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DAME EUROPA'S

REMONSTRANCE

AND

HER ULTIMATUM

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL".

TORONTO.

BELFORD BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

1877.
Dame Europa's Remonstrance and Her Ultimatum.
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HER ULTIMATUM.

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"DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL"

VILLAINY SOMEWHERE! WHOSE?

* * * * *

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own.

* * * * * * * * * *

Is it Peace or War? * * * loud war by land and by sea:
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones!"

Tennyson.

TORONTO:
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INTRODUCTION.

In this year of grace, of advanced civilization, and of ennobling Christianity, 1877, is commenced a war which threatens to be on the grandest scale, embroiling therein nearly, if not all, the principal states of Europe. These have, trained to arms more or less perfectly, the somewhat "limited," "insignificant" number of nearly Ten Millions of Soldiers, with power to draw upon their populations to an unlimited extent to supply the losses sustained by sickness, disease, and the havoc of war.

The mind fails to grasp all that this fact threatens. Should this war become general (which most expect), what scenes of slaughter, carnage, desecration, misery, woe, and brutalised death the world will be called upon to witness it is impossible to foresee. The power for destruction wielded by the reigning heads of Europe is not likely sparingly to be exercised upon their peoples,
and it is, therefore, our imperative duty to lift up the voice against so terrible a crime as is this war.

In this "Remonstrance and Ultimatum" we enter our protest; and it is our conviction that it will command the support of every right-minded citizen throughout the British Dominions.
My Dear Monitors,

It is with the most profound regret that I find myself constrained once more to summon you. Our last interview was on a subject of the deepest interest to two of your number, and I have much cause to fear that the wounds they suffered and the losses then sustained, more especially by one of them, are not yet healed nor recouped. Blood and treasure spilt, you know, are like water thrown upon the ground, that cannot be gathered up again.

But the reason for my summoning you on this occasion is far more momentous in its interests, and much more widely spread in its influences. As I look over your respective gardens I see some in great disorder, and the earth turns up of a crimson dye; all the trees are shaking, and the leaves of many are gone; in
others the flowers seem as if they scarcely dared open their eyes to the noonday sun; whilst in most, if not in all, I witness a nervous jerkiness in the gardeners, as if in dread of some terrible event about to happen, or as if they were conscious of guilt, and expected every breeze would waft to their side some stern janitor, who, with the quickest of marches, would safely put them in "the jug," or make their feet fast in the stocks.

Seeing from my exalted position this unhappy state of affairs, I have determined to show you your gardens as they really are; to impress upon you, individually and collectively, your respective duties and responsibilities in connection with them; and lastly, in case of failure to comply with my wishes, to lay before you my positive and final commands.

And now, Victor, I will begin with you, so pray stand up.

In looking at your garden I am pleased to see that it is more complete and consolidated than formerly, whilst it is also considerably enlarged. Time was when you were content to dine off "sardines," but now you must have your sunny slopes, and oranges and citrons in your beautiful groves for dessert. To effect this, I notice you have parted with a "Nice-Savo(r)y" portion on the one side that you might obtain a much larger field for the exercise of your curbing, pruning, and grafting gardening powers on the other.

You have also largely increased the number of
pupils under your charge, for your children now number nearly twenty-eight millions, divided into sixteen departments, under the control of your sub-monitors.

Your trading power is also increasing: the crumpled dirty bits of paper that were shuffled about from hand to hand amongst your pupils I am glad to see have now some promise of being redeemed.

But there are still faults in your gardening—you have nearly a million of your pupils with fisticuffs and boxing gloves ready to fight—most of them unproductive, and destroying vastly more than they could ever produce.

You have also lurking about in some dark recesses very dangerous creatures—they levy black mail on all alike, and perpetrate deeds of darkness and horror, alone or in company, with the most unblushing effrontery. Spare no cost to cleanse your garden from this foul brigand-stain, which mars the beauty of your fair fame.

In the lower part of your grounds I also notice a great furnace, supplying and consuming its own coals, and probably, at no distant date, it will suffer a fearful and terrible collapse. You have done wisely in abandoning it to its will, simply placing a spy upon its actions to report every hissing commotion he may hear.

In the centre of your garden stands a very aged oak, knotted, gnarled, and here and there showing many signs of decay. Time was when it was covered with
glory; every branch was long, strong, and full of sap and life and energy from the root upwards, and under it multitudes of rapacious creatures obtained shelter from the heat and light of the noonday sun. But now the branches are lopped, thinned, or cut close to the parent stem; the light of day has penetrated and destroyed or dispersed multitudes of the hideous creatures once under its shade. Many of its strong roots that struck deep, and stretched far and wide, and sprung up through the earth with renewed energy, are snapped asunder or loosened in the soil, and the tree itself I see threatens, with the first fierce blasts that blow, to topple and fall.

Be not alarmed about its condition—let it alone and time will kill it. Do with it as you have done with your furnace—let it have its swing and watch it. Especially at the present juncture I say to you: be on the alert, and prepare for storms; the branches are trying to stretch out beyond your domains, and to gather new life from foreign sources. Let them gather what little life they may—if you attempt to destroy you martyrize, and in the fall this oak will commit fearful havoc on all upon whom it may fall; if you prop up you remove just grounds for outcry and whining, and the loss of natural forces will be your ultimate friend and saviour from this foe.

William and Joseph are inviting you to take sides with them against two or three of your brother monitors—pause long ere you consent. Your garden is but young;
you have already burdened it with as much as it can bear; if you enter into the fight it will be at an enormous cost. You have much to lose, little to gain, and the whole cast upon the chances of battle. Take my advice, friend Victor, help to maintain peace; but at all risks keep out of the strife. Immediately you declare for a part in the fight, the old decaying oak will gather life and try to overgrow your garden, and take away from you the responsibility of the monitorship.

Joseph, I have a word for you—you also can stand up to hear me.

Your garden, I see, has suffered—a lovely portion in the south of it, with four large toolhouses, is gone from your charge, and I note that the borders of your eastern flower beds are tremulous, as if a cutting east wind were marching rapidly towards them.

If the storm come, what is your capacity to stand against it? Your pupils number about 38,000,000, occupying eighteen beds in your garden—the flowers are very diverse: some native to the soil; others, exotic and compelled by force to be acclimatized. To a very great extent your sway is divided—laws for one part are not accepted in another, and your many classes are bound together by very loose bonds.

You have formed, I note, a strong band of fighting pupils numbering more than a million—these help to keep your garden in tolerable order; but you have still many plants of dangerous growth in your midst: the Hungarian root, the Croatian nettle, the Polish worm-
wood, the Bohemian gipsy-wort, the Galician thorn, and several others.

You see your neighbour Aleck is picking a quarrel with your neighbour Mahmoud, and as he cannot well reach to strike him across the pond lying between them, he desires to cross over a part of your garden. This is very distasteful to your pupils, and it will require all your wisdom and coolness of judgment to decide whether to permit or to refuse his request. If you permit, you alienate your people, you offend Mahmoud and William—if you refuse, you annoy Aleck, and possibly he will seek to cross in spite of you; if he succeed, he will claim that part of your garden in future as his. Beware! seek to strengthen your hands by union with some of your brother monitors, and so be equal to all eventualities.

And now, William, I would speak to you.

You, I see, still wait on Providence, and, like Mr. Micawber, are hoping that "something will turn up." Smark, your head gardener, still says to you: "Shut your mouth and save your life." Good counsel truly, but not always safe to follow.

Your garden, too, has greatly improved in appearance and extent. You have been cultivating it with "All-sauce" and "Norain," and your vegetables and flowers have thriven wonderfully. You have broken down the hedges, too, that formerly made such extremely awkward landmarks, and by the help of your landwehr and your landsturm you have, I see, brought your
forty-three millions to accept your strong guardianship. You must, however, bear in mind that it is the force of fisticuffs that has brought twenty-six states under your control: there are mighty volcanic energies, smouldering and latent, beneath the surface of your garden, waiting only for the sunshine of a favourable juncture of circumstances to burst forth into flame.

But you say, these are matters you leave to Moke and his boys. It is a source of deep sorrow to me that you cannot keep your garden beds and borders in order except by putting sharp-pointed needles into the hands of nearly two millions and a half of them. This is a fearful drain upon your soil, a standing dread to your neighbours, and to the peaceful occupations of all my monitors.

Now I give you my counsel, as Aleck and Mahmoud have commenced the fight: reserve your forces to separate the combatants at the proper time. As they will fight, look on and see fair play, but do not permit the one utterly to crush the other. At the opportune moment step forward and boldly declare, “It is enough!” Do not complicate your own position by ill-chosen alliances, nor provoke the ire of Louis by ill-advised speeches and open declaration of your suspicions and jealousy of his improved condition. If you do give him a box on the ear, depend upon it he will pounce upon you, tiger-like, and will not relinquish his hold till one or the other is exhausted. He will not be so easy a prey as when I last summoned you. He is burning secretly under a
bitter sense of his crushing defeat, and he is now better prepared for conflict than ever he was before. Let wariness mark your footsteps, and caution ever rest upon your lips.

As long as you keep out of the fight you are safe; immediately you take part therein I will not attempt to foretell the result.

Louis, pray stand, and accept my sympathy for you in your bereavement.

I observe with sorrow you have lost a very valuable and productive part of your garden, which William seized, and which, it is certain, by the gardening operations he immediately carried out, he is determined to keep. But you placed the lovely fruits therein in the war-scales with William, and they “kicked the beam.”

I cannot help noticing further the plainness of your attire. All your fellow-monitors have very rich and gorgeous caps, upon which they pride themselves above all as their chief ornament; but you come bare-headed, and that which is their glory you trample under foot. But it is still in existence, and I shall not be surprised, when I next summon you, to see your cap restored to its usual position.

I am glad to see your late losses have awakened you to the need for deeper cultivation of your ground and the cleansing it of the weeds and rubbish lying in all quarters. It is now in much better trim everywhere, and your thirty-six millions of pupils are doing their
best to atone for the errors of the past. In the eighty-seven departments into which you have divided your garden I am pleased to note that all, or nearly all, of your pupils speak one language, so that there is little chance of jealousy of race stirring up strife among them; but the question “Who shall be your chief monitor?” is coming rapidly to the fore. In days gone by you had “Leon I.” and “Leon III.” strongly caged in your chief summer-house; now you have a “Jackdaw” keeping the lair warm for “Leon IV.,” who is quietly taking a “Nap” the while with one eye open, and will spring the mine immediately the ground is ready. He will sow it with blood and tears if need be, having already passed through his “Baptism of Fire.”

Louis, what are your capacities to stand the shock of battle, or to take part in the present fight? In your garden you have nearly 2,000,000 of boys, with chasse-pot and other sharp-pointed implements in their hands to keep the ground and the borders clean, and to frighten away all wild animals; to prepare food for worms your chaffcutters also are at the highest point of perfection. This necessitates an immense drain upon the fructifying power of your land, and inflicts grievous punishment upon your boys.

Sometimes dry, hot seasons parch up your ground, and you cry for rh(a)ine; but that will not come at the cry. The cost of indulging hopes not likely to be realized infinitely outweighs the joys of possession. Abandon “the cry for rh(a)ine” is my advice, and cool
your ground from the channels and waterways that are running through your garden.

Your distant neighbour Aleck is coaxing you to help him against your nearer neighbour Mahmoud; what material interest have you in the fight? You have nothing at stake whilst looking on; you will have everything at stake if you become an active partisan. Your neighbour William is sure to take the opposite side to you, and then how will you act with two or more combatants at one and the same time? Moke has just now thrown a firebrand across your borders: it was ill-advised and unkind, but you have received worse treatment from this man of blood and iron. Put your foot upon the brand and crush it; show him you can bide your time, and will not be provoked to fight until you know you are a fully equal match for him. Your pupils are one, and willingly obey you. William's sit under one gorgeous hat, but many of his pupils would gladly tear it to shreds, and willingly labour to restore the old landmarks.

At present your home matters demand all your care and attention. Strive above all to consolidate your power and strength, and when next you take a positive and active part in the counsels of my school let it be with a manliness and might which able and consolidated moral and physical forces alone can give.

Well, Aleck, I see you have stood up unbidden. You wear a big, burly, blustering aspect just now, but beware! Not for the first time have you trumpeted
forth your glory, but on the last occasion it was sunk in "so-vast-a-pool" that the trumpet has ever since been cracked.

What do you want?

Why have you fastened this quarrel upon Mahmoud?

Your garden already is too vast for your proper cultivation and keeping in order. It is larger than all the other gardens in my domains put together, and the number of your pupils exceeds eighty millions; and yet in large tracts of the garden you can only average three boys to four English square miles of space. Large beds in your grounds have never borne a single fruit nor felt the foot of a single pupil, and yet you are not content!

You have divided your land into no less than eighty deputy gardenerships, the pupils of which are of very opposite natures and talk many different tongues, and still you suffer from kleptomania.

But I see what you want: you covet Mahmoud's summer-house and the lovely lake whereon he sails his boats, and you do not care one straw how much you make him suffer so that you can gain your ends.

Scattered through your grounds I see no less than one and a half millions of pupils living as birds of prey, scenting blood afar off, and swooping onwards in terrible array to pounce upon their victim. This is not the first time you have done this, and with a relentless, pitiless vengeance have you flung your cat-o'-ninety-and-nine tails over the bare bodies of your defenceless foes. No worse cruelties have ever been committed by any of my
monitors than have been committed by you, and still you now, with an affectation of oily meekness, claim to stand up for "oppressed nationalities!" For you I fear "Truth does not only lie in the column" but it "lies on the lips."

"Oppressed Nationalities" forsooth! Cursed hypocrisy is this claim from your throat. Your own rule is the rule of the despot; your people have no voice, nor the shadow of a voice, in making the laws that govern them; repression, oppression, depression mark your sway; your people must crouch to your will in all matters, foreign or domestic; have no representation with the Government in any form; and so utterly and absolutely are all your pupils at the mercy of your bureaucracy, otherwise at your will, Aleck, that two of your pupils, elevated a little in intelligence above the common herd, were actually, in 1877, "suspended for a month" for simply whispering to their hearers that "The entire Russian army is being mobilized!"*

This gives but a faint idea of the tyrannic despotism with which you, Aleck, crush your pupils. They dare not think nor speak nor act as intelligent beings having mental life as active as your own, and aspirations as noble and as generous. The foul prison-house, the sword, the knout, the mine, the fiercely bitter blasts of an iceberg-home surround them, and are the household gods you compel your children to

* Vide the Times, April 26th.
worship and to fear, and they tamely submit, with only here and there the smallest scintillation of light breaking the death-like aspect of your rule and giving some faint hope for future freedom.

Were I in your garden I would labour night and day until this foul despotism were uprooted, and the hour had come when your pupils had a share in their government with you.

Under the plea of Christian sympathy for the Christian pupils of Mahmoud you have once more made the "Christian" question the cause of quarrel with him, in order that your dark and ulterior designs upon his garden may the more easily be accomplished. You have looked at "the mote in your brother's eye," and have forgotten "the beam that is in your own!"

Look at all the dark pictures in your past career! Recall Siberia and its mines, its vast expanse of ever-enduring snow; its wild, rugged, unfruitful, rocky wastes, yielding little but the native fur of the small, wild creatures that burrow or build in these inhospitable regions; forget not the myriads whom you have deported from homes of luxury and comfort, social and domestic, to linger, and wither, and die in their misery and desolation and woe, from the highest to the lowest grades of your pupils, because they were patriots.

Does not the bitter wail of Poland still ring in your ears? or are they shut to every sound of mortal agony?
Under the garb of friendship, your proffered help to Poland was accepted; with traitorous malice you placed your foot on the neck of your "helpless friend!" Going back no further than 1861, what is the verdict of history, Aleck, upon your treatment of a patriotic race? Let the verdict speak its burning words: "In 1861 another insurrection broke out--its origin is curious: a large number assembled in the neighbourhood of the battlefield of Grochow (where two battles had been fought in 1831), to pray for the souls of those who then fell; they were engaged in prayer and in singing religious chants when the Russian cavalry and gendarmes charged, killed many, and made numerous arrests. This excited intense national feeling. Other denominations were visited with like massacres, until nearly the whole of the Poles in the service of Russia resigned or deserted. The Russians immediately had recourse to the most severely repressive measures, forbidding all assemblages, even in the churches, punishing those who appeared to mourn the death of relatives killed in the previous massacres, or who wore garments of certain shapes or colours. . . The sympathy of Europe was largely enlisted on behalf of the Poles. Remonstrances from Spain, Sweden, Austria, France, Britain, conjointly and repeatedly, Italy, the Low Countries, Denmark, Portugal, were wholly disregarded by the Czar's Ministers; incendiarism and murder reigned rampant; the wealthier Poles ruined by
fines and confiscation; and whole populations of villages put to the sword by the Russians. In 1864 the Czar’s troops succeeded in trampling out the last embers of insurrection. Great numbers of men, women, and even children were executed; crowds were transported to Siberia, and ‘these horrible and wicked cruelties’ seem to have restored tranquillity, but it is the tranquillity of the desert.” And this, Aleck, is thy deliverance of “Oppressed Nationalities!”

After these and other scenes are scanned, where is the purity of your own hands to be found?

Relentless, rapacious, revengeful, resolute, no streams of blood, no pitiless cries for mercy, no heaps of ghastly corpses have stopped you for one moment in pressing on, sooner or later, to the goal of your ambition; foiled, turned aside, and again foiled, you have again re-started on your career and little counted the cost, the life, the suffering, the agony that marked your onward march.

And now what do we witness? Your garden in fierce commotion—the sirocco of the war-cry is sweeping in mad and burning blasts over your pupils, and I see them falling, mangled, torn, and ghastly, in many places.

You have now flung down your gage of battle in the holy name of Christianity, and you claim to be the protector and shield of Mahmoud’s Christian pupils. Are those high and holy motives the true
motives that animate you? Are there no other objects after which your hands are outstretched under this plea? Are not these claims the clouds of dust with which you seek to fill my school in order that you may accomplish your hidden designs upon Mahmoud's summer-house? When coquetting with your brother monitors, the honour of your aims was loudly vaunted, and the absence of all desire for any sugar-plums was plainly stated; but now the sugar-plums are veiled, the ulterior objects hidden. But from your past career I am all the more jealous. Be sure of this: I will not permit the utter spoliation of Mahmoud's grounds, nor suffer you to extend your garden any further in the west. My monitors, combinedly, will resist your encroachments foot by foot and inch by inch if you attempt appropriation of his garden. With my monitors in council will I decide what shall be done with Mahmoud if you should succeed in bringing him to your feet.

John, bring Mahmoud before me.

Mahmoud, ever constant in wrong, a wicked, perverse, bigoted, blind obstinacy has ever characterised thee. Thou art an intruder into my domains—coming unasked, thou didst steal thy present grounds, and plantedst thy foot on the soil where now it stands. Ever since thy intrusion I have had more trouble with thee than with all my other monitors together. As a firebrand among the wheat, so hast thou been in my fields, and it has only been by incessant watchful-
ness I have thus far been able to prevent thy final expulsion from my borders.

For a long period now I have warned, cautioned, chastised, and advised thee and thy many millions for good. With the best of counsel, with abundance of treasure, with hecatombs of warriors slain at thy doors have I defended thee, and all in vain! Crime on crime, atrocity on atrocity, wholesale massacre on massacre of thy unoffending and defenceless children are written across thy forehead, and thou wearest the indictment with pride and contemnest thine accusers. The hour of thy trial is come, and I withdraw from thy defence. Hand to hand, bayonet point to bayonet point, bullet to bullet, thou must stand or fall in my school as thy power and success or failure shall decide. I cannot permit thy fellow-monitors to interfere at present in the strife. I commit thee and Aleck to the chances of war, and may God defend the right!

John, for ages past you have been my chief monitor. Limited in area as your garden is in comparison with your fellow-monitors', yet the honest truthfulness of your character, and the high principles by which you are guided, make you my right hand in the government of my school. Separated by a strip of the sea, and planted like the noblest gem in a circlet of diamonds, your counsels have ever been on behalf of the oppressed, and your labours unceasingly exercised in forcing on the progress of humanity, and securing the best interests of mankind.
Your garden gives employment in my domains to 33,000,000 pupils, but your orders are given for the guidance of no less a number in the total than about 235,000,000 of pupils. Wise, benignant, and eminently fitted for the work of government as I see your race to be, I am also glad to state my satisfaction at your being able to keep your grounds in order in my domains by considerably less than a quarter of a million of boys.

You are fully aware that, for a great while past, my monitors have been in a state of mutiny, and of late Aleck has been struggling hard to put Mahmoud's eye out, or to blacken it severely. Skirmishes have been going on between the latter and some of his head boys, and the sponge and water have been pretty freely used, but now the two great gladiators have come to enact their parts more forcibly in the great drama now placed upon the stage of the world, and all my pupils stand, with bated breath, to witness the encounter.

But I have a special word for your private ear—have you done your duty to your fellow-monitors? Quarrels do not come instantly to their crises, but there is always a progressive march; an early, wise, and opportune intervention bindeth fast friends; a late interference increaseth the strife.

Was there, at no time, an opportunity presented to you when you might have intervened with advantage, and made Aleck and Mahmoud very friends?
If I mistake not, a choice Andrassy cake was sent to you, but you returned it untasted because no wine accompanied the gift. You said you could not eat cake without you had the wine too, and so the cake was spoiled before it got home again. Then, again, you had a present of a Berlin sausage, sent with great formality, but this, you said, so stunk in your nostrils, that you kicked it out of doors faster than it came in.

Now, in both these cases you committed grave error—you treated monitors Joseph and William somewhat rudely, and refused to send them any of your plum pudding in acknowledgment of their kindness.

Now, what should have been your course? You see, the quarrel was between Aleck and Mahmoud, because the latter was treating very badly in his garden some pupils who were protégés of Aleck’s, and he refused to pay any attention to Aleck’s request for kinder treatment. All your brother monitors condemned Mahmoud; in your secret heart you condemned him too, but you feared that some of your interests would suffer if you openly condemned him, so you patted him on the back and sent your pleasure boats into his Bay of “Besique.” ’Twas wilily done, but it was an electioneering dodge that exploded into “protection of Christians” when probed with the needle of inquiry.

Had you joined on either of these occasions with William, Joseph, Victor, and Aleck, and conjointly said to Mahmoud, “We cannot, and we will not permit
this treatment of your Christian pupils any longer to continue; we will take them under our protection, and, whilst leaving them to your general control as their schoolmaster, we will place one of our sub-monitors in each of your flower-beds adjoining ours, so as to see that you do fully perform your engagements," then Mahmoud, calling for his pipe, would have retired into his harem, saying luxuriously, "Brother Monitors, do as you will—I am content;" but the favourable opportunities passed never to return, and the Turkey-cock chuckled, spread abroad his wings, opened wide his tail and turned it towards Aleck—he was not to be so easily "Ignotted" and "Shovelled-off" the stage.

But Aleck's ire was up. He called a meeting of all the monitors except Mahmoud, and you "buried your salt" (salis-bury) in the Bosphorus. The geese cackled, but the egg was "addle;" the Turkey was a game-cock, and would not sit on eggs. You then baited him with "proto-coals" (evidently a new description of World's-end), but the Turkey said they could not be made hot enough to roast him, so the bait was bottled in smoke.

Having sacrificed your glorious opportunities for doing real and splendid service (for Mahmoud would not have dared to resist your combined pressure), you have now to stand aside and look on, having made bitter enemies of both combatants, as is usually the case when unwise interference is offered, and offered in vain.
John, there was a time in your career when I remember the first class of your sub-monitors was known as "the government of all the talents." The day has now dawned upon you when the verdict of history will describe your present first class, on all foreign questions, with a "beacon-in-the-field," as "The One-Talented Ministry of Europe!"

And now, my Monitors and Heads of my School, I desire to address you with the utmost gravity; and I would Remonstrate with you from the deepest recesses of my inmost soul, in order to prevent, if possible, the dread and dismal scenes I see looming in the near horizon. And I would base my Remonstrance with you on—

I.—The score of the Cost. It is impossible for you, my monitors, to engage in battle, singly or conjointly, without entailing upon yourselves, more or less, utter and absolute misery, if not complete ruin. Each of you, I know, speaks feelingly when you take your crumpled bits of dirty paper in your fingers and say, in three cases out of five, that they make false statements on the face of them as to their worth. You know how cruel and bitter the burdens are you lay upon your pupils, and with what difficulties they are met; and you, Aleck and Mahmoud, know well that your credit in my domains is well nigh gone. Even at a Jewish interest it is difficult for you to "raise the wind." You cannot fight except at an enormous, ruinous rate of
interest, and you have no resources whence to meet the charge except from the blood and sinews of your subjects. Were the people wise they would rise against you, and refuse to be hoodwinked by you as to this being a "holy and religious war." It is neither more nor less than a war for conquest, under the plea of the holiest of names.

II.—*On the score of Humanity* I must remonstrate with you. Why should your pupils fight and not you? Why should they be driven like galley slaves to the cannon's mouth, for matters in which they take but little interest, and you stay at home at ease?

Why should the glorious image of God, in the face of man, be defaced, brutalised, torn, butchered, blown to atoms, and the souls of hundreds of thousands hurried into eternity, because a half dozen of the head monitors of my school cannot quite agree on two or three points?

Why should thousands and many tens of thousands of women be made widows, and children fatherless, because Mahmoud says "I won't," and Aleck says "You shall?"

John, do you not feel an awful responsibility resting upon you when you know that you might have stopped all this, if you had yourself given the wine to the Andrassy cake, or the mustard to the Berlin sausage? And how will you reckon with your pupils before this fight shall be over?

III.—*Civilization cries aloud against this Fearful*
Crime. The mind of man has been progressing through the ages to the present highest standard of intellect and moral grandeur the world has yet seen. Science, the arts, the mechanical inventions, national wealth, the welfare of peoples, active benevolence, the care for life, the thrilling horror that passes through a nation when five of its children lie entombed in the bowels of the earth—all have reached in our day the highest point of excellence and sublimity ever yet attained, and for what? Is it not a burlesque upon all this grandeur and civilization to know that some of the greatest inventive minds of our age are not directed so much to what shall promote the well-being of nations and peoples, and the material prosperity of the world, as to the discovery of the most certain and destructive implements of war, and the quickest and surest means for destroying the greatest number in the smallest space of time?

Alas, alas, for poor humanity! It must be so as long as the interests and wills of governors are separate and distinct from the interests and wills of the governed. Evidently the day has not yet dawned when "the wolf will lie down with the kid," nor the hour burst upon the world when the simple process of "beating the sword into the ploughshare" shall be heard in the shanty of the smith. All civilization teaches peace. All the practice of the nations goes back to the darkest and most barbaric ages, when will was law, and brute force the ruling power that governed the world. With
the one hand everything is done that is possible to preserve life and to beautify it, whilst with the other the scimitar is at the throat and the poignard at the heart, and kings and emperors will to have it so.

**IV.** *Because the religion of Jesus Christ, which is destined to become the ruling principle of the world, is a Religion of Peace.* It is not the word of the lip that rolls smoothly and glibly off the tongue, volumed out to the world as a great balloon to be gazed at with wonder by an astonished race, but it is the one absorbing, living, practical principle that guides the life and rules the conduct of all whom Christianity truly governs.

That man, or king, or emperor, or nation loses all right to Christianity who uses the name as a cloak with which to hide and cover his wicked aims.

The religion of Jesus Christ says, "Put up thy sword into its place, for he that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword;" and never will Religion withdraw it from the scabbard except in cases of systematic desecration of hearth and home. That desecration has been undoubtedly inflicted by Mahmoud on his Christian population,—they bore that desecration as long as even the Christian mind could endure it, and they rose not in arms until no other refuge was left them from death, and from what was worse than death.

Our place, our true position, was at the side of these suffering people. We should not have waited for hypocritical Russia. When the tocsin of the
oppressed was heard pealing in our ears, our hearts should have sprung—in fact, they did spring—to the rescue. But our "beacon-in-the-field" became an *Ignis fatuus*, and the only voice that controlled was the voice of the "Dizzy Sphinx."

Our place is taken by a semi-barbarous race—the heart of Aleck's soldiers beats in sympathy with the oppressed Christian people, let the designs of his rulers be what they may, and it is left to us to stand aside and wait and watch to see what deliverance and succour shall come to the oppressed and downtrodden under Mahmoud's despotic and cruel rule.

And now, my Monitors, the hour has come when it is my imperative duty to lay my commands upon you, and to state my *Ultimatum* in the present crisis. As you see, Aleck and Mahmoud are stripped and standing, toe to toe, glaring savagely at each other for the chance of giving the first deadly blow. Vast interests are at stake, and the chances of battle are uncertain. If it shall happen that Mahmoud falls prostrate at the feet of Aleck, it is my will that you, my other Monitors, who are now only spectators of the fight, shall intervene and save his life, placing before him—

1. The absolute deliverance of his Christian pupils from any further control by his Mussulman children; their complete enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, without let or hindrance; and the yielding up of the
crushed flower-beds of Bosnia, Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria to your combined surveillance and control; or—

2. Failing to assent to these terms, that then you shall unite to effect his final and complete expatriation from my soil, and the placing his present garden under combined rule for the benefit of the pupils themselves, and not for the benefit of any particular State.

Aleck said he is entering into this fight, having washed his hands from desire for increased garden ground. You must help him to keep his hands clean in this respect, and you must refuse, on any terms, permission to his gaining an inch of territory. Forget not that he entered Poland with a similar plea; but once within her borders as a friend, he refused to leave, and remained till he strangled her liberties, crushed her honour, banished or cruelly slaughtered her noble sons, and trampled her under his feet.

I grieve to say, you, William and Joseph, helped him in that foul work, but in the future events that must come I lay my commands upon you, and in so doing I am consulting your own best interests: you must not permit him to possess a foot of soil more in my dominions; and if you, with John, Louis, and Victor, agree sternly and resolutely to enforce your commands upon either or upon both the combatants, neither the one nor the other will dare to disobey.
But should Mahmoud win, what then? First—Aleck must pay the costs and retire to his garden as before, whilst Mahmoud must just the same unreservedly yield himself to your commands.

It is impossible for me, whether he be victor or vanquished, any longer to permit him to manage his grounds as before, and to continue to be a standing menace to the peace of my dominions. His rule in future, if he remain in my school, shall be just, moderate and equal to all his pupils.

What did I hear you say, John, that that is impossible!—his nature, his habits, his so-called religion prevent the possibility of this! If this be true, then let him be expelled. I will not suffer any monitor to continue under my control unless he lives in harmony with you all. It is impossible for me to maintain good order in my school without discipline; and if one of you be found wholly and utterly incorrigible, then I will claim your votes, as his brother monitors, to eject him from your midst, and thus to restore that perfect union which is so desirable and so necessary to the moral and material prosperity of the human race.
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