

ly, of setting a man on some sort of pedestal, real, or more or less imaginary, above his fellows.

If there is any truth in the old saying the ears of Lord Coleridge ought to tingle pretty sharply, for he has probably had more hard things said about him for a week or two past than falls to the lot of most English judges. There may be two sides to this as to most other stories. But undoubtedly popular sympathy as voiced in the newspapers, is entirely against him. The editor of the *Reverend* has not been slow to make use of his opportunity and has with a vengeance "got even" with the judge for the bitter things he said about society journals on a recent occasion. He has pruned into the mysteries of his Lordship's private affairs, and has retailed for an eager public, the story of his parsimony and manners. Lord Coleridge must feel the humiliation very terribly, but little sympathy need be expended on him if the way in which he is reported to have treated his daughter be correct. No wonder then the poor woman wanted to be free from what must have been intolerable tyranny, and would have gladly married almost anybody, if only to have a house of her own.

Nor does the man of her choice seem to such a bad fellow after all. He is poor to be sure, but that according to good authorities is the worst that can be said about him.

The chief of our police seems to be a rough, unpleasant sort of a fellow, inclined to ride very near the top of his commission, and prone to forget that he is a public servant, that he is paid his wages by the public, and that the public has a right to know what he does for his pay. If he has no time to be interviewed, perhaps some one else could be found who would do the work equally well, and with greater suavity. A public servant ought to be approachable by the public; besides, this individual has all along been notoriously incompetent.

Neville, alias Newbold, alias a good many other things, tried hard to knock his worthless brains out against the prison wall after he had received the just reward of his many villainies, in the shape of a long term of imprisonment. He did not succeed, however, and he will no doubt for several years to come, pay Uncle Sam for his board and lodging, by some good hard work. It may even be the making of him, who knows? Let us at least in all charity hope that it may.

If things go on as they are doing in the way of murderous weapons, all the countries in Europe may yet be bankrupt. It is awful to think of the amount of good money wasted every year in powder and shot, and preparation for what progress and civilization and Christianity ought by this time, one would think, have made an impossibility. A cannon is being made for England just now, which will devour 2,500 pounds of powder at every charge, and throw a 1,200 pound shell seven miles. Just think of it! A missile weighing more than half a ton hurled a distance of seven miles! What indeed will be the end of these things?

We don't think the young farmer who wrote the following letter is the right sort of a fellow at all. He ought to be ashamed of himself. If we had time here we would tell him so. He must be a perfect whelp of a man. The fellow wants a wife. All very right and proper. But he has no particular girl in his eye. Perhaps the girls in his own

neighbourhood know him too well—so what does he do but send this precious missive to the superintendent at Castle Garden. The wretched manikin and contemptible dodder-head, if he was going to advertise, why did he not give the Canadian girls a chance instead of sending off to an emigrant agent, Hosts of nice girls in Canada, are waiting for husbands, but we think as things have turned out, that most of them would have been too good for such a fellow.

Here however is what the villain says. Mark how particular he is. He wants a "young lady" forsooth, just as if there were no young ladies in Canada. And then he goes on to describe himself. Fought such a being makes us feel quite ill. But this is the letter:

"Will you please give this letter to some young lady that has just arrived at Castle Garden, who would like to correspond with a Canadian farmer? I stand five feet eleven inches high, weighing 170, pounds and am called good looking; just 22 years of age. I would like the lady to stand about five feet three inches high and weigh about 150 pounds, with charming black eyes, and dark hair and a smiling face, and so on. He is even temperate. If you are so good as to find one you think would suit me, please let her have this letter. As you are no doubt besieged with letters, please take notice of this one, and if the young lady chooses to send her photograph she may do so, and I will send mine, with great pleasure."

Truth has always said that before all the play was played out, France would find that she had quite as much as she could comfortably manage out in China. The Chinese may be beaten again and again and may lose a great many men, but they will keep at it; they can afford to lose many men. They are near the base of their own operations, and they are wakening up to be anything but despicable fighters. It is a miserable job all through, but it is just as well that the strong high-handed aggressor should not have it all his own way.

The crisis in Britain is over and of course both sides claim the victory. Substantially we think the present Ministry has the best of it. When the new electors come great changes may be expected, though they, perhaps will not be so great after all. The Conservatives in any case are calculating without their host when they reckon on having the farm laborers on their side. They may have for a short time but not long. Hodge will soon waken up to a sense of his new powers and his new importance, and it is full time that he did. He has been the uncomplaining drudge long enough.

The agitation over the condition of the poor crofters in the north and west of Scotland continues. Of course the landlords think they can do what they like with their own. The French nobility before the great revolution of 1789 thought exactly the same. They got an equally unpleasant awakening.

Elopements, love matches, breach of promise suits, with an occasional abduction, seem to be the order of the day. And it is mostly among wealthy people. The inevitable coachman seems to work with the hearts of fair and susceptible ladies, and old flames crop up at the most awkward times to work mischief with family arrangements, and comfortable marriages of convenience. It is all right for girls to refuse being sold to the highest bidder like cattle at an auction. But if they sell themselves for a home of luxury they ought certainly to stick by it. What is the use of making a fuss at the last and running off with some Lochinvar of an old lover with all the etc's? It does not do, girls. Girls, know your own

minde. To be sure it is better to rue at the last moment before marriage than at the first after. It is simply too bad to have everything brought to the price current standard.

One cannot but have a good deal of sympathy with those two sisters in New Orleans who lately shot their seducers. To ruin a young, thoughtless girl that way is about the meanest, least defensible piece of villainy, if any villainy can be defensible. So long as there is adequate legal punishment for this crime of seduction this wild law of self-revenge will come in.

We have not a word to say in palliation, far less in defense, of such iniquity, but let us repeat what we have said before, that in spite of all that Robert Burns says to the contrary, a woman that would allow herself to be seduced can not, in some important respects, be a true woman. She must not be sensitively, shrinkingly pure, else the most impudently forward man could not use undue liberties with her, and more than that, would not. It cannot be too often stated that no man would ever think of indelicate liberties with the woman whom he really loves. He would as soon think of outraging the Deity, or dishonoring his mother.

All woman ought to know and understand this. The nearest approach to indelicacy ought accordingly to be resented with indignation and horror, as a gross insult, tho' all but unpardonable sin. We make bold to say that there is not a woman on the face of the earth with whom an honorable man would be less inclined to take liberties than the one he really loves. Love is reverence. Love is a species of worship, a very pardonable kind of idolatry. How should any one then, think of taking the object of his idolatry and trailing it in the dust? Girls, remember this and act upon it. If you know men's nature you would know this, that whatever may be the reason which leads any young woman to yield to the improper solicitations of her sweetheart, in the very act of doing so she loses the respect, and so far the affection, of the very man she thus thinks to please. His dream is broken. His idol is shattered. He may not be a villain. He may be willing to make all the reparation in his power. He may marry her. But the old strange wondrous dream is over for ever, never to come back again. He will say in his heart, "It was wrong, it was base of me, though men are essentially animal and comparatively impure. But she, my ideal, my Goddess, my very incarnation of purity. Alas! Alas!" And the disenchantment is for life.

Highlandmen!

Crofters, Cotters, De'ers and all others,
Stand up like men before your oppressors.

Demand restoration of the rights of which you have been robbed. Do not rest satisfied until you have obtained them; if they are refused, act for yourselves.

Rules for guidance in the struggle for freedom from landlord tyranny. Spare human life; kill no man except it be in self-defence; destroy the enemy's property. The enemy is the landlord, the agent, the capitalist, and the Parliament which makes and maintains inhuman and iniquitous laws. Cut down the telegraph wires and posts, carry away the wires and the instruments. Stop the mail carts, destroy the letters, etc. Roll rocks and boulders on to the railway lines; tear up the rails, and do all other damage possible. Burn the property of all obnoxious landlords, agents, etc. Set fire to the heather to destroy the game; disturb the deer; poison game dogs.

The oppressed toilers of England, and the millions of the disinherited people are watching your actions. Their hearts are with you in your battle for rights and liberty.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

This of course is simply infamous, but it shows of course the dangerously inflammable point which matters have come to.

The crofters have thought better of it and have given up the idea of physical resistance. Better for all that they have.

Sowers and Sewer Gas.

A very worthy friend writes to protest against some rather uncomplimentary references to people who wrote as if for bare life to the public journals on all imaginable subjects. We can assure him we had not him in our eye at all, nor did we mean to say a single word against those who write about matters which they moderately understand. No, no, friend. You may rest perfectly quiet. The shot was intended to go quite in an opposite direction. To let our friend understand this fully we give all the central parts of his letter, withholding merely his own name and his lecture to us:—

At the recent meeting of the State Boards, at which Drs. Covernton and Bryce represented the Dominion and Provincial Boards of Health, it was stated that no instance had yet occurred when cholera had failed to appear in America the next year after its appearance in Europe, and Prof. Laut Carpenter expressed himself when here, that an epidemic of cholera, under our present sewerage, and water-supply systems, would decimate the population of Toronto. Baron Von Liebig concluded that the commencement of the downfall of the Roman empire dates from the building of the sewers of Rome. This view is in the strictest harmony with scientific evidence, as it is an established fact that to whatever extent other gases take the place of pure air in the lungs, to that extent the cerebral function is incapacitated; and, if the Rulers of that vast empire dwelt in Rome, as they most assuredly did, this lack of penetration, foresight, and discrimination, would cause them to fail as they did, in so governing, as to make it impossible that they should exempt themselves, as well as those over whom they ruled, from other evil influences.

There is scarcely room for a reasonable doubt, that the present impure condition of the air, and water supply of Toronto has very much to do in fostering intemperance, the tobacco habit, and the entire system of the present medical treatment of disease. Foul odors not only deprive the blood-cells of their normal vitalized oxygen, but, the same as the impurities in the water, resulting from sewerage filth, poison the vital current in such a manner as to lower the standard of the vital fluids, upon which future digestion depends. This is no imaginary idea though your tony professional paragrapher may not "see it."

The same issue of the paper in which the letter referred to appeared, contained an editorial on the "approach of cholera next summer," in which the construction of a trunk sewer was advocated. This could not be commenced before next summer, by which time the epidemic will be upon us, and nothing will have been done to mitigate its ravages. No one can act, or write upon any subject, superior to his intelligence, and any amount of literary skill and professional literary experience will take the place of a lack of knowledge upon other subjects; and this is the principal reason why more rapid advancement is not made in educating the public mind up to a higher standard of intelligence upon this and many other equally important matters.

It is clearly the duty of the city council, the Board of Health, and the public press to speak as one man in favor of a substitution of the dry ash system for the present objectionable one. But upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, they should all insist that that most desirable method of deodorizing all offensive effluvia, should be at once substituted for the old cess-pool. This alone would very much lessen the severity of a visitation of cholera next summer.