

THE WEEK:

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The Week.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It is deplorable that the domain of public justice should be invaded by faction, and that the decision of the question whether a man shall or shall not suffer the extreme penalty of the law should be allowed in any measure to depend not upon the legality or righteousness of the sentence, but upon the rival interests of political parties. For this, however, we all looked in the case of Riel. To fix on the Head of the Government the responsibility for a determination by which loss of votes may be incurred is naturally the first object of the Opposition. On the Head of the Government, beyond doubt, the responsibility rests. We are to be governed in accordance with the well-known principles of the British Constitution, and no principle of the British Constitution can be better known or more thoroughly established than that which prescribes that the prerogative of mercy shall be exercised like the other perogatives under the advice of the Ministers of the Crown. The Lepine case, in which the Governor-General personally exercised the prerogative for the purpose of cutting an inextricable knot, was followed by an assertion and recognition of the general rule, and was itself so exceptional in its circumstances that it would be almost as reasonable to cite, by way of precedent, the personal order given at a desperate crisis by George III. to the troops to act in the Lord George Gordon riots. The Governor-General is out of the question, and he will no doubt be wise enough to preserve his constitutional position. On the other hand, what is the extent of the Minister's responsibility? The law which has pronounced the doom of treason is above the Executive; unless the Minister can assign a special cause for interfering with it he is bound to let it take its course; and he is no more responsible for the course which it takes than is any private citizen. That the punishment in the particular case is capital makes no difference whatever in the principle which regulates the Minister's duty. In the present instance what cause for interference can be assigned? The judge evidently was satisfied with the verdict. For the recommendation by the jury to mercy no reason was given, and it was probably nothing more than an expression of the common unwillingness of jurymen to take a man's blood upon their heads. If it had any more

specific meaning, it must be taken to have had reference to the defence, and to have implied a doubt in the minds of the jury whether the prisoner was perfectly sane. But, as we have said before, it is preposterous to pretend that Riel was not answerable for his actions. Supposing that he was really the victim of religious hallucinations, and that his assumption of a prophetic character was self-delusion, not imposture, is every religious maniac—are the believers in Katie King, the "Dancing Rainbows" of the Salvation Army, the visionaries who rave about the Millennium and the Second Advent—to receive a charter of license to cut our throats or get up murderous rebellions on the ground of their insanity? Extenuating circumstances the presiding judge evidently considered that there were none, while the instigation of Indian revolt, which always entails Indian massacre, was as strong a circumstance of aggravation as it would have been possible to devise. Could Riel have been tried for the murder of the two priests not a voice would have been raised in his favour. Yet he was morally more guilty of the murder of the two priests than the ignorant and embruted savages by whose hands they were butchered and mutilated. As to the fairness of the trial no reasonable doubt can be entertained; to put Half-breeds on a jury which was to try the leader of a Half-breed rebellion would have been evidently fatuous and tantamount to a total denial of justice to the country at large and to all whose kinsmen have perished in the insurrection. That the jury by which the verdict was pronounced was not prejudiced against the prisoner seems to be shown by the recommendation to mercy. It lies not in the mouth of the Government, at all events, by which the mode of trial was determined, to say that the proceeding was unfair. There can be but one motive for arresting the course of justice, and if that motive is suffered to prevail it will be manifest that Confederation means French ascendancy.

Few events in ceremonial history have been more significant than the presence of two Confederate generals as pall-bearers at the funeral of General Grant. This, at all events, is the end of the Civil War and of all divisions and combinations which have had their roots and their justification in it. The bloody shirt can be waved no more. And now the question must be faced, on what basis are political parties henceforth to rest? What is it that for the future will give a meaning to the names Republican and Democrat, or make it rational and patriotic for an American citizen to enlist in one of the two organizations and wage political war against the other? Two great questions, and two only, are now before the American people. One is the Tariff, the other the reform of the Civil Service. But on neither of these does the division of opinion correspond, or anything like correspond, with the lines of the established parties. Though most of the Republicans are Protectionists, many are Free Traders or in favour of a reduction of the tariff, and though the Democratic Party has hitherto been reactionary on the subject of the Civil Service, a Democratic President is now the great champion and the hope of Reform. Moreover, each of the two parties is in a state of pronounced though incipient disintegration. The independent Republicans, whose votes turned the day against their party and elected Cleveland, still profess to cherish their party allegiance, and try to persuade themselves that the schism is temporary; but every day it becomes more apparent that a reunion will never take place between them and the adherents of Mr. Blaine. The Bourbon wing of the Democratic Party and all the disappointed votaries of the Spoils System are in arms against President Cleveland, while the Irish, whose union with the Conservative Democrats was a strange anomaly, and owed its origin to the relations of both with Slavery, have also gone their own way and are not likely to return. The Presidency of Cleveland is the triumph of national over party government, and if he goes forward bravely in his present course the hearts of good citizens will turn to him and the triumph will be complete. Thinking men, then, we repeat, will have to brush conventionalism aside and confront with open minds the problem which the course of events has now distinctly set before them for solution. Nobody has proposed, as a correspondent of the *New York Nation* loosely says, "to abolish parties." By party is meant a natural and spontaneous combination of men in support of particular opinions and measures; nor is there any fear that

in this sense the political atmosphere will be left without winds to purify it by their agitation. What some persons, having the present state of things in all Parliamentary countries before their eyes, have proposed to abolish, or perhaps we should rather say regard as certain to abolish itself, is party government, that is, the system of making the offices of State the prize of a perpetual faction fight. In every Parliamentary country, both in Europe and in America, the system is now in a state of pronounced decadence, and is sinking into hopeless sectionalism and confusion. What is to restore its vigour, and make it again a solid foundation for government?

IF Opposition orators, when they declaim against Government and institutions, remembered the use which might be made of their language by the enemies of their country they would perhaps keep their eloquence more strictly within the limits of fact. British Radicals on the stump and in quest of the Irish Vote by their reckless tirades about the wrongs of Ireland have furnished Irish editors in America with a pretext for repeating the assertion that Ireland is "the worst governed country in Europe"; worse governed, we presume, than Poland, Russia, Spain, or the European provinces of Turkey. These gentlemen cannot be brought to face the fact that Protestant Ulster is in Ireland and no part of the world is better governed or more prosperous, contented and loyal. If county government in Ireland is not representative, neither is it in England, and Parliament, as has been repeatedly said, was preparing to make it representative in both when the Irish rebellion broke out. There is a Lord Lieutenant in Ireland and there is not one in England; that is the main difference between the institutions of the two countries; and a Bill for the abolition of the office passed the British House of Commons by an overwhelming majority more than thirty years ago, and would have become law but for the opposition of the Irish members. That Ireland has her full share of representation in the United Parliament cannot be denied; but we are told that the United Parliament is an alien Assembly in which the Irish delegation, being only a minority, is impotent. Instead of being impotent, the Irish delegation held for many years, and at this moment holds, the balance of power. Mr. John Morley announces that the Irish now "count for everything," and those who triumphantly quote him can hardly aver in the same breath that the Irish count for nothing. Why is the United Parliament any more alien to Ireland than to Scotland? Why is it more alien to Ireland than the German Reichstag to Bavaria or the Federal Assembly of Switzerland to the Catholic Cantons? The *Times*, it seems, has spoken of the Parnellites as "an alien" party. Considered that the Parnellites have openly avowed themselves enemies of Great Britain and declared that they would levy civil war if they had the power, the epithet alien as applied to them does not seem to be very startling or to constitute a foundation on which any vast structure of sinister influence can be built. Once more we beg leave to challenge those who maintain that Ireland has been neglected to point out a single instance of any importance in which the Irish delegation has, with anything like unanimity, and with reasonable persistency, pressed a local reform, and the United Parliament has turned a deaf ear to the appeal. The charge against Parliament of indifference to Irish questions is about as well founded as the charge against Lord Spencer of putting innocent men to death upon suborned evidence. Irish American partisans of Parnell are surely guilty of something like effrontery in claiming Mr. Gladstone as a patron of their cause. Have not the Parnellites requited all Mr. Gladstone's services to Ireland by overthrowing his Government and treating him personally, not only with bare-faced ingratitude, but with the grossest contumely. Is he not, even when he worships in his parish church at Hawarden, protected by police from the knives of Disunionist assassins?

THE enthusiastic advocates of Free Trade have no doubt overrated the beneficent influence of their favourite principle in promoting peace and good-will among nations. Unfortunately the converse does not equally hold good. The malignant influence of the Protectionist principle in promoting ill-will and war can hardly be exaggerated. The wars of the last century were largely Protectionist. Great Britain being the largest exporter of manufactures, all the organs of Protectionism in the United States devote themselves, as a matter of course, to the cultivation of hostility to Great Britain. They have always received in their good work the assistance of that party in England which desires to re-impose the tax on grain, and which constantly preaches hatred of America. It is natural, therefore, that *The American*, as the organ of Pennsylvania manufacturers, should be, as it is, bitterly Anti-British, and do its utmost to thwart the action of the kindly and healing influences which are bringing about a reconciliation of the Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Lowell, as an organ of those influences, has just been awakening its antipathies. Of course *The American* vehemently espouses the cause of the Irish Nationalists,

especially since the Irish Vote has gone over from the Democratic Party to Mr. Blaine, and advocates with great moral earnestness the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. In a paper on that subject it finds itself somewhat at a loss to specify the intelligible causes of Irish Secession. It cannot help admitting that the Viceroyalty is a remediable evil in no way identified with the Union, and that other evils of which complaint is made, such as the absence of representation in local government, are common to the three kingdoms and capable of abatement in all. That the British Government is in the habit of "tossing puling infants on bayonets" or "calling in famine to exterminate the Irish people when the sword has failed" it does not venture, with the Philadelphian Convention, to affirm. It admits in short that the reasons assigned for Secession are bad, but it contends that there must be good reasons of an occult character behind, and these, it says, "it is the business of a student of history to discover." A student of history would, we humbly conceive, be neither very rationally nor very virtuously employed in raking among the archives of the past to find factitious pretexts for agrarian murder or for civil war. Real grievances in their relations with their landlords the Irish peasantry have had, but at these *The American*, as a capitalist organ, scoffs, telling the Irish that there is no more harm in landlords than in hills. *The American* is blind, at least we hope it is blind, to this fact among others, that the races are not divided by the Irish Channel but are inextricably blended with each other, there being a large British element in Ireland and a large Irish element in Great Britain; so that the goal towards which the abettors of Nationalism are really driving is a deadly struggle of the two races for the possession of both islands. *The American* thinks that Ireland ought to be able to support the whole of her present population without further depletion by emigration because she exports meat and butter. She exports meat and butter and having little coal imports from England that and all the articles for the manufacture of which coal is necessary; but *The American* would no doubt recommend her to eat all her own butter and to go without fire and clothes; the Protectionist theory being that at the table of nature one guest ought to have all the soup and the other all the salt. *The American* counsels England "to rise to the height of letting the country go." Its compatriots did not rise to the height of letting the South go, though the Unionist Party in the South was nothing like so large as is the Unionist Party in Ireland, and slavery was a dividing line at least as strong as the Irish Channel. The advice of an enemy is always instructive; you have only to consider it well and act against it. This was the use which the American Republic most wisely, and to the great benefit of civilization made of the advice given it by the Tory sympathizers with Secession in England. This is the use which the British people, if they are not in their dotage, will make of the advice given them by American monopolists. *The American* taxes British Unionists with Jingoism. It is one thing to be heartily willing that Great Britain shall keep the law of morality at whatever sacrifice of her territorial greatness; it is another thing to be willing to see her dismembered by conspiracy, aided by the selfish madness of faction. She will at all events not take lessons in self-sacrifice from monopolists who not only impose iniquitous taxes, but by stirring up evil passions between nations retard the progress of civilization.

IN England, the Government being no longer harassed by an obstructive Opposition, such legislation as was matter of urgency has been accomplished, and the Session at last comes to a close. It will probably be remembered hereafter as having displayed in the most signal and disastrous manner the infirmities of the party system and the inability of such a body as the House of Commons to govern a country. On both sides preparations now commence for the general election which it is assumed will take place in November; and as the field of decisive battle comes into view the selfish and unpatriotic violence of both factions becomes more inflamed and the danger of the country increases. It might be taken for granted, without any cablegram, that at such a moment there would be a disposition among moderate and patriotic men, both Conservatives and Liberals, to draw together, and if possible to form some combination for the purpose of saving the country from confusion and dismemberment. The names of the Dukes of Richmond and Argyll have been coupled with a movement of this kind. The Duke of Richmond's character, in spite of the mediocrity of his talents, gives him great weight; the Duke of Argyll, in spite of his eloquence and accomplishments, has less influence. But neither of the two is the man to lead the nation out of Egypt. Both are, among other disqualifications, too closely connected with an order and an interest. To lead the nation out of Egypt a man must have his head high above orders and special interests as well as above party. Meantime the two extreme factions have the organizations in their hands, and by the evil law of their nature both of them will be impelled to eliminate as far as possible from the national council all who care only for the country.

HAVING entered on his course of self-abasement Lord Salisbury seems determined to go to the end. His last act but one was to order the Irish Executive to strike its flag to the mutinous municipality of Limerick, which had defiantly refused to pay the assessment for extra police under the Crimes Act. His last act, if the telegram is correct, is to pay tribute to the social ambition of Mr. Lawson, *alias* Levy, the proprietor of the London *Telegraph* and the wielder of its influence, after retiring from whose sumptuous board the haughtiest of politicians probably underwent some rite of social purification. It must be conceded to the upholders of the hereditary principle that family characteristics live long, and that a trait sometimes recurs in a curious manner after the lapse of generations. The Lord Salisbury of the time of Charles I. has found a place in Clarendon's gallery of historical portraits. "The Earl of Salisbury . . . had been admitted of the Council of King James; from which time he continued so obsequious to the Court that he never failed in overacting all that he was required to do. No act of power was ever proposed which he did not advance and execute his part with the utmost rigour. . . . In matters of State and Council he always concurred in what was proposed for the King and cancelled and repaired all these transgressions by concurring in all that was proposed against him as soon as any such propositions were made. Yet when the King went to York, he likewise attended upon his Majesty, and at that distance seemed to have recovered some courage and concurred in all counsels which were taken to undeceive the people and to make the proceedings of the Parliament odious to all the world. But on a sudden he caused his horses to attend him out of the town and, having placed fresh ones at a distance, he fled back to London with the expedition such men use when they are most afraid; and never after denied to do anything that was required of him; and when the war was ended and Cromwell had put down the House of Peers, he got himself to be chosen a member of the House of Commons, and sat with them as of their own body, and was esteemed accordingly"—that is to say, became, according to Clarendon, despicable to all men. Here, if we mistake not, we have the manifest progenitor of the Marquis, who is "a reed painted to look like iron," who *saute pour mieux reculer*, who sacrifices Lord Spencer's reputation and the dignity of the Executive for the Irish Vote, who ostentatiously hobnobs with Mr. Lawson, *alias* Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph*.

IN France as well as in England a great electoral struggle is impending, and this time it will be with *Scrutin de liste*, or departmental tickets instead of elections for small local constituencies, which will enable the parties more completely to set their forces in array against each other. The parties are many in number and their list is always being increased, the fissiparous process becoming more and more rapid when disintegration has once set in, and the enmity between the newborn organisms being generally bitter in direct proportion to their affinity. There are several sections of Republicans proper, besides Socialists or Communists, more or less advanced. There are Royalists of the pure breed and Royalists of a breed not so pure. There are two factions of Bonapartists perpetually conspiring against each other as well as against the Republic. It does not appear that any party has the faintest chance of obtaining a majority of the whole Chamber, or that there is any prospect of a sound basis for a Government. Efforts have been made in more than one quarter to bring about coalitions for the purpose of averting Parliamentary anarchy, but they seem to have totally failed. Coalitions in a bag of vipers are not easily adjusted; each of the brood is willing enough to coalesce provided it can have the sole dictation of the joint programme. So beyond the election opens a boundless vista of shifting combinations and ephemeral ministries. Italy and Spain as well as France are in a state of political crisis or only just emerging from it. Nor is there the slightest reason for believing that in any one of these countries matters will mend or party government ever become anything but the chaotic babel of warring factions which it is. Their policy of agitation, says the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, corresponds neither to the wishes nor the instincts of the immense mass of the nation devoted to quiet industry, which has no desire but to live in peace, and to have its beliefs and sentiments respected as well as its interests. No doubt such is the desire of the mass; and in the end the mass will probably revolt against the pestilent activity of the politicians; but the revolt is too likely to come in the form of an overthrow of free institutions.

EMANCIPATION is the order of the day. Now comes Mr. James Simson with a plea for the emancipation of the Gipsies. But what he wants done or in what respect his clients stand in need of social emancipation, we altogether fail to perceive. In the days of intolerance the heathen wanderers were persecuted. Often they were shipped off to other countries by the governments in accordance with the international principles of the

times when every foreign country was treated as a Botany Bay; and this mode of dealing with them aided their dispersion. Sometimes they were more severely treated, and in benighted Hungary, so late as 1782, forty-five of them were beheaded or hanged on a false charge of cannibalism. Perhaps the erroneous notion that they were Egyptians may have prejudiced them in the eyes of Covenanters and other uncritical zealots of the Old Testament, and the practice of fortune-telling was sure to expose them to the fatal imputation of sorcery. But now these strange waifs of Hindostan are objects rather of romantic interest than of bigoted antipathy. Their French name, *Bohemien* is applied to a class of people who, though not venerated, are neither hated nor altogether despised, and in England a famous cricket-club rejoices in the name of "I Zingari." Of all the parasitic races which have spread over the earth to feed upon the earnings of other races, while the Jews are by far the most important, the Gipsies are the humblest and least obnoxious. In England the Gipsy encampment which but half a century ago was a familiar object in the rural districts is, like many other features of old English country life, being rapidly numbered with the past. The strip of waste land which the easy-going agriculture of former days left by the road-side, and on which the Gipsy tent was pitched and the Gipsy's horse found pasture, is being taken in; the wide-spreading hedge under which the tent found shelter is being trimmed or grubbed up. The wild and furtive glances of the dusky brood which, amidst the homes of England, kept the religion of a wandering life, will soon meet the passenger's eye no more. The landscape itself of which they were a part, with its thatched cottages and antique homesteads, will live only in the paintings of the day. What is left of genuine Gipsy blood will mingle with the blood of the European races, and the main current will hardly feel the influence of the tiny rill. Here and there, perhaps, individual temperament may betray an oriental origin, and a politician of the Gipsy stock may be found practising for the great prizes of ambition the arts by which his forefathers cozened the farmer's wife out of her pence. Poetry will preserve the image of a form which will have vanished, and erratic genius, if such a thing as erratic genius survives under the reign of science, will continue to own its affinity to the Gipsy.

It is pleasant and reassuring to see justice done, though late; and justice, complete justice, has been done at last to the deeply injured memory of Sir Elijah Impey. Macaulay, in his Essay on Warren Hastings, has charged Impey with judicially murdering Nuncomar out of subserviency to Hastings, whom Nuncomar had accused of corruption. He has charged him with slavishly abetting crimes perpetrated under the authority of Hastings in Oude, and with a whole series of other enormities; with setting up a legal reign of terror in Bengal; with usurping supreme authority and then selling his monstrous pretensions for an enormous bribe. He has held him up to execration as "a judge such as has not dishonoured the English ermine since Jeffreys drank himself to death in the Tower," as the lowest tool to be found in the Inns of Court, as affording a parallel to a corsair, as gratuitously intruding himself into a foul business with which he had nothing to do, because he was allured by the peculiar rankness of the infamy to be obtained by it. Giving full play to his imagination, the great essayist proceeds to taint the very boyhood of Impey, and to exhibit him as bribed by Hastings, when they were schoolfellows, with tarts and balls to play sneaking tricks. This story, set forth with all Macaulay's brilliancy of rhetoric and power of invective, has become familiar to all who read the English language, and has hitherto passed for unquestionable truth. Those who knew Macaulay's habits might possibly suspect exaggeration in a portrait which was not so much that of a corrupt and wicked man as that of a very mean devil. To few, very few, it was known that the charges had been denied by Impey's son in a treatise which, though angry, confused and unreadable, contained some strong statements of fact on the other side, of which Macaulay had taken no notice whatever. The case of Nuncomar and the other charges against Impey have now been thoroughly examined by Sir James Stephen, a man of most powerful and judicial mind as well as the first of criminal lawyers; and the result is that Macaulay's story is proved to be, not merely exaggerated and overcoloured, but totally and absolutely false. Nuncomar was not judicially murdered; he had a perfectly fair trial which lasted through seven days, and was convicted on what Sir James Stephen deems sufficient evidence. He was tried, not before Impey alone, as Macaulay, with astonishing recklessness of fact, gives his readers to understand, but before Impey and three other judges, two of whom had been the committing magistrates, and all of whom were equally responsible with their chief. Instead of bearing hard upon the prisoner or his witnesses, it appears that Impey behaved with perfect impartiality, or rather showed a leaning in favour of the prisoner; that he summed up fairly, and left the case entirely to the jury. There would prob-

ably have been an acquittal but for the evidence of a witness injudiciously recalled for the defence at the personal instance of the prisoner. It is clearly shown that the jury was not packed but chosen in a fair and regular way. Nuncomar was defended by the only good advocate at the Calcutta bar, who, as Sir James Stephen observes, had the conspiracy existed, would probably have been secured by the conspirators. Proof or sign of a desire to do Nuncomar to death there is none. His offence, involving subornation of perjury as well as forgery, was as grave as a commercial offence could be: it would infallibly have hanged him in England, and the grounds, or what were then supposed to be the grounds, for making a commercial offence capital were hardly less strong in Calcutta than in London. At all events, Impey did not make the law. Nor was Nuncomar hurried to his doom: an unusually long interval was allowed between the sentence and the execution. To reprieve him was not in the power of Impey alone, as Macaulay implies when he charges Impey with turning a deaf ear to all prayers for mercy: it could have been done only by the whole court. But Impey protested, and with apparent truth, that he would gladly have saved the prisoner if a remission of sentence had been possible, after the unhappy conduct of Nuncomar himself, without exposing the court to the suspicion of corrupt influence. That Hastings was the prime mover, Macaulay says, can be doubted only by a biographer or an idiot. Facts give the reply that saving a not very close coincidence of time between Nuncomar's production of charges against Hastings and the trial there is not a shadow of ground for supposing that Hastings had anything to do with the matter. It does not appear that, as matters then stood, he had any particular interest in Nuncomar's death. The charge against Nuncomar could not have been trumped up for a political object, inasmuch as it had arisen out of private litigation commenced long before the quarrel between him and Hastings. Impey proved, by opposing Hastings on an important occasion, that he was not under his influence, much less under his influence to such an extent as to serve him by the perpetration of a judicial murder. A reference in a letter of Hastings to a great service done him by Impey evidently relates not to the murder of Nuncomar, as Macaulay dogmatically affirms, but to the legal support given by the Supreme Court, of which Impey was the chief, to Hastings against his enemies in the Council who were trying to dispossess him of the office of Governor-General. The party hostile to Hastings in the Council, so far from interposing in favour of Nuncomar, as they unquestionably would have done if they had supposed that Hastings was the mover, positively declined to interpose, saying that it was a private affair, and had no relation to the public concerns of the country. All the other charges against Impey are disposed of by Sir James Stephen not less completely than the charge of judicially murdering Nuncomar. Impey was not a very exalted character or unerring, but he seems to have done his duty to the best of his ability, and even to have rendered important service. So his form descends from the gibbet, on which it has so long been exposed to universal hatred and contempt. Its place is taken by that of the unconscientious, unvarnished, and unjust historian. Sir James Stephen has a great tenderness for Macaulay, whose friend he was, whose literary admirer he is, and lets him down as easily as he can. He pleads that the *Essay on Hastings* was "a mere effort of journalism hastily put together from insufficient materials." Surely this is a poor excuse for fictions so baseless and so calumnious, when they are published, not by a boy in a newspaper, but by a man of mature intellect writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, and with every facility for ascertaining the truth. It is a poor excuse even for the original publication. But what shall we say of Macaulay's persistence in these calumnies, of his total disregard of the younger Impey's book which must have shown him that he was wrong in some most important particulars, notably in representing Nuncomar as having been tried by Impey alone, when in fact he had been tried by four judges? Why did he not correct his *Essay*, as truth and justice required? It seems that in one particular he did correct it. As originally published, it accused Impey of attesting affidavits which he had not read, and could not have read, since they were in Persian, a language which Impey did not know. Afterwards he learned that Impey did know Persian, and he then struck out "Persian" and substituted "dialect of Upper India," which is contrary to the fact, the affidavits having really been in Persian. There is surely something worse than carelessness here.

MACAULAY is so universally read, and by his surpassing brilliancy so much affects not only our views of history but our ways of thinking, that anything which affects his trustworthiness is important. Only those who have proved some portion of his history with care know the license which he gives to his imagination. It is a common practice with him, especially in depicting a person or a period, to take a particular and perhaps exceptional circumstance, over-paint it, multiply it indefinitely, and give

it as a characteristic. A marked instance of this has been exposed by Sir James Stephen in the passage of the *Essay on Warren Hastings* depicting Impey's reign of terror. "There were instances," says Macaulay, "in which men of the most venerable dignity, persecuted without a cause by extortioners, died of rage and shame in the gripe of the vile alguazils of Impey." Sir James Stephen finds that the only matter to which this can refer is the case of the Cazi Sadhi, who having been legally taken in execution in a cause in which he was defendant, and in which he had been found guilty of corruptly oppressing a helpless widow, died on a boat on the Ganges on his way to Calcutta while under a guard of Sepoys, with which, though rhetorically transmuted into vile alguazils of Impey, the Supreme Court had nothing to do. Again Macaulay says, that "the harems of noble Mohammedans, sanctuaries respected in the East by governments which respected nothing else, were burst open by gangs of bailiffs, and there were instances in which they shed their blood in the doorway while defending, sword in hand, the sacred apartments of their women." Sir James Stephen has carefully gone through the whole of the evidence for these appalling generalities. He finds that there was one instance in which one Mohammedan of some rank thought that his friend's zenana was likely to be broken open and stood in the doorway, sword in hand, to defend it; but the zenana was not broken open, nor was any attempt to break it open made; the house was broken open and a fray ensued in which the father of the Mohammedan in question was endangered. One zenana was broken into by a bailiff and a slave girl was wounded; and the Advocate-General suggested that the matter should be laid before the Court which would, if applied to, punish the bailiff. One other zenana is said to have been entered, but no details are given. "Upon these three cases," says Sir James Stephen, "and no other materials that I can discover, is founded all the eloquence about Wat Tyler, a reign of terror and a cruel humiliation of all the nobility of Bengal." "No Mahratta invasion," says Macaulay, "had ever spread through the province such dismay as the inroad of English lawyers. All the injustice of former oppression, Asiatic and European, appeared as a blessing when compared with the justice of the Supreme Court." When it is considered that, as Sir James Stephen points out, the Mahrattas ravaged the country with fire and sword, committing countless barbarities in search of plunder, and cutting off ears and noses, so that the wretched Bengalis fled in shoals across the Ganges to take refuge or perish in the hills and jungles, it must be owned that a historian who tells us that Impey's legal reign of terror, which is itself a figment of his own brain, spread greater dismay than any Mahratta invasion is gifted with a fine fancy and allows it full play. We are persuaded that it would appear, upon a critical examination, that the pranks of Macaulay's imagination had not been confined to the proceedings of Impey and the Supreme Court, but had extended to the conduct of the British in India generally during that period. Between the conquest of Bengal and the introduction of a regular system of political administration there was undoubtedly an interval of disorder and corruption; but the Company's servants, though exposed to temptations against which they were not proof, were, at worst, covetous men, not fiends, and were to some extent, at all events, under the control of British opinion. The incomparable dryness of Mill, who is the chief accuser, is no guarantee, as Sir James Stephen justly says, for his accuracy; and no man could be less qualified by temperament and intellectual position to do justice to great adventures or great adventurers. It is to be hoped, for the sake of historical justice and British honour, that we shall have the benefit of Sir John Stephen's colossal industry and impartial judgment with regard to other parts of the subject as well as with regard to the story of Impey and Nuncomar.

THOSE who watch the course of opinion in England with the clearest eyes tell us that Mr. Drummond's book on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has an amazing success with religious people, who seem to think that it has at last cleared away all difficulties and set orthodoxy on a firm foundation of science. That the book is highly ingenious and very interesting all will admit, but for our part a re-perusal of it upon the arrival of this high testimony to its influence fails to assure us that it affords a new foundation for our faith. It must surely strike everybody as strange that the real basis of Christianity should be discovered in an entirely unexpected manner nineteen centuries after Christ, and should now appear, in effect, as a sequel to the theories of Darwin. We say discovered because no one can imagine that the figurative language of Christ or St. Paul respecting the new birth of the spirit can really have anything to do with the theory of Biogenesis, or that the question between that and spontaneous generation was in any way present to their minds. "The inquiry into the origin of Life," says the writer, "is the fundamental question alike of Biology and Christianity." In the chapter on Biogenesis lies the gist of the whole argument.

The history of the experiments in Spontaneous Generation is recounted ; from their failure it is inferred that "life can come only from the touch of Life," and it is laid down that this law must extend from the natural into the spiritual world. This is the new foundation for religious faith, which to the discoverer seems adamant, but to us, we confess, appears of a much more friable nature. In the first place the negative result of the experiments in Spontaneous Generation is not a demonstration of the impossibility of the process, but only of the inability of science with its present resources to detect and exhibit it. In the second place, supposing it to be proved that Spontaneous Generation has now ceased, it does not follow that Life may not have been brought into existence by material conditions which have now passed away, and have been thenceforth propagated by way of Biogenesis, in which case its origin would be just as material as if it were coming daily out of the crucible of science. "I affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life." These are the words of Tyndall upon which Mr. Drummond rests his case. It will be observed that they import no more than the failure of experiments in Spontaneous Generation up to the present time, and that they are limited by the qualification "in our day." If we accept, and Mr. Drummond does accept, the theory of Evolution, can we confidently assume, can we even rationally suppose, that an "impassable gulf," an "impenetrable wall," separates the most lively kind of matter from the lowest form of vegetable life, and that nothing but a living antecedent inserted by a special fiat of Creative Power could generate the life of the lichen? Is it not much more natural to suppose that in this stage of evolution, as in the rest, the transition was gradual; that the course of development was unbroken, and that the original nebula, or whatever the raw material of the universe was, contained among other things the potency of life? That the truth of religion depended on the result of a physical experiment, so that if an infusion of hay sealed up in a bottle had given birth to rudimentary animalcules, our faith in God and Christianity would have collapsed, is surely a startling announcement and one which must make us still regard infusions of hay with a certain amount of awe and misgiving. Mr. Drummond constantly speaks of Spiritual Life as a thing not less distinct from moral life than the organic is from the inorganic, and as having an existence apart with special laws of its own; but here, to say the least, we feel the need of precise statement and definition. It may be added that if there is really an impassable barrier, if there is really a door which none can open, between the moral and the spiritual, so that by no effort or spontaneous process of any sort can a man become spiritually minded without being literally born anew from a spiritual life antecedent, we are landed apparently in Predestinarianism of the most rigid kind and in the hopeless contradictions which arise between Predestinarian religion and morality. That the character which a man attains by effort is not growth is supported by no better argument than that growth must be "something mysterious." But what mystery is there in the growth of a radish or an oyster which does not equally attach to the growth of man in excellence by moral effort? Throughout this treatise, as it seems to us, the doctrine of sudden conversion is taken for granted and made, under various disguises, to prove itself. When Christ bids us consider the lilies how they grow, he surely does not mean that we are to renounce effort and trust for the attainment of excellence to supernatural intervention; if he did he would contradict his own teaching. He means that the raiment of beauty in which Nature clothes the lily rebukes the fretful anxiety in which we toil and spin. Not by any *tour de force* of this kind, it is to be feared, will science be reconciled with religion.

OLD BOUNDARY DISPUTES.*

OUR thanks are due to Sir Francis Hincks for breaking the monotony of the tirade in which Canadian writers had hitherto denounced the Ashburton settlement of the north-east boundary question. Objectors forget or do not care to remember that neither England nor the United States was in possession of evidence by which it could make out its claim, and that in compromise alone could a settlement be found. The great merit of the Ashburton treaty was that it saved two kindred nations from the danger of war. The seven millions of acres of land in dispute were divided as nearly as possible between the two claimants. England not only got more land than the award of the king of the Netherlands gave her, but what was more important, she got a frontier which, instead of overlooking the citadel of Quebec, did not approach nearer than within sixty miles of it, and the line where it was parallel with the St. Lawrence receded much farther from that river than the line of the award which Lord

Palmerston, when in power, had accepted, and which the United States Senate had rejected on the ground, which England did not contest, that the arbitrator had exceeded his authority. But the acceptance of the award of the king of the Netherlands did not prevent Lord Palmerston, out of office, denouncing the settlement of the Treaty of Washington, 1842, as a "capitulation." The cry once set up any parrot could repeat. There has been little more than repetition of old objections even by the ablest of recent critics. The dispute arose over the interpretation of Article II. of the treaty of 1783: "from the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix to the highlands; along the said highlands which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north westernmost head of the Connecticut River." The bifurcation of the St. Croix and the existence of two ranges of highlands furnished the materials for the dispute; each nation insisted that that source of the St. Croix and that range of highlands which would give it most territory was the true source and the true range. On the starting-point—the true source of the St. Croix—the Commissioners decided against England. Sir Francis Hincks quotes what he supposes to be Mr. Fleming's objection that "from this fatal error arose all the subsequent difficulties." But Mr. Fleming borrowed his objection and altered the words in which it was originally made. In a pamphlet published soon after the treaty was made we read: "From this erroneous though well-meant decision all the subsequent embarrassments arose."

With one ingenious exception, soon to be noticed, Sir Francis Hincks has not presented the case in a novel light. He follows the general line taken by American writers in asserting the identity of the line of the treaty with the line of the Quebec Act. But reasons for the identity of the two lines would not be so strong as Sir Francis insists on making them. He thinks it out of the question that England, when she was ceding an extensive territory in the west, which had hitherto been connected with Canada, should insist on a new line in the east by which her frontier was to be extended: but England would naturally be anxious to obtain a line of demarcation which would make communication between Canada and New Brunswick easy; and, though the critics who contend that the line of the treaty was a new line do not prove their case, those who take the opposite view do not appear to much better advantage. In fact without recourse to maps, about which some mystery exists, no absolute proof is possible.

Over the concealment by the American negotiator, Mr Webster, of the Franklin map with its red line of boundary, denunciation has waxed hottest. Jared Sparks claimed to have discovered in the French archives the original map presented by Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, six days after the preliminaries of the treaty of peace and independence were signed. On this map, it is alleged, the true boundary line was marked, and that this line fully bears out the British pretensions. Sir Francis is of opinion that the object Franklin had in sending this map to the Minister of Louis XVI. was "to throw dust in his eyes." But the difficulty cannot be got rid of by the aid of this hypothesis. It is certain from a published letter of his, that Dr. Franklin sent to Mr. Jefferson, in October, 1790, a map with the true boundary traced on it; and Mr. Reves, in the secret debate on the treaty of 1842 in the Senate of the United States, alleged that this map sustained "by the most precise and remarkable correspondence in every feature the map communicated by Mr. Sparks," that it contained "a strong red line indicating the limits of the United States according to the treaty of peace, and coinciding minutely and exactly with the boundary traced on the map of Mr. Sparks." The red line was traced by Dr. Franklin. There was on this map the ordinary dotted line of the proclamation of 1763. Benton, who exhibited this map, strange to say, wished to throw doubt on the authenticity of that discovered by Mr. Jared Sparks; and with this view he drew attention to the dotted line, while Mr. Reves insisted on the red line as the one that should govern. The map was by D'Anville, and was printed in 1746, the dotted line having been drawn thirty-seven years before the treaty was made. The authenticity of the red line, though disputed, is, in this state of the facts, difficult to impeach. Judge Story and Dr. Channing were both convinced of its genuineness; Mr. Reves used it to compel the assent of the Senate to the Ashburton treaty. But Mr. Preble, one of the seven commissioners appointed by the States of Maine and Massachusetts to watch the negotiations between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, convinced of the identity of the line of the treaty with that of the proclamation, refused to put faith in the Franklin map. Whatever may be the truth with regard to it, we cannot think that the theory started by Sir Francis Hincks will be accepted.

* The Boundaries formerly in Dispute between Great Britain and the United States. A lecture by Sir Francis Hincks, K.C.M.G., C.B.

The evidence of the authenticity of the red line of the Franklin map does not end here. In 1784, while Dr. Franklin was still in Paris, Latré, engraver of maps to the king, published a *Carte des Etats Unis de l'Amerique, suivant le traité de Paix de 1783*, which he dedicated to Franklin, and on which the line of boundary is identical with that of the Sparks-Franklin map. Mr. Reves says the line was drawn under Franklin's direction. This conclusion appears to have been a presumption founded on the dedication; but if it were shown that Franklin accepted the dedication, or if the words "by permission" had been added, the responsibility of the American negotiator would have been established.

THORPE MAPLE.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

THE election of Sir William Dawson to the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, for the year 1886, was partly a recognition of the valuable services rendered to Science by the expounder of *Eozoon Canadense*. It may seem ungracious to add that the compliment to Canadian Science was, more particularly, a return for the hospitality afforded by the Dominion to the Association in 1884; but the last to consider his views in accordance, not to say sympathy, with those of a majority of the British scientists, would be, we imagine, Sir William Dawson himself. A few years ago there were two camps in the British Association, the Evolutional and the Non-Evolutional, but to-day there is hardly a murmur of the old battle heard. The evolutionists have not only won the day in their own arena, but have been received under the protecting wing of Society and the Church. It is matter of fresh memory that, when the theory was first enunciated, religious men took alarm from a fear that the foundations of their faith were being attacked, as they had taken alarm when a former generation of scientists had given the world a longer birth-hour than the six days of the Mosaic narrative. The spread of more knowledge, however, as to the real nature of the theory, and as to the character of its greatest propounder, has greatly weakened this alarm, and has won for it a toleration, at least, amongst those who are unable to judge of its value as a now indispensable adjunct of scientific research. In America the change has been hardly less rapid; and the only combatant left, of any considerable note, is Sir William Dawson, who opposes the theory as being not only subversive of religion but wanting in scientific proof. His "Story of the Earth and Man" attempts to show that geological history is not in accordance with the theory, but rather, when the lights are properly shifted, in remarkable accordance with the Biblical narrative. We do not propose to enter here on any discussion of the value of the arguments there brought forward. The spirit of true science has never seemed to us in conflict with the spirit of true religion, nor has the latter ever seemed to require conformity, in letter, with the ever-advancing results of the former. Our object is, rather, to draw attention to the *attitude* which Sir William Dawson assumes toward his opponents—an element of his work which we do not think should pass unchallenged. Clear and exact in his arguments, when no theory is involved, and popular in his descriptions, many pages of his "Earth and Man" are as entertaining as the pages of Kingsley or Lewes; but whenever we touch upon the theory of evolution we are bidden to believe that its upholders are not only men of comparatively scant knowledge, but that they are necessarily wanting in the elements of manhood. Such a method of argument had, we thought, with scientific men at least, passed away from the world. A successful method it may have been at one time, but it can hardly hope to be again. The writings of Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall can never, among reading men, be considered as wanting in knowledge, and the character of the one who has passed away was surely publicly recognized when England's great Abbey received the body of Charles Darwin.

Sir William Dawson is, indeed, the leader of a forlorn hope. The young gentlemen of Princeton, of Knox College and of Morrill Hall, may still show an adherence to the orthodox standard, but the defections from the scientific wing have been too numerous to admit of any serious rally of the forces. *Et tu, Brute!* may have escaped the leader's lips as he read the other day that the Duke of Argyll had announced in a lecture at Glasgow that he could see no real conflict between Darwinism and Religion. A few years ago the scientific Duke spoke of "Dr. Dawson's" able defence of religion from the attacks of "pseudo-science."

If we have little sympathy, however, with Sir William Dawson's attitude towards Evolution, we cannot withhold our admiration of the great services which he has rendered to science as a teacher and as a discoverer. An accomplished botanist, geologist and microscopist, he has not only laid at McGill strong foundations for our scientific growth, but has "enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge" to a quite appreciable degree. Patient, painstaking and judicious, in matters of pure science, his interpretations of New World geology are received in England with the very highest respect.

J. C. S.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT.

NEW YORK, August 8th, 1885.

PASSING over the route of the funeral procession this morning while participants and spectators were getting into place, or watching, later on, the march of the long escort, as the body was slowly borne towards Riverside Park, it was natural that one's thoughts should often turn back to that raw November day, thirty-three years ago, whereupon England had aroused herself in order to bury the Great Duke with unwonted pomp and ceremony. Many, indeed, were the points of contact between the two occasions, and inevitable differences served to throw resemblances into stronger relief.

In the first place, the characters and careers of the two heroes were much alike. Each was a successful leader of armies, simple of habit, single-minded and unselfish, and each had been fated to stand between his country and perils that threatened its national existence. Wellington, no less than Grant, drawn by the admiration and confidence of his countrymen into political leadership, had failed in all but the old-time honesty which always sought to be right.

It is not probable that either the Duke of Wellington or General Grant would have chosen or accepted for himself the pageant that accompanied his passage to the tomb; but in 1852 the British people felt that their honour and patriotism were concerned in paying splendid rites to the mortal remains of him whom the leading organ of public opinion styled "England's greatest son," and such has been the feeling here with respect to one whom people, in their present mood, are disposed to rank second only to their almost deified Washington.

Let us come now to the chief points of dissimilarity between the two spectacles. At the funeral of the Duke nothing was more striking, or more talked about, than the peculiar aspect given to the streets by the gathering and grouping of not less than a million and a-quarter of people along the short route from the Horse Guards to St. Paul's. To-day there could not have been more than a third of that number along the route, which was fully twice as long, from the City Hall to Fifty-seventh Street, so that our multitude gained in comfort what they lost in picturesqueness. Emphatic proof of the advance of the masses in prosperity during the intervening thirty or more years was afforded by the superior dress, demeanour and intellectual appearance of the people who lined, or rather packed, the foot-walks, balconies, stands and doorsteps, for ocean travel has given to New York the general features of a European city, and one would not always be able to tell from his human surroundings whether he was in the British or American metropolis. Architecturally, the advantage rests with to-day, for no street panorama in the London of 1852 could show such thoroughfares as Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with their long lines of almost palatial buildings. This was fortunate, as the mourning decorations were, to speak generally, scanty, monotonous and ineffective, and the most of them weather-worn from recent storms. Street decoration is one of the undeveloped arts in the United States. Our procession of to-day had not that blending of mediæval and modern features which its predecessor owed to the supervision of the Herald's College, and the survival in the Mother Country of outward signs of the feudal system, although parts of the column sadly needed such lighting up as the scattered array of heralds, pursuivants and trumpeters, and the ancient costumes of civic dignitaries and bodies gave to the former. We missed, too, and on the whole gladly missed, that long procession of empty mourning coaches which attested the perfunctory grief of the nobles and commoners who did not find it practicable or convenient to ride in them to the Cathedral. Nor had we that glittering assembly of princes and general officers who came from all the courts of Europe as special envoys, in splendid costumes, to attend the funeral of one who was an exalted member of nearly every order of merit or dignity known to the civilized world. As to the rest of the pageantry the details need no further discrimination from or comparison with the great event at London so many years ago.

A State funeral for General Grant necessarily meant a military spectacle in its main features, and it was a wise choice that devolved the management on General Hancock, a noble-looking man of eminent reputation as a soldier and great elevation of taste and feeling. He bent his energies towards excluding from the parade and ceremony whatever was grotesque, ignoble, or incongruous, and he sought to give to the whole affair a serious and finished aspect, with military precision and promptness in the movement. As a witness and delineator of many public ceremonials I am bound to say that, with all the shortcomings of to-day's event, which were neither few nor trifling, it will no longer be possible upon any important occasion to put up with the slipshod, draggled-tailed way of organizing and conducting parades which has heretofore prevailed in the States as well as in the Dominion.

The police arrangements were surprisingly good in plan and execution. The length of the march, the torrid season, and the hours of exposure and exertion to which hundreds of thousands of people were to be subjected, caused great anxiety to the medical men and the general public. The route was accordingly laid off into hospital districts; ambulances, stretchers, and water-bearers were liberally provided, a fireman was stationed at each signal-box to turn in alarms to the district hospitals and temporary stations as ambulances were needed, and large hospital staffs remained at the post of duty. These were kept busy, but serious consequences were avoided. The police gave every possible opportunity to the populace to see the procession while protecting the latter from pressure.

The general effect was marred by many temporary stands of unpainted and undraped boards; the divisional commanders, though overburdened with mounted aides, failed to keep their columns well closed; the jangling of the bands produced discord and inharmonious movement, and there was

far too much levity of demeanour among the occupants of the extremely uninteresting carriage brigade. It would perhaps be hypocritical to mention that the distinguished body of pall-bearers found no pall provided for them to bear.

On the opposite side of the account are many interesting features. There was the dirge-singing by a German society, just before the body was removed from the City Hall, very beautiful and appropriate. The closing scene at the tomb, six hours and more after the wheels of the funeral car had been set in motion seven miles below, is hardly describable as to its beauty and impressiveness. One must fancy, as he best may, the flashing of the sun upon many thousands of bright uniforms, massed, grouped and detached upon the rolling grounds of the park, the neighing and champing of the horses, the glitter of cannons, rifles and swords, the winding of the gigantic car, drawn by twenty-four horses led by negro grooms—all a mass of blackness, except the silver hand rails of the casket—up the hill to the tomb; the beautiful freshness of trees and shrubbery, washed by recent rains, the outlook up one of the noblest of rivers, the booming of cannon from six war-ships anchored in line in full sight, the group of mourners and privileged persons about the coffin as it was placed in the temporary vault, and the pathetic sound of the bugle as an army trumpeter sounded, when all was over, the military call "Lights Out."

From the time it left the City Hall till it reached the tomb, the body was attended by a deputation of clergy representing nearly all the creeds. It being the Jewish Sabbath, the Rabbi could not ride, and, being unable to walk the whole distance, necessarily retired before the close of the journey.

There was great public pleasure and interest manifested in the bringing together of the Federal generals, Sherman, Sheridan and Hancock, and the Confederate generals, Johnston, Gordon, Buckner and Fitzhugh Lee, and there has been such complete fraternization of North and South at the grave of the great Northern leader that it is hard to see how the most unscrupulous politician can ever venture hereafter to appeal to sectional feeling in hope to reap some temporary advantage therefrom. In the militia column, Northern and Southern bodies were mingled, as typical of the complete restoration of national sentiment.

As the funeral car with its special escort moved up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, a double rank of citizen soldiery, more than two miles long, presented arms to it on the right, while on the left side, facing the militia, were the double-ranked Grand Army, Loyal Legions, Army Associations, and other organizations of officers, soldiers and sailors of the Federal army and fleet engaged in the late war, unarmed, saluting by carrying the hat or cap to the left breast, and having in their ranks a considerable number of the standards carried during the war. This was a spectacle never seen before, the past and present defenders of the republic face to face, and it is not likely to be seen again in our day.

A word or two as to some of the troops must close this long and discursive letter. The small detachments of Federal artillery, engineers, marines and blue-jackets impressed one with a high idea of the quality of the forces which the Government maintains upon its peace establishment. As to the militia, the people of New York believe that there never has been quite the equal of the Seventh regiment, the steady tramp of which, eight hundred strong, would be a sensation to even the jaded sight-seers of London, and the Twenty-second regiment comes nearly up to it. Brooklyn, too, has two crack regiments—the Thirteenth and Twenty-third. There is also in the metropolis a good German regiment and an Irish regiment that would be good with a little more attention to the details of military work, and there are three or four other regiments that are reasonably presentable and efficient. Considering how little the American people spend on their military establishments, they are surprisingly well provided with soldiers for parade, police duty or defence.

C. F. B.

HERE AND THERE.

QUEBEC is again in a paroxysm of sympathy for Riel. That the new attack is lighter than the old may be explained by the crisis not having yet been reached. With the young men the feeling is very real; old politicians and all who are striving after political effect simulate with more or less art what they do not feel. In the midst of the clamour Judge Richardson comes in for a share of the maledictions pronounced in the name of race. But Judge Richardson, who will be called upon by the Department of Justice for a report on the case, could give his impression of the evidence when he pronounced sentence as well as any other time, and if he saw no ground of escape for the prisoner we may be sure that he will say so in his official report. Besides it was his duty not to do any thing which would raise false hopes in the mind of the condemned man. A leaning to mercy, when the case of the majority of the prisoners is considered, will be commendable; but it is impossible to forget that Riel was the leader of the revolt and that this is his second offence. Of Riel's responsibility for his acts the magistrate who presided at the trial and who has carefully weighed the whole evidence, is the best judge. The recommendation to mercy does not prove that the jury thought the prisoner insane; the foreman was overborne, by emotion and it is natural that he and his colleagues should have wished to lighten the weight of their responsibility. The judge may well believe that the nature of the evidence does not give point to the recommendation to mercy without being liable to the charge of "fanaticism," so freely brought against all who are not ready to give Riel unlimited license to disturb the public peace as often as the whim may take him.

A PAPER by the correspondent of the *Mail* in the North-West, contained in the issue of Friday last, and giving the rebel version of the campaign, strikes us as about the most sober and historical document which has yet appeared amidst the flood of gush and exaggeration. From this it appears among other things that the full effective arm-bearing strength of the Half-breeds, between the ages of sixteen and eighty years, was in round numbers, 400.

THE *Philadelphia American* thinks, "If the Ottawa government are wise they will let him (Riel) run." The reasons given for this gratuitous advice are that Riel and his associates are regarded by the French-Canadians as the victims of "a policy which aims at the obliteration of the French element in the North-West," and that they "now resent the proposal to take his life as a blow at the French race in Canada."

THE appointment of Mr. Thomas White to a seat in Sir John Macdonald's Government has been received by his many friends with unequivocal satisfaction. Though a comparatively young parliamentarian, Mr. White has been a faithful henchman to the Premier for some years, and it is felt that he is fairly entitled to the portfolio now assigned to him. His experience as journalist and politician in various parts of Ontario and Quebec, to which may be added his sojourn in Great Britain, has served to broaden his views, and it may confidently be hoped that he will perform the duties of Minister of the Interior in no parochial spirit.

It is unfortunate that Government House was closed at the date of Lord Lansdowne's visit to Toronto. Although that visit was of a semi-private nature, an impression prevailed that he ought not to have been permitted to stay at a hotel. We understand that the doors of several private houses would with alacrity have been thrown open for his entertainment had it not been for the tradition that the Governor-General is precluded from accepting the hospitality of any but those occupying official positions.

AN incident in connection with the Governor-General's visit to Guelph is worth putting on record, as indicating the narrowing effect of prohibitive legislation. After inspecting the Model Farm and viewing the Royal City, Lord Lansdowne lunched at the former place, and amongst other gentlemen invited to meet him were some of the Guelph clergy. A correspondent informs us that of the reverend *invités* only one would consent to remain when it was discovered that wine was provided for lunch. The others took a conspicuous departure *en masse*. The exception was a Church of England clergyman. How his non-content brethren became acquainted with the details of the banquet before the bell rang is not explained. But then Guelph is a Scott Act city.

It was characteristic of the man and of his calling that General Middleton avoided a public reception on his arrival in Toronto. His precautions to the contrary notwithstanding, the date leaked out, but not in time to enable his numerous admirers and well-wishers to arrange any formalities. During his all too short stay, however, he was the recipient of a cordial hospitality which must have been very gratifying after the hardships of an expedition such as that so successfully concluded; and possibly not the least pleasing, if for the moment somewhat embarrassing, recognition of his services was that accorded by the enthusiastic admirers who stopped him on the street to wring his hand and call benedictions upon his head.

BOTH the Viceroy and General Middleton visited the Toronto Lawn Tennis Ground during the progress of the annual tournament which was concluded on Saturday. The event was a decided success, the average play being exceedingly good and the spectators during the three days including many of the more fashionable admirers of the game living in Toronto. Mr. Clark played a particularly fine game, his attack and defence both displaying vigour and judgment, whilst his fine "condition" had unquestionably not a little to do with his victory in the championship. This is a point too often lost sight of by players of lawn tennis.

Who would not be a lawn tennis champion? The worship that every virgin who carries a racket, with a pair of rubber shoes strapped thereto, lavishes upon the successful man must be intoxicating. Lawn tennis is never likely to ruin cricket, as some appear to suspect, but it is no doubt immensely popular, and plenty of vigorous exercise can be got out of it in a very short time if swift play be indulged in. On the other hand it gives the lady-loving male an opportunity of taking his pastime with the fair sex. To quote some verses which appeared a while back upon the model modern amateur athlete:

In summer he plays tennis
With maidens young, and then is
The time to see him at his very best;
The women he bewitches
In stockings, white-knee breeches,
And a gorgeous parti-coloured flannel vest.

THERE is a probability that the recent international cricket match in Toronto may be memorable for something else than the small scores recorded on the telegraph. Sanguine lovers of the prince of out-door games are hoping that it may prove a turning-point in the history of the game in Canada. Not only was there some really good play shown by real Canadians, but considerably more interest was manifested in the game by the

public than on former occasions. It is not long since Canadian elevens were for the most part composed of Old Country players; and the fact that many cities can now play a fair local eleven speaks well for the increasing popularity of the game. It can never supersede baseball or lacrosse on this continent: those faster games will commend themselves to players with limited leisure. With the class which has an abundance of spare time cricket requires only to be known to be appreciated.

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

LAST week we indicated that there was evidence to the effect that the *Pall Mall Gazette* disclosures were a vulgar Salvation Army dodge. Later English papers confirm this. There appears to be little doubt that Mr. Stead was the tool of the astute General Booth, who is in sad want of money. Let any person who doubts the object of the instigator of the disgusting "enquiry" read an appeal for funds which appeared in the *Gazette* of July 20th. These funds are to be entrusted to "one of the secret commission." Let us quote the gentleman's own words: "Any sums sent me will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but after that no explanation, accounts, or audit, or any reference whatever will be made to the sums entrusted to me. The disposal of the subscriptions is to be left *unreservedly to my sole discretion*." "Here is a man who inundates the country with the foulest stories he can gather from brothels, and then asks that he, and he alone, shall be entrusted with a vast sum of money to do as he likes with, and of which he will render no account." In the words of a London journalist: "Surely General Booth has played pranks enough in the name of religion! Now that morality has also fallen into his hands, heaven only knows how low down he will play it."

It will be remembered that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, an American capitalist and a Democrat of the Democrats, some time ago, with a great flourish of trumpets announced his intention of converting England to the true faith. The monarchy was to be abolished out of hand, the House of Lords was to be immediately relegated to the limbo of useless antiquities, the land was to be given to the people, and the millennium would assuredly supervene. The campaign was entered upon with a light heart; the revolution was to have been accomplished by purchasing a number of journals to preach the crusade; a number of metropolitan and provincial journals was indeed purchased. But beyond this the ambitious iron-founder does not seem to have got. That ultra-Radical London "evening" *The Echo*, supported by a syndicate of provincial journals of an extreme type, became the property of the Reformer, and struggled bravely to save the country; but not only did the *bourgeoisie* prove invulnerable, even the *proletariat* refused to accept salvation, and Mr. Carnegie has in sorrow abandoned the country to its delusions. At any rate he has re-sold *The Echo* to its former proprietor, and has concluded to dissolve the combination which was intended to educate benighted Englishmen in American notions.

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN'S treatise on "The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey" will no doubt find a place in all law libraries as a masterly examination of the evidence in a very complicated case as well as on account of its historical importance and its interest as the rehabilitation of a much calumniated member of the British Judiciary.

THE London *Spectator*, in a passing comment on Lord Tennyson's poem on the Princess Beatrice's marriage, which it pronounces to be one "of considerable beauty," denounces the use of "the vile word 'spousal'." Even if the *Spectator* does not like the word, it is scarcely justified in such needless roughness of censure. We have no other canon of taste in language but the usage of the best authors, and "spousal" has in its favour about the highest authority in the English language which can be quoted. The *Spectator* must either dispute Milton's taste and scholarship, or else it must have forgotten one of the choicest gems of the "Paradise Lost":

—till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top to light the bridal lamp.

COLLECTORS of autograph letters are displaying much interest in the dispersion of the rich and varied collections made by the late Mr. F. Naylor. An interesting letter by Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV. of France, referring to recent attempts on his life and her own, the other day in England realized the high price of £55. Another, in Italian, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, sold for £7. A letter to Garrick, by Samuel Foote, dramatist and comedian, containing the passage, "You and I are a couple of buckets; whilst you are raising the reputation of Shakespeare, I am endeavouring to sink it, and for this purpose I shall give next Monday the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' the prince by—; but, even in this situation, we shall want your assistance to pull our poet above ground," went for £2. 4s. A discoloured and worn letter by Oliver Cromwell to

the Committee of Carmarthen brought as much as £25 10s.; and the sign manual of his son Richard, on document, £5 10s. A rare letter by Danton, the French revolutionist, realized £2 6s.; ten interesting letters by Michael Faraday, the famous chemist, only 8s.; Dryden the poet's signature to an Exchequer document, £2 11s.; one of the originals of Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," £1. 6s.; a letter by Charles Dickens, £1 2s.; and a letter jointly signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, the patrons of Columbus, £7. A letter, in French, by the Earl of Essex, once so high in favour with Queen Elizabeth, produced £11 5s.; three signatures by Congreve, the dramatist, £1 10s.; and an autograph draft of a letter by John Evelyn, £5 5s. Twenty-six shillings secured a letter by Coleridge inquiring about an edition of Cervantes, in Spanish, embodying all his works.

WE are indebted to a French newspaper for a refinement in advertising which, it has to be confessed, is sadly needed. The style of advertisements is for the most part rather broad, and there is generally lacking that lightness of touch which commends itself to literary connoisseurs. The French advertiser above referred to makes his appeal to a more select body of patrons, whose requirements bespeak a certain refinement of taste, which he seeks to meet not only in the supply of a superior article, but of a superior advertising style. He seems to be a perfumer, and the name of the article which he has invented, "*L'Eau de Noblesse*." "It maintains," so says the inventor "the hair in an honourable direction (*une direction honorable*), and gives to those who use it a grand air of modest distinction." This judicious blending of epithets, not always deemed consistent with each other, but skilfully tempering each other's significance, betrays the accomplished artist in words, and it is scarcely possible that an article compounded by such a person should fail to satisfy an exacting public. To advertisers, who are apt to deal in too great a multitude of superlatives and to be too diffuse in describing the merits of their own inventions, we commend this choice little specimen as an example of brevity and skilful reserve.

TOUJOURS PERDRIX. "With Prohibition in Iowa," says the *Philadelphia Progress*, "it is the same old story. The Democratic newspaper of Davenport has made inquiry of the officials of every city and town of importance in the State with the result that it is informed that in the small communities the amendment is pretty well obeyed, but all attempts to enforce it in the cities are worse than failures: In many places the number of saloons has actually increased under Prohibition. The German-American population is distinctly against the law, as are also most all other liberal-minded people, and there is no strong public sentiment in its support. Another effect which operates seriously against the amendment is that in many of the large towns and cities the loss of the license fees has compelled their authorities to increase the tax-rate. And yet, with all the experience the country has had, there are still communities willing to experiment with the Prohibition idea.

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 to that purpose.

CRIMINAL TRIALS IN CANADA.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The important State trial, Regina vs. Riel, lately concluded, has since its termination been the source of heated discussion and bitter recrimination throughout the land. There is one point, however, which, in the excitement incident to the stirring up of race antipathy and religious prejudice, seems likely to be over-looked, *i.e.*, the defective system of trial for murder in vogue in Canada. Is it not, sir, somewhat remarkable that in the nineteenth century, with all the experience of the past, gathered from millions of criminal trials, with an impartial and upright judge, a careful, painstaking and honest jury, and a brilliant array of counsel, the only outcome of a lengthened trial should be a verdict which every public man in the country, every newspaper editor and leader writer, is now trying to elucidate and explain. What is the use of a trial at all, with its heavy expense, if the verdict of the jury is to be of such a nature that, according as the Ottawa authorities interpret it, the result will be in the one case the pardon of the prisoner and in the other the extreme penalty of the law.

Canadians are as a rule not slow in adopting improvements suggested by the methods of other countries, and in this instance would do well to copy the system in vogue among our neighbours to the south. Were our juries instructed to bring in simply verdicts of guilty of murder in the first, second or third degree, according to the nature of the crime as shown by the evidence at the trial, uncertainty as to their meaning would be impossible. How much longer will an intelligent people submit to a system which makes a trial for murder an uncertain, ghastly farce?

CARLOS.

MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In THE WEEK of July 20th you published an article on "Marriageable Girls" which will surely surprise all Canadian ladies by the depth of ignorance displayed. "The goal of woman is marriage," says the writer. No one will deny that the love of a true, honourable man is priceless to a woman; but to say that because such happiness is denied her she must necessarily drag out "a life of spinsterhood unenlivened by any other excitement than that unhealthy and quickly waning one of social gaiety; or, if an intellectual or religious vent has been given to her mind, to pass her days in mild and innocent acts of charity, or in equally trivial and resultless educational amusements," is absurd. Let us look for a moment at the case of a young lady who has made marriage the sole

aim of her life. When she is married her mission is accomplished, she has reached the goal of her highest ambition and there is nothing left for her. And mark you in all cases that lot is not a pleasant one, for :

There comes a little rift within the lute,
Which bye-and-bye will make the music mute,

and eventually silences it altogether. Contrast the life of such a woman as Mr. Haultain describes with one who accepts marriage as one of the natural conditions of life, and not as a goal; in the latter case, the love the husband and wife have for one another will be all sustaining in time of trouble.

The writer speaks of those ladies "who are unfortunate enough to be obliged to earn their own living." I am one of those unfortunates, Mr. Editor; but so far I have not been able to see that there was any misfortune in having to support myself, and this I maintain any girl in Canada can do who has head, hands and heart to work, and who is not afraid to exert herself.

Mr. Haultain's article is freed from the imputation of talking for talk-sake, however, by the practical suggestions he makes towards the close of it with regard to the employments that might be engaged in by gentlewomen without any detriment to their social standing; though I should advise all to steer clear of the "embroidery" as a means of obtaining a living. Away with the idea that labour is degrading and that there is any misfortune in gentlewomen having to earn their subsistence. I have not as yet seen as many summers as would warrant the term "old maid" being applied to me, yet, should providence see fit to rule that my lot in life shall be one of single blessedness, I should always to sign myself

A HAPPY OLD MAID.

Toronto.

AN INDIAN IDYL.

TO E. P. J.

THE pale-face looks on my Indian maid
And murmurs a lover's song
As they wander alone in the sunny glade
Apart from the restless throng;
His voice is low with a passionate power,
And the light of Love is seen
In the eyes that plead with my prairie flower—
My dark-haired Indian Queen!

There is stranger's blood in this maid of mine
That speaks in her face to me
Of the light of the moon caressing the pine
Or softly kissing the sea;
But her eyes are black as the raven's wing,
And their glance is swift and keen,
And her heart is pure as the thoughts I bring
My dark-browed Indian Queen.

She lives in the land of the rising sun,
Where the white man rules the brave,
And my camp is far where the foot-hills run
To dip in the prairie wave;
But across the beautiful sun-swept sea,
With its endless waves of green,
The swift wind carries the answer to me
From my own loved Indian Queen.

"My home is the haunt of the bounding deer,
My heart's in the Chinook breeze,
My mirror, the water of brooklets clear
In the shade of the poplar trees;
And I love the breath of the grasses sweet
In the flush of rosy dawn,
And I long again for the plaintive bleat
Of the tim'rous, soft-eyed fawn.

"And I see in my dreams the curling smoke
Of a wigwam nestling low,
Where the song of the crested waters awoke
Love's voice in the long ago.
Some day I will go to my dusky brave
And paddle his birch canoe,
And I'll give my love where I'll seek my grave
Far off in the foot-hills blue!"

The pale-face goes from my Indian maid,
Nor returns her face to see,
But the wind sweeps over the sunny glade
And whispers her words to me:
"When my brave is Chief of his warrior race,
And a hunter strong and keen,
The breezes will waft me to his embrace,
And I'll be his Indian Queen!"

LARA.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

II.

NIGHT had fallen in all its blackness as the little caravan made its way through the narrow, tortuous streets of the silent town. Snarling dogs lay in dangerous packs before the houses and lurked in sinister looking alleys. The town seemed as if dead, or as if the Spirit of Silence had taken up his

abode in it. No sound suggestive of the presence of human beings met the ear. Only the windmills upon the hills around the place moved their creaking sails like so many spectres waving their wings over a city of the dead; only the red lights flickering faintly from the little unglazed windows cast a weird and starlike glimmer into the lifeless streets, and showed that the silent solitude was still the abode of man.

The cavasse ordered the waggons to proceed more slowly, and led the party through winding lanes and by-streets up and down until they reached a house of a somewhat more imposing appearance than any they had yet seen, and before the door of which a few Turkish soldiers, smoking or sleeping, were squatting in the street. This was the house in which dwelt the Pasha of Isakcha.

Lights shimmered through the closed shutters of the house. A few words were exchanged; the pass from the Pasha of Galacz was duly produced and delivered by a sergeant to the captain of the guard. This time the writing failed not in its effects. After a few minutes loud voices were heard inside the house; the door was thrown wide open, and the officer, bowing deeply, announced that the Pasha requested that the strangers would be so good as enter his quarters.

A strange picture was presented to the eyes of our travellers, when, squeezing themselves through the dark, narrow hall, they saw the brightly lighted chamber of the Pasha open before them. The room was small and the roof low; an elegant oil lamp enclosed in a net-work of silver wire swung suspended from the ceiling and shed a soft, mellow light over the picturesque group which, seated in the farthest corner of the apartment, upon a broad divan covered with bright-hued damask, and running the full length of the white-washed wall, arrested their attention. Clad in a flowing white silk robe, open down the front and partaking of the nature of night-dress and burnous, the Pasha was seated crosslegged, holding his chibouk carelessly in his hand. He was a well-bred and decidedly handsome man, apparently considerably advanced upon the way to fifty, his full, black beard being streaked with grey. Before him knelt a boy of about fourteen years of age, who was busy placing, by means of a pair of golden tongs, a live coal from the chafing dish upon the fresh, yellow tobacco with which the round bowl of the chibouk was filled. His full, red lips half open and his hand still holding the lifted live coal, he suffered his cunning eyes to linger curiously upon the hunters, who, dazzled by their sudden transition from the inky darkness of the street to the bright lights and rich colours of the chamber, remained standing in the door way. An artistically wrought table, bearing coffee and confections, stood in front of both, around whom the light from the suspended lamp, broken and subdued by screens of various shades and colours, diffused a mild, delicious radiance truly poetic in its effect. Werner stood entranced before this picture so eastern in its nature and so Rembrandt-like in the richness and fulness of its colours. He scarcely heard the Pasha when he welcomed him and his companions as "friends of his friends," and assured them, in the figurative language of oriental courtesy, that the message to him from his brother Pasha of Galacz was like a spring of cool, fresh water in the hot and choking desert, for, and he smiled pleasantly, Isakcha was in very truth a desert, and of this the travellers had already with their own eyes been able to convince themselves. Coffee and tobacco were then, in accordance with Turkish custom, offered the strangers, and the Pasha invited them, until, as he said, quarters were provided for them, to seat themselves beside him upon the divan and pass the interval in conversation. Whilst the latter were seating themselves, he beckoned to Demir Keran, and conferred with him in Turkish, a language unknown to the majority of his guests.

"Demir Keran, where dost thou intend procuring quarters for the strangers?"

"The Bulgarian who conveyed them to Isakcha is acquainted with Popovich, and says—"

"I know him, too! . . . This Popovich is the bitterest enemy of the Turks! . . . Take the Europeans there, then. . . . Be careful and see that they want for nothing. They are my friends, dost thou understand?"

The cavasse bowed his head respectfully, crossed his arms over his breast and wished to withdraw.

"Wait a minute, Demir Keran! I have something more to say. The house of Popovich is small. . . . He and his ragamuffins can sleep where they will. . . . The little Greek girl, however, who lives with the Popovichs, she is not to pass the night in the street, dost thou hear? Order the soldiers to bring the girl here. Dost thou understand? But by Allah! let none of them lay a finger upon her! . . . Go!"

Not a word of this conversation had escaped the quick ear of the ex-chasseur. Turning to the Secretary, who was sitting next him upon the divan, Constant whispered softly in French:

"It would seem as if matters were going to take a very agreeable turn! In order to make room for us, Popovich, his wife and children are to be turned out into the street, and a Greek girl who lives there is wanted by the Pasha for himself!"

A painful presentiment of evil filled the mind of the Secretary.

"Eurikleia is a Greek name!" he replied in French in the same low

tone.

The Pasha turned quickly round upon the speakers.

"Do you know the girl?" he asked likewise in French. "She is the fairest flower in Isakcha. I should be very sorry if she should have to sleep to-night among the wild dogs through want of a roof to shelter her!"

"I have never seen the maiden of whom you speak," answered the Secretary, quickly bethinking himself.

"How then did you know her name?"

"I was not aware that was her name."

"Do the Franks thus guess the names which we bear in our hearts?"

answered the Turk, not without a tinge of conscious irony; then he turned to the other members of the party and entered into conversation with them on various topics which seemed to interest him—the proportion which the military forces of the great powers bore to one another, the administration of justice, the maintenance of government, and such like. The Secretary and his companion exchanged significant glances, as if they meant: Here silence is gold!

About a quarter of an hour was thus passed in chatting and smoking; then the Pasha arose and, bidding the strangers farewell, said: "A soldier will guide my friend's friends from my quarters to those which have been prepared for you for the night. I do not express a wish for the success of your hunting party, since I am unacquainted with your European hunting customs. My eyes will follow you into the distance and at each lucky shot upon the heights of Babadagh my heart will rejoice. Do not forget to greet for me the Abbot of the monastery. We have known each other for long years past; he was at Constantinople about the throne of our lord and sovereign at the same time as myself, and I feel honoured in numbering him among my friends, although he worships another God. Allah be with you!"

It seemed to the Secretary as if the Pasha's glance rested upon him and his companion with a strange expression, at once mocking and threatening, as he reached him his hand at departure and accompanied them to the door.

When the travellers entered their waggons again the sleeping city lay before them in the silvery splendour of the rising moon. The low-built houses, adorned with balconies of open woodwork, threw their black, sharply defined shadows like so many fantastic pictures upon the white-washed walls opposite. It was as if a gigantic black-lace tapestry had been hung upon a dazzling, white ground along the one side of the narrow street leading to the upper part of the town. The Turkish soldiers still cowered around the doorway. Beside them, in the timid, shrinking attitude the Bulgarians are wont to assume in the presence of their masters, stood Ilia. His eye was fixed steadily upon the upper end of the street, whence came smothered sounds as of angry men and weeping women and children. As soon as Ilia caught sight of the party, he sprang quickly up and urging the horses to the top of their speed drove the waggons up the steep ascent.

"At last we are off, and in double quick time too, to the hotel Popovich!" exclaimed the engineer, who for a good while past would willingly have exchanged the pipes and coffee of the Pasha for a comfortable bed. Ilia had only understood the name Popovich. He turned round, and a tremor was apparent in his voice as he answered in a low tone: "Up there lies Popovich's house!"

Dark forms were moving about the low courtyard weeping bitterly, armed gendarmes and soldiers were driving before them a Bulgarian, using freely the butt-ends of their pieces to expedite his movements; a weeping woman bearing in her arms two sobbing children, just roused from their sleep; a bigger girl clinging to her mother in an agony of horror; a screaming boy whom a Turk was dragging forth from the house.

"What is going on here?" exclaimed the astonished hunters, while they crowded on to the street.

"Nothing is going on," answered the ex-chasseur, whose Algerian experiences enabled him to comprehend the situation of affairs; "they are only clearing the house to make room for us. That is all!"

Ilia, grasping the handle of his whip convulsively, followed with his eyes the Bulgarian whom the gendarmes were driving into the street.

"God be gracious to thee, friend!" he said softly, as the latter passed before him. The Bulgarian stood still a moment, looked Ilia full in the face, and, setting his teeth hard, muttered: "God's curse on thee, Ilia, if we have thee to thank for this!"

"It was not I, Popovich, who gave orders!"

A sharp cut with the short whip which the gendarmes are accustomed to carry interrupted him.

"By Allah!" exclaimed one of the Turks, whilst he thrust Ilia on one side, "thou needst not tell this hound that the Bulgarians do not bear rule in Isakcha! Forward!"

Ilia bowed his head in submission and went his way without making reply. His eye, however, ran rapidly over the little family whom the soldiers had just expelled from their dwelling, and when the last child had gone past, and the whole of the weeping, sobbing group had disappeared behind the last wagon in the darkness of the night, the young man seemed to breathe freely once more; he turned his head to the Secretary, who followed close behind him, and said, like one endeavouring to master his emotions: "She is not there!"

The travellers had now reached the dwelling. The doors were standing wide open. Two gendarmes were still busy in the deserted rooms. When the party halted in the courtyard, they ascended the verandah weeping; in one of the Turks the hunters recognized their guide, Demir Keran Hussein.

"Accursed pack!" he exclaimed, as with an angry gesture he brought down the butt end of his gun upon the rotten boards of the flooring. "The Greek girl has escaped! Vanished, the slippery eel!"

"For thee, dog!" muttered Ilia; "but she will come to light for others!"

The soldiers withdrew slowly after they had thrust their bayonets through the bundles of hay and straw lying about. The hunters took possession of the abandoned house, divided the rooms among them, and laying themselves upon the hard divans soon fell asleep. All, excepting the Secretary, who in vain endeavoured to court repose upon his comfortable couch. It seemed to him as though he heard the wailing voices of the little children of the household as they wandered through the streets in the cold, dark October night. He saw the poor little creatures, roused rudely out of their sweet infant slumbers, hurried roughly by the hard-

hearted soldiery into the courtyard, weeping for terror and cold, follow their mother only to sink down weary and miserable in some dark and filthy corner, with the damp and fever-breeding earth for their bed and snarling, vicious dogs for their companions! His restless, youthful fancy brought all this before him in so lively a manner and in such glaring colours that no more room was left for sleep. The bright light of the moon as it streamed into the mean and barely furnished chamber cast upon the whitewashed walls a reflection of the shimmer of the waters of the broad river rolling onwards to the sea. Werner lingered no longer in the close and stifling atmosphere of the room; he rose softly from his bed, and without waking his companions stepped out upon the verandah, which ran all round the house, raised only a few feet above the level of the street. Outside all was still. The pestilential fogs of the delta rose in heavy, white masses above the flat, monotonous plain; while towering above these, the distant summits of Babadagh stood out in sharp, distinct outline against the sky. The eyes of the young man wandered over the black slopes of the mountain, and at last he desisted, gleaming like a silver star, the white walls and tin roofed pinnacles of the distant convent lying half concealed in one of the valleys of the range. Then, suddenly, a sound as of a soft whisper fell upon his ear! He started, and listened anxiously. The sound, faint and barely audible, seemed to come from the neighbouring stable, in which Ilia's horses were snorting and stamping in their sleep. Werner drew cautiously nearer the door of the stable. Within all was dark. Then he heard the voice of the young Bulgarian, who whispered: "It was for thy sake, Eurikleia, that I set out to-day!"

A second voice, evidently that of a young girl, speaking in foreign southern accents, interrupted him sharply and decidedly:

"Thou hast shown the Turks to this house! For thy sake Popovich and his children were turned into the street! Thou oughtest not to have suffered it, Ilia! Art thou a man? Art thou a coward? Thy people, Ilia, is a race of women! With us the girls have more courage in the tip of their little fingers than your men have in their hearts and heads!"

"Eurikleia, thou art unjust! What can we do? What—"

"Unjust! Have not I, a mere girl, brought shame and confusion upon the cavasses and soldiers of your Pasha, who were seeking for me and calling me everywhere? What did they want with me? I know not! I swung myself out of the window like a wild cat; caught hold of the balcony of the roof; clambered up under the loose, hanging boards above there. They sought me below, above, everywhere! My hands are still bleeding and torn with the nails which cut them to the bone! I held on, however, and I cursed the dogs in the bottom of my heart, and had courage to endure my sufferings until they had gone. The Holy Mother of God protected me, Ilia—for she loves the brave! Dost thou understand, Ilia? The Virgin only loves the brave!"

"Cease, Eurikleia! or—"

But clearer rose the maiden's voice, as though she had forgotten that the danger was not yet over.

"I am like the Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Eurikleia, and Werner could hear the angry stamp of her little foot, "Eurikleia loves the brave!"

Werner was standing near the door, covered by the shadow of the projecting roof; he had not lost a single word,—when suddenly, another sound caught his ear. It seemed as though some one were creeping slowly, cautiously, and noiselessly alongside the outer wall of the stable; a shadow became visible, first the head, then the broad shoulders, upon which a long dark, narrow stripe was visible, as though the man who owned the shadow bore a gun on his shoulders; another step forward, and before the youth stood Demir Keran, who peeping cautiously round the corner, was approaching the stable door.

The resolve of the Secretary was at once taken. Giving the wall of boards a hearty kick, as a sign to those concealed behind it, he stepped forward to meet the gendarme, and called out to him:

"Can you, also, not sleep, Demir Keran? I have been sitting here in the night quite a while and have been croning over some of the old songs of my fatherland. You might sit down too, and sing me a Turkish song, telling of love, and of the full moon, shining brightly in the heavens, and of the Bulbul, which pours forth her melody in the thick elder copse!"

"By Allah!" answered the cavasse, who had been taken quite a back by the unlooked for apparition of the Secretary. "I have no time to think of songs! I have to watch over the safety of the Pasha's friends, and I believed that I heard voices, as though there were thieves in the house, or something worse!"

"You have been dreaming with your eyes open, Hussein!" replied Werner, laughing loudly, "it was my voice you heard, and the night air put all sorts of ideas as to spectres into your head!"

"Good night!" answered Hussein, "I will go and sleep, then." And he disappeared behind the other corner of the house. With a rapid bound Werner reached the stable door. He pressed against it. It opened partly.

"Be careful!" he whispered through the opening, "and thou, Eurikleia, although I can neither hear thee nor see thee, be on thy guard. The Pasha has given orders to his cavasses to take thee to his quarters! See that thou art not found here to-morrow morning,—and shouldst thou need help, rely on mine! I will protect thee and Ilia as far as lies in my power!"

The door opened a little wider; a small hand was slipped through the chink and sought that of the youth, and the gentle tones of the young girl's voice fell soft and pathetic on his ear: "I thank thee! I trust thee! Thou art a man!"

The hand disappeared and Werner heard a bolt drawn inside. "I will stay here!" he called softly through the door. Then all was still.

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

LORD MELGUND ON THE REBELLION.

ON the whole, the rebellion will do good. It will render necessary a searching inquiry into the system of government of the North-West, the system of Indian agencies, and the means to be employed for the future ruling of the country. Immigration may be checked for a year or two, but in future the immigrant will be safer than he has ever been before. Prince Albert and Battleford have no doubt suffered heavily, but settlers generally will have benefited by the visit of the troops, while the insurrection has united in one common cause all the Provinces of the Dominion; battalions from Manitoba, Ontario, the Maritime Provinces, and Quebec, have served side by side in the field; and while French Canadians may reasonably hope that their blood relations may have a fair trial, they have as loyally condemned the rebellion as the people of Ontario. The military experience gained will be valuable. When the campaign commenced the militia department knew nothing of the capabilities of its officers in the field, now many reputations have been made, and it will know in future what commanders it can rely on. The faults of the militia system have been brought into relief, and every good Canadian soldier must hope that the department which has done so well will seize the opportunity of disallowing, once for all, the unmilitary outside influences, which through custom have so often prevailed in purely military questions. It has been General Middleton's lot to command the first volunteer or civilian soldiers who have been in action. And most gallantly have men and officers done their work. The men of his force were almost universally of the same class as our English volunteers—clerks in offices, mechanics, tradesmen. They were not soldiers by trade. Excellent material, splendid marchers, apt to learn, possessed of much handiness and ingenuity, especially with the axe, but unaccustomed to the work required of them, and with no time allowed them to gain experience, they went straight from their homes into action. The risk of much loss of life in a force so composed is an exceptionally heavy risk for a commander to incur, and no man in General Middleton's column is likely to forget their chief's generous solicitude for the safety of his troops. An unseen enemy is always a trying one, especially for an inexperienced force. The Métis never showed themselves, but though good shots at short ranges, in other points they were contemptible. They never attacked a convoy, they never cut the wire behind us, and though Indians and "Breeds" are born mounted infantry, who can shoot as well from their horses as on foot, they never harassed us on the march. Possibly the want of grass for their horses, owing to the earliness of the season, may account for this, but it would seem as if they intended only to defend their homes against invasion. At Fish Creek they met us on their frontier, at Batoches they fought us on their own doorstep. They were badly armed with a certain number of repeating Winchester rifles, but many old smooth bores, they were short of ammunition, and it is doubtful if the force with Riel ever numbered 700 men, Indians and "Breeds" combined. The prisoners they took they treated well, and they respected the dead.—*Nineteenth Century*.

PROHIBITION AND PARTIES.

MR. G. W. CURTIS, the able and respected editor of *Harper's Weekly*, writes as follows in that journal upon Prohibition in the United States: Among the remarkable political events of last year was the general enforcement of the prohibitory law in Iowa. The popular demand for it was so general and decided that leading politicians were obliged to take it into account. There is a much stronger "temperance element" in that party than in the Democratic, as there was a much stronger antislavery feeling among Whigs than among Democrats. Mr. Neal Dow, who has clung steadily to the Republican Party, abandoned it last spring, being as he announced, convinced that it had made "an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the beer and whiskey interests of the country." The temperance question is one of importance in Ohio, but the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says in a conciliatory strain, to win the support of Republican temperance voters in Ohio: "The fraud St. John is one of the half-dozen cranks and hoodlums, fools and spite-workers and blatherous lunkheads, who feel that they are of importance because their unscrupulous and unseemly combination defeated Blaine. St. John is guided by an instinct that is proper in defending the Copiah murderers. Blood is thicker than water." This tone will perhaps persuade ardent temperance men in Ohio that the Republican Party is their best dependence for the reform which they seek. But, however that may be, it is undoubtedly true that the larger number of strong temperance voters is attached to that party, and they will vote with it until Prohibition seems to them the chief issue, and then they will leave it for the Prohibition ranks, because the Republican Party will never become a Prohibition Party. It may be trusted to support a more stringent regulation of the traffic than the Democratic Party, but nothing more. Its general policy upon the subject seems to be justified by the results of a careful inquiry into the working of the prohibitory law in Iowa. In the cities and larger towns it appears that the liquor traffic is openly or secretly carried on. The whole number of saloons in twenty-eight such cities and towns is reported to be nine hundred and sixteen, as against seven hundred and seventy before the law was in operation; and the increase is most decided in the larger cities. Naturally the authorities of the chief cities in the State think that a license law is preferable in every way to the Prohibition law. The trouble with a prohibitory law is that it is of a kind which can never be enforced against public sentiment, and the sentiment of towns and cities is against Prohibition. Until, therefore, the moral appeal of the temperance movement has matured a sentiment in such communities which will enforce Prohibition, the actual evils of intemper-

ance will be more effectually diminished by stringent regulation which the public sentiment will enforce. Laws which outrun or defy public opinion may be passed, but they cannot be made effective. The Fugitive Slave Law was an Act of Congress, approved by the President. It was declared to be a mere enforcement of a provision of the Constitution. But it was repugnant to the general sentiment of certain parts of the country and there it was a dead letter. Again, if anything was sacred under the Constitution, it was the right of the citizen of one State to have all his rights respected in the other States. But that did not save coloured citizens of Massachusetts from imprisonment and sale as slaves in South Carolina. Of course we are not justifying such crimes and outrages, nor regretting the legal guarantee of such rights, nor deprecating the temperance agitation. We are simply noting a fact, of which wise men and legislators will take heed.

LORD SPENCER.

It is intelligible enough why men whose trade is sedition, and whose livelihood is derived from agitation, should make these monstrous charges against Lord Spencer. But what do the mass of the Irish population think of Lord Spencer? Do they sympathize with his unscrupulous detractors? To believe so would, indeed, be to believe that the Irish character has undergone a radical change, that the Irish have lost that "love" of "equal and indifferent justice, although it be against themselves," to which friend and foe have till lately borne such ungrudging witness. For what is the meaning of the charge against Lord Spencer that he set up the gallows in Ireland? On whose behalf did he set up the gallows? Except the Phoenix Park murderers, no man suffered death during Lord Spencer's administration for murdering any official of the English or Irish Government. The victims whose murders have been avenged on the gallows were Irish tenants and Irish peasants. Even if Lord Spencer were capable of feeling the vindictive feelings attributed to him by the Irish Nationalists, what motive for vindictiveness can even perverted ingenuity discover in the enforcement of the law against the brutal murderers of Irish peasants? The accusation is as stupid as it is malicious. Grant—for the sake of argument, and only for the sake of argument—that there has been in one or two cases a miscarriage of justice, even Mr. O'Brien can hardly imagine, in his lucid moments, that Lord Spencer has had any other motive than the protection of the innocent against criminals whom even *United Ireland* once had the decency to denounce. And, after all, the criminals were tried, and found guilty, and sentenced to death by Irish juries and Irish judges. The utmost that can be said with truth against Lord Spencer is that he did not arbitrarily cancel, without convincing additional evidence, the verdicts of Irish juries—in other words, that he did not set himself up like a despot above the law of the land. And how has Lord Spencer demeaned himself through all this storm of irrational abuse? He has borne it all like a true hero. Without a spark of impatience or anger, even without *hauteur*, but with a noble and dutiful patrician indifference to unmerited obloquy; and carrying his life in his hand, he has gone calmly forward with his beneficent work in Ireland, "without fear and without reproach." Lord Spencer will not have to wait for history to do him justice. His contemporaries—all except those whose minds are blinded by passion, or whose patriotism is subservient to the most sordid ambition—have already sealed with their cordial approbation Mr. Gladstone's just eulogy on Lord Spencer's viceroyalty "as perhaps the most even-handed and intelligent administration of the powers of government that we have ever known." In the consciousness that this tribute to his character and statesmanship expresses the conviction of all whose opinions are worth having, Lord Spencer can well afford to treat with silent disdain the bitter calumnies of Irish Nationalists and the despicable surrender of a Tory Cabinet to the leaders of disaffection and disorder in Ireland.—*Spectator*.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE governed England from Westminster like a sovereign for an entire generation. Personally incorrupt, though the fountain of promiscuous corruption, he was for more than twenty years Prime Minister. A Prime Minister was remunerated more generously under the early Georges than now. Without the expenditure of a shilling which was not honestly his own, Sir Robert was able to lay out £200,000 on buildings and purchases of land at Houghton, and £40,000 on pictures. Every summer he gathered a vast party of guests at his Norfolk home to consult upon party interests in the intervals of wassail, which cost £3,000 a year. When his followers, saturated with bribes or disgusted with his jealousy of every partner in power, deserted him, he retired to Houghton, and did not murmur at the termination of his despotism. Houghton Hall has been shorn of much of its magnificence. The Hall itself, stripped and curtailed, remains inalienably connected with a national epoch. Englishmen may not be very proud of the period to which it belongs. The State was regarded as a carcass upon which all who had the effrontery to push themselves into place were free to feed. Walpole encouraged the temper in order to leave the wider scope for his own insatiable but public-spirited ambition. At a Houghton meeting doubtless as rapacious and sordid a body of politicians was annually assembled as has in the most profligate age and country disgraced professional statesmanship. The host's personal tastes were as coarse as his judgment of the virtue of others was contemptuous. Houghton festivities were a round of orgies which shocked the delicacy even of eighteenth century squires. Yet he was the most successful administrator England has ever known. No British statesman did so much as he in laying solidly and soundly the foundations of national prosperity and financial progress. In the twenty years of his autocratic rule the country stored up resources without which it could not have survived its struggles against Royal, Republican and Napoleonic France, or

prepared itself for the empire of commerce it was destined to grasp. Though he drove his Whig associates into vindictive rebellion against him by his disdain of anything like equality, he governed the kingdom upon Whig principles.—*Times (Eng.)*

THE charge of plagiarism which has been widely circulated against Professor Adams, the new President of Cornell University, is thus answered by the out-going President, Hon. A. D. White: The first charge was that there were coincidences between the book of Professor Adams and Buckle's "History of Civilization in England"—the first coincidence being that each had translated a passage from Helvetius. On referring to these translations, we find that they not only differ in the rendering of the original French, but that they are from two different editions of Helvetius' work, and, therefore, that Mr. Adams' translation could not have been copied from Buckle. As well might we charge two persons giving a report of the same speech with plagiarism from each other. The next virtual charge is that Professor Adams drew his citations from Buckle. This charge is immediately put at rest by two facts. There were fourteen different quotations, six given by Buckle alone, five by Adams, and three given by both in common. And, secondly, the citations given by Professor Adams were from an entirely different edition, Buckle quoting from an Amsterdam edition of 1759, Adams from the London edition of 1781. The next charge is so carelessly made that Professor Adams' assailant mistakes Condorcet for Condillac, and states that here, too, the same thing is seen. The statement is utterly untrue, the fact being that Mr. Adams made just four quotations from Condillac, and that no one of these is to be found in Buckle. More than this, all of Buckle's references are to the two volume edition, and all of Professor Adams' are to the ten volume edition. The next charge was that in considering the influence of certain philosophical theories Mr. Adams confines himself to the names and facts mentioned by Buckle. The simple answer to this is that Buckle devoted thirty pages of his great work to this subject, making it thoroughly exhaustive; Mr. Adams devoted a single paragraph, had no occasion to do more than that, and naturally did not put into that single paragraph more than Buckle had put into his thirty pages. The next charge was that certain remarks about Rousseau by Bonaparte, Hume, and others, which had been given by Buckle, were also given by Adams. The simple facts are that Buckle referred to nineteen different authors, Adams referred to thirteen; but of these thirteen five only were mentioned by Buckle. Dr. Adams referred to notices of Rousseau by Lessing, Herder, Kant, Schiller, Carlyle, and Sir Henry Maine, and Buckle referred to not one of these.

IN Iowa, as in Kansas and in Maine, Prohibition has little efficacy in the large towns and the cities, which suffer the most from the evils of the liquor traffic. And in that State, as elsewhere, five men will vote for Prohibition for one who will put a hand to its enforcement. The reduction of liquor saloons under a high license law in Nebraska and Illinois, has been greater than in Iowa under Prohibition. At the same time there has been no such stimulus to lawlessness in the enforcement of high license, and the assistance of the liquor dealers has been secured in its enforcement.—*American.*

IF there ever was a conspicuous and lamentable failure as a foreign minister in England, it was Lord Salisbury under Lord Beaconsfield. The series of blunders perpetrated under his Administration—the greatest of all being the Afghan war, which he deliberately got up, as it appeared from a now celebrated despatch—had most to do with driving the Beaconsfield Ministry from power. Yet he now appears not only as foreign minister, but as the head of the Cabinet. But making Lord Randolph Churchill Secretary for India has something astounding in it. Lord Randolph's sole claim to any place of responsibility in the Cabinet is the vigour and brutality of his attacks on Mr. Gladstone. Of constructive statesmanship, or indeed of any kind of statesmanship, he has never given the slightest sign. Yet he is put in what appears to be at this moment the most trying and critical and responsible of all positions under the new Government.—*Nation.*

PERIODICALS.

THE San Francisco *Overland Monthly* well sustains the high reputation it has so deservedly earned. The August number, whilst containing a large quantity of the lighter reading which is so grateful in the big gooseberry days, also includes some good solid reading, both in the form of editorial and contributed matter. Following the lead which has proved so successful in the case of at least two other magazines, the *Overland Monthly* gives a war paper—"Battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge." Some "Reminiscences of General Grant" on the Pacific Coast will prove attractive at the present moment, and a paper on the "Bent of International Intercourse" may be commended without endorsing the spirit of it. Two absorbing novelettes are entitled "In the Summer House" and "The Hermit of Saw-mill Mountain."

THE July *Sanitarian* opens with an able paper on "Practical Sanitation," which, in connection with an account of a fever epidemic in Louisville, and the report of the American Climatological Association might with profit be perused by those who are demanding a reform of sanitary arrangements in Toronto and elsewhere. There is much valuable information in articles on "Peptonized Milk Diet," and "Ventilation with Air from Superior Couches"—the former presenting a solution of the problem how to render milk easily digestible for infants and weak digestions.

FRANK LESLIE'S *Illustrated Sunday Magazine* continues to be all that is implied in its title—a high-class publication for Sabbath use, aptly combining information with proper recreation, and rendered additionally attractive by a profusion of illustrations. The September issue gives the place of honour to a paper, presumably by the editor, Dr. Talmage, on "The Bible in English," in which the translation of the Scriptures is traced from early times down to the just completed revision.

THE August number of *The Brooklyn Magazine* comes laden with nearly fifty pages of literature appropriate for summer reading. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's "Home" Department is especially strong in a discussion of the wastes and carelessness of servant girls and waitresses in the kitchen and at the dining-table. The wife of the famous Plymouth pastor writes in a manner which will find an echo in the hearts of thousands of housewives throughout the land who have experienced the recklessness of hired help. 1771 of the magazine readers decide in the discussion of "Who is the Greatest Living Actor and Actress?" that the distinction belongs to Lawrence Barrett and Clara Morris, although Mr. Booth acquires second place with only two votes less than Mr. Barrett.

Wide Awake for August has some remarkably good short stories of which dogs and horses are the heroes. The first part is also given of an Hawaiian adventure; this paper is well illustrated and is written by the ten Boojums themselves. "The Bound Girl" is one of a series of four true early colonial stories furnished from old documents still in existence. The serial stories by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, E. S. Brooks, Lizzie W. Champney and Margaret Sidney are notably good; Mr. Brooks' chapters in "The Governor's Daughter" detailing important historical events in Old New York. Rose Kingsley, Professor Palmer, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Fremont and Oscar Fay Adams furnish the Chautauqua Readings on English History, Temperance, French History, Art, American History and American Literature.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for August 1st and 8th contain the following selections from the leading periodicals: "Sir William Napier," "Mr. J. R. Lowell," "Local Government and Ireland," "Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom," "From Montevideo to Paraguay," "A Walking Tour in the Landes," "An Afghan Jailer," "A Paris Suburb," "The March of the White Man," "The Biblical Brotherhood," "The Musical Pitch Question," "Leo XIII. as Ultramontane," "The Measure of Fidget," "The International Sanitary Conference at Rome," with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," "Mrs. Dymond" and "Fortune's Wheel" and poetry.

BOOK NOTICES.

A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE. Ridden and Written by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

An unconventional account of a modern pilgrimage over a route sanctified in Chaucerian pages. The latter-day pilgrims, however, travelled in a tricycle—from London to the famous Canterbury shrine—and the description of their journey is charming and original, both in the telling of it by Mrs. Pennell and in the illustration of it by her husband.

LAWN TENNIS AS A GAME OF SKILL. By Lieut. S. C. F. Peile, B.S.C. Edited by Richard D. Sears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is not a manual for beginners: it is intended for the guidance of players who are desirous of improving their knowledge of and skill in the game. It includes, moreover, the latest revised rules as played by the best clubs. Mr. Sears is champion of America, and his hints are scarcely less valuable than Lieut. Peile's text. The book ought to be in hands of all who love lawn tennis.

TRAVELLERS' READY REFERENCE GUIDE. New York: Knickerbocker Guide Company.

This is a consolidation of the Knickerbocker Guide and Appleton's National Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for the States and Canada. To attempt an enumeration of the contents would be absurd; indeed, it is almost impossible to suggest what information it does not include that could be of use to the traveller. Routes by land and water, time-tables, maps, hotel information, and even bon-mots and anecdotes *pour passer le temps en route*.

THE MAURICE MYSTERY. By Esten Cooke. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

An absorbing novel, of the detective stamp, turning upon a murder, the dramatic interest of which is thoroughly sustained to the denouement. Published in the handy "Twenty-five cent Series."

EGYPT AND BABYLON. By George Rawlinson. New York: John B. Alden.

The learned author of "The Seven Great Monarchies of the Eastern World" has here given yet another book invaluable to the student of ancient history, the facts in which, he tells us, are compiled from sacred and profane sources. Canon Rawlinson's studious care as a historian is well-known, so that the immense array of facts given in "Egypt and Babylon" may readily be accepted as reliable.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY STUDIES IN HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE. Nos. V.-VI.-VII. Local Institutions in Maryland. By Lewis W. Wilhelm, Ph.D. No. VIII. The Influence of the Proprietors in Founding the State of New Jersey. By Austin Scott, Ph.D. Baltimore: N. Murray.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A TIMELY and well-authenticated article on the historical associations connected with General Grant's burial place in Riverside Park, will be published in the *Magazine of American History* for September.

By arrangement with the widow of the late F. J. Fergus (Hugh Conway), Henry Holt and Company will publish his novel, "A Family Affair," which has been running in the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is preparing for publication a volume composed of the essays and reviews of a purely literary character which he has contributed to magazines and quarterlies during the last twenty years.

THE new novel, "Silken Threads," just brought out by Cupples, Upham and Co., is said by the critics to be worthy of all the praise that is bestowed upon it by the reading public. The publishers consider it superior to "Called Back" in plot and style.

NATURE says that, owing to the frequency of tornadoes in some parts of the valley of the Mississippi, we understand a number of caves have been bored in some parts of the country to afford shelter to travellers chancing to meet such dangerous phenomena on their way.

A HISTORY of English Toryism, from the formation of Mr. Pitt's first ministry, in 1783, to the death of Lord Beaconsfield, in 1881, by Mr. T. E. Kobbel, the editor of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches, is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Company, of London, in the course of the autumn.

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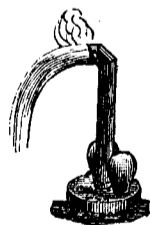
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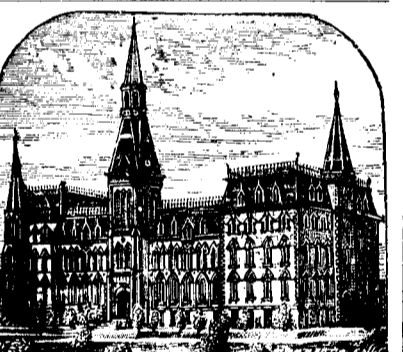
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