

sion is at your Royal Highness's disposal, but I never can consent to become an executioner." The anecdotist adds that from that day Wolfe declined in the favour and confidence of the Commander-in-Chief. But it happens that Wolfe did nothing of the kind. On the other hand Mr. Wright does not doubt, nor is there any ground for doubting, the identity of the Major Wolfe who, under orders, relieves a Jacobite lady, named Gordon, of a considerable amount of stores and miscellaneous property accumulated in her house, but according to her own account belonging partly to other people; among other things, of a collection of pictures to make room for which, as she said, she had been obliged to send away her son, who was missing at that critical juncture. The duty was a harsh one, but seems, by Mrs. Gordon's own account not to have been harshly performed. If any property that ought to have been restored was kept, it was kept not by Wolfe but by "Hangman Hawley." Still one could wish to see Wolfe fighting on a brighter field than Culloden, and engaged in a work more befitting a soldier than the ruthless extirpation of rebellion which ensued.

The young soldier is now thoroughly in love with his profession. "A battle gained," he says, "is, I believe the highest joy mankind is capable of receiving to him who commands; and his merit must be equal to his success if it works no change to his disadvantage." He dilates on the value of war as a school of character. "We have all our passions and affections roused and exercised, many of which must have lacked their proper employment had not suitable occasions obliged us to exert them. Few men are acquainted with the degrees of their own courage till danger prove them, and are seldom justly informed how far the love of honor and dread of shame are superior to the love of life." But now peace comes, the sword is consigned to rust, and in promotion Patronage resumes its sway. "In these cooler times the parliamentary interest and weight of particular families annihilate all other pretensions." The consequence was, of course, that when the hotter times returned they found the army officered by fine gentlemen, and its path, as Napier says, was like that of Satan in "Paradise Lost" through chaos to death.

(To be Continued.)

Newspaper Criticism.

"THE EVENING NEWS."

A glance at the illustration, portrayed on the canvas which is stretched around the delivery van of *The Evening News*, might have led anyone to expect the sun of that journal to have set long ago; to judge from the appearance of anguish in the countenance of the boy on whom the rays of the setting sun are represented as falling, he must either have been seriously scorched by this departing luminary, or possibly by the caloric of the articles he is depicted as carrying under his arm.

An exceedingly cursory glance or two at this publication has served to show that it proclaims itself as "Toronto's best paper*," a statement this, which leads one to enquire in what direction Toronto's worst may happen to be located.

In the same issue of the journal, wherein it declared itself "Toronto's best," we observed that it effected about a column and a half of advertising for such of the physicians of the city as did not object to have their opinions on the subject of puerperal fever published through such a medium. We may observe by the way that these gentlemen habitually debit the unresisting "atmosphere" with many of the ills which flesh inherits; this is but one of a

group of impalpable theories, which doubtless serve a useful purpose.

One may presume that the Editor has had the advantage of a Yank training, as in reporting the trial of Brady, he writes of "Cavendish" and "Burke." "An epidemic of mad dogs" is a decidedly novel form of malady.

"A DARK HORSE."

Under the above heading, we have "The new man a wonder—Mace gives him a good name;" and in the paragraph connected with the above, we find ourselves launched into a description of one "Mitchell, the new importation to the prize-ring."

The next feature of this journal which has attracted our attention is a flimsily disguised advertisement, under the title of "Jottings on the Toronto Traffic in Aerated Waters;" after wading through a few paragraphs, strongly impregnated with soda, we came to the interesting enquiry—"How many bottles do you have to use in supplying the hotels?" asked the reporter of Mr. Clark, the prominent Queen Street manufacturer. The unsophisticated Mr. Clark replies—"On the average, we use about 4,000 bottles annually, and each bottle, I would suppose, is filled on a yearly average, about ten times each month. From this you can form some idea of the quantity we dispose of every year." "What do you keep this time of year?" "Lemons, gingers, sarsaparillas, and all the winter drinks." It was calculated to edify the readers of *The Evening News*, doubtless, to learn that "the reporter burst a fragrant 'ginger,' quaffed it in two or three huge gulps, made his best bow, and departed."

Police Court intelligence—seasoned as it is with such attempts at the facetious as are illustrated by the subjoined paragraph—must be of engrossing interest, seeing that it is supplemented by a summary.—"When Michael Mitchell took up a position in front of the dock to-day, charged with neglecting to support his wife, the Magistrate adjourned the case for a few days in order to give the couple an opportunity to kiss and make it up."

The Yank proclivities of the Editor crop up again, in another column thus—"A parcel of seven pounds of gunpowder was found yesterday near the office of Harcourt, Secretary of State, for the Home Department." British titles are wont to be dissolved, so soon as they reach the land wherein every third person is either a general, or a professor. In drawing the vent-peg of the "hotel-men's" indignation, the Editor appears to have overlooked the fact of the existence of law-stationers in the city, who for an outlay of five cents probably, would supply his unsophisticated friends, the "hotel-men" with a copy of the Ontario Election Act. These gentlemen might then, by applying themselves to the study of this interesting document, be prepared for any onslaught—*Dexterous* or otherwise—prior to the recurrence of the next election.

It is doubtless edifying to learn that "two drunken men were lodged in the Central Police Station this afternoon, both suffering from *delirium tremens*," scarcely less instructive can it be to ascertain that "Inspector Langrill had a lot of scavengers at work on Yonge Street yesterday, and they made an excellent job of it, leaving the street, in as fine a condition as could be wished for." We trust the scavengers take the *Evening News*, and are not content with the perusal of one page of that occidental journal, as we have been; we think also that the reading of such a journal may tend to account for that characteristic of the people of Canada which is described by the Provincial Board of Health, in their first Official Report, as being marked by "a more than average degree of education and refinement."

* April 11th, 1883.