

A FRIEND in the New York University Club writes to the *Town Topics*: "You, the world, and all honourable men will be glad to know that John C. Eno, against whom charges of conduct unbecoming a gentleman had been preferred, was formally expelled from this club on Wednesday last." Although it comes late, the expulsion must be most gratifying to all honest men, and especially the members of the club, many of whom have not hesitated to express the wish that the governor of that institution might have been able to act more promptly in the matter.

THE distressing intelligence that General Grant is smitten with an excruciating disease, recovery from which is hopeless, has been received with universal and unfeigned regret. The American people have loved him well, and have ever been glad to forget his errors of administration and temper in the Presidency, in the memory of his paramount and patriotic services in the war for the Union. He has been essentially a popular hero—a man of the people, and by them loved and admired because he was always the same thorough and sincere American, not cast down in adversity, not unduly elated by success; and the misfortunes of his later days have gilt anew whatever of his fame seemed to have suffered tarnish in the corroding atmosphere of politics. It is characteristic of the man that he has set himself doggedly to work to finish his war notes, *coûte qui coûte*, even with the shadow of death interposing betwixt him and the work he rightly conceives to be anxiously looked for by the country of which he is so proud.

TWADDLE by the column has been manufactured by the "special" writers about Lord Rosebery, the latest accession to the Gladstone Government. So far from it being the fact, as was stated by one authority (*sic*), that the budding statesman jumped at the first chance of joining the Cabinet, he has refused on at least one other occasion a pressing offer of office. Lord Rosebery's rise has been a very remarkable one. He first came to the front on the turf, and people began to fear that he would give up to sport talents which belonged to his country. Lord Granville is to be thanked for seeking him out and leading him into politics. "Granville's pet" he was called for a time. Not for long. Lord Granville taught him to walk, but he was soon able to run alone. He developed at once a sharp and genial wit which made him a favourite in the House of Lords. As he discovered his power, Lord Rosebery developed his independence. He grew more Radical than most of his friends around him. He stood almost alone among the younger peers who supported Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy against Mr. Disraeli. He came out well from every trial. Not even alliance with the house of Rothschild, and the acquisition of a large fortune, damped his ardour for his own opinions. He was ahead of many Ministers in his proposals for the reform of the House of Lords. He fought for the Reform Bill last year with an energy which earned the gratitude of the Government. In a social sense, Lord Rosebery is a strength. His are by no means aristocratic parties and select assemblages. One secret of his breadth of view is his constant mixing with all sections of society. He consults the leaders of the working-men rather than the opinions of the "smoking party" in his club. The opinions he gathers he is able to expound with energy and point. When he gains weight by age, Lord Rosebery, who is not thirty-eight yet, will be a good match even for Lord Salisbury.

LITERARY society in Boston is somewhat agog over the recent work of Henry James, "The Bostonians," chapters of which are now appearing. He has offended the *amour propre* of many by literally describing Boston characteristics, his wicked hand tearing away the veil of assumed knowledge and wisdom habitually worn by the eye-glassed average Bostonienne. "If you have not a virtue assume it has long been the motto of the Boston dame, who is in no way superior to her sisters in other American cities," so says an uncharitable American critic. Henry James has shown this, and there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

As the magazine is ever pressing upon the domain of the book, so now the newspaper is invading the territory of the magazine. Readers are more and more taking their political economy, science or fiction, in small journalistic doses with morning coffee and rolls, or during trips in steam or street-cars. A recent novelty in newspaper enterprise is the purchase of original stories, descriptive sketches and popular essays by a publisher who presents them simultaneously in some of the chief American dailies. A contribution by Lord Lorne to the *Boston Herald*, of the stamp which might appear in the *Nineteenth Century*, and a series of stories by eminent authors in the *Springfield Republican*, mark a new advance by journalistic enterprise. It would seem that book-publication must eventually become restricted to very narrow limits.

THE promoters of the New Orleans Exhibition are experiencing the force of the truth expressed in Addison's famous line "Tis not in mortals to command success." Notwithstanding the liberal aid given by Congress, the financial aspect of the enterprise is most unsatisfactory. Such great things were hoped from it by the people of the Southern States, and the sympathy and help extended by their Northern brethren have been so generous, that this result is much to be regretted. It is the first great industrial effort which has been made since the war by the people who were defeated and nearly ruined in that bitter struggle, and it was designed to be a symbol of, and an assistance to, their returning prosperity. But the depressing influences of the time have been too strong for success. Bad trade has shed its baleful influence over the prospects of the enterprise.

Perhaps, too, the plans were drawn on too large a scale. Originally intended to celebrate the centenary of the establishment of the cotton trade, department after department was added, until the invitations sent out and the preparations made were sufficient for an international exhibition of the largest dimensions, and to the modest title of "Cotton Centennial" was added the imposing one of "World's Exposition." But although the American States and the adjacent countries have sent freely of their productions, the contributions of foreign States have been very small, and a great part of the building is but scantily furnished. Moreover, visitors have not arrived in the numbers that were expected. Other benefits anticipated, however, need not be despaired of. The hearty co-operation of North and South in a common object is a demonstration of national unity which must bear good fruit. It was intended to have a friendly gathering of old soldiers within the walls of the exhibition, when those who had once grappled in deadly conflict might shake each other by the hand, and talk over the hard-fought fields of a war which has left no wounds behind it which time cannot and is not healing. Whether this scheme is carried out or not, we may trust that the efforts made will leave behind them influences which may bring prosperity and peace and goodwill.

THE regimental sobriquet of the 20th Hussars, who have gone to participate in the Sudan campaign, used to be "The Dumpies," owing to the enlistment of men at the time of the Indian Mutiny who were as broad as they were long. This was in compliance with a request by the Indian Government for small-sized men who, being really light cavalry, would be able to overtake Nana Sahib. The 2nd battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who proceed from Gibraltar, will be best remembered as the 103rd Foot, and their familiar designation was the "Old Toughs," from the fact that they had seen much and honourable service in India. The "Red Knights" is the appellation associated with the 1st battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, formerly the 22nd Foot. This name took its origin from the men on one occasion being served out with red jackets, waistcoats, and breeches, instead of their proper clothing. The 1st battalion of the Dorsetshire Regiment, late the 39th Foot, once had an amusing experience as mounted infantry. Under the command of Colonel Sankey, they made a forced march, with mules for steeds; and long afterwards they were known by the nickname of "Sankey's Horse." Another title of the regiment was the "Green Linnets," from their pea-green facings. The sobriquet of the 2nd battalion of the East Surrey Regiment, formerly the 70th Foot, who are expected at Suakim from Cairo, had a double significance. From the number of Glasgow men in the ranks and the colour of the facings the regiment was styled "The Glasgow Greys."

Now that the craze for roller-skating is extending over the entire country, readers may be interested to know how roller-skates originated. Mr. Kobbe, writing to the *Saturday Evening Herald* upon this subject, says: "I am told by Herr Hock, the stage manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, that all who enjoy roller-skating are indebted for their sport to the famous composer, Meyerbeer. When his opera, 'The Prophet,' was produced in Paris it was almost decided at one time to cut out the skating scene in the third act as the manager saw no way of converting the stage into a sheet of ice. In this crisis an ingenious stage-hand came forward and suggested that ordinary skates might be placed on wheels. The Grand Opera House at Paris, therefore, was the first roller-skating rink the world has known."

AN hilarious kind of amusement lately introduced in Philadelphia is what is known as a ghost-hunting party. The invitations are printed on coffin-shaped paper and adorned with crossbones, dungeon chains and other cheerful devices. The party repair to some house popularly supposed to be haunted, and the entertainment consists in trying to scare everybody into hysterics. Blue lights, mysterious footsteps, clanking chains and other adjuncts to every well-bred ghost are provided by the hostess, and the guests amuse themselves by firing pistols at imaginary apparitions and in unearthing hypothetical spooks.

EVEN the "Hub" is not quite impervious to mundane influences. The "great craze" there now, we are assured by the *Detroit Every Saturday*, is the "mind cure." The believers in it claim there is no physiological law—that a knowledge of anatomy and physiology is an absolute hindrance to the comprehension and exercise of this power, and an attempt to use our reason is diabolism. It makes no difference to them whether they breathe sulphuric acid gas or the perfume of the rose, as all these can be changed at will by the "mental images." If you believe you are eating potato, it is potato to all intents and purposes, whether it be turnip or squash. It would be interesting to ask these "mind cure" people: if a lunatic result? Would not the mind be found unable to do away with the body altogether?

THE Theosophists in England are still very busy publishing their esoteric doctrines. They published four papers lately. One contribution, by Mr. Sinnett, is an explanation of the relation of Theosophy to Spiritualism. He explains the condition of the departed in language which it would be wrong for a mere outsider to attempt to understand. When a man dies his astral body is in Kamaloka. He is able in some cases to communicate with earth; but it is very wrong to tempt him to do so, for his earthly affections ought to be allowed to die out that he may progress to a final