

This example is all the more worthy of imitation, that it is in strict accordance with that English practice of amenity and politeness which Canadians ought to be proud to make their rule of action. Our fellow journalists themselves should be the first to understand that they can never command public confidence so long as they indulge in this habit of indiscriminate abuse and depreciation.

Canadians, as a rule, are not sufficiently jealous of their own productions. They are too apt to under-estimate their native resources. Thus they have allowed the race of Canadian ponies—the equals of the Mustang—to die out. The Canadian cow, introduced from Alderney breeds by the ancient missionaries, has almost disappeared. The Canadian apple—Famouse, Grise, and St. Lawrence—unrivalled in flavour and hardihood, has been replaced in the market by foreign varieties. Yet there are no apples like them. A New York grower has recently written: "I am fully satisfied that the farther North apples can be raised, the better and more beautiful they are. The Famouse is the most striking example of this fact, for though we get very perfect and excellent specimens here, still about Montreal they grow very much finer. I have had specimens of other kinds sent me from Canada, which I considered very extra in size, colour and quality. I have often sent trees of the Famouse and other leading northern apples to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and in one case to Virginia, and in every instance the report after bearing has been that the fruit was not at all, in size, quality, or colour, like the same variety they had eaten and enjoyed at the North."

Notwithstanding the convention held in Montreal on St. Jean Baptiste Day, it appears that the return of French Canadians from the United States to Canada is not settling in so steady a tide as was then pleasantly anticipated. The reasons for this are not far to seek. They are both social and ethnological. In presence of this failure, a movement is now attempted to get French Canadian immigration from the New England States to Manitoba. Louis Riel has been going around several towns of Massachusetts advocating this step. A gentleman from New England has gone to Ottawa for the express purpose of obtaining from the Dominion Government a free passage for returning French Canadians to the Northwest. While we hope that this and all other schemes of immigration may prove successful, we fear that Manitoba will, no more than Quebec, lure wandering Canadians to the allegiance of their youth. The French Canadians who leave their native villages for the United States may be set down, in general, as lost to the country.

The new postal arrangement between the United States and Canada, of which we gave a full account in our last issue, is undoubtedly a great step in advance, and for the convenience which it affords the public, both the Dominion and American governments deserve the greatest credit. But there is a special view of it which we commend to our fellow journalists. It is that it must stimulate them not to allow themselves to be overrun by the American press. The New York *Herald* has already prophesied that the change will result in "a leavening" of the British Provinces with American newspapers and periodicals, and that this leavening will, in course of time, produce a great impression. Personally, we are not of those who dread the contact of American ideas, but from a purely business stand point, there is no doubt that Canadian newspapers will have to shake off much of their provincial routine and old-fashioned mannerisms if they wish to compete successfully with their American rivals.

## JOURNALISM.

## ITS REMUNERATION AND ITS STANDING.

At the present time when the journalists of Canada, by their general co-operation at Ottawa, under the note of Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association, and in Toronto, Montreal and other Cities, by their local societies, are awakening to a just sense of their rights, privileges, as well as responsibilities, it is well to call their attention and that of the reading public to a remarkable paper in the December number of the GENTLEMAN'S Magazine, on the £ s. d., of Literature. Nothing but good can come from a full and free discussion of the topics suggested by that article. Its length prevents us from publishing it entire, but the analysis which we give of it is sufficiently complete for all practical purposes.

## I.

The writer begins by enumerating the prices which are generally allowed at the London press. He says that £1000 a year is now the standard of the an editor's salary on the London morning papers, the evening papers, with the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, paying only about two-thirds of that amount. The salary of the editor of the *Illustrated* five years ago was £600 a year, and that is the salary of the editors upon most of the provincial morning papers, although in three or four cases, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, the rate is equal to that of the London morning newspapers. In the Colonies the rate varies. It is lowest in Canada, although with the multiplication of the press it is rising there. In India and Ceylon the salary is often as high as £2,500 a year.

The highest salaries now paid upon the London press, except, perhaps, in the case of the *Times*, are those paid to special correspondents. Mr. Sala received "the pay of an Ambassador" from the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* for years; and Mr. Archibald Forbes can hardly receive less from the *Daily News* than the salary of an Under-Secretary of State, £1,200 or £1,500 a year. The rate of remuneration for general contributions is £2 2s. an article. That is the average rate. The *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* pay £5 5s. an article, and frequently more. And that is the rate upon the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. It is less upon the *Express*. The *Echo* pays a guinea and a half. But upon some of the London newspapers the guinea rate is still adhered to. It is still the rate all through provinces. The *Times*' rate represents the maximum. That often rises as high as 15 guineas an article. The customary rate for correspondence is 4s. 5s. a column, and that is the rate for reviews.

The upshot of all this may be put in a sentence. It is that nowhere are newspaper writers paid worse than in England. There are very few newspaper writers in London who are making an income of £1,500 a year by their pens. A special correspondent like Dr. Russell or Mr. Archibald Forbes may make that an more, because a special correspondent is paid at a fancy price, the work requiring physical as well as mental qualifications which only a man here and there possesses. But you may count upon your fingers the men on the English press who by their pens alone make £1,200 a year, and they work like horses for eight or ten hours a day for that. Yet in France and America £1,200 and £1,500 a year are second-rate salaries upon the press, and £10 is the ordinary price of an article upon most of the Paris newspapers. That was the sum paid to M. Louis Blanc for his London letters and to M. Sainte-Beuve for his *feuilletons*. M. Lemoine's salary as a regular contributor to the *Journal des Debats* was £2,000 a year, and M. Albert Wolff and M. Francisque Sarcey can, it is said, always reckon upon £15 for an article, and may contribute at the rate as many articles as they like. £750 a year may, perhaps, be taken as the average salary of newspaper writers in Paris. Even in Russia twenty-five roubles is more frequently paid for an article upon a first-class paper than £5 is paid for one here. In Germany ten thalers is the regulation honorarium, and that may be taken as representing the low-water mark in the scale of newspaper pay, although here we have many men contributing to the provincial press at a guinea an article and less.

## II.

What is the cause of this difference between the American, French, and English journalist? And what is the explanation of the low scale upon which journalists are paid in England in comparison with journalists across the English Channel and the Atlantic? The answer to both questions lies in one word. The American and French press is a personal press. The English press is an impersonal press. In France and America journalism is a profession, and is followed as a profession by men who put themselves in training for their work as others put themselves in training for law, physic, or arms. In England journalism is a pastime, except perhaps with a handful of men, and a large proportion of the work of a newspaper is done by men who are looking to anything but newspaper work for their success in life. And that makes all the difference in the world to the press and to journalism as a profession. In France and America the press is an independent power, and journalists, as a class, are the equals, socially and politically, of the members of the Legislative Assemblies—often their superiors; a man like M. Lemoine, at the head of the staff of the *Journal des Debats*, often

possessing more power—more personal power—than the most eloquent member of the Assembly. A journalist in England is a shadow—a man without a name—without a position in the world—standing outside every profession without belonging to an independent order that he can take the slightest pride in—a supernumerary even in politics. The press in France is, next to the bar, the high road to fame and fortune, to Ministerial portfolios, to embassies, to prefectures, to seats in the Senate, to seats in the Cabinet.

Many of the articles that appear from day to day in the London press are the work of men who are pushing their way to the front in Westminster Hall or Lincoln's Inn, of men sitting in chambers in the Temple waiting for briefs that do not come, of medical men without patients, of captains without commissions or the chance of commissions, of clergymen without churches, of politicians in training for Under-Secretaryships, of women in ringlets and steel spectacles, and perhaps now and then of a professional man of letters who has not yet hit the fancy of the public with a novel or a play, and who use a newspaper, as Southey used the *Quarterly Review*, to pay his rent and taxes and to keep a roof over his head till he is independent of newspapers.

## III.

The anonymous system is the bane of the English press. It is a system fatal to the press as an institution, and fatal to the influence and advancement of newspaper writers. Upon the writers themselves the influence of this system of secrecy is demoralising, tempting men to write to order instead of writing with the freedom and independence of their own personal authority. The editor is an autocrat. The writer is a slave. "I do not ask you to think, I only ask you to write what I think, and to put my thoughts into the best English you can." This is the principle upon which the English press is worked, the London press particularly. The contributors upon the London press come to the office at an appointed hour, like chorus-singers to a rehearsal without knowing what they shall have to play or to fight for, whether they are to be converted into priests, into fishermen, or into gypsies. After a more or less moderate delay they receive their theme and keynote, and are allowed a couple of hours for looking into their club to see whether anything towards copy can be got there, and for making up their minds as to what sort of encyclopedia, dictionary, guide book, law digest, or other files of their own production they shall refer to. Then perhaps they write a couple of provincial pot-boilers to be despatched by the evening mails, and after dinner proceed to the manufacture of the 200-line article which the chief cook is to revise and season at midnight; and the all-absorbing reader is made to swallow all hot the next morning. There is but one word for this system. It is a system of literary slavery; and to hear that system defended, as it is defended every now and then, as the secret of the strength of the English press and the surest guarantee of its independence, is enough to put one out of conceit with the use of language as a vehicle for the expression instead of the concealment of thought. The independence of the press? What is this independence, and where is to be found? Who represents, or who is supposed to represent it? The proprietor—the editor—or the writers? The writers are governed by the editor. The editor is governed by the proprietor. The proprietor is governed by the publisher. He prints and publishes his paper with one thought and one object—to make it pay, and all the world knows that if a paper is to pay, the less the proprietor and editor think of independence the better. A conservative newspaper may be independent of the Liberal party. A Liberal newspaper may be independent of the Conservative party. But where is the newspaper that is independent of its own party—independent of its leaders—independent of everything but principle and public honour?

The fault is, however, with the writers themselves. The press at present is the slave instead of the ally of the politician, and will remain his slave until it asserts a position for itself, quits the catacombs, holds up its head in the light of day, and makes itself an independent power in the State, instead of an echo of rival factions, of Tory, Whig, or Radical. An anonymous press means a weak press, and must mean a weak press, because the only motive that can induce a man to take up a pen in its service is the lowest of all motives—a motive of £ s. d.—and every man with a capacity for writing anything beyond leading articles, or aspiring to play a conspicuous and honourable part in life, will abandon it upon the first chance that offers itself, or write only, as so many men write at present, to eke out the income of a profession. Throw the press open, make it an avenue to the House of Commons, and an independent power in the State equal to Parliament itself, and the boldest, freest, and most original spirits in the country will be as proud to be known as members of the staff of this or of that newspaper as most men are now to be known as members of the House of Commons.

## COURRIER DES DAMES.

ACQUAINTANCES. Ladies, let the names on your acquaintance list be many. Friends are too familiar. To them you confide your troubles, and so make them grow. You tell them your private affairs, which, ten to one, they tell again, being so sorry for you. You ask advice, and get it, and follow it, and suffer in consequence. Now an acquaintance is quite a different thing. Ac-

quaintances stay in the parlour, and never dream of entering your private room. You go to them with dress and hair all right, and talk weather and gossip with great satisfaction to both. It is well to talk of the weather and the fashions, and the last new novel, and all that—now and then. You forget your personal grievances—of which every one has plenty—for a while. When Mrs. A. has been "sitting up for Alfred until one o'clock the night before," it is better that her acquaintance, Mrs. B., should call than her friend Jane. She would tell Jane that Alfred's conduct was dreadful, and that she should go home to ma if he went on. But Mrs. B. asks, "How is Mr. A.?" and Mrs. A. says, "Very well, thank you." And Mrs. B. says, "I do hope we shall see you at our house together some evening soon." And Mrs. A. says, "We shall take a great deal of pleasure in coming." And then comes the thought, how dreadful it would be to be talked about by acquaintances! And so acquaintances are good for you. They are not led into the midst of family arrangements. They are not treated to washing-day luncheons. They do not see shabby morning gowns and crimping-pins. They are a fine salve for all sorts of agonies. In their company we try to look our best, behave our nicest, put our best foot foremost, and exhibit the best, and not the worst, qualities of our relatives.

HOME EDUCATION.—We should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education; for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young, and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions were made; it is at home, beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral, and mental habits are laid; it is at home where lasting opinions are founded. School instruction can never supersede the necessity of vigilant parental leading and training at the fireside.

VOICES run in families quite as much as do eyes, mouths, noses, chins, tempers, capacities, complexions, hands, feet, and legs. Resemblance of thorax is transmitted from sire to son, with other congenital likenesses, and notably with the constitution that speaks average length of life. Sorrowful experience will often connect the well-remembered quality of "a voice that is still" with the visible signs of declining health. The music of the tone, like the flush on the cheek, was mortal: the very life of the voice, the clear, bell-like ring, was the ring of death. There is now and then a strange witching in these doomed voices.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or elacivorous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and aristocracy; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

WHY RUN UP-STAIRS.—We do not run in the street, nor in the park or garden; why, then, run up-stairs, and then complain that the stairs are so high? It is difficult to answer this question; nevertheless, English people generally do run up-stairs, while foreigners are well satisfied with walking up. Servants frequently complain of the height of the stairs, and leave their places in consequence. Houses of six and eight storeys are now built in England, as they are in Paris and Edinburgh. Now, there is really but little more difficulty in ascending several flights of stairs than there is in walking in a straight line, provided we take sufficient time to do it, which should be about twice as long as we should be in walking the same distance in the street. Walk up-stairs slowly; rest at each landing; again walk steadily; and you will reach the top flight without exhaustion or fatigue.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage. You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf, and forgotten there. The finer and more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A mere acquaintance, which needs only a little ill-humour to keep it up, may be coarsely put together like that old yellow basin in the store-closet; but tenderness, and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence can no more be yours when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which were splintered to pieces be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you had better search for a new friend than try to mend the old one. And all this has nothing to do with forgiveness. One may forgive and be forgiven, but the deed has been done, and the word said; the flowers and the gilding are gone. The formal "making up," especially between two women, is of no more avail than the wonderful cements that have made a cracked ugliness of the china vase that you expected to be your "joy for ever." Handled delicately, washed to purity in the waters of truth, confided to no careless, unsympathising hands, friendship may last two lives out; but it "does not pay" to try to mend it. Once broken, it is spoiled for ever.