THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1883.

The War Cloud.

It may be predicted with a good deal of safety that France cannot remain in her present state for any length of time. She will receive either a shock from inside or pressure from some external quarter before many months, certainly before a year shall have rolled over. The Kings of Europe are combining against her under the leadership of the German Kaiser, who does not like the idea of a Republic next door, a Republic, too, with a mission to avenge what are called the disasters of the Empire. Germany, Austria and Italy are united against France, and Spain may be tempted to enter a quadruple alliance. At least the Spanish King is anxious for it, for he also dreads a Republic which is aggressive enough to encourage a rising in the Iberian Peninsula. It is in this dangerous crisis that France embroils herself abroad and quarrels with England over Madagascar, though to be just it must be admitted that what French journals say is possible, namely, that it is England which is intriguing against French conquest and colonization abroad. If it were not for the fear of the triple alliance France might have acted more haughtily in Madagascar, and Admiral Pierre might not have been sacrificed to satisfy British honor. If French statesmen—if there are any left—are not altogether reckless they should understand that now is the time to be cautious. Their country is in a peculiar position. France has no allies, but a great many enemies all over the world. Indeed, if we except the doubtful friendship of Russia, she is completely isolated. This, then, one would think, is the time when she should be conciliatory in her domestic policy at least. But what is the fact? The French Government is insanely bent on persecuting the Catholic Church—which is still the Church of the great majority of the French people. While Germany is menacing France with the immense hosts of the triple alliance, the French Government is oppressing Catholic institutions and quarrelling with the Holy See. Napoleon did that sort of thing in the plenitude of his power, but expressed regret for it afterwards in St. Helena. Apart from morality and social order, France cannot afford to quarrel with the Catholic Church, thereby trampling on the religious feelings of the majority of the French people. Cannot those purblind men, misnamed Republican leaders, see that they are playing into the hands of the Bonapartists and Royalists, who may any day unite, and, with even the moral support of Monarchical Europe, overthrow the Government in twenty-four hours? They may imagine it is a fine thing—quite a Napoleonic idea—to persecute the Church, pursue a policy of aggrandizement abroad, and alienate their allies at home; but they should remember that when France beat the European coalition ninety years ago she was at least united, and had great men controlling her destinies, and also that such a mighty national achievement is not peformed more than once.

It is not only Italy and Austria that Germany has succeeded in arraying against the Republic, but in a measure all Europe. Even England, jealous of French enterprise abroad, is drifting towards the alliance, afraid, it is said, of the Republican propaganda. The German autumn manœuvres will take place next month, and will have a dozen Kings, small and great, to witness them. Those manœuvres will be on a colossal scale, and will be taken advantage of to show the world, and especially France, that the German forces have improved since 1870. Then again we are told that the Kaiser and Czar will meet for consultation in a month from now at Eckmuhl, which may mean a *rapprochment* between Russia and Germany and the complete and absolute isolation of France. If all those monarchs are afraid, not of the Republic, but that its existence may encourage the social democracy in their own countries, why should they not, in self-defence, allow Germany to avert the danger by taking guarantees from France, and invading her a second time to cripple her for a century to come, perhaps to destroy her, or at the best to set up a Bourbon monarch under European protection? All or any of these things are possible; but that something portentious for France will shortly happen is highly probable.

The Java Disaster.

In this globe of ours, which at present swings so cheerfully and noiselessly on its axis, swings on until we are advanced enough in the year 1884 to permit the annual reviewer to write up all the casualties, misfortunes and catastrophes of 1883, he will have a good deal of work on his hands. There has seldom been such an unfortunate year. Nothing but disasters everywhere—steamboat disasters, railroad disasters, bridge disasters, theatre disasters, and earthquake disasters, the latter of a most appalling nature, for there has been an Ischia as well as a Java; there have been disasters all over by cholera, by fire and by water to such an extent that their record has become monotonous. So far, however, the terrible eruptions in Java cap the climax, though Heaven only knows what is in store for us before this awful year has gone into the ocean of eternity. In Java the very face of nature has been changed. Towns and villages have been swallowed, rivers dried up, mountains made to disappear from one locality and appear in another, and the Straits of Sunda blocked up by a chain of volcanoes fourteen in number. The loss of life, too, has been appalling; one hundred thousand, some say, but probably more. The Ischia horror pales before it; and, save the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the first, and part of Lisbon in the eighteenth century, no parallel to it can be found in history.

Java is an island but little known to the average British reader, who has possessions enough to look after all the world over without troubling himself with Dutch colonies. And yet the flag of England waved over it from 1811 to 1814, when Holland was part of the Napoleonic empire, and the British in consequence took possession of all it could conveniently lay its hands upon belonging to their enemies.

The island, which is in the Indian Ocean, lies, roughly speaking, between the fifth and eighth parallels of south latitude, and between one hundred and five and one hundred and fourteen degrees east longitude. It contains 56,000 square miles, is 666 miles in length, and from fifty to two hundred and fifty in breadth. Its climate is not so hot as might be supposed from its contiguity to the equator, as it is constantly swept by cool, refreshing breezes from the sea. Java is broken up by mountains and high hills, deep gorges, fissures, and bears many unmistakable signs of volcanic action in the past. There are, or rather were, thirty-six volcanic mountains in the country, ranging in height from 4,000 to 10,000 feet, the sides of which to half way up were covered with that luxuriant tropical vegetation characteristic of the whole island. Its population is over six millions, mostly of the Malay race, though there is a considerable Mongolian element in it, composed of Chinese and Japanese, mostly merchants and traders. It is divided into three provinces, east, west and middle, which are subdivided into twenty-two districts or residencies, each governed by a European officer. Under the Dutch the Island has made immense progress. It has a high protective tariff, and flourishes under it, a point to which we beg to call the attention of our Grit contemporaries, though there is a discrimination in favor of Holland. Its exports in 1870, mostly composed of coffee, sugar and spices, amounted to $52,000,000, and its imports to $35,000,000, thus leaving a balance of trade in its favor representing the handsome sum of $17,000,000. It is, however, probable that the census for 1883 would almost double these figures, so great has been the impetus given to its trade of late years. The Dutch have adopted a novel but beneficent system in their government of Java. The land, which is in the highest degree fertile, is owned conjointly by the cultivators, the chiefs, the European officials and the government, and the profits of the field divided amongst them *pro rata*, due regard being had to the rights of the cultivator. This system may not be altogether the best, but if it were adopted in Egypt the unfortunate fellahs would not be as poor and degraded as they are. The history of Java is wrapped in obscurity. It was discovered by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, and formally taken possession of, but wrested from them by their Dutch rivals after a century's occupation. Most of the natives are Mohammedans, though the large number of Buddhist temples now found in ruins all over the Island attest that the Brahmins had a good deal to do with its settlement in ancient times. Indeed a large number of the people are Buddhists even now, and those who are Mussulmans are strongly imbued with the doctrines of Confucius. It is sincerely to be hoped that this interesting country may be spared any more earthquakes, though from latest advices this is unfortunately only too doubtful.

Governor Butler.

A MONTH OR SO AGO the New York *Times* obtained something like a consensus of opinion throughout the States on the possible candidates for the Presidency, both Republican and Democratic. There were over thirty names mentioned, prominent amongst them being Arthur, Blaine, Grant, Tilden, Hendricks, Hoadly, and Benjamin Butler, Governor of Massachusetts. In regard to the last named, very strong language was used for and against, as if he were a man to be loved and respected, feared and hated; as if he, at all events, were a strong man. That he is a strong man in the sense in which that word is understood both by pre-election politicians and in the dictionaries generally, is beyond all manner of doubt. He is the sort of man that would, or should, be revered by the late Thomas Carlyle; a man of intellect, bold of purpose, patient, dogged, a good hater, a fast friend, a dangerous enemy, a man, in a word, who is not a sham, who is, on the contrary, an entity, a chief raising his rugged head above the surrounding pigmies. Twenty years ago he was hated in the South with a terrible hatred. He went into the war for the Union, and he was in earnest. He was not a soldier by training, but having been born to command, he led his legions to battle and deserved well of his country. He was a harsh but a just Governor of New Orleans. He recked little for the Southern chivalry or for the Southern ladies who spat in the faces of his soldiers. He scourged the yellow fever scourge out of the city, and even the Southerners learned to respect his iron will. He was charged with stealing spoons, but that was a weak device. Men like Butler do not steal; they may rob openly, but they do not pilfer. No one in our day believes in the stale story. If any man in those days stood up and said Butler would yet be Governor of Massachusetts he would have easily obtained credence; if he added that it would be as a Democrat, he would have been laughed to scorn. But if he indulged further in prophetic strain, and said that General Butler, Military Governor of New Orleans, would yet be the Democratic candidate for the United States Presidency, and that his hope of election would rest mainly on the solid Democratic vote of the South, he would have been set down as a stark staring lunatic. But a score of years brings about vast changes in the world, and behold Benjamin F. Butler is Governor of Massachusetts in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three by grace of the Democratic majority, and he is spoken of as one of the candidates for the Presidency having most chances of success. If he carry Massachusetts over with him into the Democratic camp his chances will be excellent indeed, and from present appearances it looks as if he shall. Strangely enough, the South is for Butler. A few of the old fire-eating Brigadiers, it is true, have not forgotten New Orleans; but even they will have to go with the tide if Butler receives the nomination. But will he carry Massachusetts the second time is now the great question of the hour. The general opinion is that he will. The Republicans are making desperate efforts to defeat him, but it is doubtful if they will succeed. The blue-blood of the old Bay State, the aristocracy which has come down from the Puritan Democracy, cry out against Butler. The cultured population, the professors, the colleges, the *dilletante*, the monopolists, all combine against Butler; but the people, the voters of both parties, seem to be in favor of the stern Governor who cleaned out the Augean stables at Tewkesbury, who has visited with justice an infamously governed institution, who has covered the tanner of human skin with merited obluquy. The Massachusetts Governor does not fight with kid gloves on. He is an opponent to be feared, for he is terribly in earnest. And he knows a trick or two about elections, for not only is he an astute lawyer, but he is a man as well who can turn political human nature inside out and read it as he runs. He has declared war against monopoly, and thus secured the vote of the great industrial masses of the State. He is gifted with intellectual powers, he is the owner of great wealth, and he stops not at trifles in order to gain a point, for to give the Governor his due, he is always prepared to enter the lists with his antagonists and fight them with weapons of their own choosing. Considering the issues involved, considering that Butler is the pivot around which the political machine revolves at present, it is no wonder that the eyes of all are directed towards him, and that the politicians are asking each other, "Is Butler going to win Massachusetts a second time?"

John Smith, Esquire.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries advise that the use of the word Esquire, and its abreviation, Esq., be discontinued. It is certainly about time. The word Mr. is just as good as Esq. any day, and belongs by right to every male adult, whereas Esquire does not, being a title pure and simple, which has grown into disuse as such, owing to its having become so common, just as the military title of Colonel is being dropped in the United States, and as several Frenchmen of spirit have thrown the title of Count overboard, for the reason that its bearers were becoming countless. Newspaper space is so precious that a few thousand Esquires is a serious encroachment. And then it is so monotonous. Mr. John Smith is quite as high sounding as John Smith, Esquire, and it is more appropriate. The prefix Mr. comes either from master, or the French title Monsieur, either of which is more distinguished than Esquire, who was in feudal times a sort of military valet, or assistant to a knight, himself merely a mister, master or sir. In later days the prefix Esq. was given to a man with an income of one hundred pounds a year, when one hundred pounds was looked upon as something, whereas now most men enjoy that income, salary, or amount of wages. This is a democratic age, and mister should be good enough for all of us, if, indeed, it would not be still better to address a man or refer to him as plain John Smith, unless of course the law or usage gives him a title such as Reverend, My Lord, &c. The ancient Irish, and not so ancient either, although aristocratic enough in some respects, had no title which could be translated into Sir, Mr., or Monsieur. A clansman, when speaking of his chief or prince, simply said, "O'Neil and I were there," alluding to the Prince of Ulster; or, he instructed "O'Donnell and me," referring to the Tyrconnell Chieftain. We cannot help thinking that this was a sensible custom, and one that deserves imitation. The number of titles in our days is becoming positively alarming. Hardly a name appears above the surface of society that has not tacked on to it a whole lot of letters sufficiently puzzling to the general run of unsophisticated people. There are B. C. L's. and F. R. V. C. S's., and LL. D. and P. L. S., until all of the letters of the alphabet are called into use in order that individuals should be honored. We laugh at the small German Hergraaf and Margrave, on whose frontier Victor Hugo said he could not find space to dry his shirt; at all events they had a frontier. But let us glance at ourselves and our society titles, our Sir Knights, our Deputy's, P. G. W's.; and before we smile at the British soldier laden down with medals, which he has earned on the tented field, let us examine an American lodge of the Knights of St. Crispin or St. Pythias, with its self-bestowed medals and titles. This is the age of individuality as well as of dollars; every man likes to see his name in print with an A. B. C. D., or an X. Y. Z. after it, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and if we do not want our grand-children to laugh at us, let us commence to reform. Let us see how Mr. John Smith looks, and if it pleases, perhaps we shall arrive at John Smith after awhile.

Editorial Notes.

THE Parnellites have had lately many opportunities of testing their strength in Ireland, and they will soon have more, as O'Shaughnessy, M. P. for Limerick, and Nelson, M. P. for Mayo, have resigned their seats, one to accept a Government situation, and the other because politics interferes with his devotions as a clergyman.

NOTWITHSTANDING late reports to the contrary, the French seem to be masters of the situation in the far East. They have made a treaty with the Annamites highly advantageous to themselves, after having gained a great victory, and they are now in a position to talk with more audacity to the Heathen Chinee mandarins.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE has made a speech in Scotland in which it is declared that Canada will soon adopt a Free Trade policy, and that she will expend her last dollar and give her last man to maintain British connection. As regards Free Trade, Canada will have none of it; and as regards British connection, Mr. Mackenzie spoke in a different strain at a late meeting of the National-Liberal Club. The atmosphere of Scotland seems to have a modifying effect on the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

THE House of Lords did two very foolish things lately when they threw out the Irish Registration Bill and the Pigeon Bill. That the Franchise in Ireland is very narrow is admitted on all sides; but it seems a good many think this is not the proper time to improve it. No one can contend, however, with decency, that those in possession should be prevented exercising it; but that is exactly what the action of the Lords amounted to when it vetoed the Irish Registration Bill. Mr. Anderson, a Scotch member, introduced a Bill to prevent pigeon shooting as it is practised at present; but the humane measure met the fate of the Registration Bill. Pigeons are subjected to all sorts of torture in order to make sport for a number of idle men, many of whom are peers. Mr. Anderson wishes to abolish this cruel sport; but the Lords said no. As a matter, of course, both the rejected measures will yet become law, and the Lords will have to swallow them. Meanwhile their noble and ancient House is losing prestige every year by the action of its members, for what good can accrue to them if they are forced to accept one session what they have rejected another?

GRIT NEWSPAPERS GENERALLY are not more truthful in dealing out the news than our local contemporary the *Patriot*. The Hamilton *Times* informs its readers that out of the five elder Provinces three have Liberal Governments—Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, "while P. E. Island has a local government whose fate is uncertain till the new local legislature is called together, so narrow is the majority, if it has any." If a deputation from the Island waited upon the Grit editor of the *Times* and told him that he was mistaken, that the local legislature had met and held a session, and that the Conservative Government had been all through sustained by a very handsome majority, a majority of fifty per cent. greater than poor Mr. Mowat has in Ontario, if, we say, the deputation informed the respected and able editor of all this, he would take it as a matter of course, but would not contradict himself. Grit editors never do. There are also a few slight inaccuracies regarding New Brunswick. The Government of New Brunswick is a coalition, composed of both parties, in which, however, since Mr. Elder's death, the Conservatives predominate. It is the Ontario local government which is weakening, which must shortly go. The Conservatives have a firm hold on Quebec, for while admitting that the next session may find a few "castors" in alliance with Mr. Mercier's following of thirteen, still Mr. Mousseau will have a support of two against one. The only local government the Grits can feel certain of is that of Nova Scotia.

Our Boston Letter.

SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL—THE AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY—"BLOOD WILL TELL"—THE DUDES OF THE PERIOD.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

BOSTON, August 31, 1883.

If anybody is unaware of the fact that we have plenty of good "society" in the United States, it is that body's own fault; he has not read the papers or kept up with current literature of a more ambitious kind. The novel of the period is nothing if not a society novel. Messrs. Harte and Cable are, perhaps, the only writers of fiction who do not devote their genius to the portrayal of fashionable life, which may be because they are our only great original writers of fiction in this generation. The small fry all run to small talk, and fancy that their work is literature. Even Mr. Howells seldom rises above the subjects which excites the tea-tables, while Mr. Henry James might be a fashionable female writer if he had not real, thorough, misdirected genius. The worst of all are those who aim to depict society at the Capital, always excepting Mrs. Burnet, whose "One Administration" is dull only because of its length and lack of incident. Its pictures of Washington life are good and true, but not particularly interesting. Now comes Mrs. Dahlgren, widow of the admiral and inventor, with a preposterous book called "A Washington Winter," perhaps the worst book of its kind ever written. "Democracy" was malicious and one-sided, but cleverly written, and being a half truth, more mischievous than a whole fabrication. Mrs. Dahlgren is malicious without being clever, and has a stock of social vanity founded upon the least possible acquaintance with really good society. Her pets are described as models of good form, but they have the manners of prigs. They talk the kind of patois found only in novels of the kind so much admired by Mrs. Wittiterly in "Nicholas Nickleby." French words and phrases, such as one finds conveniently to hand in the back of Worcester's Unabridged, are always in their mouths. They prate of "our set," and talk mutual admiration like the little "best people" of a country village. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, is supposed to have sat for the original of one of them, "Senator Roland," and he is priggish enough, but not quite imbecile enough for the character. Mrs. Dahlgren herself is surmised to be the "Mrs. Wilton" of the book, and perhaps she is. The bad character is a Western Senator who would be pronounced a caricature of humanity anywhere, had we not, alas, had a Senator Tabor, of Colorado, only last session, whom nobody could caricature, and we must accept Mrs. Dahlgren's monstrosity as a possibility. The author's chief admiration is reserved for the dear foreign legation people, who are the pink of all perfection in her eyes. By the way, one of them was arrested last week for being drunk and disorderly on the streets, and escaped a fine by pleading his diplomatic privilege. Another, a foreign minister, committed suicide in New York a couple of weeks ago. Several of them have created scandal in Washington by disgraceful rows in gambling hells and worse places; but still they belong to the dear aristocracy, and nobody, in Mrs. Dahlgren's set, can have the heart to chide them for their little eccentricities of conduct. The worst thing about her book is that it pretends to portray the "best society," as in contradistinction to the political crowd which swarms at the Capital, and some people may think the picture true. There is in every city just such a set as Mrs. Dahlgren tries to describe—an old, exclusive coterie, generally more affluent in "blood" than in money or brains, which claims superiority on the ground of having been genteel for perhaps two whole generations. It is delightfully funny to read in a society paper that "no tradespeople were present" at the Vanderbilt ball. Tradespeople, in this acceptation, means people engaged in business. It is a term learned from English tourists, or valets, as the case may be. The kind of people who don't know tradespeople are the Vanderbilts, Keenes, Goulds, Bennets, etc., and I don't think it is necessary to say that Clara Vere de Vere would not think her scutcheon enriched by quartering with any of those nobles. Such people get up the famous foxhunts at Newport, the last of which occurred a week ago. Mr. Freddie Gebhard, whose connection with the Langtry may have been heard of, is a prime leader of the Newport "meets." He is the haughty scion of a house whose founder lived in the remote ages of eighteen hundred and seventy odd, an honest Dutch grocer who saved millions, that are now being squandered on actresses and sport. Here and there may be found a sprinkling of English nobility, generally of the proud and penniless kind, and there are always plenty of ambitious mammas ready to trade off Yankee moneybags for English titles. I think something of the same spirit may have been observed in Canada, though, of course, I know that all the nobility and gentry of the Dominion are of the bluest possible blood, and never, never, by any chance, have been engaged in anything so vulgar as "trade." A good specimen of our American aristocrats is honest old Baron—or is it Marquis?—Murphy, of San Francisco. He made his pile in California, honestly enough, too, and lost no time in securing the glory of an Italian title of nobility, after which he concluded to reside on the Continent along with the other nobles. Still, a Continental title don't count for much, and the ambition of the Marchioness de Murphy was English alliance, which she has at last achieved through the marriage of her daughter to Sir Something Wolsely, of real old family and undoubted nobility. Those who know say that Wolsely is really a very decent sort of a young man, for a nobleman, and may make a better husband for an American millionheiress than the majority of foreign swells do. Nobody knows—for the society papers don't mention such things—how many broken hearts and ruined hopes have followed the dazzling alliances of American girls with titled adventurers. Divorce is not so common in Europe as here, and most of the victims are too proud to turn to that relief; but there is a right smart crop of "grass widows" will forty miles, at home here, or pining in the seclusion of American colonies at Florence, Paris and elsewhere. The noble husband can generally be persuaded to consent to a separation for a fair consideration, say enough to let him patronize *rouge et noir*, and keep an establishment and branch wife. Russian marriages are probably the worst of all, as, in addition to the chances of the husband proving a Tartar barbarian, the alliance can always be annulled by imperial command; but Russian noblemen are generally wealthy enough, and can afford to buy a wife anywhere without regard to dower.

It is the kind of people who court foreign society most, and ape the cast-off manners of Europe, that are loudest in bewailing the corruption of the times and the failure of republican institutions. The self-styled better classes pretend to find nothing but corruption in our politics and demoralization in our government. They are also the most adept and consistent tax-dodgers in the country. Thank heaven they are few and unimportant in the real affairs of life, though they make more noise then all the rest of the country together. Why do the papers chronicle their comings and goings, then. There is a good-natured cynicism about the average newspaper man which allows him to take hold of any sort of enterprise. It is only one or two in a thousand that really believe in the importance of society news, and those are mostly young, very young men or gushing women. Also, there is the regular newspaper "beat," who puffs this body or that in return for valuable consideration of some sort. The society correspondent at the mountain or seaside takes his or her pay in board and enjoys an inexpensive vacation. Those are the cheap members of the profession. Real journalists have an abiding scorn of society news and newsgatherers; but they all make room for the "slush" column, as it is called, because the counting-room demands that tribute to popular taste, and because many readers love so much to see their names in print. It is considerable of a nuisance, but will probably die out in time because of its very proportions. One of the brightest Sunday papers is before me as I write, and there are five columns of solid matter telling who are at the seaside resorts, etc. Now, nobody but the persons mentioned and their intimate friends, cares a continental orison for news of that kind, and everybody knows that he or she can get his or her name onto the same immortal roll of fame, at the trifling cost of registering at a hotel and mentioning the fact on a postal card to the newspaper which makes a specialty of slush. The public is beginning to "catch on" to that fact, and all people of good taste do their best to keep their names out of the paper. Of course eminent people cannot avoid the notoriety, but that is a penalty of greatness. Ordinary people of good sense can and do.

It is all a phase of social evolution, partly a result of the sudden accumulation of great fortunes during and since the war. People with unlimited money at command, and no refined tastes, have to distinguish themselves in some way, and they know of no way so easy as that of proclaiming themselves aristocrats and aping the manners of foreign fashionable people. Many of them who coolly rig out their servants in livery, assume any coat-of-arms that comes handy, and looks nice, and talk of "our set" and "good form," etc., are really decent enough people at heart and not the empty-headed fools they seem to be. Most of them are quite too good for association with the titled scamps and fools whom they lionize; and the greater part of the present generation's descendants will find themselves as poor as their grandfathers were in a few years. Then they will quietly drop the ridiculous crests and pedigrees and general tomfoolery and go to work to make another pile, like sensible fellows. They are not perfect idiots, even if they do play at fox-hunting and polo and make the dollars fly fast. Take Jim Bennett, for instance. He is a good specimen of the fast and fashionable young man of the period, foremost in hunting, yachting, polo, everything. His father was a hard-headed shrewd Scotchman, who commenced life fifty years or so ago in a cellar, by publishing what would be called to-day a black-mailing sheet of the lowest and most sensational description. He grew decent as he grew rich, and when he died the *New York Herald* was a fortune to its owner. Everybody who knew young Jim prophesied that he would run the *Herald* into the ground in considerably less time than his father had run it out of the original cellar. He did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he has made it the best newspaper in the world, and a far better property, financially, than it was when he inherited it.

Young Perry Belmont is a leader in Newport society, too, but he made a name for himself in Congress, in his first month of service, and proved more than a match in brains and pluck for the great bully of the land, James G. Blaine. Those young men or their admirers would answer, if you asked how they happened to be so smart, in spite of their frivolous lives, that "Blood will tell." Bosh. It is Brains, inherited from the sturdy plebeian Scotchman, and the shrewd Jewish banker, that "tell," and that prevent young Bennett and young Belmont from being such vapid dough-heads as the genuine aristocrats whom they copy after in manners and dress.

American and Canadian aristocracy would be less amusing if it did not take itself seriously, as it does. It is all right in Europe, where the common people acquiesce in the joke and are willing to pay the bills, but here on this continent nobody save those engaged in the comedy takes it for real life. "Society" has as much to do with the conduct or destinies of the country as playing at militia has to do with warfare. Still the boys like to play that they are soldiers, and the idle rich like to play that they are aristocrats, and I'm sure nobody ought to complain since tailors and dressmakers gain by both. But one may complain when the art of fiction takes hold of such small-beer chronicles. I only wonder that such centres of fashion as Halifax and Quebec have not produced a genuine society novel. It cannot be for lack of material, for garrison towns always possess plenty of high-life romance, and either of those ought to have ere this developed, at least, a Miss Broughton or a Ouida, *minus* the immortality. Mrs. Fleming, who did not enjoy the privilege of life in a garrison city but originated in plain, prosaic, St. John, N. B., was a prolific delineator of the ways and doings of Dukes and Duchesses. Judge Haliburton was a sturdy old Tory, and De Mille was a racy romancer, but Canada has not yet produced the regular Laura Matilda sort of society novel. Canadian literature, indeed, is not as rich as it ought to be in any sphere, but the world can get along if it never produces the fashionable novel—at least until the fashion shall have changed for the better. R.

"Picturesque Canada."

As this magnificent work appears, number after number, we are more and more at a loss for words to praise it, and more and more convinced that it is a work Canada should be proud of. The work has only to be seen and examined to be admired. Nothing has been spared to make it deserving of Canada, and of lasting interest. Its editor is the well known Principal Grant, of the Queen's University, the cleverest literary man in Canada, and one who deserves an exalted position among the writers of our language. He describes Canadian scenery in words which none but a patriot, writing from pure love of his subject, can command. The illustrations, too, are excellent; so is the letter press; so is everything connected with what we are not astray in terming a national undertaking. We would strongly urge those of our readers who can afford it to become subscribers to "Picturesque Canada." Sixteen numbers of it have been already published, and may be had from "The Art Publishing Company," Toronto.

New Advertisements.

Messrs. Gray & Wheaton require five hundred men to work on the Cape Traverse Branch Railway.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries gives notice concerning claims to fishing bounties.

THE steamer *Carroll*, Capt. Brown, sailed for Boston on Thursday evening last with a cargo consisting of 500 barrels of mackerel, 650 cases of eggs, 123 cases of lobsters, 3 casks of raspberries, 40 cases canned raspberries, 140 empty oil barrels, and 25 packages of household effects. She had the following passengers: William Smith, Mrs. B. Connolly, Mr. J. Colwill, Mr. Hoffman, Kate L. Fraser, Miss Finley, Miss Mary A. Bolger, Miss L. A. Morris, William A. E. Gay, Ernest W. Baldwin, Bessie Cavanagh, Louise E. Marchard, Miss L. Robins, James Sullivan, W. G. Snow, Mrs. C. R. Woolner, Rebecca Weatherbie, Austin Griffin, Catherine McGonnel, Alice McInnis, J. Proud, Mrs. F. W. Greene, Thomas J. Wilson, Kate McIsaac, Philip C. Hughes, Mrs. A. W. Ottinghan, Mrs. N. McKinnon, Mary Shaw, W. W. Stanley.

A Voyage Round the World.

Milk dealers are sharply looked after in Toronto.

The Duchess of Cambridge is eighty-six years old.

Lord Queensberry is about to purchase an extensive tract of land in Texas.

There is said to be deep dissatisfaction in India, and a rising is feared in the near future.

There have been 526 deaths from yellow fever at Vera Cruz, during the period from January 1 to July 18.

Richard O'Shaughnessy has resigned his seat in the House of Commons, for Limerick city, to take a government office.

Placards have appeared in Paris urging the people to rally in support of a monarchy under Louis Phillippe II.

Preparations are being made in Vienna to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the expulsion of the Turks from Austria.

The wheat crops of Hungary and Austria are estimated at a full average for the former and fifteen per cent. below average for the latter.

The brigands in Salonica are alleged to be acting in collusion with foreign emissaries with the object of causing trouble on the frontier.

Three hundred thousand francs was realized at a fete given in Paris lately under the auspices of the press in aid of the Ischia sufferers.

El Paso, Texas, takes the cake for enterprise. It offers Mitchell and Slade $500 to light there, and guarantees them a hearty reception.

The daughter of an Oka Indian and a village schoolmaster were married at Montreal a few days ago. Three Methodist ministers officiated.

O'Donnell is alleged to have stated before being committed for trial at Capetown that Carey first drew a revolver on him, and that he shot Carey in self defence.

Mr. Frank Quinn, of Montreal, son-in-law of D'Arcy McGee, is candidate for Chateauguay, in the Conservative interest. Mr. Quinn is a man of ability.

Requiem Mass was celebrated in all the Paris churches on Sunday week for the late Comte de Chambord. The Legitimists will wear mourning for six months.

Of the forty-five San Francisco millionaires nine were born in America, eighteen are Irish, eight Jews, five Germans, four English, and one is a Frenchman.

King Alfonso, reviewing the Spanish troops at Logrono, severely rebuked the Numancia cavalry regiment which revolted. He was cheered by the regiment.

The Duke of Westminster has completed the adornment of the chapel at Eton Hall by filling the windows with 12 stained-glass windows, representing a Te Deum.

The Foreign Exhibition opening took place in Boston, in the building of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association, Huntington avenue, on the 3rd inst.

The English party to witness the formal opening of the Western Pacific Railway has arrived in New York. A number of members of the Imperial Parliament accompany them.

It is reported that the Very Rev. Dr. Carberry, O. P., for many years Prior of the Dominican Convent of St. Clement, at Rome, has been appointed Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario.

A cablegram has been received at Montreal from Rome directing that Victoria Medical College be permitted to open as usual, and re-establishing the college in all its privileges.

The False Prophet is making preparations for another struggle in the Soudan, and much uneasiness is felt in Alexandria for the safety of the troops recently sent into that district.

The French Civil Commissioner has gone to Hue by the request of the Emperor of Annam, to discuss the question of placing the capital and the Emperor's person under French protection.

An English newspaper reminds us that United States Treasury bonds to the amount of £24,000,000 are held by three persons—the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Thomas Brassey, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

O'Donnell, who shot Carey, appealed to the court at Capetown to be tried there, but his appeal was rejected, and he set sail for England. Mrs. Carey, it is stated, will give important evidence hitherto withheld.

The Governor General, the Princess Louise and suite, leave Quebec for Ottawa on the 6th inst. They will remain there till they depart for Toronto to open the exhibition, after which they return to Quebec about the 15th or 16th inst.

Dr. Connelly, arrested at Bruff on the charge of being concerned in a murder conspiracy, has brought an action for slander against John Carroll, rent warner of the Earl of Limerick, for stating that Connelly had conspired to murder him.

Affairs at Rat Portage still continue sadly mixed. Late reports announce that the Manitoba officials have arrested Mr. McCabe, the Dominion police commissioner, and that he is now detained awaiting trial. He has refused to give bail.

The London *Times* says Mr. Shaw's release settles the Madagascar difficulty as far as England and France are concerned. It asserts that France thirsts for peace, and that the recent attack on her by a Berlin journal was a wanton aggression.

There is great activity in the arsenals at Shanghai. It is rumored that Lei Hung Chang will return to Shanghai. Two thousand troops have been sent to Canton. Torpedoes and ammunition are being prepared for transportation to that part.

It is reported the Emperor of Abyssinia, having heard that Laing Menelek, of Shoa, intended to send an embassy to the French, to solicit a French protectorate over Shoa, has declared war against King Menelek, and an Abyssinian army has already invaded Shoa.

Information has been received in Ottawa that Secretary Fowler, of the United States, will satisfy all proved Canadian claims for the return of 10 per cent. customs duty illegally levied at the border from exporters of hay into the States during the past few years. The claims from Quebec alone will aggregate a quarter of a million dollars.

The military authorities at Halifax, have been notified that a troop ship leaves England on the 15th October with the 2nd West York and Lancaster Regiment for Bermuda, to relieve the Royal Irish Rifles, who will proceed to Halifax to relieve the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and the latter will take their departure from Halifax about the first week in November.

A steam buggy is under construction in Augusta, Ga. The machine will be about the size of an ordinary buggy, with two wheels behind and but one in front, also water and gasoline tanks. The boilers are heated by two gasoline burners. The front wheel is extra large, and will bear the entire weight of the machinery. The rear of the machine will be the same as an ordinary buggy, with ample room for several persons. Its average speed is estimated a mile in three minutes. The speed of the first horse that gets his eye on it has not yet been computed.

LOCAL AND OTHER M

THE names of recalcitrant ta
shortly be published in the *Roya*
one other paper.

THE egg of the season was la
Mr. Patrick Duffy's (Lot 48) hen
It was of immense size.

ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE re-o
vacation on Monday, as did also
managed by the Sisters of Notre
vent.

THE wife of Mr. Thomas Oge
serious injuries yesterday aft
visiting the house of a friend s
ally fell into the cellar, breaking
two ribs.

OUR contemporary *The Evenin*
of Toronto, comes to us in an en
after being a year in existence.
ing of growth and nourishment y
for it is witty and fearless. May
never be less.

A case in which the Domin
ment is plaintiff and the Bank
defendant will be tried in O
month. The case arises out of
sion of the Bank of P. E. Islan
sum of $30,000 is involved.

THE *Worcester* arrived this m
Boston with freight and the fol
sengers:—E. Hennessy, Miss
Miss J. McDonald, L. M. Berry,
Mrs. D. Conway, E. Shea, W. L
McKenna, Rev. B. Hutcheson, a
Karl Kron.

PROFESSOR McKINNON, of the
lege, sailed in the *Miramichi*
morning for the Capital, after
spent in Grand River, his native
McKinnon was accompanied by
Mr. James B. McKinnon, who is
course of studies in the College a

MR. T. L. CHAPPELLE is a candi
representation of the Fourth W
Council, made vacant by the re
Mr. Paul Lea. Mr. Chappelle i
ability, and will make an excell
lor. We hear that Captain San
is out in opposition, and if so,
in all probability remain.

SYLVESTER WHELAN AND NEIL
sons of Andrew Whelan and J
mack, respectively, of Souris
drowned on Monday afternoon
striking the boat in which they
off Souris Harbor. Their unti
the cause of general regret, as th
men were well known and high

THE Convent of Notre Dame
Monday, and is now in full
more. We are happy to be able
the number of pupils is increasi
its affairs are in a prosperous con
great cause for wonder is that t
does not obtain more celebrity
should be a sanitary retreat
ladies, as well as an educations
ment, for where can both adv
enjoyed to the same degree—
mental development?

MISS BRIDGET KELLY, of Vernon
Miss Janet McDonald, of Panm
left here yesterday morning in th
for Montreal, to go through the
at Villa Marie, with a view to
Sisters of the Congregation of
Miss Theresa Higgins, of this c
for Montreal with the same inte
two first named young ladies a
Convent de Notre Dame,
Square, and Miss Higgins the
Convent, Pownal Street.

ANOTHER of the victims of the
was Peter Buot, of South Rustic
with seven others, employed o
Marco Polo, at Cavendish Cape,
part of the lumber composing he
schooner, which finished loadi
about eight o'clock on Wednesda
few hours later the storm com
the wreck parted in two.
drowned by getting into a boat w
away and sank. Capt. George
men managed to cling to the
rescued on Thursday morning.

THE terrific gale of last Wedne
in many disasters, of which the
in for a share. The following a
of one of them, as forwarded
Souris correspondent:—At about
on Thursday morning the Ca
schooner *Welcome* tried to round
but owing to the rolling of a he
an adverse wind the schoone
and turned over on her beam e
untoward accident nine men w
watery grave. At the time of t
of the *Welcome* there were ten m
divided into two watches, on
and the other on deck. The sea
fully, and the wind blew a regul
Israel Spindler, the only sur
evidence at the inquest held at
following effect: The crew we
St. Margaret's Chapel on Wed
the 29th ult., and left for Souris
about 12 o'clock a gale was blo
night was dark. They were off
but thought they were south
Point Light. They laid to until
Thursday morning, when the
run under double-reefed topsail
the trough of the sea, laboring
wave struck her and washed t
board—Eli Himmelman and E
Spindler was washed overboard
after, and the vessel was th
beam ends. Spindler manage
wreck in some way and obt
heard the watch in the cabin c
in a short time their voices we
ever. Captain Himmelman g
and that was the last seen o
men maintained themselves on
other vantage points as long
but they were washed away,
others, until none but Spindler
last man to meet his fate was
man, who kept near Spindler
could, but was washed away
All Thursday night Spindle
semi-unconscious state, witho
or hat. He was rescued fro
position on Friday morning
Campbell, of Elmira, and Jo
East Point. The names of
Gabriel Spindler, Almon Sink,
William Himmelman, George
Eli Himmelman, Stanage
Henry Mosler, Alvin Conrod,
tain, Albert Himmelman. Th
longed to Lunenbur