

# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 24, 1834.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 190

—Written for Truth.

## A Toronto Maiden's Soliloquy.

To hoop, or not to hoop, that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis obor in us girls to suffer  
The strings and steels of an outrageous fashion,  
Or busy eas look straight at all our troubles  
And, by sitting on them, end them. To walk in  
peace  
Once more, and by that peace to say we end  
The back-ache and the thousand ills  
That flesh as heir to 'tis a consummation  
Dovoutly to be wished. To don the steels,  
The hoops, perchance, all round, ay, there's the  
rub:  
For from those hoops the agony is piled,  
When we have shuffled off the steely coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect,  
That maketh fashion of so long a life.  
For who could bear the looks and jeers of pass-  
ers-by  
The five o'clock tea scandal—the dudo's sweet  
snore—  
The jangs of oddness and the spurns  
The unashionable always have to take,  
When she herself might her quietus make  
With a few steels! And who would straight  
skirts wear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary load,  
But that the dread of something under it,—  
Of undiscovered stockings, worn out shoes,  
From which buttons escape, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather wear the skirt we have  
Than fly t' hoops we know not of!  
Thus fashion doth make fools of all us girls,  
And thus Canadian hus of resolution  
Is seek'd o'er with the poor gloss of custom,  
And aour dress is—tho' d'as, Liama, M'Jros,  
Whose "water-falls" would bustleless turn  
awry  
If not filled out with hoops.

TARRO.

## TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

In this issue, as announced last week, is commenced a new story of intense interest, entitled "The Great Linton Mystery," which will, no doubt, prove as fascinating a story as has appeared in these pages. Next week will be commenced a highly interesting story, of a more domestic nature than the above, entitled "The Master of Nutsgrove,"—a story which doubtless has its counterpart in actual life; and will be found none the less interesting on that account.

Sir Charles Tupper is reported by his own friends to have made a very gushing after dinner speech at Ottawa, on the eve of his final leave taking of his political associates there. He was most profuse in his assurance of undying loyalty to his political chieftain the Premier. He is reported to have assured those present that Sir John is the one object of his political affections,—that though he will reside in London as the Agent-General of Canada yet his heart will be in Ottawa so long as Sir John is there; that at any time Sir John may need him back again to help him wrestle with the Opposition, there will not be an hour's unnecessary delay in his coming; that should Sir John himself have the misfortune to get into the cold shades of opposition and friends be needed to lead on a forlorn hope, then would he resign at once in London, and hurry back to share the chieftain's misfortunes at the first call to duty. Of course there is always a good deal of gush about an after dinner speech, and everybody is expected to make a good deal of allowance for the occasion, but there are some things, if said then, are better not reported for the public.

Sir Charles may have felt his heart overflowing with just such loyal emotions to all old comrades as he gave expression to, but if he did it would have been more

prudent to have given expression to them in a less public manner. One of the particular advantages of our system of perpetuity in connection with most public offices is that those holding them are expected to forget at once that they have political friends and political foes, and that they are equally at the service of all. Some of our judges have retired from the Bench and gone back into political life, and their opponents never tire of throwing the fact up against them as discreditable; but if one of them should venture to assert, while occupying any such public position, that he only occupies it at such times as the interests of his party are not injured by his doing so, and that he will resign it and enter the strife again at the first bugle call, all might unite in crying him down. The duties of Agent-General in England are important, and they require to be impartially done. It would be a pity to have even the suspicion aroused that they are ever being done with the view of helping one political party here or injuring the other, or that the ear of the Agent is always open to the first whisper of the leader of one party. The sentiments Sir Charles gave such eloquent utterances too, are apt to breed some such thoughts.

Both in Canada and in England the doors of Universities are being gradually thrown wide open to females as well as to the sterner sex. There has been a good deal of hard fighting against the great innovation but the battle has been a losing one. Old Fogyism dies hard, but it must die out. The time honored Universities of Oxford and Cambridge now both admit women to honor examinations—all but the last, which confers the degree, but that is sure to come soon. There are colleges in connection with each where women are free to study on equal terms. The University of London, more liberal than the others, throws wide open its doors to both sexes. It seems a little strange that on this side of the Atlantic more conservatism should be shown in a matter of that kind, and especially Massachusetts, of all the States. The doors of Yale and Harvard are yet closed against females, though several of the younger universities are open to them.

In Canada there is now but little practical hindrance to females desiring to become graduates in arts, science, or medicine. The law courts must open up next. At the recent convocation of Queens, at Kingston, the first "girl graduate" in Arts in this Province took her degree. It is evident that her honors were not merely honorary. She was the gold medalist of her class, and Dr. Grant assured the public that he would back her against any classical scholar in Canada. Miss Lizzie Fitzgerald was the first of many to follow in that department. At the recent convocation at Victoria, the first lady graduate in Science took her degree, and her

reception by her fellow students was of a wonderfully enthusiastic character. Last year the first degree in Medicine was conferred on a female at Victoria, and this year Queen's follows with three. In a year or two the number will be very large. The medicos have now to look out for their laurels, the women have entered the lists. The lawyers may as well prepare for the worst for their turn must come too, and when it does come many a present prominent man will have to take a back seat.

TRUTH having now become one of the great institutions of the British nation, appears likely to be exposed to the usual risks of greatness. The dynamiters are bound to strike some blow that the whole nation will feel. No wonder then their eyes have been turned towards TRUTH. Last week the publisher got a letter from an indignant subscriber claiming that a dictionary to which he is entitled had not come to hand, and among the arguments used to hurry up its sending is the following:—"Attend to this at once or you may be sorry for it yet, you may get a shaking when least expected their is plenty O Dynamite in Toronto and it can be used in the blowing up of you and your office as well as the Parliament buildings, their is hundreds of Irish fennans in the city of Toronto eager to get the chance to try their hands and this may be the last warning you will get." Of course TRUTH carries a heavy accident policy now and unless some intelligent boy kindly discovers the cartridges before they explode your much prized TRUTH may not reach you some week. If called upon to drop a tear or two over its unavoidable departure remember it kindly as the family paper doing its very best to interest, amuse, instruct and edify every reader into whose hands it happens to come. The outlook is surely a startling one, but TRUTH will be found at its post of duty to the end and "sensible to the last." After all, it is just possible that any calamity of less national magnitude will not bring the British Lion to his senses, and justice to Ireland.

There are collectors of postage stamps, and collectors of bric-a-bac, collectors of old coins, and collectors of autographs—which latter are, perhaps, the most numerous, and not always the most successful. It is doubtful, however, whether any collector has been so remarkably successful as a young Brooklynite, named Edward W. Bok, who commenced collecting some two or three years ago at the age of seventeen, and now possesses a collection numbering over 1500, which is quite unique in its way, when the fact is taken into consideration that of those 1500, seven only were actually purchased. Mr. Bok has not been satisfied with mere "autographs" as many collectors are. The most characteristic and practical epistles that could possibly be obtained from the respective writers have been secured, and

many of them have been pronounced of much historic value. The young collector has been preparing a descriptive pamphlet which will shortly be given to the public and which promises to be as interesting as it will be unique. Among the names which appear in the collection are those of Queen Victoria, Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, Prince Von Bismarck, King Willem III and Prince Frederick, of the Netherlands, Kings George II. and III. of England, Louis XV. and XVI. and Henry IV. of France, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Prince Talleyrand and President Thiers of France, William E. Gladstone, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Gambetta, Louis Kossuth, John Bright, Counts Von Moltke and De Lesseps, the Dukes of Wellington, Argyle, Sutherland and Manchester, Sir Garnet Wolseley, twenty of the Presidents of the United States and a volume of Cabinet members, Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, J. C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Aaron Burr, Mary Anderson, Fanny Kumble, Modjeska, Grace Greenwood, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Ristori, Patti, Thursby, Nilson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Longfellow, Tennyson, Holmes, Victor Hugo, Whittier, Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Jenny Lind, Ole Bull, Salvini, Booth, Irving, Barrett, Jefferson, Fanny Davenport and Sarah, Audubon, Ada Gray, Sir John Lubbeck.

How often do men, tossed about and troubled in mind by business cares during the whole week, go to church on Sunday in hope of hearing something of the word to comfort and encourage them, and then get disappointed in listening to a sermon on some subject quite foreign to the wished for Glad Tidings! If Ministers but know the disappointment in the hearts of some men and women present when they commence a sermon on some controverted point of theology, some philosophical theory, or some literary topic, there would be much less of that kind of preaching in some pulpits than there now is, and more in accordance with the true spirit of Worship. Probably one reason why a man of the ordinary attainments of Moody has been so popular with the great masses of the people is that he dealt almost entirely with simple gospel truths and allows others to discourse learnedly and eloquently on speculative subjects belonging to the religions of science and literature. It is reported that, recently, the popular Rev. Paxton Hood preached to his audience an elaborate sermon on "The Gospel Notes to be found in Tennyson." Of course there were some very fine things and some very poetic things said in regard to the beauties of the great Poet Laureate. The next week one of his congregation, no doubt in all sincerity, prayed at the week night meeting that the Minister might be moved to "preach the Gospel according to Christ, and not according to Tennyson."