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WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 14 1883.

A TURN-UP OF THE UNEXPECTED.

The unexpected has happened this time, or very probably will happen, with regard to the new American tariff. A Pittsburg despatch of yesterday's date says:

The iron manufacturers of Pittsburg and other cities have been seriously considering the constitutionality of the new tariff bill. It is said that it is not unlikely the United States supreme court will be asked to pass upon the measure. The secretary of the Western Iron association says he has no no doubt of the unconstitutionality of the bill, and many able constitutional lawyers, among them Senator Edmunds and Representative Tucker, agree with him. He has also been informed that Senator Sherman said he considers the constitutionality of the bill doubtful on account of its practical origination in the senate instead of in the house of representatives.

Should the courts be called upon to decide, much importance will attach to the circumstances under which the new tariff was passed. Last year a commission appointed by congress the session before, made inquiries, heard evidence and reported the draft of a new tariff. During the session recently closed the house committee of ways and means, when it got ready for work, took up the commissioners' report, and framed upon the foundation a bill of its own, differing considerably from the original. But the fight in committee over the bill was a tough one, and progress was slow. Meanwhile the senate have proved itself the "early bird" in the matter, and was a long way ahead of the house; a circumstance which came about in this way: The session before (1881-1882) the senate had left among its unfinished business a bill reducing certain excise or internal revenue duties, but not touching customs duties at all. Having this, which was truly enough a revenue bill, in hand, the senators, anxious perhaps to do their country as speedy service as possible, decided not to wait for the house, but to amend the little excise bill by adding to it a comprehensive and complicated measure of customs tariff reform, sweeping over the whole of the schedules of some four thousand items. Only a few days before the close a conference committee of both houses met to make a last attempt to do something. The senate bill, which had been completed some weeks before, was taken as the basis, but many and important alterations were made in it, through pressure from the protectionist side. Under these circumstances, can the bill actually be passed properly be said to have "originated" in the house of representatives? We attempt not to answer the question, but merely go briefly over the facts, to give people here an idea of what the situation is.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF CRIME.

Sunday was a great day for the rough and tough element in New York. On that day were laid to rest in Calvary cemetery a man who was murdered and a man who murdered. The one was James Elliott, a prize fighter, and the other Michael McGloin, a youth whose glory was, that having knocked his man out, he was a tough. We are told that fully five thousand people followed the respective hearses to the place of burial.

In Elliott's case there were no services in the church, and we are, therefore, spared the recital of the brutalizing scenes which occurred at the obsequies of the murderer. In vain the officiating priest cried silence. The chapel rang again and again with awful curses and the sounds of riot, as the ruffians fought with each other for—"a place to pray." But if there were no disorderly scenes in a church at the prize fighter's burial the criminal classes were equally as well represented thereat as in the murderer's cortege. We are told

"Every youth of 'spirit' who had a consuming ambition to be regarded as a 'slogger' paid his respects in person. Any 'chicken,' 'mouse' or 'clipper' who had donned the mittens and boxed in the cheap variety shows of any of the three cities was bound to be there. Rat fighters, dog fighters, cock fighters, horse jockeys, turf loungers and pool room watchers—every one who had a drop of sporting blood in his veins or thought he had, made his way to Harry Howard Square. Another feature of the gathering was the representation of the criminal classes that appeared. Plyers of the bit and jimmy, cunning sneak thieves, wily pick pockets—men who usually skulk along in the crowd and slip by in the dark unnoticed and wishing to remain so—stood yesterday in the full glare of the sunlight in the immense concourse before the crowded house."

We wonder if, surveying the scene passing before their eyes on a day blessed and sanctified by the Holy Scriptures, and especially dedicated to the worship of the Most High, the managers of the big dailies of the city reflected that by feeding the morbid passion of the worst classes for sensation, they were greatly responsible for all that was occurring for this almost apotheosis of crime.

Dyspepsia Dyspepsia [illegible] relief, and speedy cure. The cheapest and best way to economize is to buy 50 cents, at all druggists.

TRASH TEA.

The forty-seventh congress of the United States did one good thing before the hour of its dissolution struck; it passed an act prohibiting the importation of trash tea. There used to be a large market for this stuff in England, but a prohibiting act was passed there some years ago, and ever since the compounders of it have found their best market in the States. Now that the latter is closed against them, too, what more natural than to suppose that they will crowd upon the Canadian market all they can get it to take. At a large tea sale in New York last week, "siftings," so-called, sold at from 7½ to 13 cents; but some trash tea can be bought wholesale for five cents. There is more than room for the suspicion that such stuff is frequently retailed over the counter for twenty, twenty-five, or thirty cents. Seeing the certainty almost, that the exclusion of trash tea from the United States will cause a flood of it in the Canadian market, the matter is one that demands the finance minister's immediate attention.

With regard to the lordly doings of a certain American millionaire on British soil, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: "The latest American intruder upon British rights is Mr. Rossa Winans. He now, says Mr. Labouchere, the sworn foe of landlords, holds in the counties of Ross and Inverness an area of more than 750 square miles exclusively devoted to deer, and he desires to evict more crofters in order to extend his preserve, and the government is called on to interfere to prevent Mr. Winans from acquiring more acres 'devoted to deer.' Perhaps it is quite as much to the purpose, and quite as likely to affect Mr. Winans' position, that he has contrived to make himself unpopular among his neighbors, who accuse him, I know not how justly, of unsportsmanlike acts. But Mr. Winans is understood to value his own opinion more highly than that of his neighbors, and even of radical journalists and politicians." Mr. Winans, we believe, hails from Baltimore, the "Monumental city."

A bill incorporating the Citizens' Gas company of Montreal has passed through committee in the Quebec legislature, with every prospect of final passage. People in Montreal are rejoicing at the prospect of soon having two companies and healthy competition in the gas business in their city.

The American congress has a long and a short session alternately, one of six or seven months and then one of three months only. It is suggested that if the sessions were all short ones, there would not be as much opportunity for pushing rascally legislation through, because members would get checked by their constituents ere they had time to do the mischief. The case is thus put by the Indianapolis News (independent): "Why not have three regular sessions of three months each instead of one of six or seven months and one of three? Wouldn't it break up or weaken a good many rascally or equivocal schemes to force the members back home in the middle of their machinations and learn what their neighbors and friends thought of the projects they were helping? Imagine the 'salary grab' sent home in a congressional vacation, or the late river and harbor bill, or the allowance of compensation to defeated contestants, or the repeal of taxes on liquor and tobacco and its compensation by a higher tariff? If a consenting member didn't hear enough to steady his integrity he would at least hear enough to satisfy him that he would not get another stealing or wasteful chance, and he would probably make up his mind to die easy. It would thin out congressional competition by the very wholesome process of killing undeserving competitors. The wisdom of our fathers established two unequal sessions, but haven't we had some additional instruction in nearly a hundred years?"

The New York Bank Note Reporter is thus quoted by a contemporary: "We are very much nearer the suspension of gold payments than people imagine, and they may well count the gold in the treasury, the banks and their own pockets." And the New York Evening Post advises business men to insure a sound basis for their transactions by stipulating that future contracts shall be payable in gold. The New York Sun adds: "As the imports have recently come almost to a standstill because of the dread of new tariff legislation, immense orders must be sent out now, and from seventy-five to one hundred millions will be taken out of the country." It might be in order to ask these organs of free trade why, if the taking of a hundred millions out of the country would be bad for its prosperity, they advocate a system which would quickly make the one hundred millions three hundred, were it adopted? But we fancy the prospect is not such a dark one as they picture it, after all.

It appears that much of last year's corn crop in the western states is of inferior quality, owing chiefly to the lateness of the spring season; and in many sections good seed is scarce. Referring to this a New York trade circular says: We observe that Mr. Sage, of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway, offers "to haul" into Iowa and Illinois, all along the line of his road, free of charge, "seed corn" to all farmers who will order it from the west. Such an investment will pay a big dividend to the road next fall.

Here is an item from an American paper that may be called important if true: "It is claimed by a London baker that soft water will not make as good bread as hard water. A Vienna bakery started in London has proved a failure, owing to the soft water of London. Imported Vienna flour and bakers could not furnish bread equal to the Vienna article. It is also a fact that Vienna, Paris, Buda, Pest, Turin and other cities where the bread is of a superior quality, have hard water."

THE CHOICE OF A LIBRARIAN.

BY R. W. PHIPPS.

In the matter of the choice of a librarian for the new free library of Toronto, I would like to say a few words. There are certain grounds on which such appointments should be made.

I think the citizens generally agree with me that, of the number of names mentioned in the business, there are certain belonging to gentlemen whose antecedents have very slight connection with literary matters, and whom no board of citizens should think of appointing to such a position—a position reserved, in all countries, for those whose capacities and acquirements fit them for the office.

There is, also, yet another ground of choice. A person may be well read, of cultivated literary tastes, and a judge of books. But, if that individual, possessing these powers, have allowed his life to pass without attempting to exercise them for the public benefit, he has not the claim on the public belonging to another class, of whom I am now about to speak.

The class of men from whom, especially in this young country, such officials should be chosen—the class of men who hold such justly founded claims in that respect that it would be robbery to make the choice outside of their ranks—are those who, working against great discouragement—working for far too slight pecuniary return—working against a fiscal system, which, on most mistaken principles, aids every foreign author to prosper at the expense of our own—are endeavoring to create a Canadian literature for the Canadian people.

We are far too apt to think lightly of, and pass over as a matter of small moment, the heavy and actual debt we owe to the writer who labors for us in that most arduous of all employments—the creation of what shall interest, shall instruct and shall amuse, from the productions of his toiling brain. We pay ungrudgingly the baker and the butcher for the nourishment which shall support our frames, we give readily to the clothier his due for the garments which shall protect us from the cold; but how little we think of the laborers whose toil, whose often ill-requited toil, has done much to build, much to furnish the nobler part—the immortal mind itself.

Let us consider a little what literature has given us, and what we owe to those who have formed it.

When we remember how we—nay, how Englishmen themselves—have been made acquainted with many classes of English society which but for the works of Dickens had been to them and to us almost equally unknown—when we think of the numerous and delightful remembrances—remembrances as vivid as if we had been actual witnesses—impressed upon our minds by the pages of Scott—till the past is as the present, and modern drawing-room and ancient hall, the Border hills and the northern mountains, the England and Scotland, the Europe and Asia of the twelfth, the fourteenth, the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries—crag and castle, crusader and soldier of fortune, pretty maid and graceful lady—with all that wondrous panorama of incident and adventure, of war and peace, of field and forest, camp and ocean—all the wealth of wit—the brilliant conversations—the clever repartees—the clear-cut provincialisms—are a part of us till death, or it may be through eternity—when we think how little, but for Cooper, we had known of the Indian as he was, when, but a century ago, he strove to defend, against Saxon and Celt, Latin and Teuton, the America which, in his farthest tradition, had owned no race as master save his own; and how little, likewise, we had known of the life and manners of our predecessors here, the frontiersmen of that not yet distant day—can we think that we have discharged our obligations to Dickens, to Scott, or to Cooper, when we paid a bookseller a certain number of cents per volume?

Will you accept from me, sir, back again, the dollar which you paid for your Tristram Shandy, and allow me to blot from your memory all knowledge of the inimitable, most learned and most wry-brained father, all pictures of the upright figure of the corporal, or the sturdy form of our uncle Toby, and those many sayings and doings of theirs, now for years the property and possession of your mind? Will you take the fifty cents he cost you, and forget even Gil Blas—the robbers' cave, the attacks on travellers, the alguazils, the sharpers, the gormandizing canon, the bishop of the immortal apoplexy, the actors and the nobles, the prison and the throne? You obtained, you know, your rare edition of Cervantes from a book-stall at a fourth of its former cost—how much would you ask, to forget it all—to know the honorable, half-starved, wholly romance-mystified Don no more, and to stand gaping in clownish wonder when the worthy Sancho or the enchanted tavern are mentioned in your hearing?

Think of what one has in Smollett alone—the soldiers and sailors, the cities and villages, the fleets and armies of the last century, and all the vast range of characters in Peregrine, in Roderick, in Humphrey. All these are part and parcel—valuable parts and parcels—of our minds. We paid in cash but a couple of dollars. Do we owe no more? Or let us look to female writers—to Miss Edgeworth's works, for instance—and recall the clear-cut pictures of the noblemen and diplomatists, rectors and fox-hunters, fine ladies and calculating workmen of the Regency and the Georges, when farming England was changing to the manufacturing country of to-day. How little they cost in money! You can get all Shakespeare for thirty cents—all that long procession of history—of incident; that treasury of expression—that never quite explored mine of wit, metaphor and simile. Do we repay Bulwer, or Byron, or Burns by the few half-pence we pay for their pages?

We have only touched literature—all this is but the sparkling foam over the great sea of learning—of memoirs, travels, history, science—which upbears the fair fleet of the civilization of to-day, while far below lie the dark abysses of ignorance through which our middle-age ancestors waded. To whom is it owing that we are not as they were? So far as reading—so far as knowledge of the world—knowledge of what is known is concerned—certainly to the writers of the books we possess. Much praise is, and deservedly, given to the inventor. But the inventor had been for five thousand five hundred years, yet twice the world had possessed light, and twice had fallen into darkness. Literature was not there, to spread the stream of knowledge by its thousand noiseless channels. Literature was not there, to provide the reservoirs which should maintain the world in thought throughout the infertility of a dry, or the destruction of an iron age.

Literature can never be as lucrative as other professions, for in no profession is the pretender so rife. At every point he stands before merit, proclaiming his ability to produce far more in a given time than he. But had the genius of thought ever inhabited the well of their minds, it would have fled at the sound of the pump-stroke, as the publisher labors, and the daily stream flows unintermitting on, sullied in absence of idea by worn-out slang, and poisoned by invective through lack of understanding. Merit laughs; betakes itself elsewhere, and the ability which might have given us many an entertaining column, many a charming book, acquires wealth by selling cottons or building railways. Ours is the loss; we have chosen to buy the ditch-water; but we are getting tired of it.

Yet genius dies not; while the Goths seize the harvests it finds safety in the castles of the rich, or behind the convent wall of the ecclesiastic; it flies from the contumely of the Stuart to the newer regions of the west. Nor does it rest always in stillness, nor unavenged. There is a powerful writer; there was an apparently much more powerful editor. We saw the contest; they passed, it seemed, uninjured on; but the fatal shaft had flown from an unerring hand. The writer pursues unruffled his calm career; the editor has climbed inglorious on a shelf, and lucky to find one to climb on.

There is a man much tossed by fortune, whose star is now shining from our far northern horizon, bright in contrast with certain of his fraternity whose presses have as yet thrown but feeble gleams across that snowy land. For there is genius in Davin, and of strength. I trust, to outgrow its defects, and flourish when those who caballed against him are relegated to the obscurity whence they sprang.

When a nation begins to discover, to appreciate, to reward her writers, she has learned the art of progress. No commerce—no manufacture—pays such returns as this. The Augustan, the Elizabethan, the Victorian eras all tell the same story. Above all things, Canadians should afford encouragement to literature, and to endeavour that that literature be their own. One book, written on our shores, is worth a hundred imported. What is needed is the presence of the literary class. They are—they must be, our leaders. Our leaders should be of us, and with us.

It is a remarkable quality of literary productions that they cannot be profitably stolen. They are like the enchanted gold which, well used, benefited the owner, but which, if drawn from the purse for improper purposes, fell away to potsherds and to dust. The publisher, the newspaper, the writer, who takes without payment, or without credit, as the case may be, the literary work of another, falls—however he may for a time apparently prosper—into certain and deep disrepute, and it may well be into poverty itself. The nation which attempts it—for nations have attempted it—injures itself tenfold. View the great nation to the south—how powerful, how rich, how apparently prospering and to prosper. Yet there, in the estimation of her deepest thinkers—in that, too, of foreign and not unfriendly commentators,

"There is the little rift within the lute,
The little pitted speck on garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all."

That weak point—the clay mixed with the iron which compose the feet of that great and splendid figure—is the tendency to overreach, and to be proud of it—the tendency to secure benefits, not properly our own, careless of the infringed rights of the owner. It is an evil which spreads. Already our neighbors have lost the correct principles on which the marriage relation is based. To indulge themselves they infringe rights which should be sacred. Another decade, and open robbery may be difficult of punishment—another, and the soldier may think it praiseworthy to secure his safety by deserting his standard—another, and the general may consider it honorable to be the first to commit the act. Matters may not go so far; remedies are possible; but the downward way is easy; to recall the steps is work and labor indeed. But let us look to the cause. Had the United States not thought they might profitably use, without payment, the writings of foreign authors, and for that purpose persistently refused to agree to an international copyright law, they would have fostered, they would have achieved a literature of their own. The absence of that—the concurrent knowledge of the incorrect and unjust course by which that absence was procured—has done more to vitiate American sentiment than would the influx of twenty times the number of foreigners, to whose coming Americans are fond to attribute that widespreading and most dangerous laxity of principle, the presence of which they cannot deny.

In Canada there is a prospect—with wise fiscal regulations—with, above all, copyright regulations which should prevent us robbing our neighbors, (whether they rob us or no is of far less consequence)—there would be a brilliant prospect of literary success. The same patriotic enthusiasm which will have, at all risks and all hazards, a national policy, is the very enthusiasm which would gladly hail the rise of a national literature, and will submit to loss, will submit to privation, to secure it. There is nothing better worthy of effort, nothing which will lay a more solid foundation for the future greatness of any land, than a native literature. For the nourishment of that implies the honesty which refuses to steal that of others; and on that rock, if a nation possess it, it may build without fear of storm—without fear of flood.

To come back to the subject which is the more direct purpose of this article. We have among us earnest, able, and patriotic writers, some of whom have produced works of great value. It is from this class the librarians of great public libraries are commonly and most properly chosen. The emoluments of these offices encourage and assist a profession, of all others most valuable to the state, and the production of works of great merit, hardly otherwise procurable, is generally the result. We need look no further, for proof of this, than our own Ottawa and Toronto government libraries, to observe what excellent volumes of constitutional law and history have been written by Dr. Todd and the late Mr. S. Watson.

The person in Toronto most worthy of such position (I have heard that he would be willing to accept it) is most decidedly Mr. Dent. Two works alone from his pen, the valuable and extensive "Canadian Portrait Gallery," and the not less excellent "Last Forty Years of Canada," constitute a claim no other writer of Toronto possesses. The studies—the vast and thorough studies necessary before such works could even be attempted, far less carried to the perfection we find in these—(for he who has well read these needs little other Canadian history, and is made acquainted with all leading Canadian events and all leading Canadians, far more thoroughly than any former work had even made him acquainted with a few)—are exactly the studies which confer fitness for the position in question; while, if the acceptance of that position smooth the way, as it well may, to the production of other works of equal or even greater merit, the country at large, and Toronto in particular, will receive a double return.

Double Fare.

A gentleman resident in Edinburgh, whose personal dimensions were somewhat similar to those of Falstaff, was in the habit, when travelling by coach, to secure half the inside of the vehicle for himself. Having a new servant he sent him one day to book him for a neighboring town. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence:—"There weren't two inside places left so I took one in and another out." The Coffee prepared by the Li-Quor Tea Co. is perfection.

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"Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

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Kept on growing fat and fattah,
Though she dieted on bettah
For a year.
In vain she tried to scettah
All the adiposal mattah
Till the doctor said she'd bettah
Stop her beah.

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IS A SURE CURE
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It has specific action on this most important organ, restoring it to know all regularity and function; stimulating the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
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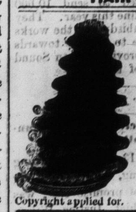

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A LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM.
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SIMPSON'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
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SLIPPERS in all the newest styles and in great variety. All the newest and most stylish LADIES' and GENTS' BOOTS and SHOES arriving daily from the best houses in Canada.
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