

THE FLANEUR.

A queer excuse for betting.
 "I am not a politician," said a friend of mine yesterday, "but I have wagered \$25 on the success of the Ministry. My judgment is a deliberate one, the fruit of reflection and I have resolved to stake that much money on the faith of my judgment. If I lose, I am willing to make the sacrifice, as a punishment for having had an opinion of my own."
 That is philosophy with a vengeance.

The following beats all in the way of a hint.
 At the Theatre, the other night—Den Thompson was performing, I believe—the comedian was sitting on the floor, between two boon companions. He held a bottle in his hand.
 "Will you have some?" said he to his companion, on the right.
 "Yes, of course."
 "Will you have some?" to companion on the left.
 "Oh, yes."
 Comedian looks at the bottle and reflects.
 "If I give both a drink, it will be two to one. That would not be fair, so I must take a sup first."
 He has a long drink.
 "If I let them have any now," said he then, holding up the bottle against the light, "there will be none left, and I will lose my second drink."
 He reflects again.
 "Say," turning to companion on the right, "can your friend take a hint?"
 "Yes, I think so."
 "Look here," bending confidentially to companion on the left, "can you take a hint?"
 "Yes, I think I can."
 "Well, then, clear out of this."
 (Comedian had the bottle to himself.)

X submits to B, the manuscript of a new novel.
 "My dear, I wrote it in ten nights."
 "Without sleeping?"
 "Without sleeping."
 "Then you could not possibly have re-read it!"

Don't you think the English papers had better mind their own business and cease lecturing us about our purity?
 O, but the English papers, you know—
 I don't know. The English Government is no better than ours.
 Disloyalty. Treason.
 Doesn't Disraeli call it a "blundering and plundering" government?
 Bah! Disraeli belongs to the Opposition.
 So do Huntington and Young.
 Yes, but—
 Yes, but Disraeli never published a private letter, nor took stock in the Black River Railway.

Bazaars, lotteries and raffis are all the rage. Here is the latest.
 Rally of a fine mitch-cow, followed by a ball, Rue Targeon, St. Augustin Village.
 We must go and take a chance.

The idea of Cunningham being bribed. What a joke!
 There is a better joke yet.
 Namely?
 The idea of any one bribing Cunningham!

Broken Glass for sale cheap.
 Apply to McKenzie & Co.

Some very staid and dogmatical papers have had the impudence to take Lord Dufferin to task for writing his despatches in a light, almost playful spirit. What else could his Lordship do? He is a scholar and has learned to adapt his style to the subject in hand. He was writing about a prize fight, a mill, two bands of big boys blackguarding each other in the most approved fashion of Billingsgate. He had to accommodate his description to the circumstances. Besides,
 Ridetem dicere verum
 Quid vetat?

Some people have a notion that artists and writers are, for the most part, Bohemians. Every thing depends on what is understood by the term Bohemianism. If a little unthriftiness, lack of practicality, oblivion of details are meant, the charge may be accepted as true. But if free living and a tendency to frivolousness are intended, then the accusation may be hurled back as false and malicious. As regards journalists, more especially, there are always a few in every city whose habits disgrace their profession. But black sheep are found in every flock. Taken altogether, there is not a harder working, better behaved and more respectable class than newspaper men. There is none to whom the public owe more. It is time that journalists should club together in mutual protection to maintain their rights and assert their position in society. They should sternly hold their own against ignorance, superciliousness and caddishness. They have reason to do this. I have heard a counter jumper say scornfully, "O that is only a reporter." At public meetings these reporters are sometimes looked down upon as mere hacks. And yet to these men of education, of good breeding, of fine sensibilities, public speakers owe always the good show they make in the papers. If reporters wrote out and printed word for word what preacher, speaker or lecturer says, the world would be horrified. Supposing, for instance, that they put down the City Council meetings just as they happen. It would be a public scandal. Instead of that, they use their talents in re-modelling phrases, in excluding vulgarities, in correcting bad grammar, and making the speech of some ninkom-poop read like that of a scholar and a gentleman. I wish they would sometimes take their revenge on these fellows. At all events they must force people to respect them, and an insult offered to the lowliest of them should be resented by the whole profession.

ALMAVIVA.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

OTTAWA, Nov. 5th, 1873.

You do not desire me to write these letters in the old hum-drum style of partisan laudation or abuse. You want a plain and honest statement of facts. Well, you shall have it. I may err in my estimate, of course, but such as it is, I will pen it boldly and freely.

Much was expected of the debate on the address. All of us thought that it would rise to the height of the momentous issues at stake. I believe I am only echoing the general impression when I affirm that it has fallen far below it. The discussion was purely partisan, not based on broad views of statesmanship.

Mr. McKenzie opened the fire. The member for Lambton is not an orator, in the conventional sense of the word. His voice is harsh, his articulation occasionally indistinct, his gesture abrupt and angular and his attitude unimposing. But he is a consummate debater. He has the secret of turning every argument in his favour, and there is an appearance of rugged sincerity in his face which makes one go with him instinctively, even when not convinced by his line of reasoning. Monday before last, the best characteristics of Mr. McKenzie were not displayed. Whether it was that he was physically unwell—his health is quite delicate—or that he felt that he was going over a twice told tale, he seemed incapable of rousing himself beyond a dry, and hesitating didactic manner. The consequence was that his speech fell rather flat upon the House.

The contrast presented by Dr. Tupper, who followed him, was amusingly striking. The Minister of Customs always reminds me of a Cuirassier. Cased in heavy harness, swinging a cavalry sabre and mounted on a mettlesome steed, he rides down with the debate, at a *pas de charge*. He has been compared to D'Arcy McGee. I see no resemblance. McGee was an orator first and above all; a politician afterwards. Dr. Tupper is a politician first and an orator only afterwards. There was a tinge of poetic tenderness in every speech of McGee's, which softened its asperities. Tupper is guilty of no gentleness. He is terribly militant. His last speech proved this. It was a scathing *quid pro quo*, from beginning to end. No doubt there was power in it. He was thoroughly justified in "showing up" the Opposition and meeting abuse by abuse; but whether the effect produced was good is quite another thing. I had a notion all along that a spirit of manly conciliation was the best policy under the circumstances.

I liked Mr. Huntington's speech. It was pointed, straightforward and gentlemanly. He introduced some fun in it, too, which is a great secret of success in arresting the attention of an audience and securing its good will. The member for Sheffield has also been likened to poor McGee, but he is only a faint echo of the voice that is dead. He has neither the abundance, the variety nor the æsthetic depth of the born orator, but his equanimity of temper, fine voice and facility of diction place him in the front rank of speakers. If Mr. Huntington would allow the liberty, I would suggest that his swaggering of the body and habit of continual emphasis detract very considerably from the beauty of his declamation.

If there is no one in the House to replace McGee, there is one who is likely to step into the footsteps of the old man eloquent, the lamented Jos. Howe, that is McDonald of Pictou. He has not spoken more than ten minutes, when you settle yourself in your seat and prepare to listen, feeling that you are in presence of a power. I did not mind his speech so much, for it was the repetition of the old story, but I watched and relished the manner of it. I could not help saying to a friend of mine:

"This is a rising man."

He laughed and answered:

"Why, my dear sir, he is a risen man. There are two predestined Prime Ministers of this Dominion—Edward Blake and McDonald of Pictou."

I took off my hat and saluted.

You cannot expect me, within the limits of a brief letter, to go through this week's debate. I must, therefore, pass lightly over the other speakers. Palmer, of St. John, N. B., is a sound, logical debater. Laflamme, of Jacques Cartier, made a rattling speech, full of points and brimful of fire. Its effect was marked. It is a great pity he marred it by a little coarseness. Mr. Tilley is universally respected, and his calm exposition of the whole case was received with respect.

The speeches that I liked most, and which you will like most, because they are the reflex of the independent course which you have taken in your columns, are those of Messrs. Cartwright, Glass and Donald Smith. These men are thoroughly independent and they have had the manliness to show it. Mr. Cartwright was a model of good taste. He spoke admirably and tenderly of Sir John, while forced to differ from him. Mr. Glass, unfortunately, was not so judicious. His sarcastic remarks on his old friend were exceedingly ill-timed.

Sir John's speech had two distinct points. The first, which treated of the constitutional question in all its bearings was a masterly exposition. Clear and defined as became the broad statesmanship which inspired it. The second part, which was polemical and personal, appeared to me unhappy. It was beneath the dignity of the Prime Minister to descend to such matters and deal in the stock in trade which has done so much to discredit his opponents. It was remarked that Sir John was more solemn and self-assertive than he usually is. There are passages full of beauty and impressiveness in which he alludes to his long services and appeals to the affections of the country. A corrected copy of this able speech, published in pamphlet form, will be worth preserving.

The close of the debate was expected to be dramatic. It turned out prosy and common-place. At three o'clock this afternoon Sir John arose in his seat, quietly and as if nothing was the matter. To many who did not know what had taken place during the forenoon, he appeared simply to rise for a formal announcement. Instead of that, he declared that his Ministry had resigned office, and that His Excellency had sent for Mr. McKenzie. There was no excitement, no consternation on the Ministerial benches, no undue elation in the ranks of the Opposition. Rumor is rife as to the new Cabinet. There is no enthusiasm about the names which are known to figure in it so far. Much of the popular feeling is expressed in the following words, which I heard to-night from a man of reflection. "I don't regret MacDonald's defeat," said he. "He deserved a lesson, and besides he has been in too long. But this McKenzie Ministry won't do. Dorian, Holton, St. Just and all these foggy obstructionists the people don't want and won't stand. They are worn out long ago. We must have new men."

CHAUDIERE.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

Do you remember the text old Dan Chaucer puts into the mouth of the poor "Persoun", when it comes to that worthy man's turn to edify, if not to amuse, the gathered pilgrims resting at the Tabard, on their way Canterburywards? It begins, if I remember right, "*State super vias et videte, &c.*"—Stand ye in the ways and see! I am not, I confess, acquainted with any man living who ever conscientiously perused the good clergyman's somewhat redoubtable discourse, but I venture to say that the subject he chose for the edification of his jolly companions is one pregnant with suggestions. There are so many pressers-on in the great highway of life that one can afford to separate himself a while from the pushing crowd and watch with interest the spectacle of the thronging thousands that are elbowing their way past him in the grand race which leads to so many goals. Of course the cynic sneers at this. What does he care for the world that is moving around him except to laugh at its follies and sneer at its faults? The changes that are going on around him, the joys, the sorrows of his fellow men have no attraction for him. But with us who can feel for our companion humans, who can sympathise with their griefs, who can enter into their pleasures, it is different, and the wayside as we stand apart offers us many a scene which will excite our sorrow, our profound pity, and often, the cynic notwithstanding, our profound admiration. With the sage of old we can individually exclaim, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" Naught that interests my fellow-man is uninteresting to myself.

That is a beautiful though a sad story that comes to us from Memphis, the fever-stricken city of the South. When those who had as yet escaped the contagion of the plague had fled the city in consternation a young girl from a neighbouring State devoted herself to the care of the helpless sick left behind, and died at her self-chosen post—died while fulfilling the errand of mercy to which she had, unsolicited, betaken herself. Mattie Stephenson, we are told, went from Towanda, Ill., to Memphis, to devote herself to the care of the stricken ones; did so without pecuniary reward, and without even fitting change of clothing for herself, until, falling a victim to the scourge, she died, leaving no one in Memphis who knew where she came from or where any to whom she might be dear were to be found. On the day of her death a package arrived for her containing a few articles of clothing for herself and many articles intended for the relief of those for whom she cared. This led to her identification, and when the funeral services were held over her remains the knowledge of her singular devotion to those suffering who were strangers to her made the occasion one of singular interest. An exceptional case, you say, oh, my cynic! Not at all. Are there not thousands of women suffering, aye, dying, from a moral contagion to which they have wilfully exposed themselves for the sake of those who they loved—love yet, notwithstanding the blotches and gangrene which disfigure these objects of what you, in your pretended purity, would call misplaced affection. And yet how much greater, how much nobler are these devoted women who give their love, their feminine care and tenderness to their suffering brethren around them. You remember Abou Ben Adhem, whose name stood at the head of the Angel's list in virtue of his love for his fellow-men. And you remember the Pharisee who thanked his God that he was not as other men are. As far as the Hebrew of the Rabbinical lore is removed from the pietist of the Scriptures, so far are you removed from the gentle enduring womanhood which can do all, can suffer all for fellow humanity. What does Ulrich von Lichtenstein say? "All virtue lies in woman and the health of the world. God has created nothing so good as a woman. No one can find a limit to the praise of woman. He who can tell when the sunshine ends may proclaim also the end of their praise. Women are pure, and good, and fair; they impart worthiness and make men worthy. Nothing is so like the angels as their beautiful form and even the mind of an angel dwells in woman."

But, say the reader, you are getting too antiquated. Who is Ulrich von Lichtenstein? Some old Middle Age foggy, whose doctrines are entirely out of date. Out of date. Yes! alas, more the pity. But an old friend, withal. Which Ferdinand was it, he of Sicily, or he of Aragon, who uttered that celebrated saying about old books, old wine, and old wood? The Aragonese, I think. And some wise man added as an additional comfort to the burning of old wood, the drinking of old wine and the reading of old books, the pleasure of talking to old friends. I like von Lichtenstein—unlightened being as he was, who knew nothing of electricity and steam power. Yet he was a gentleman and knew how to speak with respect of

"That gentler race and dear

By whom alone the world is glorified."

What are we to think of a journalist who confounds a Hindoo pundit with a barn-door fowl? Ridiculous, you say. Not at all. Only the other day a newspaper published in this province announced the arrival of the celebrated Brahma Navyan Sheshadri.

It is a strange thing that the newspapers have taken no notice of a dirty trick of the wooden nutmeg order that has been played on certain of the North-West Indians. At the conference which was recently held by the Commissioners in Manitoba, a chief made a singular complaint. "I will now show you," he said, "a medal that was given to those who made a treaty at Red River by the Commissioner. He said it was silver, but I do not think it is. I should be ashamed to carry it on my breast over my heart. I think it would disgrace the Queen my Mother to wear her image on so base a metal as this. (Here the chief held up the medal and struck it with the back of his knife. The result was anything but the "true ring," and made every man ashamed of the petty meanness that had been practised.) Let the medals you give us be of silver—metals that shall be worthy of the high position our Mother the Queen occupies." To whom the Governor replied, "I will tell them at Ottawa what you have said and how you have said it." A reply which we may construe pretty much as follows: "I will tell the civilized honourable gentlemen at the capital, whose business it is to make laws against fraud, what you semi-barbarians think of their honesty." A neat reply, Mr. Governor, and I hope you will keep your word.

SALATRIEL.