POETRY

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will, and that sort of things,—
But I believe in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four year old in the county
Could heat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I larnt him to chaw terbacker
Just to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall
And hell to split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all!

Hell to split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer,
But we rounded up some three hours,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and waggon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upset, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No blide nor hair was found

And here all hope routed on me,
Of my fellow critter and,—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Israel Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he get thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm
They jest scooped down and toted him
To what is warm and safe and warm
And I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is a deemed slight better business
Than loafing around The Throne
—*Col. John Hay.*

WELL DONE, MURPHY!

Is Ireland the farmers are up in arms against fox-hunting squires and peers. The young Earl of Huntingdon, a captain in the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers, was dashing across Farmer Murphy's meadow after a fox and a pack of hounds, when the farmer unexpectedly appeared and seized the Earl's horse by the bridle. The Earl, who traces his ancestry on a steward brought over from Normandy by the Conqueror, was aghast at such a liberty on the part of a plebian, and raising his whip struck a blow at the farmer. Murphy held the horse with one powerful arm, while with the other he struck and nearly dismounted the Earl.

U.S. IMMIGRATION LAW.

The new immigration law went into force on April 1st, and within the first five days indicated that it had at least enough power in it to make trouble for steamship companies that are reckless as to the character of persons they import to our shores. Whether or not it will prove to possess much more power than this is yet to be seen. Two vessels, the Iniziativa and the Berrundia, were the first to violate the provisions of the law by importing diseased immigrants. Twenty-four of the latter vessels passengers were returned to the ship, to be taken back at the expense of the steamship company to the port from which they sailed. Within a day or two twenty-one of these had, probably at the instigation of the steamer's officers, expected from the ship in this city, and, before they could be recaptured, the Berrundia had sailed. The steamship officers plead that they were not given power to detain men on board against their will. The Iniziativa brought a load of Italians, eleven of whom were decided to be barred out under the provisions of the new law relating to diseases. When they were returned the steamship officers refused to receive them on the plea that the steamer did not return to the port from which the Italians had sailed, and could not, therefore, comply with the terms of the law. Elsewhere in a Tribune interview, it is stated, at the office of the Commissioner of Immigration, that two suits, we presume against these two ships, will be at once brought to see whether damages cannot be enforced against the agent of a steamship line when one of the captains refuses to return rejected immigrants. The new law excludes idiots, insane, paupers, polygamists, persons guilty of crime and serious misdemeanors, and persons suffering from loathsome and contagious diseases. Steamship companies are forbidden to solicit immigrants in a foreign country by promises of employment, and are required to submit detailed reports of the character and antecedents of the immigrants on board before landing them They are then subjected to medical inspection and those decided to be unfit are to be returned by the steamship companies at their own expense. Refusal to do this involves a fine of from $300 to $1,000 The desirability of restricting immigration is no longer an open question. But it is a difficult problem to determine how it can be done, and what tests are to be applied that will be just, effective and applicable —*The Voice*

TORONTO'S SNOBOCRACY.

OUR SO CALLED GOOD SOCIETY, AS SEEN BY AN OBSERVANT ENGLISH LADY

LETTER II

TORONTO, 1890.

DEAREST ROSIE.—I told you how very absurdly the upper circle of Toronto ape English style, they make one laugh. But a little below these arrogant pretenders, the distinction being merely one of income, there are in the city persons one cannot but despise They look up to the class richer than themselves with eyes as "amiable as Uriah Heap," and speak of any evilities of such people as condescension I fear England has all to answer for in this The upper ten migrate "home" yearly, in order to push their way as far as possible into the sacred circle of society They do get much higher than their merits or manners justify, because of the pressure of political influence But it is not in human nature for those whose habitat is the Court circle to receive these colonials without showing some sign of their being intruders They put up with any amount of snubbing so long as they are tolerated, and they *do* receive some very marked attentions of that kind They thus fancy a smile to be aristocratic and treat their Tororto acquaintances to a good an imitation of what they get in England as their hatrionic ability permits.

This *Chinese* form of copying a model, defects and all, is seen, or rather heard, in the speech spoken in Toronto drawing-rooms. The people of the Dominion have acquired a peculiar, and by no means disagreeable, accent Now you hear persons talking Canadian one moment, and then adopting, as nearly as they can, the worst tone of their betters in England. They oscillate from one style of accent to the other, like a dancer who pirouettes first on one limb and then on the other—it is very funny, and so silly.

Now you will say these people are trying to put some culture and grace into society Fiddlesticks They are simply aping English style for sanglorious display, and the display as a piece of vain show is indeed glorious. But this is a serious matter It leads to an enormous amount of wealth being spent outside the country, and I do hear, *whenever*, that Indies bring enormous immense quantities of English goods without paying duty. Now, I have seen many gowns in Toronto of English make, but there was no such great difference as the wearers *talked about*, for they do not put this light under a bushel, and you can see a certain braggadocio air in the wearers of foreign clothes, as much as to say, "How superior am I to those poor wretches with their homemade gowns!" An English dress, in the absence of any other distinction, and the absence of any other distinction is very marked, gives a certain rank to those whose purses are thus displayed in English dresses.

I was wicked enough one evening, when a lady told me her dress was made in London, to exclaim, "Really, she would have thought it!" I am told that Toronto society has been on a lower grade for years. Who can wonder when those who claim to be the leaders and heads of society are making such ludicrous efforts to mimic a state of social life which is the flower that centuries of culture have brought to perfection, whereas that of Canada is a wild bloom from an uncultivated stock. The basis of good society is, after all, goodness of heart and culture, from which come refined tastes and gentle manners. It is no doubt mortifying for mum and women in mature life who have secured the wealth needed for social display, to have brought home to them the sad fact that the very habits and life which have enabled that wealth to be saved up, have utterly incapacited them for a nobler form of living. But why cannot they enjoy their money without worrying themselves about. English society, and making goose of themselves *by aping of life* they really cannot *live!* The effect of all this is to vulgarize Toronto society, which has no special need for further progress in that direction. I never elsewhere noticed such a lack of the education, higher culture, nobler instincts, refinements of taste in art and literature, which ought to be shown by those who pose as leaders and heads of society, as I do in Toronto Taste in art is at zero amongst the wealthy.

I was one day trying to get the right light for a picture, to which the owner asked my attention—a bit of *art furniture* it was really. To do so I stood away from it some six feet or so With crushing condescension to my supposed ignorance of art, the owner invited me to approach the picture, then sliding his hand over it as though wiping away some dust, he said "Just feel how beautifully smooth it is!" Smoothness in a planed board is admirable. the plane has been a success, but for smoothness in a large oil painting to be called "beautiful," was a very novel experience. But this is not an unfair specimen of the degree of art knowledge possessed by the more wealthy Torontonians, and no wonder when they buy a picture in Europe, as a thing to boast about, they get let in for pasticcios of the meanest type—regular "pot-boilers," as artists say I will tell you an anecdote about this in my next.

ELECTRIC cabs have been introduced in Stuttgart

A CURIOSITY is on exhibition at Cuyper, Wyo It is an imprint of a monstrous palm leaf, caused by the leaf falling into the clay and the clay afterwards petrifying The rock was found on Salt creek, and indicates that ages ago, when the bog coal beds were being formed, Wyoming possessed a tropical climate.

THE dam porpoises are said to help their young in their efforts to breathe by bearing them up to the surface of the water on their flippers The spiracle, or blowhole, appears to be a sensitive spot of the head, for when touched with the hand the porpoise invariably shows signs of great discomfort by lashing the tail violently.

ARISTOCRATIC INGRATITUDE

HOW A CLIQUE OF TIP-TOP DEBAUCHEES TREATED THE PARSON WHO SAVED THEM FROM PRISON.

THE celebrated "Cleveland Street Scandal" in which a number of titled and wealthy Englishmen were involved, is probably fresh in the minds of most readers. These scions of the British peerage having wearied of every ordinary form of vice, were discovered to be in the habit of frequenting a resort in Cleveland Street, London, where unnatural crimes were freely practised. The keeper of this place was a man named Hammond, whose evidence was necessary to the conviction of the offenders Of course he was got out of the way—with the connivance as is generally supposed of the magistracy and the police authorities who are always ready to shield wealthy offenders There was considerable scurrying over to the Continent of some young high aristocratic lineage, and the blue blood of centuries of high culture and refinement, but as soon as the principal witness against them had been shipped off to America, they sneaked back one by one and resumed their positions as lights and leaders in English society, pillars of the national Church, hereditary legislators and upholders of the monarchy. In the meantime, the wretch who had pandered to their beastly lusts—but who, by his course in saving them from a felon's cell, had established the strongest claim on their gratitude, was left to his own resources in a strange land—cast off and forgotten by the greater scoundrels whose liberty he had saved completely within his power The following press despatch from Seattle tells the sequel—

SEATTLE, Wash., *April 23rd.*—The wife and son of Charles R Hammond, of Cleveland street, London, were yesterday made county paupers, and are being fed from public funds. Six months ago Hammond was convicted of stealing a sealskin sacque and a gold watch and chain from a woman who was drinking with him at his saloon. He was then preserving in business as proprietor of a hotel and saloon, but misfortune came upon him. He was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, strong outside pressure being brought to bear against him.

In his efforts to get a new trial Hammond gave up everything to his lawyers, leaving an invalid wife and a thirteen-year old boy destitute. They were turned out of the hotel, their furniture sold for rent, and Mrs. Hammond has been selling her jewellery and fine clothes for the past three months. Having exhausted all her resources she threw herself on the county day. Hammond has been hoping for aid from wealthy English noblemen whose guilt he has been shielding, but found only disappointment, and from wealth and influence he went to prison, and his family to poverty and misery.

AN EXAMPLE FOR TORONTO.

LET me give you an instance of what can be done by a town which owns its trams, instead of letting them be exploited by private speculators Huddersfield has a special Act permitting the Town Council, not only to own, but to work its trams. What is the result? The workers have an eight-hours' day, and no Sunday work! There are no fines whatsoever—no cruel and needless reduction from the men's scanty wages, no mean and pitiless system of surveillance and inspection. The wages may not be very high, but they are steady. Compare that with the twelve, thirteen, fourteen, or even seventeen hours' day of the London 'bus and tram men, with the shameful system of the fines system, with the Sunday work, with the harsh and degrading rules of the companies, in regard to inspection and time-keeping.—*Labor World.*

THE Toronto LABOR ADVOCATE opposes the proposed extension of the term of office of Toronto aldermen to two years. It says. The enactment of such a law would materially weaken the aldermanic sense of responsibility to their constituents. As it is, many of the aldermen are hardly warm in their seats before they forget the pledges by which they secured election, and with a term of two years before them they would be less restrained than at present by a wholesome fear of public opinion There is a good deal of truth in this. We know one or two aldermen who now think they own the town.—*Hamilton Times.*

THE Toronto LABOR ADVOCATE likens the Single Tax movement to "the Unitarianism of political economy—a half-way house where the investigator may find rest for a breathing-spell, but not a permanent abode In nine cases out of ten he will either go on thinking, and apply to other social abuses the arguments used by the Single Taxer as regards land monopoly, and so develop into a full-blown all round Socialist, or, if his courage fails him at the prospect, he will be pushed back to orthodoxy. It seems to *Liberty* a more accurate analogy to consider the Single Tax movement the Episcopalianism of political economy, from which nine-tenths of its adherents will go forward to Socialism, the Roman Catholicism of political economy, while a tenth will go forward at one bound to Anarchism, the Atheism of political economy, without stopping at *bourgeois* individualism, the Unitarianism of political economy—*Liberty*

THE tail of an alligator twelve feet in length, on boiling, furnishes from fifty to seventy pints of excellent oil which, in Brazil, is used for lighting and in medicine. The oil has been recommended for the cure of a variety of diseases. It has a high reputation among the swamp-ers as a remedy for rheumatism, being given both inwardly and outwardly

ROLLO AND HIS PA

THE LAXNESS OF ANCIENT HISTORY IN THESE STIRRING TIMES—A POINTER FOR THE COMING EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION

(*Adapted from the Baltimore Critic.*)

"ROLLO, what's that you're studying"

"That's a history, Pa

"Well, a history of what Is it about York county

"No, Pa. This tells about the Roman Empire, about Nero and Caligula, and Cæsar and those old emperors.

"Don't it say nothing about the Dentsons and the Jarvises and William Lyon Mackenzie and E W Phipps and Mayor Clarke and Charles Durand!"

"No, no, Pa. This is ancient history, and these men lived a long, long time ago and were very noted men

"That all may be, but still, if it is history, Rollo, it ought to have something about King William Bell and the Equal Righters in it

"This tells about the Vandals and the Goths and the Huns and how they sacked Rome

"Does, eh? And don't say anything about how Ned Farrer gave Chris. Bunting the shake to go on the *Globe* Well now that's queer. These old Romans were all right in their place, but I don't see why they put of to-day, when is to become the voter of to morrow, should have his mind filled up with the scandalous actions of these old duffers. It's wrong and I'm going to see the school board about it. Why, Rollo, I don't think you know anything about the history of your own native place. Now, what ward do you live in?"

"I—I—er—I don't believe I know, Pa"

"See there! ain't shamefull Who founded the village of Chester!"

"I never heard, Pa

"How long have they been building the New Parliament Buildings!"

"Don't know

"Don't know! Here I've been sending you to school, and buying books and counting on you getting your brain chock full of knowledge clear down into your spinal column. Something's got to be done. Now when you go to school to-morrow and the teacher asks you who Cæsar was, you tell her that he never voted in your ward never did anything for the *Old Man*, and you don't believe he was much of a feller anyhow.

"Yes, Pa.

"Then if that carroty-headed old maid says anything to you, you just send her to me Why, your Pa knows more genuine history in ten minutes than she does in a month of Sundays. Tell her your taking private lessons from your Pa, and you don't care anything about any blamed, moth eaten, musty heroes of the past. How will it help you, Rollo, in the rip-roaring glorious days that are speeding on like a four-mule team on a down grade, how will it help you, I say, to know what put Cæsar Augustus in a hole when you're hustling for a railway bonus appropriation and are ignorant of the knack of getting a cinch on the machine? No, Rollo, you let the old emperors slide, and get into line with the great majority in the free-for-all-race after the silver dollar. Current yourself with the fact that Bromo slumped through long before Billy Maclean began hunting for nominations to the Legislature, and glue your weather eye to the smoke stack of your father's soap factory."

"I'm beginning to catch the idea, Pa."

"That's right, Rollo. The Coliseum may have been something of a place in its day, but it was a one ring show, even in its palmiest days, and the grand aggregation which Forepaugh is going to bring here some time during the summer will lay clean over anything old Nero ever issued press tickets to in his shebang."

"Oh, Pa, I'm going, ain't I?"

"Certainly, Rollo, certainly. Do you think your Pa ever forgets his circus days? Can the honors of being a prominent resident of Bathurst street, the pleasure of enjoying the social esteem of my neighbors, and the self-satisfying knowledge of owning a built page that can whip anything in the West end efface from my mind the joyous delights of seeing a drunken tramp stumble into the ring, climb on a horse and peel off seventeen suits of old clothes, revealing pink trunks and a pair of swimming tights with pearl buttons sewed on them? Never. Rollo, will I forget swallowing two quarts of red lemonade, giving the elephant a chew of tobacco and being kicked senseless by a frisky big man with diamonds in his shirt front and bear's grease on his hair Haven't I left my downy couch in the attic by early dawn, skinned down the run spout, waited for the circus to come in, carried eight tons of water for the animals and led a patch-work pony four miles through the streets to earn a twenty-five cent seat where the gasoline would drop down my back? I have, Rollo, and look at me to-day No, Rollo, I don't have a speaking acquaintance with those old fellows who used to wear a table cloth and an olive wreath, but I don't have to get Finnerty to put it on the slate when I want a treat for crowd, and your mother never sees the bottom of the potato barrel. Rollo, take your Pa's advice, don't go monkeying with facts that date further back than the battle of Ridgeway, or the time when Gooderham's distillery was built, but buy a through ticket to success with the price of a pair of open eyes, and when your folks send for the family undertaker, you will be sure of going where glory awaits you, with a brass band playing. They're After Me,' at the head of the procession."

ONE hundred tons of Japanese curios were recently brought to this country by one ship

THE Hindus are about to adopt a modern notion in forming "Hindu tourists' party for visiting Europe, America, China, Japan and the States. The Hindu noblemen and gentlemen who are invited to join the party are assured that they will be able to travel without violation of caste rules

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