

good time coming for our neighbors, such as we enjoy on this side, where there are no "machines," no "bosses," no scandals, no lying newspapers; where there is brotherly love, and unalloyed enjoyment of the Syndicate, the Census, and the great N. P.

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We have had our little sensation too in Ontario over a resignation. The elevation of Mr. John Alexander Boyd of the Toronto bar to the Chancellorship of the Province, over the head of Mr. Vice-Chancellor Blake, was very distasteful to the latter gentleman and his friends, and his resignation followed as a matter of course. Probably it was not unanticipated by the powers that make judges. Be that as it may, the Vice-Chancellor's action did not surprise many, while to very many his descent from the bench gave positive satisfaction. Not that he did not possess all the required legal attainments, but because of his bigotry or rather craziness, on religious and social questions, which he could not control even in the administration of his high office. A member of the junior bar, writing in one of the Toronto papers, declares, from his own observation, that a Catholic, or a High-Churchman, or a Licensed Victualler, interested in any case appearing before Vice-Chancellor Blake, was always exposed to some sneer or reproach from that godly-minded dispenser of justice and open bibles. In no case, however, can it be said that justice miscarried owing to his prejudices; and there is no reason to suppose they were the considerations that stood in the way of his promotion. His friends assure us, it is his intention to devote most of his time, his undisputed talents and well known energy, to religion and morality. Every Christian is expected to do a little in that line. And there is demand just at present for another Reformer, with a big soul if not a big stick, in the Anglican establishment at Toronto. Bishop Sweatman, who was to do or die to the tune of "Hold the Fort," has gone back shamefully on his Low-Church professions, and is introducing surpliced choirs into all the churches, to the amazement and horror of the pure evangelical party, those Israelites in the wilderness, to whom the ex-Vice-Chancellor is a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. It was the ex-Vice-Chancellor who elected very Low-Church Sweatman to the bishopric. What should he now dethrone him, even as Jehu did Ochozias, and assume the office himself, in the interests of religion and morality! Bishop Blake! That would be a relief, indeed, to his brother, in whose side he has long been a thorn.

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As straws show which way the wind blows, so when your tailor, measuring you for a trousers, asks if you will have a pistol-pocket, his query indicates clearly enough the onward march of civilization. The six-shooter has superseded the cane as a useful article of wearing apparel, and among some classes it is more common than the handkerchief. Here and there

legislatures have tried to correct the tastes of the rising generation in this respect, but in vain. Young Canada and Young America will not submit to apron-strings. It would seem, however, as if the pistol were, in turn, to be superseded by the vitriol bottle, as an effective instrument for the assertion of manhood's rights, and the gratification of his whims and passions. We are now assured that the bill to punish vitriol throwing, which has passed both Houses at Albany, supplies an actual need in the criminal jurisprudence of the United States. Only the other day, a young laborer, nettled by the refusal of his lady-love to become his wife, determined "to spoil her face," as he said; and, in order to make a sure job of it, procured a phial of vitriol and a rubber glove—the latter to protect his own hand during the operation—waylaid the unfortunate girl, rubbed the acid well into her face, and then quietly walked away, leaving her disfigured for life. He was arrested, but it was found that under the criminal law, as it stood, he could only be committed for assault with intent to do bodily harm, for which the extreme punishment is five years imprisonment. The new act just passed fixes the term between two and ten years, at the option of the magistrate. This is no punishment for such a devilish crime. It deserves the whipping-post once a month for ten years, or life. If society can endure the pistol-pocket, it cannot tolerate the vitriol bottle.

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The third act of the Biddulph tragedy is before the public, and, unless the horrible plot it reveals is a huge and vindictive conspiracy against innocence, a terrible retribution will surely follow in the fourth and last. If justice has been so long thwarted, blame is not to be attached to its administrators, but to an unscrupulous press, which, usurping the prerogatives of jury and judge without assuming any of their responsibilities, found guilty all to whom street gossip had attached suspicion, and sentenced them to speedy execution at the hands of the populace. Against this outrageous attempt to prejudice the public mind and interfere with the even course of justice, the elements of common decency and fair-play in the community revolted; a sympathy was created for the accused that would not otherwise have been aroused, under the influence of which the jury, elected to try the case of the supposed ring-leader, discarded altogether the mass of circumstantial evidence upon which the prosecution relied, and interpreted in his favor the very slightest contradiction in the direct evidence of the one pretended witness of the Donnelly but hery. These good men and true realized the awful responsibilities of their position; they felt they were trying, not alone the prisoner in the dock before them, but the freedom and integrity of the court-room as well; and who can deny, irrespective of late developments, that by their verdict they protected both against a most wicked and violent attack? Now that this repulsive tragedy has assumed a new