

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.
CANADIAN.

An emphatic protest has been entered by the Victoria, B. C., Board of trade against the discontinuance by the Dominion Government of the steamer mail service between that city and San Francisco.

A full statement of claims on behalf of the vessels seized in Behring's Sea during the past season, has been prepared by the Fisheries Department for presentation to the United States Government.

It is reported from Washington that the British representatives will allow American fishermen the privileges they claim in Canadian waters until such time as the dispute is terminated by the proposed Board of Arbitration.

The Dominion Government are said to have ordered the Customs officials at Manitoba boundary ports not to grant re-entry certificates to persons desiring to ship grain over the American railways and the Grand Trunk to Montreal.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court on the question of the ownership of mineral lands in the British Columbia railway belt will be appealed against to the Imperial Privy Council by the Provincial Government.

It has been discovered that a conspiracy has existed for many years between officials of the Montreal Court-house and certain lawyers by which the Provincial Treasury has been swindled out of thousands of dollars by old law stamps being used over again.

Canada has lost \$3,000,000 within the past two years through embezzlers who have escaped to the United States with the money. As American embezzlers have taken more than \$20,000,000 over into the Dominion in the same period, Canada may still claim that the balance of trade is in her favor.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. McGibbon, Inspector of North-West Indian agencies, arrived in Ottawa from Regina recently. He states that the Indians throughout the North-West are prosperous and contented and are making wonderful progress in agricultural pursuits. The industrial schools are working very satisfactorily.

Prof. Sheldon's work on Canada, which has been published in London, points out that a good living and something more may be earned in Canada by artisans, farm laborers, domestic servants and everyone else who will work conscientiously and is steady and thrifty; but there is no room for paupers, loafers, drunkards, windy agitators or fools of any sort.

The Stonewall, Man., News says:—Arthur Mollard made a wager of \$5 that he could fell, chop, split and pile five cords of wood in ten hours. He commenced work at 7.30, and exactly at 2.30 he had the whole five cords nicely piled up, thus completing the job in seven hours, and winning the wager with three hours to spare. To get the five cords he was compelled to fell 45 trees.

Horse car drivers receive commiseration, but they are in reality healthy men. Fresh air and regularity of life compelled by the time-table produce good results. "There is only one drawback to this business," said one driver, "and that is we don't get exercise enough." Rheumatism is a pet trouble with the drivers, and some of them get round shouldered from the weight of the clothes they wear, for a driver during seven months of the year puts on everything he has that will go on.

The editor of the *War Cry*, Staff Capt. A. Sumner, the official organ of the Army in Canada, was interviewed by a Toronto reporter recently. He was found at the Headquarters on Albert street, the editorial room, as usual, being on one of the upper flats of the building. "Our officers are increasing at the rate of about two hundred a year," said the Editor when asked about the progress of the army. "We had our eighth death among our officers today. Some people say that the officers of the Salvation Army are short lived. Now the statement will show that it is not correct. Our officers have averaged 500 a year since the establishment of the Army in Canada, that is taking the number on duty each year and dividing that by five—the number of years in operation. This, you will see is only a little over one death in 500 each year which is above the average death rate in the Dominion. "Yes, the *War Cry* is published in ten or a dozen different languages. We have three offices in India for which we issue the *War Cry* in three different Indian dialects of the Hindostanee language. It is published in Stockholm in the Swedish, in Zurich and Amsterdam in German, in Wales in the Welsh, in Paris in French, in Rome in Italian, also in the Danish and other languages. We have not got into Japan or China as yet, but we issue the *War Cry* in New Zealand, South Africa, Australia, Van Dieman's Land, and in the United States in San Francisco and New York. So you see the paper of the Salvation Army is pretty well circulated. Up to this week we have published the *War Cry* in French in Toronto for circulation in Lower Canada. The French name of the paper is *En "Avant"*. We are moving it to Montreal where it will be issued hereafter."

UNITED STATES.
W. K. Vanderbilt owns the English estate of John Hampden, famous as the foe of crowns and the friend of commonalty.

George Miller, of Akron, O., will be buried in a coffin made from the wood of a cherry tree which he planted for this purpose 60 years ago.

In a Virginia newspaper of thirty years ago is a long account of the sentence of a woman to two years' imprisonment for teaching slaves to read.

A Michigan boy who had 1,000 buttons on a string explained it by saying that his father is a minister and "has the sorting of the collection basket."

Congressman Townsend, of Illinois, has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill for the creation of an American zollverein, to include Canada.

Owners of vessels seized in Behring's Sea are said to have prepared claims against the American Government for \$500,000 damages, but they have not yet filed them at Washington.

A New York State Yankee proposes to make a railroad car entirely of wood pulp. He claims that it will be indestructible either by fire or by shock. Such a car is needed.

A young woman of Bangor, Me., who had been forbidden by a jealous suitor to go to a dance with a rival, had the jealous swain arrested and lodged in a cell, and she went to the dance with the other fellow.

Coffee John, the proprietor of a Minneapolis restaurant, on a bet of \$10, recently ate 500 oysters in two hours. He ate 125 raw, 125 stewed and 250 steamed, and finished with thirteen minutes to spare.

A St. Paul man sued a railroad company for damages for causing his house to be flooded with water. One of the exhibits in the plaintiff's evidence was a photograph representing him seated on a huge cake of ice in his dining room.

Turkeys pay in Vermont—when everything goes well. A Green Mountain farmer made a net profit of \$40.50 from a single hen turkey during the past season. That's better than raising wheat, or cattle—if you have enough turkeys.

One who has had a great deal of experience with crazy people, says that insanity is specially prevalent in December and June. We fail to see the connection, of course, but have noticed that the number of weddings is unusually large in those months.

The fund to build a monument to the policemen murdered at the Chicago Haymarket amounts to \$4,000, while the Anarchists memorial fund is over \$30,000. This is not a very flattering comment upon the public spirit and gratitude of the American people.

Half a dozen book agents were arraigned before a Pennsylvania judge for obtaining money through false pretences. The judge held that they had done no more than to tell falsehoods in order to sell their goods, and that the law would warrant him in imprisoning them for plain, ordinary lying.

There recently died in Rockland, Me., an Italian musician, F. A. D. Singh, whose life was not of the ordinary. He was when a boy apprenticed to an image peddler of Lucca, and with him crossed Europe on foot with a load of images on his head. On reaching England he ran away with and enlisted in the English army and was sent to Canada. While the regiment was at Quebec the band played a selection, widely advertised as the composition of the bandmaster. Young Singh recognized it as an old Italian melody. That evening at the barracks he whistled the air, until he was interrupted by the bandmaster, who asked him where he heard that. The Italian was quickwitted. "Heard the band play it," he said. The leader was pleased and Singh was put into the band. He afterwards deserted and went to Maine, where, after earning a precarious living by shoemaking and barbering, he at last got solidly established as a musician. He was born a Roman Catholic, became a Methodist and died a Swedenborgian.

FOREIGN.

A blessed old age was the lot of a couple named Beyer at Weimar, Germany. They were near the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day when death released them both on the same day.

Two more divisions of Russian troops are to be moved to the Galician frontier. Austria has made railway arrangements by which she can send an ample force to the front in twenty-four hours.

The Czar, in his congratulatory telegram, hopes that the Pope will enable him to harmonize the needs of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia with the fundamental principles of his empire.

Turkey owes Russia \$20,000,000 and can't pay the debt. Russia wants the cash and must have it. There's your Eastern question in a pint cup, and Russia is bound to have a leg of Turkey early in the spring.

It is stated that Pope Leo's jubilee gifts include 60,000 chasubles, 12,000 cups, 8,000 crucifixes and a great quantity of other ecclesiastical properties which will be exhibited. Their value is estimated at \$15,000,000.

The Emperor of China owns every foot of land in his dominions, and fixes taxes, rents and impost as he, from year to year, may deem fit. His subjects obey without questioning his motive or wisdom, and are generally quiet and easily satisfied. Occasionally, however, they awake from their lethargy, and then are the most determined and dangerous rebels in the world.

The London *Economist* and other British financial journals declare that the speculative activity in England just now is greater than at any time previously since 1879. "Good times" often come without unusual activity in the speculative markets, but speculation seldom comes without "good times."

The prospects in England, as in the United States, are that general trade will be active during a large part, if not of all, the coming year.

The fact that fifteen to twenty-five steamers a month are now arriving at the mouth of the Congo, illustrates the growth of commerce in that region since Stanley showed the importance of the great river. One ocean steamer has already ascended the river to Boma, fifty miles from the sea, and the best channels are being marked by buoys, so that deep-draught vessels may safely navigate the lower river.

Dr. George Washburn, of the Robert College, Constantinople, writes to The New York Independent:—There is certainly a growing sympathy with America in England. I have seen more and more of it every time I have been there since my first visit, more than thirty years ago. There is not much change on the Continent, I am not sure they like us as well as they did thirty years ago. There is certainly more abuse of America in the Continental papers than there was then. But in England the change is wonderful. An American is no longer a stranger there, and the essential unity of the Anglo Saxon race has become a popular dogma. The peaceful arbitration commission which went to America this year was simply an outcome of the popular feeling.

Most of the very rich men of the day have three or four houses each, which they keep thoroughly furnished and ready for occupation at a moment's notice. James Gordon Bennett jumps from Paris to New York without notice and he always finds a firelighted in his bedroom and his cooks have the daintiest viands on his table. Jay Gould can gravitate between Fifth avenue and Irvington, and United States Secretary Whitney has one house in New York, one in Washington city, one at Grasslands near the President's country home and another at the seashore. Almost all of the millionaire United States Senators keep up establishments in Washington as well as at the homes in the States which they represent, and Senator Stanford has a half dozen homes any one of which would satisfy a prince.

OUR SPECIAL CABLE.

Lord Randolph and the Czar—The Emperor William's Illness—The Czar's Troubles—A Typical London Fog.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—Doughty little Lord Randolph Churchill has shown signs of mounting a high horse again. He has been treated in Russia with such distinguished consideration by the Czar and many of the Grand Dukes, Princes, and nobles that he is in danger of losing his head. If we may trust reports from St. Petersburg, his lordship has been won over completely to the Russian side, and is going about declaring that Lord Salisbury shall never join the central alliance.

Mr. Gladstone is prolonging his stay in Florence, and is having a most cheerful time. His health and strength are increasing rapidly, and the excitable Italians continue to demonstrate on every possible occasion in his honor. He receives many visits, returns few, sees literary men especially, and gains their hearts by proving that he knows all about their work, and by always marching off to get their last book if he happens not to have it.

Interest is concentrated now on the probable fate of Ferdinand, the self-made Prince of Bulgaria. It looks as though a crisis was really coming in that young man's affairs. There is every indication that he will not be able to last until spring, for Germany has turned once more violently against him to accentuate the lovmaking between Bismarck and the Czar, and Ferdinand has nothing to rely upon save a most faint-hearted support from Austria, support which is only moral, and which is based solely on hatred of Russia.

Reports from Berlin announce an improvement in the condition of the aged Emperor, but the improvement is only slight, and unfortunately his illness has left signs of mental deterioration. A friend writing from the Berlin court informs me of a most distressing and curious result of the Emperor's malady. He has lost entirely the faculty of counting figures in any shape. Prices and the value of money do not convey the slightest meaning to his mind, although on other topics he is quite himself. Morphine in large doses was administered during the last illness to reduce exhausting pain and procure sleep, but the wonderful old man always awoke smiling and quite conscious. No one is more surprised than his doctors at his marvellous hold upon life, and while it is expected that some morning he may fail to wake up at all, the recuperative power which he has already displayed is most astonishing. It is universally believed in Berlin, my correspondent writes, that the Crown Prince is doomed beyond all hope, and a most bitter feeling exists there against doctor Morell Mackenzie, whose advice overruled that of the German surgeons, who wished to resort to an operation, which, though extremely dangerous, might have caused a permanent cure. It is even said that it would be unsafe for Mackenzie to appear in Berlin. There is no important change in the condition of the Crown Prince. Bulletins are issued constantly, and the doctors express conflicting opinions, but that is all. The Prince speaks resignedly, and shows that he is alive to the interests of his people by expressing the hope that the social world in Berlin may not be moved by his illness to suspend its festivities, and thus injure the already not overprosperous tradesmen.

The Czar, in the midst of his other troubles, has just had to decide a delicate family matter. Duke Nicholas, his cousin, and one of his side de camp, has fallen in love with a middle-aged widow. That would not have been anything very unusual for a Russian Grand Duke to do, but Nicholas went further. He actually insisted on marrying the lady. There was a great deal in the imperial family. Nicholas remained obstinate, and finally appealed to the Czar, and induced him as the head of the family to give his consent to the match. It need scarcely be said that the marriage will be a moribund one. The imperial bridegroom is 31 years of age and the bride is 40.

Gossip has already coupled the names of young royalties, including Princess Louise of Wales and Grand Duke Michael, the youngest brother of the Czar, Princess Victoria of Wales and the Duke of Sparta, heir to the throne of Greece, and the Prince of Wales's eldest son, who will be King of England some day, to Princess Alexandria, the eldest daughter of the King of Greece.

This big city has just escaped from a week of the most typical sort of London fog. Twenty omnibuses were lost on Tuesday in the borough on the Surrey side of London Bridge and bumped around dimly for hours in total darkness with their loads of terrified passengers, who dared not quit their only asylum. Everything movable has been running into everything else. Traffic on the river has been stopped, commerce and health have suffered, and thieves alone have prospered. The keeper of the Zoological Garden monkey house announces solemnly this morning in his report to the Board that his monkeys are suffering from severe mental depression. If such is the case with our ancestors you can readily imagine how we feel who have not the resource on foggy days of swinging by long prehensile tails, or of eating nuts with four hands.

An attempt to tyrannize a young woman has just been made in lower Austria, which will arouse the indignant sympathy of thousands of young women in Canada. The heads of schools there complained that young school mares all went and married just as they were getting experienced and useful, and that the nuisance could not be borne. A bill was actually introduced into the Legislature in favor of enforcing celibacy among female school teachers. The bill was rejected two days ago, after an interesting and very humorous debate. The friends of the school mistresses contended that it was with the hope of marrying that lots of good girls went into the school-teaching business, and that to cut off the bright hope of marriage would be to keep many bright girls out of the school room altogether.

Old man calling down the stairs to daughter at 11.55 p. m.—Clara! Daughter—Yes, papa. Old man—Ask that young man in the parlor which he prefers for breakfast, mill rolls or Vienna bread.

"Ah, my son," said the minister. "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday School at last. Is this your first Sunday?" "Yes, sir."

"How do you like it?" "Oh, I guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree."

Mrs. Beecher on Familiarities that Breed Contempt.

It is hardly possible that the young can understand or will accept the old maxim that "familiarity breeds contempt" with favor. To their young hearts the term "familiarity" is only associated with real friendships—the endearments and unrestricted exhibitions of sweet confidences and affection between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and their pleasant, merry home life. As a general thing they know little of life except its rose-tinted side. The rough and stony places which adversity brings, the heartaches that come when those most trusted are proved false, whose protestations of undying love and confidence and free and easy approaches, are found to be only the guise to inveigle and deceive for their own selfish ends. All this sad knowledge is not common to youth, nor is a judgment, born of experience, easily attained who can teach them to distinguish between the true and the false.

Few, unfortunately, however, barely reach the early stages of maturity without being compelled to recognize the correctness of this old and homely adage. Too great familiarity, even with the nearest and most intimate friends, may not always be wise or desirable or lead to the happiest results, and beyond a certain line it is a license that refined and

WELL-MANNERED PEOPLE NEVER VENTURE UPON.

It is a fault that is very liable to spring up in childhood, and is, at that early age, looked upon as rather more amusing than annoying, so that in its first stages it is passed by with little notice—merely a childish foible. But if this aggressive element is developed in early youth and is allowed to take root and gather strength, until the child is supposed to reach years of discretion, it becomes a settled habit of the most offensive nature, especially to persons of refinement and delicacy. If parents who, through that unreasoning fondness for their children are never able to recognize any faults, could be sufficiently roused to see in a little child whereunto this habit is inevitably tending, and honestly labor to eradicate that coarseness by which a child is led to pry into matters that are the personal rights of others, it would soon be held in restraint and rooted out. But if they blindly suffer this undesirable trait to take root and gather strength, as the child goes on towards maturity, it will then be hard, if not impossible, to eradicate it, and it must become offensive to all who are compelled to come in contact with it.

No doubt persons to whom this disagreeable trait has become a deeply-seated habit have many desirable traits. Kind-hearted to all, it may be, honest and true in all their dealings, yet few, knowing this weakness in their character care to associate with them, feeling that it would be impossible to be near them any length of time before the effort will be made, and persisted in, to discuss your own private affairs in the most familiar style, ready, to be sure, to make full exchange, and open before you everything connected with their own history in the most intimate and confidential manner. Often it is very evident that nothing wrong is intended, and therefore one is at a loss to decide how to reply to the

UNCEASING TROUBLE OF INQUIRIES.

There are, however, specimens of over-familiarity that deserve to be met only by open contempt. What more embarrassing and exasperating than in a public conveyance, where, where escape is impossible without attracting attention, to have a perfect stranger begin to ask questions and make remarks as if on the most intimate terms, and with a freedom that would be scarcely tolerated in one's own family? There is a class, to be sure, who really know no better, who have lived where there was little opportunity for improvement, or any example or teaching to rouse them to a sense of the gross impropriety of such liberties. For such one can find some excuse and some commiseration. And yet, even when ignorance is offered as an excuse, do we not feel there should be an instinctive sense of propriety sufficient to withhold even a heathen?

However charitably one may endeavor to look on such peculiarities, it is pitiable to feel how barren that mind must be, how little food for thought it must possess, that finds excitement or interest in asking how many yards are used in the dress of a perfect stranger with whom they are not likely ever to meet again, how much the lady gave for it, what size shoes she wears, how many pairs she buys a year, and an interminable list of inquiries of a similar character.

Does any one think such things seldom happen? A great mistake! We have listened to similar questions when travelling, and have been put through the same or a similar catechism often enough to know that it is not an uncommon thing.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER AND WORSE SIDE

to over-familiarity which can cause pain too acute for any feeling of contempt, the abuse of the natural familiarity which springs out of the closest family relations. Nowhere else are the laws of good society, if we look no higher, so often set aside or overlooked. When held in check by that genuine good breeding and politeness which springs from a sensitive conscience and a pure and noble heart, the familiarity of family love and home relations becomes a playful tenderness that leaves no sting and causes no heartache. But love is often a vain show, instead of a bond to hold the family together the very tenderest of all home relations is viewed as furnishing a license for impoliteness and neglect such as none would dare to approach a stranger with far less an intimate. "Is it not my wife? Is it not my child? Who shall dare dispute my right to do what I will with my own?"

If the head of the family—its ruler—speaks unkindly, it is because the bonds that bind them together are his safeguard. There is a sense of security from exposure in family pride, in part, but stronger than all else is the knowledge of the womanly love that seeks to hide all errors. The wife or daughter, and sometimes sister, are often spoken to by the "gentleman" of the house as he would not dare to speak to any other woman, however insignificant. But more particularly in this

BRUTE SENSE OF OWNERSHIP

manifested to his wife. A brother finds no particular pleasure in talking sharp or domineering over his sister. He is well aware she may resent it, and retort even more sharply than he addressed her. For a daughter, a father, unless lost to all sense of shame, has usually a peculiar tenderness by which she escapes much of the oppression that other members of the family are exposed to.

ed to. The restraints of society often prove a stronger protection to the wife from her husband's irritability and unjust censures, than his professed affection for her. And more's the pity! It is often the case that polite, deferential attentions will be more frequently proffered outside the family circle than from her husband. Do any need to be told whereunto this tends? The daily papers are full of what may follow.

But cruel, unnatural and mean as this is, it is not always confined to the masculine in the household. We wish that we could prove that a lady never "answers back," when "reviled, reviled not again," never returns railing for railing, a sharp retort for a bitter word, or meets discourtesy with equal neglect and indifference. We blush to acknowledge that

THE WIFE IS PERHAPS AS OFTEN RESPONSIBLE for the beginning of evil in this respect as her husband. Public opinion has a strong hold on her as on a man—even stronger, as woman has more of that kind of pride which holds her back from the open exhibition of the irritation that is driving her almost furious than a man. She will not allow the public gossips to hold her up to the gaze of the world if self-restraint is possible.

But all the courtesy and amiability, the deference and respectful attention exhibited in public or to friends outside, are worthless to man or woman if the same is not more earnestly extended to each in the sacred precincts of home. Love that shines in the most kindly acts, respectful attentions, quick to see what may be needed or gratifying—the most perfect courtesy at home or nowhere. All that is found outside should be the overflow of that which is unchanging and perpetual in the charmed circle of home. There is where we must seek for the true lady and gentleman. If not fully developed and sacredly maintained there prominently exhibited elsewhere, the sentiment is spurious—a counterfeit. Tenderness may be the exhibition of that spirit which is

THE SPARK FROM GOD'S ALTAR

that kindles the home fire, fond and loving, and arcing as may be its revelation, it never degenerates into that over-familiarity that is the bane to the best and noblest emotions.

If young people, whether brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, would but give this idea respectful attention, look at it candidly instead of calling it sentimental talk; if before they quite decide to throw it aside as of no importance they would look around them, not governed by gossiping reports, but by what is going on daily right before their eyes, if they would candidly examine life as it moves on around them they would soon guard against that familiarity which they cannot but see is injurious. It is a coarse representation and not the true diamond; it destroys true refinement, develops the coarser, harder parts of their character, breeds not only contempt, but in the end inevitable coldness and estrangement. This idea once accepted as true, how soon we should see a large increase of refinement, genuine politeness—the genuine gentleman and lady. We should find them wearing these higher and more noble attainments more as an every-day working garment than a fancy dress only exhibited at parties, balls and state occasions, and then folded up and locked out of sight, never more to be paraded till needed for public exhibition.

Those bound together by natural ties or by marriage need to exercise all the gentleness and forbearance, the courtesy and affectionate politeness that they possess, increased and purified by careful nurture.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Old Men.

Recently M. Ferdinand de Lesseps celebrated the anniversary of his birthday, and entered upon his 83rd year. He can look around him and see but very few men of anything like equal eminence, who are as old as he. The German emperor is 90, Dr. Dollinger is 88, Moltke and Bancroft, the historian, are each 87, Kossuth is 85, and Professor Owen is 83; but it is not easy to extend the list. Yet it is astonishing to note the large number of living great men who have passed the ordinary limit of human life. Of sovereigns, the Pope is 77, and King William, of the Netherlands, is well on his 71st year. Of statesmen, Mr. Gladstone will be 79 this month, Mr. Bright is 76, Prince Bismarck is 72, M. Jules Grevy is 74, M. Leon Say and M. Leroyer are each 71; Lord Selborne is 75, Sir Rutherford Alcock is 78, Lord Sherbrooke is 76, and Lord Granville is 72. Of generals: MacMahon is 79, Lebauf is 78, and Bazaine and Cialdini are each 76. Of poets: Lord Tennyson is 78, Mr. Browning is 75, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 78. Of musicians: Verdi is 73. Of engineers: Lord Armstrong is 77, and Sir John Hawkshaw is 76. Of painters: Meissonier is 72, and finally, of showmen, Barnum is 77. Perhaps, however, M. Chevreul, who is fairly started on his 102nd year ought not to be omitted. In any case, the catalogue is far from being a complete one. As it stands, it is sufficiently remarkable. We have mentioned the names of thirty-three persons, the average age of each being over 78. It may be doubted whether, in the history of the world, thirty-three men of as considerable celebrity, and of as great average length of life, have ever before been alive at one time.

An exchange says that a folded newspaper placed under the coat in the small of the back is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. There is considerable warmth in a newspaper, that's a fact. Many a man has become heated by simply reading an article in a newspaper; and at such times he wants to make it hot for the editor, too.

Coal is twenty dollars a ton in San Francisco. When a coal vessel is due the coal carts assemble on the wharf and await its arrival, the delays sometimes covering days, during which time the drivers are encamped in close proximity to these vehicles. The cause of the extraordinary price is the scarcity of vessels to carry the coal. If San Francisco had a northern winter it would not be a good place to be poor in.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, during a visit to Baltimore, in some remarks to the graduate students of John Hopkins University, declared his inability to agree with Mr. George's theory of land tax, as it was in effect robbery of a large number of people of their property. But there should be some improvement in the methods of land-holding. The fine race of peasantry that were in Europe during the Middle Ages has passed away, and it should be the aim of legislators to restore this class.