

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—The controversy between Mr. Goldwin Smith and the *Toronto Globe* waxes very warm. Agreeing heartily with the *Globe* in what it says, one may regret all the more the somewhat intemperate manner of saying it. Politically Mr. Smith has always seemed to me a fidgety, discontented man—one who has never found his right place—with strong prejudices which he has often mistaken for philosophical insight. He has little patience of thought, though he has a certain patience of expression bred of careful cultivation. He has arrived at certain results in political science, as it were, *per saltum*. But he has not made good his footing. He enforces his views by a nervous and eloquent English, admirably fitted to lead those captive who may be enslaved by rhetoric. Years ago, when he was an Oxford professor, he jumped to the conclusion, after what must have been a superficial study of the subject, that the larger Colonies were certain, sooner or later, to grow so large, with so many great interests opposed to connection, as to render their separation from the mother country and absolute independence simply inevitable—a God, to which he was quite ready to bow; and that Canada, because of its proximity to the United States, the teachings it must draw thence, was soonest likely to cut the colonial tie, and because of the dangers which threatened it, and its difficulty of defence, be a continual source of weakness and embarrassment to the Mother country. These reasons, he held, should make its independence a matter not of regret but of great satisfaction to the British people and Government. His studies in history had taught him that nations who had founded colonies had, as a rule, lost them. Disregarding the difference in time and circumstance and training, as well as of physical means newly discovered for bringing distant people more nearly together, he applied this rule to us. And so well did he write up his case that, for a time, he well-nigh persuaded the people of England that his views were sound. Some, like certain writers for the *Times*, needed nothing to convince them; others of their kind, lovers of ease, tired of the cares of empire, and cosmopolitans who cared nothing for any glory save that of the individual, or any greatness which did not place self on a pinnacle without too much trouble, needed little persuasion. Two other classes furnished him with converts, who for a time gave in their adhesion to the new creed. First, there were earnest and benevolent men who would fain, by any and every means, lighten the burdens on the British tax-payer, and devote all their energies to the improvement of the condition of the poorer and more ignorant of their countrymen in the British Islands. Concentrating their views on this most excellent object, they did not believe they had time or thought or money to give to colonies or their defences. Secondly, there were the men of the purely shop-keeping spirit, who, liking free-trade immensely for themselves, protested vehemently against any tax levied on British productions sent into the colonies. They had, indeed, granted self-government to the larger dependencies, but this was a sort of self-government they had not bargained for. Thus it happened that in the beginning of the last decade Mr. Goldwin Smith, writing from Oxford, found so many ears inclined to listen to his teachings on colonial topics. In many circles the defenders of the colonies and upholders of connection could scarce gain a hearing. Distorted facts and rhetorical fallacies were poured out upon them in a deluge. But the great heart of England was sound, and its reason has since been disabused. Mr. Smith's views have no longer the vogue or the credit which they obtained some fifteen years ago. He came out to America on the ebb-tide of his credit as a colonial reformer, who sought to reform colonies out of existence. A man with his antecedents, however honest, earnest, or eloquent, is scarcely one to be accepted as a leader by loyal men in Canada. His judgment, at least, is to be distrusted; his political instincts seem to be utterly wrong. But of his American and Canadian career I must speak upon another occasion. Yours, &c.,

BRITISH CANADIAN.

THE LORD MAYOR'S ROBE.

A London correspondent says: "At State banquets the Lord Mayor wears an entertaining robe, richly embroidered with gold." A new robe in 1867 cost 160 guineas. The collar is of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S, a united York or Lancaster or Henry VII. rose, and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by a portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains twenty-eight S's, fourteen roses, and thirteen knots, and measures sixty-four inches. The jewel contains in the centre the city arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue on an olive ground. Surrounding this a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the city motto, "*Domine dirige nos*," in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold S's, alternating with rosettes of diamonds set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis; but when worn without the collar is suspended by a broad, blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain, and when the Lord Mayor is re-elected, by two chains."

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

MOTHER-IN-LAW AT LAST.

Since I last referred to this subject our domestic relations have glided along very smoothly. We have had our little "ups" and "downs," but in the main, every thing has moved along very equably and pleasantly, under my most masterly system of marital discipline. Clara has gradually subsided into that calm, pensive and subdued state of mind which is so charming in gentle woman, and so satisfactory to men. She has none of that rebellious spirit, that is so apt to characterize the young wife—none of that provoking superciliousness which so many wives exhibit, and which, if not promptly checked, and effectually subdued, will rise between a husband and his happiness all his life time. She is tame, and gentle, and dove-like; in fact, my system has worked most admirably.

For the past few months I have been contemplating matters in a self-satisfied and glorious sort of way. After the cares of the day are over, I can go back to my "haven of rest"—my home, with perfect assurance. No nettlesome "nagging"—no troublesome curiosity—no meddlesome interference in my concerns. I light my cigar after a six o'clock dinner—read my evening paper, while Clara, gentle as the summer breeze, sits quietly and meekly attending to her own cares and concerns, a most perfect specimen of womanly submission. All the result of my most stupendous system.

So events were gliding on, when the circumstance I am about to relate occurred. I went home to dinner as usual one week from to-day. It seems like an age! On my way from the office to my house, I felt a sort of oppressive feeling—a lurking apprehension that something dreadful was about to happen. The air seemed heavy. Nature wore an ominous look, and my ordinarily quiet breast was perturbed and agitated. I drew near my dwelling with dire forebodings. I know not why, but my heart beat heavily. I put my hand upon the latch, and I almost felt like turning back. I entered and I noticed that Bridget's face—which was the first I encountered, wore a flushed and eager expression, which confirmed my strange fears. I entered the parlor.

Instantly Clara sprang up from her seat in a nervous and somewhat confused manner, and rushed up to me, and said, pointing to a familiar face,—Oh! how familiar; it had haunted me in my dreams!—which beamed upon me from another corner of the room:

"Mamma has come to make us a visit, Joel. Aren't you glad?"

Notwithstanding that I really pitied my wife and never dreamed of giving her a shadow of blame, I was hardly equal to such a square lie. So I waived the question, and advanced to my mother-in-law, and extending my hand cordially said:

"Ah! Mrs. Hector! Gad, this is quite a surprise. How do you do?"

"Well Joel," she said with a mournful sigh. "I am only about half middling. I am not well these time, Joel. I begin to feel the infirmities of age."

"Dear, dear," I said sympathetically, "I dare say you do—in the nature of things, you must."

"Yes, Joel, I must, I know it. I bow to the will of Providence. But, how are you Joel? I hope you take care of yourself, and dear Clara, poor Clara! She was always weakly, she needs very careful attention."

This was a point I had my own thoughts upon and I did not feel like discussing them with a mother-in-law. So I said nothing.

I must here make a few observations on the general subject of the mother-in-law. Now, be it known that I am entirely opposed to the whole species. My observation has long since convinced me that their introduction into the household of young married people is almost invariably fraught with mischief, misunderstanding and misery. A man of sufficient and proper strength of mind may easily come to manage with ease and success a wife, if the contest is single-handed. But, when a mother-in-law comes on the carpet, his game is up. There is no more hope. A firm combination is formed in the household dead against him. It is unanimously voted that he is a mere "brute," and he is treated accordingly. The poor disappointed husband, seeing the power and authority slipping gradually through his hands, perchance makes a stand and undertakes to fight the battle for his rights and immunities. But the odds are overwhelming against him. Ten thousand means of torture are instantly devised. He soon gives up in despair. The old mother-in-law is implacable and soon makes the young wife her pliant tool. The whole community of old women gabble in their chorus, and affirm that you must do as you are told and be good and submissive, and leave everything to folks "as knows what ought to be done." Once things are reduced to this condition, let any poor unfortunate husband bid adieu to all hopes of tranquil domestic felicity. His life is a failure.

Now I admit that there are some mothers-in-law who are scarcely as bad as I have pictured the class, and, perhaps, if I was blessed with the possession of one of these mild types of the genus, I might be induced to be reasonable on the point; but I wish to be understood in mitigation of my confessedly spiteful temper toward the party in question, that mine is perfectly horrid. She is one of the mournful, whining, complaining, unthankful and hysterical class. She is never happy, but approaches nearest to this condition when she is the most supremely miserable. She is intensely religious, and her religion consists in a devout feeling that everybody on earth should

be perpetually solemn and wretched, and that hereafter it would be a great injustice if they escaped an eternity of torture. Holding these views she is intensely Evangelical and excruciatingly orthodox.

Being literally such a person as described, it cannot be wondered if a man who loves peace, and is determined to be master in his own establishment, should object to any lengthened visits from such a party. I began quietly to revolve what had best be done.

This was the first visit. I had taken great pains to remove Clara as far as possible from the maternal roof. She had proposed a six week's visit a year ago last spring, and I settled the matter very effectually in the manner described in one of my former articles, and nothing more had been said. On the present occasion the old lady had started off on her own account, failing to get any hints from Clara that her presence was required. Here she was, and the question for me to decide was, "what shall I do with her?"

Now mark the effect and the advantages of my system. At the very outset Clara was with me. She felt embarrassed, and did not know what to do. Under these circumstances it was not in my heart to blame her. Conscious of my own strong point in having my wife on the right side, I resolved to let things go on for a few days and see how they would work. I simply let my mother-in-law severely alone, treating her, of course, with becoming dignity and respect.

Left thus to herself, she tried her hand at her appropriate work. She tried to convince Clara that she had too much "care;" but Clara told me all she had said about it before we went to sleep that night, and laughed over it like a little witch. She next tried to wrong Bridget; but our excellent domestic intimated decisively that she was "well able to look after her own concerns." She next assailed me, and complained mournfully that I was not religious enough, that I did not attend prayer-meetings enough and did not have family prayers; but I simply admitted the whole case, and promised to give the matter my earnest and attentive consideration. She then looked about her for some congenial old gossip, with whom she could fraternize, and with whose assistance she could stir up some mischief, and sow some discord and strife. But unfortunately Clara had not a single specimen of this class among her visiting acquaintance. It is a part of my system that young wives should not be contaminated by contact or intercourse with these most damnable old vixens who are the curse of every community, and the blight and pest of many an otherwise happy home.

Under these discouraging circumstances, the poor old lady could not find a gleam of consolation. Clara was devotedly kind and attentive and spared nothing to minister to her happiness and enjoyment. I was most severely polite. But this was not what she wanted. She wanted a good square row—she wanted to make some mischief—to get things into all kinds of disorder—to regulate everything to her own liking—to get everybody about her miserably miserable—to sow sedition and plant contention. If she could have seen any prospect of accomplishing these noble aims, she would have been happy, and we should have been favoured with her presence for several months.

As it was she soon got tired. She found no opportunities for plying her occupation. She quickly became discontented and uneasy, and on the morning of the sixth day, she announced her intention of returning home. We could not coax her to remain, and sure enough, this morning I had the pleasure of sending a cab to convey her and her trunks to the station, and away she went mournful and melancholy.

I am so happy—so delighted—that, 'Gad I cannot help writing this little notice of the event this very evening. It is not only a happy riddance, but the circumstances have proved a condition of things in my establishment that is most intensely gratifying.

As I write, Clara comes darting into the room as cheerful as—herself. She takes a glance over my shoulder and discovers what I have been writing about. She laughs, and calls me "awful;" but, with that charming inconsistency peculiar to the sex, she tells me in the greatest confidence, with her voice almost to a whisper, that "Mamma did come for a six weeks visit."

Ha! ha! ha! I thrown down my pen, and laugh for ten minutes. It is one of the richest things out.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To Fry Oysters.—Make a batter of flour, milk, and eggs; season slightly; dip the oysters into it, and fry a fine yellow brown. A few breadcrumbs is an improvement.

Ontario Cake.—Take a pint and a half (or three large breakfast cups) of sifted flour, and the same quantity of powdered white sugar, and half a pint of milk; half a cup of the best fresh butter, and the grated yellow rind and juice of a large lemon. Have ready four well-beaten eggs, and two table-spoonfuls of strong fresh yeast. Cut up the butter into the pan of flour. Add the milk and sugar gradually, and then the beaten egg, and then the lemon; next the yeast. Stir the whole very well, and set it to rise in a buttered pan. Place it near the fire, and cover it with a clean flannel or a double cloth. When it has risen and is quite light, and is cracked all over the surface, transfer it to a square baking pan, put it immediately into the oven, and bake it well. When cool, either ice it or sift white sugar over it, and cut it into squares. Or you may bake it in a round loaf, or in small round cakes.

Boiled Fowls with Onion Sauce.—Place a couple of fowls trussed for boiling, with an onion and a piece of butter inside each, into a saucepan with sufficient water and 3oz of butter, a couple of carrots, a bundle of sweet herbs (parsley, thyme, and celery), whole pepper and salt to taste; let them boil slowly till done—about one hour. Serve with the sauce over them, and a circle of Brussels sprouts, plainly boiled in salted water round them.

Onion Sauce.—Parboil some onions a few minutes, mince them roughly and put them into a saucepan, with plenty of butter, a pinch of sugar and pepper and salt to taste; let them cook slowly, so that they do not take colour, and add a table-spoonful of flour. When they are quite tender pass them through a hair sieve. Dilute the onion pulp with sufficient milk to make the sauce of the desired consistency; add a table-spoonful of Parmesan cheese, stir well, make it hot, and serve.

Muffins.—Strain into a pan a pint of warm milk and a quarter of a pint of thick small beer yeast, add sufficient flour to make it into a batter; cover it over, and let it stand in a warm place until it has risen; add a quarter of a pint of warm milk and an ounce of butter rubbed in some flour quite fine; mix them well together, then add sufficient flour to make it into dough; cover it over, and let it stand for half an hour; then work it up again, and break it into small pieces, roll them into a round form, and cover them for a quarter of an hour. Next begin baking: when laid on the iron, watch them carefully, and when one side changes colour, turn the other. Be careful that the iron does not get too hot.

SCIENTIFIC.

The ground that is strewn with fallen leaves becomes a nursery of morbid influences. The delightful odour that fallen leaves diffuse in woods suggests their harmfulness; but on the roads and walks, where the leaves are hourly crushed and the dropping rain helps to make a paste of them, they are, without doubt, pestiferous nuisances, which should be removed as quickly as possible.

Boldo is a tree found in Chili, of a height of five or six feet, isolated on mountainous regions, with yellow blossom and a verdant foliage. Its bark, leaves, and blossom possess marked aromatic odour, resembling a mixture of turpentine and camphor. The leaves contain largely an essential oil. It contains an alkaloid which is already called "boldine." Its properties are chiefly as a stimulant to digestion and having a marked action on the liver. Its action was discovered rather accidentally—thus: Some sheep which were liver-diseased were confined in an enclosure which happened to have been recently repaired with boldo twigs. The animals ate the leaves and shoots, and were observed to recover speedily.

Dr. Lawson has been able to determine the time of the day when the greatest and least number of deaths occur. He finds that deaths from chronic diseases are more numerous between the hours of eight and ten in the morning than at any other time of the day, while they are fewest between the hours of eight and ten in the evening. In the case of acute diseases, such as continued fevers, pneumonia, &c., a different result has been obtained. Following up what had been pointed out by other authorities, Dr. Lawson shows that the largest number of deaths from this class of diseases takes place either in the early morning, when the powers of life are at their lowest, or in the afternoon, when acute disease is most active.

M. Silberman shows the average height of the male and female population of France, taken in a certain position which he names the "geometric," is 1.600040 metres, or 2 metres if in the same position the hands are comfortably extended over the head. Two individuals laid lengthwise, with fingers touching, would thus measure 4 metres, and this he terms the base of the harmonic proportions of the human race. Thus the harmonic base is four times 1 metre, just as the meridian is four times 10,000,000 metres, and the relation of the two integers is as 1 to 10,000,000. From these considerations he draws proof of the equality of the sexes, as they exhibit woman not as a complement to the male portion of the race, but as constituting normally and by right half of the human family. Mr. Silberman arrives at the conclusion, as the result of his various investigations and studies, that the average height of the human race has remained unchanged since the Chaldean epoch 4,000 years ago.

VARIETIES.

It is generally believed in Masonic circles that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, immediately after his installation as Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, will be created a member of the Supreme Grand Council, 33rd degree, of which he is already the patron, on the understood resignation in his favour of the Sovereign Grand Commander, the Earl of Carnarvon. Thus his Royal Highness will hold in his own person (there being only two other similar instances, namely, the late Duke of Leinster, G.M. of Ireland, and H.I.H. the Prince Rhodocanakis of Scio, G.M. of Greece), both the Grand-Mastership and the Sovereign Grand Commandership, offices in all other cases dissociated, being distinct, and, in a Masonic point of view, somewhat antagonistic to each other. And it may be observed that, whereas the election of a Masonic Grand Master is annual, that of a Sovereign Grand Commander is for life, subject only to voluntary resignation.

The late Alexandre Dumas is said to have left behind him an unpublished romance of the most thrilling interest. The work is the dowry of a little girl in whom the novelist felt a great interest, and as, dying poor, he could give her no money, he bequeathed her the romance, reckoning that after his death its value would be trebled and would provide his protégée with a handsome dot.

SYMPTOMS OF MAIDENLY CELIBACY.—When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to read love-stories in bed—that's a symptom.

When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that she's refused nunny an offer—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and says it doesn't show her features right—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to talk about cold draughts, and stops up the crevices in the doors and windows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business with a sweetheart—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one of them—that's a symptom.

Alexandre Dumas père, when he gave a dinner party to commercial notabilities, had a singular way of deciding the time for the inferior wine to be produced. He enjoined his servants to put the best wine on the table at the beginning of the meal, while the guests' heads were clear; "then," said he, "watch the conversation, and directly you hear any single one of the company say, 'I who am an honest man,' you may be quite sure that all their heads have gone astray, and you can serve up any rubbish you choose."