

Society Notes.

Our expression "metaphorical wind-bladders" as applied to Society notes, seems to have given some amusement and perhaps a little offence. By the way, it is not our expression at all, it is used in one of the most amusing critiques ever written,—Carlyle's description of Coleridge,—in the Life of Sterling, unless we are mistaken. The book is worth buying, if only for the paragraph referred to. To return, however, it would be rather foolish of us to object to Society notes when there is anything to talk about; but during the latter part of Lent the thing *was* rather overdone. Please do not think, *Ino et alii* (or *alii*, if there be men so frivolous) that we do not want to hear your voices *now*. Saturday night would be dull without them. We must correct one very natural little error made by Ino in her good-natured remarks about OUR SOCIETY: we have many writers, and many correspondents—regular and irregular; but we have at present but *one* editor, who, though he cannot undertake to be infallible, will always be found ready to make amends for any injustice that may be done through the carelessness of his supporters.

Have we ever "yelped" at anyone? If the charge had been made in a less glaringly vulgar way, we should be inclined to resent it; but as it is, let it pass. We have given a few hints, and we have made a little skit, which some people seem to consider not without humour, but *yelp*,—never! Try and be a little more *ladylike*, sweet Beatrice.

A round trip in one of H. M. Troopers must be a delightful experience, though for anyone whose time is valuable we would not commend this means of transit. Take for instance the present trip of the *Orontes*. Leaving Portsmouth on Feb. 11th, she planned to call at the following places:—Bermuda, Feb. 25th, Halifax, March 3, Jamaica, March 16th, Barbadoes, March 24th, Ascension, April 12th, St. Helena, April 15th, Cape Town, April 25th, Durban, May 9th, Simon's Bay, May 14th, St. Helena, May 24th, Ascension, May 27th, St. Vincent, June 3rd, Madeira, June 10th, and back again at Portsmouth, June 17th. The trip from Halifax to Jamaica was simply perfect, with fine weather and water like a mill pond, which is more than anyone expected at this time of the year. Captains Suft and Gore, with Messrs. Beecher, Exshaw, Parsons, Fraser and Grimley went ashore at Jamaica, and had a march of 15 miles to their quarters. They started at 2 a. m. and reached quarters about 8, the heat during the greater part of the march being intense. The younger officers were fairly played out when they arrived, and were somewhat cheered later on in the day by the sight of some of their fellow-officers, who rode up from the ship to say good-bye; but when the actual leave-taking was over, they felt very like having a good cry. No doubt they have recovered by now, and are looking round in search of amusement and gaiety; not so easy to find in that part of the world. The quarters are in an excellent situation, and healthy enough, but miles from everywhere. The ship experienced the same perfect weather on the way to Barbadoes, and those on board did their best to make merry and be joyful. The night before their arrival the sailors got up a Nigger Minstrel performance, after which a dance took place in the saloon, to the music of the West Riding Band. We are glad to hear that the Militaire was not left out of the programme. The weather at Barbadoes was decidedly warm,—90° in the shade.

The Society list has become famous even—we presume—beyond the expectations of its author. It has also been used by our enterprising contemporary in St. John, with the result that men have received extra sample copies of *Progress* addressed to relations long since dead, or to wives that have never existed. And last, but not least, it has been made the text of a sermon—and a very good sermon, too—by the Rev. Mr. Gregory. It is not often that Halifax gets excited over a sermon, but the demand for last

Monday's *Echo* was certainly brisker than usual, and all on account of Mr. Gregory's view—not exactly original, but very originally expressed—on Aristocracy. "The gospel that we need is the gospel of character" says the preacher, that we are with him, from first to last. But we cannot think that *Society*, in a place like Halifax, can ever be synonymous with *Aristocracy*, the fact of getting asked to a few afternoon teas gives the entree into the one, while even the most light-headed would hardly consider it a qualification for the other. Unless we are in a state of moral decay, persons of all denominations, professors and teachers should, lead the aristocracy,—if these are not better than the average, we were far better without them. Unless the whole system is rotten, our judges, doctors and legislators should, without exception, have a place; for if the state is not managed by the *aristoi*, it were better not managed at all.

However, this is somewhat Utopian, while Mr. Gregory is common-sense and practical. Nevertheless, we would that someone would publish a list of our *Aristocracy*. There would perhaps, be this remarkable likeness between this list and the former one; that whereas many men appeared in the former only to keep their wives company; still more women would appear in the latter to keep their husbands in countenance.

There is one point in the sermon on which we cannot quite agree: "Money" says the preacher, "makes one none the worse, none the better. Possibly not, in the exact sense in which this was said, but our own general experience is that most men are the worse for having money, and few the better," while many men are the worse for want of money, and very, *very* few the better, and these latter few—very few—the best of the whole lot.

Mr. Gregory is a Darwinian at heart. This to us is a strong recommendation. When a man follows Darwin, he has usually done a great deal of thinking, and threshed the matter out. When a woman proclaims herself a Darwinian, she is, as a rule, a humbug, and does so for the sake of being considered *bizarre*. Not that all thinking men are Darwinians; do not mistake us;—we simply mean that the current and popular ideas about the teaching of the keenest observer that ever lived are so ludicrously exaggerated, that no sane man could possibly accept them without thoroughly threshing the matter out for himself.

There is no subject on which there is such urgent need to have more said from our pulpits and popular lecture-chairs as that of Darwinism, and the sooner this is recognized the better. What is said may be for, or against; so long as it is said honestly and intelligently, it is for the better.

We all know why a miller wears a white hat, but there is a different reason why a similar head covering should be worn by coachmen in Germany. The doctors there have determined that their jehus shall all appear in white hats of a similar pattern, so that a doctor's carriage may be instantly recognized in the streets. So when you are now in Berlin you can hail your medicine man as certainly as though he were a green "Atlas" or a blue "Waterloo." It is funny, but it is not half a bad idea.—*Ex.*

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