James's Gazette*.

NATIONAL POLICY.

SUFFERING under the depression of trade in 1875 and following years, the people of Canada, upon the call for a general election in 1878, gave an unqualified vote in favour of representatives pledged to the adoption of a "National Policy." It was not clear whether that term was intended to indicate the narrow lines of a system of protection to all Canadian industries, or to assert a right on the part of the people of Canada to legislate in the future entirely in view of the best interests of the Dominion, untrammelled by considerations of the Imperial connection. The first outcome, however, of the system was the adoption of a tariff restricting purchases of foreign products and manufactures within the smallest possible limits.

The tariff adopted, while having in view to check importations as far as practicable, was framed to bear least heavily upon importations from Great Britain. Under the policy then adopted the result aimed at was fully attained. Imports of all kinds were reduced to a proper relation to the exports of the country. Factories for the production of the various commodities for the supply of the population were erected throughout the country, and for some years a condition of prosperity and development without parallel in the history of the country was the result. The lapse of time, however, demonstrated that Canada had neither the population for sufficient consumption nor special advantages in production which would enable her to compete successfully in foreign markets.

The opponents of the National Policy point to the existence of unprofitable factories as a demonstration of the futility of the system, while its advocates contend the result thus far, notwithstanding the present depression, has been favourable to the Dominion, the erected factories and accumulated earnings of operatives representing the increment to the present time; and, moreover, that Protection was merely a temporary expedient to check undue imports, as the plumber turns off the water before he can repair the leak; and that Canada, having accomplished that object, is now prepared to consider and adopt any measure of more liberal interchange with other countries that may not imperil full employment of the labour of the Dominion.

Since the adoption of the National Policy, Canadians have been made to feel that their position was misunderstood in the Mother Country, as her people have failed to recognize the fair interchange of products of industry, *Fair Trade* instead of *Free Trade* between nations. They have resented what they erroneously considered antagonistic legislation on the part of Canada, not discriminating between a policy adopted by Canadians as a measure of self-preservation, and that adopted by their neighbours, the United States, with the avowed purpose of excluding the "pauper labour of Europe."

Having accomplished much in the way of self-reliance and self-help, Canada is now prepared to enlarge the scope of her industries by entering into competition with the products of countries that will fairly reciprocate with her, and her people will naturally and loyally look to Great Britain in the first place, and will, no doubt, be prepared to make liberal discounts from her tariff for equal advantages in the British markets to the products of Canada. To this end it is encouraging to see that "Fair Trade" is likely to secure at least a respectful hearing in the Commons of England.

When Great Britain will have decided that a 6*d.* loaf paid for by the labour of her operatives is better than a 5½*d.* one with the labour product rejected, Canada, and no doubt other countries, will respond with readjusted tariffs fostering reciprocal trade to mutual advantage, the current of which will at the same time tend to direct the course of emigration from Great Britain to her own colonies.

M.

INDIAN SCARES.

It is not to be supposed that our Far West, like that of our neighbours, is going to escape the conventional Indian scares of the frontier. The scares will occur periodically, and if Mr. Frederick White, Comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police, was not fully alive to the real dangers of an Indian uprising, a few more massacres would have to be thrown in than have happened. A few years ago a Half-breed family was scalped and murdered near St. Joe, thirty miles west of Pembina, Dakota, near the International Boundary Line. The murderers were Sioux, and they finally met a just fate from United States troops, at Fort Totten. They had escaped punishment for a number of years, but were finally run down by the cavalry.

Ever since the insurrection and the Frog Lake massacre there has been great uneasiness in the Calgary and Macleod districts.

The people of Fort Macleod and vicinity—where the Indians are more numerous, and perhaps more hostile than they are in the vicinity of Calgary—are not so easily frightened as are those of Calgary, and this may be readily accounted for from the fact that the Macleod people, for the most part, are experienced frontier people. They have more self-reliance than those of Calgary, and although they are as fond of preserving the integrity of their anatomy as any people I know of, they are, however, not so apprehensive of an Indian uprising as are the more recent arrivals in the Territory. There is something in this. People who have been accustomed to live on the Indian frontier often get a little reckless, it is true, but it is a greater mistake to show fear to an Indian. It is much better philosophy to pretend that you are as brave as a lion, ready to annihilate any red marauders that dare commit themselves. It may be said that to simulate bravery requires a great deal of the real article itself. Not so with our frontier Indian. The term "brave" with him is a misnomer. He is brave only in the sense where his companions are numerous and the enemy insignificant. It is in cases of this kind that the warrior endeavours to show off. It makes little difference whether it is Sioux or Apache, Blood or Piegan, Cree or Chippewa, bravery, as the term is appreciated among white men, is scarcely known among our Western nomads. With the marriage of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, the romantic portion of our noble red men disappeared, for it is a sad fact that even the Indian maiden, so celebrated in fiction, is as cruel as some of the fabled goddesses of old.

But whence these war clouds in the West? Who has become scared now? Is it the same electrician who saw Blackfoot teepees "moving west" on that memorable Sunday afternoon in the decline of last March,—the same "Majaw" who applied his ear to the ground, and distinctly heard the muffled tramp of the war moccasin coming to clean Calgary out and tear up the Canadian Pacific Railway line a few hundred miles, and then wind up by forming an alliance with the white agitators, and establish a Provincial Government with Crowfoot at its head, and a rising local politician at its foot?

Surely a war chinook is a new form of zephyr, one that is less to the purpose than a genuine Manitoba blizzard would be! But Calgary wants notoriety; seeing that it cannot be made a separate Republic of, that the Dominion Government persists in introducing its authority there, it would seem that the warlike element, which is not by any means the Blackfeet, are determined to raise a war cloud; but Eastern people, especially the Eastern editors, are greatly mistaken if they think that a certain Dominion Government official at Ottawa is not fully alive to the exact situation. No man in the Dominion has better sources of obtaining correct information than has Mr. Frederick White, the Comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police. He is familiar with every fact of importance that transpires, and that bears upon the protection of the North-West settler so far as it concerns him and the force which he so ably manages.

It is true that he may not always be able to move the Government to his way of thinking, and that often, if they had accepted his advice, certain disasters that have happened might not have occurred; but Mr. White is not the supreme grand ruler either. There is such an individual as the political head, and political heads, so far as a new and undeveloped portion of a country is concerned, might often be dead heads for all the good they do. The political heads have a great deal to answer for in the management of North-West affairs, and therefore it is a hopeful sign to see them travelling in search of information, though how much more genuine information they would obtain if they were to travel quietly and unostentatiously? They would certainly arrive at more correct conclusions than they do. There is a way of shaking dust in the eyes of the political magnates from the East who appear as "pilgrims" in the West, and who are not found unsusceptible to flattery and what is commonly called soft soap.

But returning to the Indian question, to use a Western sentence, "The recent rumours have been big Injun stories at best." Undoubtedly Rev. Père LaCombe is an excellent authority on the Blackfoot Nation, and so is the Rev. W. McDougall on the condition of the faithful Stonies. Father LaCombe is anything but an alarmist, for I well remember the distinct assurances which he gave to the Calgary people in March last. So apprehensive were the Calgary people lest they would be massacred that they begged the reverend gentleman to go to the Blackfoot Crossing without a moment's notice, and ascertain how the Indians were disposed. After service on the eventful Sunday already referred to the good Père went to the Crossing on a locomotive, and that night I think there was really some disappointment when he telegraphed the Mayor and the "Home Guard Committee" that he had never in his experience found the Blackfoot Indians quieter. So surely had some of the choice spirits of Calgary

expected a massacre that I think there was some disappointment at the news, which was altogether too pacific. I am quite sure that two or three members of the Home Guard felt a shade disappointed, for the next evening, when the reverend messenger returned, he was put through a series of cross-questions by certain members of the committee who felt bound to satisfy themselves that there was no possibility of a mistake.

In the Eastern press one reads of So-and-so, Mr. This and That having been interviewed on the Indian question in the Far West, especially as to the danger of an uprising. If many of these gentlemen would candidly tell the interviewers that they knew nothing about the subject they would be doing honestly by the public; but the fact that they are interviewed is too much of a temptation: their names must be perpetually in print or their greatness will disappear, and as it is much more popular to say that there is likely to be trouble at some indefinite time in the future, this sort of romancing is going the rounds. I noticed that THE WEEK refers to the "big Injun" tale that there are seventy thousand Indians in the Blackfoot and Milk River district; and that there were twenty-seven thousand fighting Indians of this number. Such a story should not be permitted to go the rounds. The ignorant may believe it, but to any fairly informed person it bears its own refutation. The fighting strength of the Blackfoot tribe in the Macleod and Calgary districts is about eight hundred braves. This includes five hundred Bloods. The Sarcees, who have their reservation near Calgary, can muster only fifty braves. The Piegans, Gros Vends, the Indians of the Milk River district, according to Colonel Loya Wheaton, of the 20th U. S. Infantry, who commands at Fort Assiniboine, Montana Territory, number not more than fifteen hundred warriors. It is most fortunate for our people that such an excellent officer as Colonel Wheaton is admitted to be in charge of the most important and most extensive frontier military post in the United States. It was he that built Fort Pembina in 1870, and in the fall of 1871 dispersed the Fenian raiders after they had captured the Hudson's Bay Company's post at what is now West Lynne. Sir Edward Thornton, who was then British Minister at Washington, sent Colonel Wheaton a warm letter of thanks for the soldier-like manner in which he had discharged his international duties.

That any attempt of the Gros Vends or other Indians to cross the International Boundary Line, and attack Canadian settlers, will be promptly known to Colonel Wheaton through the efficient aid of the Indian police, and will be counteracted by the troops under Wheaton's command, there can be no doubt; and the fact should not be lost sight of that some time ago the Mounted Police Force was greatly augmented in the Macleod and Calgary districts. From what I personally know, I am sure that Comptroller White has taken every precaution, and this, with the sturdy self-reliance of settler and rancher alike, ought to be sufficient to overawe the Blackfoot who, though not a little saucy, have not been really hostile to the settler himself.

G. B. E.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

HIRELINGS of Fame,
Miscalled, miscredited!
Fling down the wreath
Of bay unmerited;
There lie beneath
Men, disinherited,
With nobler claim.

Ye do but live
Occasions choice to seize,
Using the hour
To bend all servile knees
Before your power;
Deeds, such as these,
Earth's titles give.

They did but die
Leaving no written line
On History's page;
But on the Scroll Divine
Of endless age
Their names in splendour shine
And purity.

E. G. G.

IN Paris cholera has been found to exist inversely with the amount of ozone in the air.

A NEW wax plant called the Octilla-tree has been discovered and described by Helen C. De S. Abbott. It is thorny, grows in the region of the Mexican boundary line, and the bark supplies a wax differing somewhat from the heretofore known vegetable waxes.

THE FIRS.

PINE trees sobbing a weird unrest
In saddened strains;
Crows flying slowly into the west
As daylight wanes;
Breezes that die in a stifled breath,
Leaving a calm that is still as death.

Fir trees reaching toward the sky
In giant might;
All day long at your feet I lie
Awaiting night,
While sweet pine needles are falling down
In silent showers of golden brown.

How waves the blue Canadian air
Amid your arms?
'Tis not so calm down here as there,
Because your charms
Enhance the world to a sapphire blue,
And change its tone with its change of hue.

Changed in a thousand trivial ways—
That shade a life,
Leaving the dregs of yesterdays
With shadows rife:
Shadows that lie in the fir tops tall,
And fall with the fir cones over all.

For some one's turned their tender eyes
Away from me,
And dark the sorrow that in them lies
With misery;
Oh, gentlest pleader my life has known,
I stay as you found me, here—alone.

Alone with the firs and the dying day,
That lived too long;
Alone with the pines that sing away
Their strange, wild song.
Ah, darling! unclasp your fair, warm hand,
'Tis better I should misunderstand.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

THE ENGLISH IN QUEBEC.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—It was stated by a correspondent lately that very few of the English-speaking residents of this Province looked upon it as the future home of themselves and their children. If this were so, a graver position of things could hardly be conceived, for the influence of such a sentiment would be far-reaching, demoralizing, and deadening.

I venture, however, and that with some acquaintance with the position, to doubt whether this sweeping statement has any foundation. It is easy to make such a statement as a matter of opinion; but the value of an opinion depends upon the worth and character of the circle in which he who forms it moves. The exact truth is not attainable; but the following considerations bear approximately on the subject.

There is an uncertain and floating population in every community. Go low enough in the scale and you will find hundreds, if not thousands, of people in Toronto and Hamilton who do not look upon Ontario as their future home. It is obviously so with the same class in every State of the adjoining Republic, and it is as true of this Province as of any other. But, putting this class aside for the moment, there are three centres of English-speaking people in this Province. First in importance comes the city of Montreal; second, a number of counties south of the St. Lawrence, almost wholly occupied by English-speaking people; third, the city of Quebec.

If we take the city of Montreal, we find many evidences that its English-speaking citizens regard their residence and occupation as of a permanent character. Men never erect substantial and costly dwellings, warehouses, factories, and places of business unless under a conviction of an assured future in the locality. This is as accurate a test as can be applied. Temporary buildings for temporary residents; solid and enduring structures for the men who intend to remain. It is notorious that every year the English-speaking citizens of Montreal are building for themselves residences of the most substantial and enduring character. By far the most costly mansions in the whole Dominion have been erected in Montreal during the last few years by English-speaking people whose means and opportunities were such that they could live wherever they pleased. Buildings of an enduring character to the value of over \$2,000,000 have been erected during the last year in this city. The largest portion of this sum has been expended by the English population.

Montreal is now by far the largest manufacturing centre in the Dominion. The capital and management of these enterprises is almost wholly English. This city is the largest centre of commerce in Canada; and a constantly increasing proportion of this is in English hands. That proportion now amounts to about ninety-five per cent. The same remark is true of the banking interest. The shipping interest of Montreal is one of the largest in the Dominion: seven lines of ocean steamers regularly trade with the port. This is almost wholly in English hands. Where men have such immense interests at stake, and such present and future opportunities of doing well for themselves and their children, it would be absurd indeed for them to think of abandoning the locality.

With regard to the counties referred to, these too have large manufacturing, trading, farming, and banking interests, which are almost wholly in English hands. It would be absurd under these circumstances for the residents not to think of this part of the country as one of permanent occupation. There is no more migration from thence than there is from Ontario or from any of the older States of the Republic.

With regard to the city of Quebec, its large foreign trade is still almost wholly in English hands, and is still likely to be. This trade is far less than it formerly was. All trade centres fluctuate. The English population of Quebec has diminished just as its foreign trade has diminished. If circumstances transpired that made Quebec again the leading commercial centre of Canada, its English-speaking population would increase beyond all doubt. Young men would flock to it from Toronto just as they have under other circumstances moved from Toronto to Montreal, from Montreal to Toronto, or from both to Winnipeg.

In spite of the constant increase in the French population of this Province, its commerce, manufactures, shipping, banking, and capital generally, are centering more and more in English hands. The truth with regard to the French of Lower Canada is that their system of education, being purely ecclesiastical, does not fit men for commerce or business; and ecclesiastical establishments are absorbing more and more every year of the means of the French population, while the people themselves are becoming, on the aggregate, poorer and poorer. This, however, is their own affair.

A RESIDENT OF MONTREAL.

January 12, 1886.

CHRISTIANITY AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—If total abstinence from inebriating liquids as beverages be a supreme virtue for all time and in all circumstances, as it is now declared to be by some purists, it follows that if Christ partook of the fermented juice of the grape, He did not live up to the highest ideal possible for man in a perfect state of being. If that is permissible as virtue in a perfect man which is vice in one who is not perfect, it follows that virtue and vice may change places in altered circumstances or states of being—a position quite untenable. In these premises, then, if Christ used "wine" in its inebriating or conventional sense, He did not fulfil the whole law of righteousness, and His life upon earth was lacking in one particular, with this significance, that men may now live a more virtuous life in that one particular than He did, in never partaking of fermented beverages. His followers, therefore, in such a case cannot lay hold upon His life as the one perfect example and ideal, and they cannot lay hold upon His death as an expiation for any shortcomings save His own, if even that,—"sin" being, according to the Scottish Shorter Catechism, "any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God"; and if total abstinence be a supreme virtue and a moral law, He neither conformed to the one nor observed the other. This may seem a little irreverent to sensitive minds; but they cannot deny that plain speaking is necessary when so much falsified truth is floating around.

If, however, Christ never used wine as a beverage, while never formally adopting and inculcating John the Baptist's regimen and example as a principle, He either considered the matter as an open question to be settled by every man's own individual conscience and at his own option, or He allowed His disciples and apostles to be deceived into thinking so, and He permitted His Church to be also deceived for nearly nineteen hundred years into using, in one of its most sacred ordinances, that which is now said to be the least sacred thing upon earth, and not only that, but the most "devilish." Such silence and such inaction for such a length of time upon His part would seem to imply not only that as a Divine Being, influencing and governing His people, but even as a man, neither in His intellect, nor morals, nor spirituality, nor knowledge, nor foresight, was He the equal of those men who in all ages have antagonized that which they say is the one thing which ought to be more specially, formally, and pronouncedly stigmatized than any other one thing within the domain or ken of man. So that, whether our Lord in reality abstained or did not abstain, there remains an unwarrantable and jesuitical doubt cast upon Him, and chiefly by His own ambassadors; and in the light thrown upon the whole subject of Bible wines, which were all, as their name implies, alcoholic, but some adulterated with noxious drugs—in the light thrown upon the question of temperance in Mr. Goldwin Smith's admirable pamphlet just issued, and Mr. C. Gordon Richardson's able appendix thereto,—it becomes the bounden duty of those clerical purists either to produce stronger exegetical evidence for the faith they profess, or to try to undo the evil morals they have already instilled into people's minds. Either that, or they ought to construct a new Bible wherein the injunction, "Be temperate in all things," must be made to read "Be totally abstinent in all things," and upon that solid and logical basis destroy the moral order of the Scriptures altogether.

But to those who believe that the Bible can be comprehended by those who read it, and that it can be intuitively understood in its teaching and

purifying influences by their children who read it; and that its words and sentences convey the plain meaning intended to be conveyed,—all these may rest well content that Christ never deceived by His silence or in any other manner. These will comprehend that He drank the common wine of the country, which was slightly inebriating; that He is the God-man; that Himself is the final Court of Appeal; that He cannot deny Himself, and consequently cannot censure any one for following His example in matters essential and optional; and that His ambassadors have no right to do so either.

Yours, A.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The student of English political life cannot fail to see the gathering clouds which threaten to darken the policy of the British Ministry. It is a matter of indifference to advocates for the unity of the nation which of the two great political parties succeeds to the government of the country, so long as they do not hold office at the will of Mr. Parnell. That party will deserve the respect of the world which will flaunt defiance at the Irish demagogue, and bid him do his worst. The English electors will support them, for when the impending dangers of dismemberment become the issue, the people will see that the unity and dignity of the nation are inseparable. It has been truly said that the unreflecting portion of mankind are so taken with the spectacle of energy on a large scale that its attraction to them is irresistible; vigour becomes an end in itself and an object of admiration for its own sake. Bravado is but a poor substitute for bravery, and it is pitiful to see this worse than worthless characteristic paid so much homage by the press of this continent. If one will but think how infinitesimally weak the Irish Party is in the Commons as compared with the consolidated strength of Liberals and Conservatives; and also ask what formulated and specific grievance they have advocated, one cannot but recognize that their hopes of success are entirely dependent on the action of either of the great political parties. The Liberals and Conservatives have each displayed weakness in their greed for power. Their action has been destructive of the highest sentiments of national life. Fear is written in every act; traitors lie ambushed in government purple, ogling at avowed plunderers to lend assistance to the ruination of the First Power in the world. Mr. Parnell knows full well that the late course of the great parties means the end of the Union. He will form an alliance with either, and play political battledore and shuttlecock with them until his as yet unknown and limitless demands are granted. The programme will not end this side of dismemberment of the Union, which will carry in its train all the horrors of internecine warfare. It is idle to hope that the loyal, educated, industrious population of the North—the bone and sinew of Ireland—will recline supinely while levy is made upon the products of their toil and vigilance. If Mr. Parnell can baffle either party, Ireland will become the arena of the most ferocious national tragedies in the pages of history. The flag which gathers within its folds the oppressed in every clime can ill afford to allow those near and dear to the nation to cry in vain at the threshold for that protection which is the inherent right of every loyal subject of England. The catastrophe can be averted by Parliament. If party spirit is laid upon the shelf for a brief season, the first word from a consolidated English party would relegate Mr. Parnell and his followers to the cooling shade of an unoffending minority. There, in his impotence, he could pass his time in formulating the grievances of Ireland. If he would present a claim for a free school system, and other practical measures to lead the Irish people up to civilization, he would not only deserve the respect of the world, but earn the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen.

Yours faithfully,

HOWARD J. DUNCAN.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF INFORMERS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—It appears from the new Mayor's Message that he intends, in his destined crusade against the unlicensed sale of liquor, to make an extended use of informers, whom he proposes to tempt with large rewards. To put down the unlicensed sale of liquor is quite right; it is the thing that most manifestly needs to be done; and done it may be, provided the people are allowed a sufficient number of licensed and regulated houses, without which unlicensed places of sale will multiply, do what you may to prevent them. But the employment of professional informers is almost as objectionable as the sale of unlicensed liquor. A drunkard may be not a bad man in heart, though addicted to one fatal indulgence: a professional informer must be utterly vile. Morality is the main object, and you miss it if in suppressing intemperance you create villainy. There can be no doubt that much useful evidence might be obtained by torture; but society has rightly determined that no evidence can be worth that price. Let the police and the regular detectives do their duty; and if their number is not sufficient, let them be reinforced.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

IN France it will soon come to be a distinction *not* to have been a Minister. There are, it appears, ninety gentlemen alive who can, if they please, inscribe "Ancien Ministre" on their cards. Fortunate, truly, for the finances of France that Republican economy does not grant pensions to retired statesmen. More curious still, there are fourteen Prime Ministers who have held office since 1870. If these gentlemen could agree among themselves, a Cabinet could be formed consisting solely of ex-Premiers, and there would still be two or three of the eminent men to spare. And yet, with all these ex-Prime Ministers available, M. Grévy is very hard put to it to find one who is willing to come into office again.

STONEHENGE.

THE first thing that strikes one whenever one examines a Gray Wether is the fact that it is very much weathered indeed. It is a hard lump or kernel of friable sandstone, worn away on every side by rain and wind; a mere relic or solid core of what was once a much larger and broader piece of sandstone. But the odd point is that these isolated blocks occur now in a country where there is no rock of any sort, save chalk, for miles and miles around in every direction. Why is this? Well, it is now pretty certain that once upon a time (a very safe date) a great sheet of just such friable sandstone overlay the whole of the English chalk downs. At that remote period, of course, they were therefore not chalk downs at all, but sandy uplands of the same character as the pine-clad country round Bagshot and Woking, where the troops from Aldershot camp out in summer-time. In point of fact, this layer of sandstone, or rather several such layers, still caps the chalk in all the London basin; and by boring through them you come at last upon the underlying chalk, beneath several hundred feet thickness of superficial deposits. But on the higher uplands of Wilts and Berkshire the rain and streams have gradually worn away and removed piecemeal the whole of the eoene and other upper layers, cutting down the hills to the level of the chalk beneath, and leaving only a few of the very hardest and lumpiest kernels of the sandstone strewn loosely about on the surface of the downs. These kernels are the problematical Sarsen Stones. Some of them seem to be derived from one layer of the tertiary deposits, and some from another; but they remain at the present day as solitary witnesses to the vast thickness of similar rock which has been slowly removed from the summit of the chalk downs by the rains and torrents of a million winters. They are but the last fragments of a wide-spread deposit which once covered the whole South of England with its barren sheet, and of which larger patches still remain among the wild heaths of Wilts or Surrey and the slopes of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight.

Long, long ago, before England was yet even Britain, in the dim old days of the newer Stone Age, when short squat men of Finnish or Euskarian breed occupied the whole of what are now the British Isles, the utilization of the Gray Wethers first began for practical objects. "Let us exploit the Sarsen Stones," said primitive man, in his own language (probably agglutinative), and straightway he began to pile them up into dolmens and cromlechs, gigantic trilithons and prehistoric temples. And then it was, as modern archaeology tends every day more and more fully to show, that the large circles of Stonehenge were first piled up on Salisbury Plain. There can be little doubt at the present day that Stonehenge is a tribal temple of some petty Wiltshire kingdom in the newer Stone Age, and that it antedates by several thousand years the arrival of the Celtic Aryan conquerors in the Isle of Britain.

The really curious point about Stonehenge, however, is this—that it does not all consist of Gray Wethers, though the biggest and most conspicuous of all the trilithons are composed of those huge local boulders. There are other stones in that ancient temple which came from some far more distant land—stones the like of which certainly cannot be found within a hundred miles of Salisbury Plain, and some of which, in all probability, can only be matched on the continent of Europe. Stonehenge is undeniably not a native Wiltshire monument: it is probably not even British at all.

Later inquirers have suggested that the stones may have come from Belgium, or some other part of the Continent, where they find rocks still more closely resembling the Stonehenge specimens than any purely British igneous masses. This suggestion appears to me, from the archaeological point of view, far the most probable; and on the following grounds:—

Whoever put up the altar-stone and the smaller circles at Stonehenge must certainly have brought them from a great distance. Now, people don't usually carry about large blocks of greenstone or felspar in their waistcoat-pockets, without a good reason—especially if they don't wear waistcoats, and if the blocks are as big as a good-sized doorstep. Hence, I think, we may conclude that the imported stones at Stonehenge were originally sacred—in short, that they were the Lares and Penates of some intrusive conquering tribe, which carried them along with it, like pious Æneæ, through all its wanderings. All over the world, upright slabs or menhirs form common objects of worship to savage or barbaric people: the poor heathen, as we were universally informed in the nursery, bow down in their blindness to stocks and stones. These stones are in the most literal sense mere blocks—rude shapeless masses which it would be desecration to carve or cut with a knife, even if the unsophisticated savage happened to possess any proper knife wherewith to cut them. In India, to this day, our Aryan brother sets up just such unhewn stones in the centre of his agricultural holding, to represent the Five Brethren of the old Hindoo mythology. But, as a rule, I believe, the unhewn sacred stone is really a tombstone; it is the upright pillar or menhir, erected originally on top of a barrow, to mark the spot where a great chief or king has once been buried. Offerings are daily made at the stone by the grateful or terrified descendants, to appease the ancestral ghost; oil and wine (or whatever else the country affords of alcoholic stimulant) are dutifully poured over it; and all fitting respect is paid to the grave of the mighty dead by the obsequious survivors. In process of time, however, the object of the worship gets gradually forgotten; the ghost itself fades away, and it is the actual stone that comes to be regarded as sacred, not the tomb or barrow of which the pillar is but the outward and visible symbol.

But why may not the newer Stone Age men who built Stonehenge have come to Wiltshire from Wales or Ireland? Simply because the chances are against it: in Britain, at least, the wave of conquest has always gone in the opposite direction. Westward the tide of Empire takes its way. The conquerors, like the wise men, come always from the East.

It is as improbable that the Stonehenge folk came from Carnarvon or from Wicklow to Wiltshire, as that the founders of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston came from Chicago, St. Louis, or San Francisco to the Atlantic seaboard. The possessor of the plains of England and the lowlands of Scotland has often conquered the Welshman, the Highlander, and the Irishman, but he has never once been conquered by the mountaineers in return.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a leg of beef;

but Taffy never dreamt of attempting to overrun the shires of the Midland and the pastures of the South. When Tougall descended on the lowlands, his utmost exploit was to "drive ta cattle," as in the familiar instance of the immortal Fhairshon. On the other hand, the possessors of the English plain have often been conquered and driven back or subdued; first the Euskarian by the Celt, then the Celt by the Roman, then the Romanized Briton in turn by the Saxon, then the Saxon once more by his still heathen brother the stalwart Dane, or his half-Christianized and Frenchified cousin the Norman; but in every case the conquering people came, without one exception, from the continent of Europe.

Since, then, most conquering people come to Britain from the continent of Europe, since such people are apt in early stages of culture to carry with them, in the rough, their country's gods, and since rocks capable of producing the raw material of the particular deities now in question are better found on the continent than in Britain, I think we may conclude with great probability that the builders of Stonehenge came to Wiltshire from somewhere south-eastward—especially as a broad belt of land at that time still connected the opposite shores of Dover and Calais, and rendered the proposals for a Channel tunnel at once premature and practically unnecessary. I don't doubt that for the Stone Age men it was a mere walk-over, and that they carried weight in the shape of the altar-stone and the smaller pillars.

When they got to Salisbury Plain, I take it, they called a halt, and began to set up afresh the standing stones they had carried with them on their long journey. Having set up their fetish stones in due order, however, the pious immigrants determined to add to the dignity and glory of their national temple by piling up around it a circle of the tallest and biggest Gray Wethers that all Wiltshire could readily produce. These Gray Wethers they dressed roughly with their polished flint axes into rudely quadrangular shape, piled them up by two and two, and then lifted by main force a third on top, so as to form the familiar shape of the existing trilithons. Thus it is the smaller stones of Stonehenge that form the really most ancient and important part of the whole erection. The other portion of that great prehistoric temple, the huge trilithons that astonish us still, even in this age of advanced engineering, by their bulk and massiveness, have grown up around the lesser and more sacred obelisks, much as the magnificent church of Our Lady of Loretto has grown up about the Casa Santa of Nazareth, which was miraculously transported through the air from Palestine, like Stonehenge from Ireland by the arts of Merlin.

It is probable that the greater part of the biggest Sarsen stones were employed at one time for just such purposes as at Stonehenge—dolmens, cromlechs, chambered barrows, and so forth—and thus they got to be mentally identified by the rustic intelligence, not, it is true, with Druids (for the Druidical nonsense, like Arkite worship, and all the rest of it, is a pure invention of the "learned" or pedantic classes), but with some old forgotten heathen worship. Hence they were commonly spoken of as Sarsen stones; and the name was justified by the common belief that the architects of Stonehenge, in carting the great blocks to their present position, had tumbled some of them about on the downs. Within the memory of men still living, a fair was held at one such prehistoric monument, and was opened by solemnly pouring a bottle of port over the sacred fetish of a race long since passed away from among us. Could anything prove more conclusively the persistence of custom in an old settled and very mixed population? Celt and Roman and Saxon and Norman have since come, and many of them gone again; but the heathen rites offered up at the grave of some dimly-remembered Euskarian chieftain survived through them all up to the very beginning of this enlightened nineteenth century.—GRANT ALLEN, in the *January Lippincott*.

On the 14th December Colonel C. E. Stewart read a paper at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on "The Herat Valley and the Persian Border, from Heri-rod to Seistan." In 1881 Colonel Stewart was employed by the Government on special duty on the Persian border, and he made a survey of the country to the southward of Khaf. Last May he was with Sir Peter Lumsden on the Afghan Boundary Commission, in connection with which he gave some interesting information. The Herat Valley is, in his opinion, the only place in this part of Central Asia where a large body of men could be fed, and any one holding possession of Herat would have a most commanding influence in the affairs of Afghanistan and Persia. Nothing, he holds, would ensure peace and quietness in Central Asia so much as our continuing the Quetta line of railway to Herat, and this line could eventually be joined on to the Russian line. If a string were stretched over a globe from England to India, it would nearly follow the line through Russia to Vladikafkas, at the foot of the Caucasus Mountains, where the Russian-European system of railroads at present ends, but which is about to be continued to Petrofsk, on the Caspian Sea, and then would pretty nearly follow the Russian Transcaspian line, and thence onward through Herat to Quetta. The possibility of running railroads in Central Asia had been greatly facilitated by the finding of almost unlimited supplies of fuel in the shape of petroleum. A discussion followed, in which Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Frederick Goldsmith, Mr. Blandford, of the Indian Geological Survey, and others took part.

The Week.

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WE are very glad to see in the *Globe* a generous article on the retirement of Mayor Manning. At the time of the election enthusiastic partisans of his rival told the electors that they had to choose between Christ and Barabbas. About their identification of their own candidate with Christ we need say nothing, except that we hope their expectations of a millennium will be fulfilled; but decidedly they were hard on the supporters of Barabbas. The city has lost in Mr. Manning a Mayor who thoroughly understood its interests, was personally bound up with them, and had them thoroughly at heart: he had done good in his first year, and he would have done more in a second. He owed his rejection partly to his having guarded the city treasury too well. Against transgressors of the liquor law he did his duty without flinching. He has lived under the eyes of his fellow-citizens, and his moral character nobody has ventured to impeach. Boycotting by the Trades Unions was, as we have said before, the main cause of his defeat, and of a defeat incurred in that way no man need be ashamed.

A NEW, or revived, St. George's Society was opened at Paris on Friday last with a dinner, which was signally successful. These societies are gaining ground in the United States as well as in Canada. It is not only in relieving English emigrants that they are useful. They serve also as rallying points for English feeling. No good citizen or right-minded person wishes the English to band together for political influence, much less for political plunder. But it is good for the country, as well as for themselves, that they should hold their own and not leave a British colony to the domination of the Irish vote, or allow its influence to be abused by politicians cringing to that vote for the dismemberment of the United Kingdom.

RUMOURS of a probable Indian rising are still rife; but it is difficult to find any real foundation for them. It will not do for this country to become involved in chronic trouble with her Indians, and it is to be hoped Government will keep a watchful eye on any symptoms of disquiet among them. This, there is every reason to believe, they are doing; so that no doubt the country may rely upon any sputter of revolt—should such arise—being promptly quenched. But, in fact, our North-West is much in the same circumstances as were once New Zealand and South Africa. While the British Government were willing to send Imperial troops there for the protection of the early colonists, with the advantage to these of the attendant large outlay of Imperial funds, Maori wars and Kaffir wars were perpetually occurring; but since the day the Imperial Government, adopting a different policy, threw the onus and cost of the defence of the colonists on themselves, there has been no trouble whatever with either Maori or Kaffir. It may, perhaps, be a good course for the Dominion Government to adopt a similar policy in the North-West. The Dominion already pays for a force of a thousand mounted police. If trouble should arise with the Indians there, it will spring from causes beyond the control of the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion; and it will be quite fair—and perhaps most efficient—to throw at any rate the cost of repressing any disturbance on the people for whose protection it is incurred. We speak on the supposition that the Dominion officials do their duty: if they do not, the Government by which they are supported and the people who support that Government are responsible.

WITH much of what Mr. Blake said at the London banquet last week we are quite unable to agree; yet there is a great deal that commands our cordial assent. If, as he states, flour milling has been destroyed by legislation, then a most important Canadian industry has been lost; for, as we believe, the time is fast coming when wheat can be profitably exported from this continent only in the shape of flour. The Tories cannot complain if they are taunted with causing the present ebb in the tide of prosperity: they foolishly claimed for their fiscal policy the whole credit of the prosperity that set in with it, and they must now therefore bear the discredit of the reverse condition. Yet, in fact, neither is due, except perhaps in a very small degree, to legislation: the depression here is but the distant swell of a wave that arose elsewhere; and to attempt to affect it by legisla-

tion is as the play of children on the seashore. That labour should not be specially protected is a doctrine we can cordially endorse, but the depression of trade the Tories are accused of intensifying is, as we say, in the main quite beyond the power of any Government to affect; and it is difficult to see how the Tory Government retarded the arrival, diminished the extent, or shortened the duration of the prosperous period. Rather, we should say, they created a short-lived prosperity that did not exist elsewhere. They, at any rate, kept the Canadian market for Canadian manufacturers, who, it is true, overdid their limited field. But would matters have been better if the Canadian markets had been thrown open to Americans in the hour of their distress from lack of outlets for their surplus commodities? Mr. Blake gives utterance to the sentiment of the whole thinking part of the nation when he denounces the extravagance of the present Government. The Liberal Party, when it shall supersede the Conservative Government, cannot indeed dispense with a heavy rate of taxation—that is incurred and can be diminished only through a great increase of population—but it may well better our present condition by wise adjustments and judicious relaxation, honesty, economy, and retrenchment in the expenses of Government. Great dissatisfaction certainly exists in the Lower Provinces. The National Policy is directly inimical to the interests of these Provinces; and the Tories, whatever their promises, are powerless to do a work forbidden by nature. They cannot overcome natural obstacles to interprovincial trade, and it is these that are breaking the Confederation into fragments. Mr. Blake's references to Reciprocity and the Fisheries are not, it seems to us, quite consistent. In the one case he laughs at Government for daring to put pressure on our powerful neighbour—which puny effort, he says, has resulted in *not* obtaining Reciprocity; in the other case he seems to blame Government for surrendering privileges to this same Power with a view to ensuring friendly relations and an extension of commercial intercourse between the two peoples.

A POTENT cause of the feeling of dissatisfaction within the Confederation is the granting better terms to Quebec, whose politicians have been able to obtain this concession by selling their votes to Government; and Mr. Blake most justly condemns this disturbance of the due balance among the Provinces, which, if persisted in, is most likely to split them asunder. The gerrymander, for such it was, of the Ontario constituencies is justly condemned by Mr. Blake, and a determination to undo the wrong expressed; but the evil example set by Sir John has been imitated by Mr. Mowat, and a reform of the Liberal procedure will have to follow the rectification of Tory work. The power lately enjoyed by the Provinces of settling each its own franchise may be, as Mr. Blake says, consistent with the federal spirit of the neighbouring Republic; but is it with the Canadian system? If a learned correspondent of THE WEEK be right—(Mr. Edward Douglas Armour, on *Dicey on the Constitution of Canada*, THE WEEK, Jan. 7.)—Canada is a Dominion divided into Provinces, whereas the United States are, what their name implies, a number of separate States confederated; and regarding the Dominion as such an independent political entity, it seems but reasonable that its Parliament should have the power of regulating its own franchise; for only so can every class, and the minorities in the several Provinces, be equally and surely represented. Still, to this view Mr. Blake may consistently be opposed. The country having once embarked on the C. P. R. enterprise, it was, we think, a wise course to get it completed as soon as possible. While incomplete there would always have been danger of a stoppage of the works; which, notwithstanding the great expense already incurred, would have deprived the whole of all available value. Millions of acres of arable land in the North-West were valueless without the railway, and whatever this may cost the country, against the cost must always be set the value the railway has added to the lands it has made available for cultivation and settlement. Mr. Blake very properly condemns the outside operations of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—operations which should have been carefully guarded against at the inception of the undertaking; but he is somewhat premature in designating the loans made to the Company an expenditure of the taxpayers. He reckons the amount of burden on each head of a family. On that principle he ought *per contra* to credit each one's account with his share in the value of the railway. That the rich possessions of Canada in the North-West should be turned into "a happy hunting ground," as Mr. Blake says, for broken-down politicians, is indeed a public scandal; but the simple truth is, the whole business—the C. P. R. and the North-West lands alike—is a public danger to the well-being of the body politic. There can be little doubt that the interests of the country would in this respect be served by a change of Ministry. The railway is now built and out of danger, and a new Administration, not being entangled with its

builders, would have its head clear above the whole cloaca. The country will never know how matters really are, and the North-West will never be well governed, till this happen. With respect to the power of disallowance assumed by the Dominion Government, we are inclined to think Mr. Blake in his strictures pushes his Provincial pretensions a little too far. To cite Mr. Armour again, it appears this power was given for the purpose of preventing the going into force of valid Provincial Acts which would have the force of law, and which would interfere with Dominion policy, and to prevent the going into force of measures that are unconstitutional or doubtful. This last-mentioned purpose is to our mind the justification for some, at least, of the cases of disallowance cited by Mr. Blake. If the power of disallowance did not exist, or were not exercised by the Dominion Government, the onus of opposing, by an expensive legal process, doubtful Acts perhaps highly oppressive on the minority of some Provinces would be thrown on the individual. But as to the boundary question, Mr. Blake is entirely right. The anti-Ontario action of Sir John seems to have been taken at the instigation of his Quebec colleagues and followers, who desire to create another New France in the North-West, and hem in Ontario on all sides by French-speaking settlements; and his failure is a deserved rebuke to such pretensions. And similarly is Mr. Blake correct with respect to the liquor business. Each Province must be supposed to know best how to regulate its own business; and no Province has a right to intermeddle, through the Dominion Parliament, in the internal concerns of another of a different race, habit, and mode of thinking.

MR. BLAKE'S indictment of the Government in the North-West Rebellion is a strong one. If the grievances, being known to exist, had been removed in 1884, Riel's power would not have grown to such a height, and no rebellion would have taken place. The rebellion was a direct outcome of the incapacity, jobbery, and corruption that reigns universal in the affairs of the North-West—perhaps unavoidably incident to the establishment of a wealthy corporation so closely connected with the Government, and to the patronage the opening of half a continent throws into government hands. Mr. Blake held a brief for the country at the last session of Parliament, and he did his duty; but he could do little more than lodge his plea. It was too late for discussion, because the House was wearied by the protracted session, and unfit to cope with the subject; it was also too early, because no one was well-informed on the subject. It is now for him, with fuller information, to bring his plaint again before the House; and this should be the main business of the coming session. A rebellion against real or fancied injustice has taken place in a part of Canada altogether under the government of Conservative appointees; and whether the charges brought against some of these be true or not, it is impossible for the country in the circumstances to close the page and say it will read no further. The fullest investigation into every circumstance preceding and attending the rebellion must be had before the Conservative Party will be purged of the suspicion that now attaches to it; and if this be not accorded promptly and frankly, so much the worse in the long run for the Conservative Party. It is useless for the party press to attempt to raise a false issue through the Riel agitation. The question before the country is not at all the execution of Riel, but the causes that produced the rebellion he headed. The Riel case will have, indeed, to be discussed by Parliament, because, as Mr. Blake puts it, his charges of mismanagement against the Government have been declared by the Government to be a defence of the prisoner. They have rested their defence on his condemnation. And perhaps if they had pardoned him it might have been taken as a confession of their own culpability. Therefore it is most desirable that by the fullest investigation the country may be convinced that the Government have not been guilty of the baseness of punishing Riel to screen themselves. Mr. Blake while deprecating, generally, criticism of the exercise or non-exercise of the prerogative of mercy, yet holds the Riel case to be one for Parliamentary enquiry, for the reason that the trial was for an extraordinary political offence, on which agitation has supervened, and because some prominent supporters of the Government declare they have been misled and deceived by the Government, charging that the execution was to punish an old offence, and to gratify the hate of another set of government supporters. Alleging that the Government have identified their own acquittal with the conviction of the insurgents, he maintains that both may be guilty: the Government for neglect, delay, and mismanagement; the insurgents for rising in rebellion and inciting the Indians to rise. To each, therefore, ought to be assigned their due share of fault: that of the insurgents is known, and it is a fit subject of Parliamentary enquiry to ascertain what extent of guilt, if any, attaches to Government.

It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Blake does not contemplate a retirement from the leadership of the Liberal Party. Not since Con-

federation has that party been in a position where it might be so useful to the country. In Mr. Blake it possesses a leader who stands almost alone among Canadian statesmen for high principle and character; and at this conjuncture it is precisely such qualities that are most needed. To such a man the lower side of politics cannot but be distasteful, and he tells us that he dislikes and does not wish for office. But, although this unwillingness springs from an honourable scrupulousness, it is regrettable, for it is not an attitude of mind suitable to the leader of a great party. Not so do successful leaders inspire their followers and seize victory. Yet, perhaps, the enthusiasm will come with the occasion. Possibly it is better, as Mr. Blake says, that the Liberal Party should not take office just yet; and certainly it is the case that if by the aid of the French-Canadian malcontent Tories they should defeat the Government on the question of the execution of Riel, no stable political alliance could be formed on such a basis: no lasting coalition could spring merely from a community of feeling in regard to an execution. The construction of a Liberal-Bleu platform out of the Regina scaffold might admirably serve the purpose of the Government, by affording them a cry on which they could confidently appeal to five-sixths of the country for support—they might like to make this an issue before the English-speaking populations; but Mr. Blake refuses to let them choose the matter for which they must soon be tried. He quietly sets this issue aside as but a subordinate question, and fixes the attention of the country on the more permanent and substantial questions calling for legislative and administrative action, upon the main question in this North-West business—the causes that produced, not the consequences that followed, the Rebellion. In this, the main conclusion of his speech, he has crowned a wise and admirable utterance in a statesman-like manner, and it will, if we mistake not, be found that when the day of trial comes his motion for a full enquiry will receive the support of all honest and conscientious persons of both parties.

At the Blake banquet Mr. Mills made a fierce onslaught on independent journalism, which appears in some way to have crossed his political path. He seems to think that a writer who is independent can have no convictions. This is the common notion of partisans, but it is rather surprising to see it shared by a philosopher. With regard to every subject but politics Mr. Mills would probably admit that independence of mind is essential to the existence of anything worthy of the name of conviction. If a political economist or a man of science were to enlist in an economical or scientific party, and adopt its opinions wholesale, you would say that he had no convictions but only prejudices. It is possible, surely, that a man may agree with one part of the policy of a Government and disagree with another; that he may agree with its fiscal policy, for example, while he disagrees with its policy respecting the franchise. Suppose he frankly avows this, and praises or blames the Government accordingly, can he be said to be wanting in conviction, or in the expression of it, more than the partisan who in both cases takes, as a matter of course, the Government or the Opposition view? Independence of mind, in men or in journals, is very inconvenient to party managers: that is what Mr. Mills means.

It is stated that M. de Lesseps having failed to get a loan from the French Government, or even a permit to raise money by lottery, to carry on the work of the Panama Canal, has induced the Government to send an engineer to the Isthmus to examine the work already done, and to report upon the scheme as an investment. M. Rousseau, the engineer, starts presently, and lest he should form an unfavourable opinion of the scheme from lack of information, M. de Lesseps has arranged a contemporaneous excursion to the same place, at the Company's expense, of politicians, journalists, and financial men interested in the project. We also read that at the housewarming of his new splendid residence in Paris the other day M. de Lesseps made a witty speech, in the course of which he declared that the French investments in the Suez Canal had been returned tenfold, and the Panama Canal will be equally fruitful. Well, it is always best to keep up a light heart in difficulties; but if the Panama Canal project is in anything like the state it is represented to be in by the report of Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, a commissioner appointed in 1879 by the *New York World* to go to Panama to study the enterprise on the spot, the gaiety of this brilliant Frenchman has something of heartlessness in it. The *London Athenæum* in reviewing the report assents with but little reserve to the conclusions of the Commissioner; and if these conclusions be correct, then is the Panama Canal scheme far from being a fit subject for witty speeches. From the review of the report—which, having been published in book form, has come under the notice of the *Athenæum*—we gather in brief that the original estimate of the cost of the work—the estimate on which it was undertaken—has in consequence of later and better information grown in quantity of excavation from

forty-six million cubic mètres to one hundred and twenty-five million; while the estimated cost has, as the magnitude of the undertaking became less capable of disguise, been reduced by M. de Lesseps from forty-two million sterling to twenty-eight million. Yet, while of this sum nineteen and a half million had been raised and disposed of up to September, 1884, no more than one twenty-sixth part of the excavations, and that the easiest work, was at that date ready. In June, 1883, out of an expenditure of nine million sterling, the modest sum of £152,000 only appears to have been spent in actual work; of six million sterling—half the capital stock, called up on the organization of the Company—£1,800,000 went at once into the pockets of the promoters; and what with share capital and bonds the Company were responsible, in September, 1884, for £30,647,700, for which they had received only £22,598,968 in cash. And at this date only one-fourteenth part of the excavation work had been done.

THIS little result of so much expenditure is, however, in one way, perhaps, not to be regretted. For, according to competent authorities, if more had been done, so much more labour, as well as life, would have been wasted. It is stated by these that natural obstacles to the completion of the design exist, which, in all human probability, it will be impossible to overcome. First, the proposed canal runs in its course through a valley, draining such a large area of country that its master stream—the Chagres River—rises to a height of thirty to forty feet in a single day; and to arrest this flood it will be necessary to construct an embankment of such enormous proportions that it cannot, with human means, be finished between the occurrence of two floods—and attacked in an incomplete state it will certainly be destroyed. And secondly, a cutting three hundred and sixty feet deep has to be made through a range of mountains, which, being three-fourths of soft material instead of wholly rock as estimated by M. de Lesseps, will necessitate the digging of so vast a trench, with a top width of a third of a mile, that the mass of earth to be removed is simply too stupendous to be put in figures. And if this could be done—if the range of mountains could be removed bodily—the earthen slope could not resist the rainfall (one hundred and twenty inches annually; falls of six or seven inches in a few hours being not rare) in that district. An earthen cutting of such proportions exposed to a tropical rainfall, which in a few hours would wash away the toil of months, may well be regarded as inexecutable. And if it were executable it would be a huge financial failure. The cost of the whole work, supposing Nature permit of its completion, is estimated by Mr. Rodrigues at £107,853,161 sterling; and the annual deficit in working the canal at three million sterling—the maximum revenue being reckoned at a dollar a ton (the Suez Canal rate) on an estimate of the probable amount of tonnage to pass through the canal, prepared by the chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. That M. de Lesseps should imperil so vast a sum of the hard-earned savings of his simpler fellow-countrymen—who seem to regard him with childlike faith—is inexplicable. That he should cast it so rashly into such a quicksand is monstrous. The work should not have been begun, much less allowed to proceed so far, till its completion was ascertained to be feasible. But M. de Lesseps appears to think his buoyancy and dash will remove mountains and avert floods as easily as it draws money out of the trusting habitants. He is raising a great monument to French élan. It has been said that every sleeper on the Panama Railway represented a human life spent in its construction; and the sacrifice of life in the construction of the canal is likely to be as horrible. Workmen half fed, herded together in squalid hovels, insufficiently sheltered from the weather, unable to escape, since there is nowhere to escape to,—are smitten by the pestilential fever of the country, and go to the hospital only to die; and this frightful experience, common, it may be said, to all such great tropical labour schemes, is, it seems, but an episode in what the *Economiste Français* predicted would be “the most terrible financial disaster of the nineteenth century.”

THE Pope, says *Town Topics*, is an expert versifier of Latin. His latest production is “*Novissima Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina*,” of which he has sent a superbly bound volume to Prince Bismarck. Were it not in a measure disrespectful to suppose his Holiness guilty of such a thing, one could imagine this a “gift of the Greeks,” and that his compliments to the grim Chancellor were not unaccompanied by a merry chuckle over this triumph of irony. As if Prince Bismarck could tell the difference between a new or an old song in the Latin! Of all the grave charges laid at the door of the Prince, he is guiltless of a classical education. The arts of diplomacy and persuasion having failed to bring their long and bitter controversy to a satisfactory termination, it is probable that the Pope at last bethought himself of a more subtle weapon with which to extinguish his adversary.

THE New York *Star* says: “A bill granting copyright to foreigners will, it is said, be introduced in the U.S. Senate by Senator Hawley, and into the House by Mr. Tucker, the accomplished chairman of the judiciary committee. The measure will, we understand, be substantially like the one reported by the judiciary committee of the last Congress. It will grant copyrights to citizens of those foreign countries which give the same privileges to Americans. There will doubtless be, as there were before, strenuous efforts made to attach limitations and conditions to the copyrights that may be granted to foreigners. The condition that is frequently suggested is to require the book or other article to be manufactured in the United States. This seems to be plausible, and is urged upon the ground that it will afford protection to American publishers, printers, bookbinders, etc.; but a little consideration of the subject will, we think, lead to the conclusion that such a limitation would be very injurious even to the interests which seek for its protection. If our Government should attach such a condition, other Governments would do the same. The result would be that all copyrighted books and other works would have to be manufactured in the country in which the copyright is granted. As respects French and German works which are sold in this market, it is quite clear that such a requirement would be a great hardship to all American readers of the literature of France and Germany. Indeed, as the market is a limited one, it would have the effect, substantially, to prevent Continental writers from availing themselves of the privilege of our copyright law.”

THE New York *Times* thus discourses on the pretended discovery in America of a painting by Raphael: Chicago is disputing the claim of Cincinnati to be regarded as the centre of æsthetic culture in America. It has “an alleged Raphael,” concerning the genuineness of which its numerous and accomplished experts in art are now wrangling. A diligent search for Raphaels has been going on in Europe for over a hundred years. Within that period every picture for which any internal or external evidence can be adduced to sustain a “claim” that it is by Raphael has been described, catalogued and identified, so that it is as familiar to collectors as a 2.20 trotter is to the connoisseurs of Chicago. The chance that the Chicago Raphael may be genuine is not improved by the announcement that it was stolen from the Vatican. The Pope may sometimes despatch one of his Cardinals with a small picture from the Vatican collection under his arm to the nearest pawnbroker’s in order to secure an advance sufficient to provide needful maccaroni for the Papal household. These pledges, however, are always honourably redeemed when the collections come in, even though Peter’s pence are transferred in Ireland to the Parnell fund. Besides, the exhibition of a Raphael in the window of a Roman pawnbroker would lead to a Raphael for hypothecation. It is to be feared the Chicago connoisseurs will ultimately discover that the claim of the owner of this picture proceeds merely from his disposition to spell Raphael “raffle.”

KING LOUIS II. of Bavaria is close upon forty years of age, and has long been known as a woman-hater. The announcement of his intention, says *Town Topics*, to marry the widow of a rich manufacturer of Nuremberg in order to get relief from his financial embarrassments is a genuine surprise. Some fifteen years ago he was about to marry a distant cousin, the daughter of Duke Maximilian and sister of the Empress of Austria. At a late day the engagement was suddenly broken off, and this is how it came about: At the age of twenty-five he was counted the handsomest man in Europe. It is even said that many an American girl has sighed and said: “One kiss from the King of Bavaria and then die!” His fiancée was the envy of the royal world. One afternoon His Majesty called at her home and was obliged to await her pleasure for some time. At last he heard her voice in an adjoining room of which the doors stood ajar. She was engaged in a tempestuous dispute with one of her waiting ladies. A moment later, and just as His Majesty was advancing to meet her through the half-open door, he saw her seize one of her dainty slippers from her foot and strike her attendant full in the face. He waited no longer. In horror and dismay he fled and never returned.

HIGH-PRICED singers, says the same paper, are out of favour this year. Even dear Madame Patti is having hard work to barter her exquisite voice for the fabulous sums of former seasons. Heretofore, when she found the effete audiences of Covent Garden reluctant in pouring their shekels at her shrine, she simply packed up and came to the outstretched arms of enthusiastic America—or went to Russia. This year she decided to hazard a less remote Continental tour. She was recently announced to sing in Amsterdam, and in order to reimburse her manager for the large sum he was to pay her, the price of the tickets was placed at a figure

JANUARY 21st, 1886.]

SMALL TALK AND STATESMEN.

MELBOURNE.

which evidently shocked the prudent and economical Hollanders, for when the hour arrived only *two* tickets had been sold. It is needless to say that she did not sing, and that the first train bore away a very indignant and possibly wiser *prima donna*.

NOTES FROM THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

A GARTER has once more played a great part in history. In Alsace, by immemorial usage, the bride's garter is divided amongst the wedding-guests, and worn by them in their button-holes. Of late there was a marriage in the *haute bourgeoisie* of Orschweiler, and it so chanced that the lady's garter was a tricolour silk ribbon. Next morning one of the party appeared at the railway station with a bit of silk in his breast; whereupon he was rebuked by a staunch son of the Fatherland, guard of a passing train, for flaunting a French emblem in a peaceful German town. The matter made some stir; the Public Prosecutor heard of it, and, with the stolid gravity of his race and calling, proceeded to indict the whole wedding party, including several prominent local officials, for their disloyal conduct. But the worthy functionary did not take much by his zeal. The cause was in due course heard and determined by the criminal tribunal at Colmar; and the Court has solemnly decreed that young ladies may wear their garters of any colour they like, and that no pains or penalties attach to those who carry the fragments at their weddings in the customary way. Not a French-born bride will be married in the Rhine provinces this twelvemonth without tricolour garters; so dangerous is the effect of zeal in high places untempered by humour.

THE latest news from Sydney shows conclusively that there is no present hope of inducing New South Wales to adopt the Enabling Bill for the formation of a Federal Council. New South Wales and New Zealand are still disinclined to make the least movement in the matter; and so far as the richer and more populous colony is concerned there seems to be little hope of stirring up any popular opinion in favour of Federation. On the other hand, there is a disposition exactly the other way. "The impression is," says the *Times'* correspondent, "that Free Trade stands a better chance under the present system than it would under Federation"; and Free Trade in New South Wales is undergoing severe trials just now from the competition of the heavily protected industries of the neighbouring colony of Victoria. Victoria levies duties on almost everything that enters its borders from New South Wales; and the inhabitants of the latter complain that their markets are flooded with untaxed Victorian produce. The consequence is that the farmers and the manufacturers are crying out for retaliatory duties. The new Ministry which has just been formed under Sir John Robertson is not calculated to support the interests of these particular sections; for the same reason it is unlikely to take any steps towards the unification of our Australian dependencies.

ANODYNES are so liable to abuse that it is doubtful if they do not create more suffering than they assuage. Cocaine, a new anæsthetic, has already begun to make its victims. The wife of a Macon physician, who recently went out of her mind, was discovered to have been addicted to hypodermic injections of cocaine for some time previously, and the character of her symptoms left no doubt that they were to be entirely attributed to the use of that drug. The Chicago papers mentioned a little time ago the case of a leading physician of that town, Dr. Charles D. Bradley, who was found to be crazed from the same cause. While under the influence of cocaine he had made some cruel experiments with it on members of his family, and had threatened to shoot one of his professional brethren who remonstrated with him. One of the physicians who attended him stated that a remarkable effect of the abuse of cocaine was the destruction of the moral sense and the affections. He added that cocaine was the "most diabolical and fascinating" of the narcotics, and that its use was fast becoming prevalent.

A GREAT impetus has been given in Birmingham to the trade in oysters. The other evening a gentleman of the town, a theatrical lessee, thought to forget the troubles of pantomime production in the consumption of a plate of them. His teeth grated against something hard while thus employed, and examination proved this to be a large pearl "about the size of a Barcelona nut." They were "Dutch natives," which makes the find not by any means the less remarkable. The pearl was taken for valuation to a local lapidary, who did not hesitate to offer £100 for it. The lucky pearl-finder, however, has not yet parted with his gem, and higher offers will receive consideration. The lustre of the pearl is not very brilliant, "owing to the oyster not having been exposed to the sun," as pearl-fishers expose them to decompose the flesh. The merchant who sold this valuable oyster to Mr. Melville ought, if he is an advertising genius, to make capital out of it. As for the lessee, it should give him an excellent idea for a novel transformation scene.

It would be difficult to discover a more striking contrast to Sir Robert Peel in many of these particulars than Lord Melbourne. Both had strong common sense. But the common sense of Melbourne bore a close resemblance to the cynical shrewdness of the man of the world, and was backed by a fund of humour of which Peel was entirely destitute. Peel was a pattern of orthodox and domestic propriety. Melbourne, although his theological reading was wide, had no settled convictions, and was always getting into notoriety about his own wife or the wife of somebody else. Peel was by nature a politician, a master of details and precedents, and never more at home than in the House of Commons, on which, when he spoke, as Lord Beaconsfield has testified, "he played as if it were an old fiddle." Melbourne really detested politics, could bring himself only with difficulty to the examination of even great and important questions, and as a speaker in the House of Commons was a complete failure. Peel's stiffness and want of cordiality seriously injured his prospects in public life. Melbourne's charm of manner, his urbanity and kindness, were the main things which prevented his public life from being a series of disasters. Peel was a *bourgeois* Tory, Melbourne was an aristocratic Whig, and while the one, under the guidance of his judgment was always tending towards Liberalism, the other was in all his instincts, prejudices, and sympathies a Conservative throughout his career. It is true that he was included in the small band of politicians to whom the name of Liberal was first applied. He deserted Grey and Althorp as Palmerston deserted Wellington and Peel, and enrolled himself under the leadership of Canning. Mr. Greville says he hated parliamentary reform, although, as Home Secretary of the Grey Administration, he supported it; while of the repeal of the Corn Laws his view was expressed to the Queen, when he was sitting next to her at dinner at Windsor, with his usual vigour in the words, "Ma'am, it is a damned dishonest act." It was his well-known divergence from the principles of Grey which led to his appointment as his successor in the premiership by William IV. in 1834. The King thought that so bad a Whig was the next best thing to a Tory, for which he exchanged him in six months, when Peel supplanted him—for even a shorter period. But it was then said of him that he understood William IV. more perfectly than anybody else, and it was in his ability to understand people and to adapt himself to them that his strength lay. The esteem and affection with which the Queen is known to have regarded him are frequently illustrated in the anecdotes which Mr. Greville has preserved. But Melbourne's thoughtfulness on Her Majesty's account, and his generosity towards an opponent whom he fervently disliked, are perhaps most pleasingly exemplified in the advice which he transmitted to Peel through Mr. Greville concerning the mode of transacting business with Her Majesty when he retired from office in 1841. He was, in fact, not a statesman, but a courtier. His Administration was one of the worst and most incompetent ever known. It nearly involved us in a war with France, and its budgets displayed an uninterrupted succession of deficits. Its Cabinet councils were often the scene of disputes and recriminations between its members, and when matters proceeded more peacefully the Prime Minister went to sleep. Had it not been for Melbourne's tact and good-humour it would have broken up long before it was turned out. But he was not always equal to the occasion, and Mr. Greville gives a painful description of the "indecision, weakness, and pusillanimity," which marked some of his efforts to pacify his colleagues and prevent an open rupture between them.

PALMERSTON.

THE death of Canning had left Palmerston without a political chief, and he was on the look-out for a new political connection. He had been in office for nearly twenty years under successive Tory Administrations, from that of the Duke of Portland to that of Lord Liverpool. But he saw that the Whigs were in the ascendant, and having already separated himself from Wellington and Peel, he offered his services to Lord Grey. His wish was to lead in the Commons; a project which, if it had been realized, would have materially affected the prospects of Russell. It was arranged, therefore, that Althorp should take the lead of the House. But Palmerston was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and was in Lord Grey's Cabinet when Russell entered it. Palmerston resembled Russell in his courage and self-confidence. Nor was he inferior to him in his undeviating regard for his own interests. But here the likeness between them ends. Palmerston's jaunty and *degagé* air was proverbial from his youth to his extreme old age. He always appeared to be in excellent spirits, and did and said the most disagreeable things with an unruffled temper, and in all lightness of heart. He was not connected by the ties of, at any rate, near kindred with any of the great political houses among either the Tories or the Whigs. His Irish peerage gave him the great advantage of a recognized station, which, though not without a struggle, secured a hold upon "society," and in those days "society" meant, to those who were in it, politics, if they had any capacity and inclination for them. He was not rich, but he was extremely good-looking, and pleasing in his manners. His long and intimate friendship—which ultimately resulted in marriage—with Lady Cowmper, the sister of Lord Melbourne, and one of the three or four *grandes dames* of the period, was of the highest use in the furtherance of his political fortunes. He had much quickness, but little prudence or discretion. His industry was great, his information wide and varied, and his wit and humour abundant and ready in every emergency for either attack or defence. His head rather than his heart was the source of the many-sided sympathies with which he was credited. Beneath the superficial *bonhomie* which fascinated everybody who approached him, there lurked a large

reserve of craft and calculation. His joviality and want of restraint covered and disguised an intelligence ever on the watch for his own advancement and the discomfiture of his adversaries. His sagacity was not deep and far-reaching. He acted far oftener from impulse than from deliberation. He was guided, to use M. Thiers' phrase, "par le caractère, non par la raison." Except in foreign affairs, where he was rash and meddling to an unequalled degree, *laissez aller* was the maxim which he observed both in public and private. The bills of his tradesmen were not less unheeded by him than the growing requirements of the people. Although he would have had no difficulty in paying the former at once, their payment was invariably deferred until the sterner processes of the law were called into action. He was deeply interested in politics, but he was as free from political convictions as Melbourne. Although he concealed his treachery with greater art, he was as treacherous as Russell. His treachery and Russell's treachery indeed manifested themselves under different forms and in different ways. Until he had established his supremacy in his party he was perpetually coquetting with its opponents. It was never quite certain whether he was going to "nobble" the Tories or "square" the Radicals. Russell could never have pretended to be anything else than a Whig. It is true that in his later years he was compelled to concede much to the more advanced section of his followers. But he had no sympathy with either the Philosophical Radicals like Molesworth and Grote, or the Manchester Radicals like Milner Gibson, Cobden, and Bright. Although he was forced by circumstances to renounce it, his famous declaration of "finality" expressed his permanent and unbiassed view of parliamentary reform. In quite another sense from that in which it was applied at first to the great measure of the Grey Administration he wanted the "Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." Still, if he never entertained the slightest notion of deserting his party, his practice of playing for his own hand was perpetually getting them into difficulties and embarrassments. At no time could his colleagues be sure that, as Bear Ellice expressed it, "Johnny was not at some of his dirty tricks." He was always springing mines under their feet, and making a bid for popularity without their knowledge and over their heads. They could never go to bed at night with the full assurance that they would not wake in the morning without being confronted in the newspapers by a Stroud Letter, or an Edinburgh Letter, or a Durham Letter. They could never even rest in certainty that Russell would not denounce them in Parliament as he did denounce them on the conduct of the Crimean War. Palmerston did not give them cause to apprehend anything of this kind. But they could not tell from one day to another to what he was going to commit them in the department under his charge. If he consulted them at all, they might just as well have kept their counsel to themselves as have given it to him. He did precisely what he pleased, whether they liked it or not. He had no notion of what subordination or community of responsibility means. But more than this: it was always on the cards that he might leave them in the lurch altogether.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, in the January *Fortnightly Review*.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

A FLEMISH PICTURE.

It is no uncommon sight to see one of these two young women towing a large two-masted barge up to Bruges from Sluys or Ostend, while her husband or father stands contemplatively at the tiller, and smokes his big china pipe with great enjoyment. One day indeed, as I was sitting sketching outside the town, there came a bigger barge than usual, with the whole female side of the family for three generations engaged in towing it. The grandmother, the mother, two daughters, and a fifth woman, who must, I think, have been the Dutch substitute for a general servant,—all harnessed five abreast, all bent double with the strain of the ropes; while behind them the great boat deeply laden with coal moved gently forward, and the big father smoked his pipe in dignified ease, steering indolently with his foot.

MINNEWATER.

The spot is, indeed, very beautiful; for there one of the canals opens out into a broad space of water to meet a little river which comes down from the surrounding country. There is a low gray stone bridge with two or three wide arches; great banks of reeds, like those in Mr. Millais' "Chill October"; a long row of great poplars, which stretch from the corner of the bridge towards the town; and by their side a solitary round tower, which stands out black against the sunset, and is reflected darkly in the water beneath. By the side of this bridge—which, by the way, is reported to have been the original of Longfellow's celebrated poem of the same name—and separated from it only by a little weir, through which the river tumbles into the canal, is a low marshy island, now cultivated as a nursery garden, but still full of bushes, pollard willows, and rank luxuriant growth; and it is about this island that the story of Minnewater is told, as follows: In the days when the Romans and the Norsemen shared the fortunate country of Belgium between them, there lived a maiden, whose father was one of the chiefs of the latter race, and, with the usual perversity of women, she must needs fall in love, not with the young Dane whom her father had selected for her, but with one of the conquered Belgians. How they met, and how they loved, and how they plighted eternal fidelity, differs but little from all other stories of this nature; nor are we surprised to hear that the despised lover saved the father's life, and was thenceforth of course hated more cordially than ever by the piratical old scoundrel. How her sweetheart went off to the wars; how Minna put off her marriage to the young Dane whom her father had chosen for her; and how, finally, when she could find pretext for delay no longer, she fled, with a single

faithful slave, from the parental roof; and what trials and sorrows she endured in her flight,—all this follows naturally. But at last she came to a place of pleasant waters and luxuriant grass, on the borders of a little village, and, as the chronicler tells us, sat down in cheerful confidence to wait for news of her lover. The days passed on, and still the lover came not, and the cheerful confidence wore away, till one day the slave saw the light fade out of her mistress's eyes, and Minna died quietly, by the side of the stream—and of course, even as she died, there came a noise of footsteps, and a sound of rending branches, and her faithful Stromberg arrived on the scene. So, with the help of the slave, he diverted the water from one of the little courses which intersected the island, and made her bed reverently there for her in the bed of the stream, and then set to work to let the water into its old channel, till it flowed above the grave of his sweetheart. Then—for they did such things in these old days—he sat down to wait till his time too should come; and we fancy that the words of old Sir Godfrey Mallory about Lancelot would apply here: "Then Sir Lancelot never spoke nor smiled any more, and pined and dwined away till he died." And the water is called the Minnewater to this day; and so ends the legend.—*Life, Art, and Nature in Bruges*. By HARRY QUILTER. *January Contemporary Review*.

A SLAVONIC ROMANCE.

A YOUNG Russian named Ludovick, living at St. Petersburg, having repeatedly failed to pass the examination necessary to enter the army, it was laughingly suggested by his friend Jebesky that he should assume Ludovick's name, go south, and pass the examination, and return to St. Petersburg and hand the commission and uniform over to him. What was proposed as a joke was actually carried into serious reality, and in due course Ludovick received the following: "Allow me to congratulate you. I have passed the examination, and am now a lieutenant in the infantry regiment. To-morrow I shall apply for a transfer to St. Petersburg." Ludovick treated himself to a round of gaiety in honour of his success, but soon received the following to lower his spirits: "I have bad news for you. My application for a transfer has been refused, and I have been ordered to the front."

There was nothing for him to do but await events. The next message raised his spirits somewhat. "Allow me to congratulate you. I, or rather you, have been promoted for gallantry in the field, but we are wounded. I hope we shall recover. P.S.—Our bravery has been rewarded with the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle Order." But the next was an effectual damper. "We are getting well of the wound I received at Plevna; but it has been discovered that we are two thousand roubles short in our pay account while I was acting quartermaster. I, or rather we, shall be tried in a few weeks. I am afraid we shall be convicted unless you send me a thousand roubles with which to bribe the investigating committee."

There was nothing for him to do but to save his honour even if it cost him his last shilling, and so he raised the money with very great difficulty and sent it to his friend, who did not write for a long time. At length he relieved the distress of Ludovick. "I bribed the investigating committee and have been honourably acquitted. Your good name is safe. I've got some good news for you. We fell in love with a beautiful girl, and I have married her. You can have no idea how happy we are."

This was a staggerer. Ludovick had fallen in love with another fair one and couldn't break his promise. He experienced the torments of the wicked. His anxiety was unrelieved until months afterwards, when he received the following: "We shall soon be clasped in each other's arms. I am coming to St. Petersburg with our wife and child. I have done a great deal for you. I have ruined my health and lost a good deal of time. Now it is your turn to serve me." A few days afterwards Ludovick was horrified to see his friend drive up to his door with his wife and child. "Here is your uniform, Ludovick, and also your wife and child." The poor woman, ignorant of the deception, died of grief. The friends were tried and punished.—*Modern Society*.

OATHS: PARLIAMENTARY AND JUDICIAL.

THERE is but one class of oaths which I would retain—namely, those taken in courts of justice, or in those legal processes which are connected with such courts—affidavits, sworn interrogatories, and the like. And I would do so because a court of justice is the one and only place I know of where a power beyond all legal restraint, or at least all immediate legal restraint or prevention, still remains, and therefore still needs all the checks upon its exercise that we can devise. No barbarian warrior with his foe at his feet, no baron of the Middle Ages, with dungeon keep and right of pit and gallows, ever possessed more tremendous power than that which is nowadays possessed by the witness or the juryman in a court of law. A word from his mouth may consign an innocent man to the gibbet, or to a life-long imprisonment; may strip him in a moment of all his possessions, or blast him with a social outlawry as terrible as the terrors of the excommunication of old. Against such a power as this we do well still to take all the security that an oath can give us. For this reason and for this alone would I, while abolishing all, or nearly all, other oaths, retain this only. It is the only one which seems to me to completely fulfil the conditions which make oath-taking expedient or even morally right. It is the only one of which a man can say in the words of St. Augustine, "Juro magnâ necessitate compulsus." I would retain it until either—which God forbid—it had lost for all men all its meaning, and therefore all its deterrent power; or until, on the other hand, the entire English people had grown so truthful, so deeply conscious that all words spoken are

spoken in the presence of a Divine Witness and Judge, that their word should be to them as sacred as an oath.

And if this consummation, devoutly as we may wish for it, seems, alas! it does, too wildly improbable ever to be realized, I would fain that we should do all that we may or can to draw towards it by deepening in the hearts of men a love of truth and a hatred of falsehood; and to this end I am fully persuaded it would largely help us were our administration of oaths made as solemn, as reverent, as cautious, and as manifestly reluctant as we can properly or safely make it. If we may not hope ever to attain to a state of things when it shall be possible literally to obey our Lord's command, "Swear not at all," we may at least aim at and strive for a state of things when men shall realize far more deeply and generally than they yet do, that whatsoever is more than the yea and nay of simple truth and honesty comes of the deep-seated evil of untruthfulness in the hearts and lives of men. It is to the correcting of this great root-evil, to the growth of a spirit of truthfulness amongst us, rather than to the dishonest wranglings of party politicians, or the honest but angry and misleading utterances of religious passion, prejudice, or panic, that we must look for the true solution of the question, "Ought we to abolish oaths?"—The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, in the January *Contemporary Review*.

ÆSCHYLUS AND SHAKESPEARE.

THE Greek and the Englishman had something in common beside genius. The roseate glow that comes in the dawn of a nation's life was around them both. Æschylus lived in that brief gleam of splendour between the war which made Greeks discover that Greece was a unity, and the war in which they forgot it. Shakespeare lived in that steady, increasing radiance when England first awoke to feel her power and delight in her freedom. Both were animated by an awakening national life, both sung the glories of their country. But how strikingly the resemblance brings out the difference! We may take Henry V. as a sort of symbol of Shakespeare's pride in England; the hero king shines forth as a type of all that should gather up the loyalty, the patriotism of a subject of Elizabeth; his portrait is painted in Shakespeare's richest hues, and set in his clearest light. The whole play is full of a glowing pride in England, and defiance to her enemies, and this feeling finds its focus in the conqueror of Agincourt; the glory of England is summed up in the glory of an Englishman. But when we turn to the play in which the like sense of a nation's triumph bursts forth in the verse of Æschylus—like, but infinitely greater, for even the new sense of freedom, when the black thunder-cloud of the Armada rolled away, must have been feeble in comparison with the raptures that succeeded Salamis—when we turn to the play in which that rapture of relief is commemorated, we remark with surprise, that while it is filled with the names of Persians, real or invented, Æschylus has studiously avoided the name of a single Greek. That concrete embodiment of national pride, which was indispensable to the Englishman, was abhorrent to the Athenian. He is absorbed by a religious sense of the invisible bond which made his people one, of the Divine power which had fought on their side. "Who is their shepherd and their master? who leads them to the fight?" asks the mother of Xerxes, and we can imagine what an overpowering thrill of emotion went through the crowd of spectators as they heard the answer given by the humbled foes of Greece, "They are subjects of no man." Loyalty was a feeling which would have roused nothing but dread in an Athenian. The subject of reverence was the city, the invisible would endure no rivalry on the part of the visible. Æschylus was recounting the events in which he had borne a part: and doubtless the honour of the warrior was dearer to him than the honour of the poet. Yet all the more he felt that the interest of the drama of the deliverance of Greece must centre in a throne filled by no visible form. Shakespeare makes the most of Henry V.; Æschylus does not take cognizance of the very existence of Miltiades or Themistocles.—JULIA WEDGWOOD, in the January *Contemporary Review*.

SWIFT.

SWIFT was a dignitary of the Church of England, and officially orthodox to the backbone. Was he a believer in the religion he professed, and—harder still for a man of his proud spirit—in the religion that gave him his daily bread? In one of his "Detached Thoughts" he speaks with energy and pathos of the mercy which he believes will be shown on the day of judgment to men of great abilities for their want of faith; and it is no unlikely thing that when he wrote that "Thought" he was thinking of himself. Be this as it may, and leaving the question—as charity and common sense alike enjoin—entirely open, it does not seem presumptuous to imagine that Swift's religion was no stay for him in his darker hours. When "terrible indignation," to use his own forcible phrase, was "lacerating his heart," we feel, though we dare not affirm, that his misery was not soothed by any of those consolations which comforted Pascal in his hours of anguish and smoothed the way to the scaffold for Sir Thomas More.

The main cause, however, of Swift's misery appears to have been his unhappy relations with womankind. But the so-called puzzles and mysteries of this great man's love affairs may not be so mysterious and puzzling as they are often thought to be. He acted foolishly and badly towards Stella: he acted still more foolishly and more unlike a gentleman towards Vanessa. It may well be thought that as the world wags now—or as it wagg'd, for the matter of that, in the days of good Queen Anne—Swift is entitled to be judged with leniency. But his conduct brought the life of one of these ladies to a premature end, and poisoned all the happiness which his love might have given to the other.—*St. James's Gazette*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received a copy of the prospectus of a newspaper—*The Dominion Church of England Temperance Journal*—about to be published here by Mr. Allan C. Winton, in the interest and advocacy of the Church of England Temperance Society. As we understand the project has received the approval of the Executive Committee of the Society, and is calculated, from the character of the prospectus, to be a very valuable aid to its operations, we have little doubt the enterprise will be a success. Mr. Winton, though quite a young man, has been an earnest worker of the Society for many years past in one of the Maritime Provinces, and is evidently thoroughly competent for the work he has undertaken.

THE HAUNTED LIFE. By Josephine R. Fuller. The Temperance Library. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

This book is the worst it has been our misfortune to look into for years. We hope it is not really written by a woman. According to the preface it purports to picture the evils wrought by the temperate drinker; but in fact it is a libel on humanity. It ought to find a place in no temperance library. Any unfortunate teetotaler that may peruse it had far better take to drinking: it may do him or her less harm.

WE have received also the following publications:—

ART INTERCHANGE. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston: Littell and Co.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. January. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. January. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS published last week Prof. Scherer's important work on "The History of German Literature."

"CESAR BIRDIFREAU" is the next novel of Balzac to be brought out in translation by Roberts Brothers. It will appear about the 1st of February.

D. LOTHROP AND Co. will publish in this country Professor A. S. Church's forthcoming story for boys, entitled "Two Thousand Years Ago: the Adventures of a Roman Boy."

THE WORTHINGTON COMPANY have made arrangements with the English publishers to issue on the 25th inst. A. C. Swinburne's work on "Victor Hugo," which has been well received abroad.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. announce for immediate publication a volume entitled "Progressive Orthodoxy," made up of the editorial articles on this subject which have appeared in recent numbers of the *Andover Review*.

ESTES AND LAURIAT have published a limited edition, in three volumes, of "The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley." The text of this edition has been carefully revised, and has notes and a memoir by William M. Rossetti.

THE first number of the *Unitarian*, the new religious monthly edited by Brooke Herford and J. T. Sulzerlan I, and published by Charles H. Kerr and Co., Chicago, redeems the promises made in its prospectus. It contains thirty-two pages of the *Harper's Monthly* size, filled with most interesting matter.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS have in press a volume by Barnett Smith, entitled "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria." Sketches are given of Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Earl Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury.

HENRY HOLT AND Co. will be the American publishers of Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government," and of "The Father's Tragedy," and other poetic dramas, by Michael Field; also of Zeller's "Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy," translated by Sarah Frances Alleyne and Evelyn Abbott.

As it promised to be, the *Andover Review* is a thoroughly progressive monthly, in which the problems of theology, as they present themselves to independent and thoughtful readers, are ably and comprehensively discussed in a becoming and proper spirit. The January number is both able and attractive.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. published last week "Forms in Conveyancing," by Leonard A. Jones; "A Treatise on Trustee Process," by George W. McConnell; Parts I. and II. of a new edition of Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions"; and, in their Riverside Literature Series, Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair."

TICKNOR AND COMPANY have just published "The Story of Margaret Kent," which is described as a new and thrilling novel of literary life in New York. One of the most exacting of reviewers says that it will "convince and touch thoughtful and sensitive readers"; and another, a well-known novelist and poet, says: "The plot and situations are original and natural. It is out of the common run, and sparkles with life—real life—and deep feeling."

AMONG the new books announced for publication by Ticknor and Company shortly are the sixth edition of "American Whist," by G. W. P.; "Cleopatra," by Henry Gréville; and "Elder Tools of Speech," by Maturin M. Ballou—a new work in which are preserved the choicest expressions and opinions of the great thinkers and writers of all ages, from Confucius to Ruskin. These apothegms and memorabilia are all carefully classified by topics; so that the choicest worth of many years of patient labour is condensed into perfect form and made readily available.

A FRENCHMAN named Lahontan has just accomplished a remarkable feat in book renovation. He had sent him from London a copy of Coverdale's Bible that was completely saturated with fat, having been used by a marketman as a "rest" for his butter-tubs, and badly eaten by mice. His process was to treat each leaf to a judicious course of chlorine in solution and ammonia, while the dirt was removed by some process known only to himself. He then supplied the defective portions by carefully grafting on selected pieces of paper of the requisite texture and shade. The missing letterpress was fac-similed. The whole was then sized and afterwards appropriately bound by one of the best Parisian binders, the whole cost of this treatment being \$200.

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- Operations before Fort Donelson. Illustrated. Gen. Win. Farrar ("Baldy") Smith.
- From Burnside to Hooker. Transfer of the Army of the Potomac, 1863. Major William Richard Mills.
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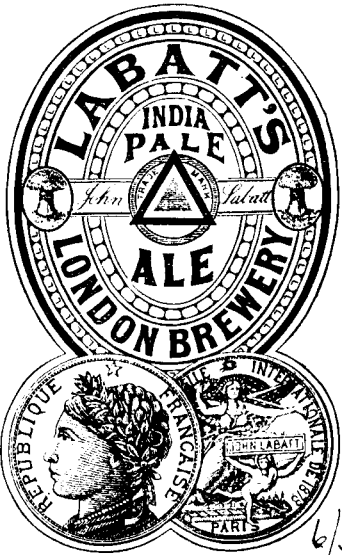
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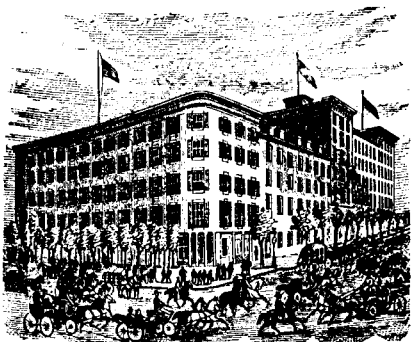
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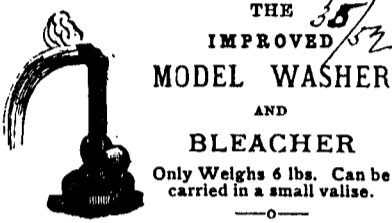
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