Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1887.

THE NEW SOUTH.

The new south, as the southern United States have been called since they began to revive from the effects of the war, in all departments of industry, is now showing the most gratifying advances. According to the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, investments in manufacturing and other industrial establishments, during the first half of 1877, exceeded $150,000,000. This is an average of $10 for every one of the population. It is hardly possible that so large a capital has been contributed by the people of the southern states. At present the business of that section could not afford the withdrawal of so much money. It would occasion serious embarrassment, and, under such circumstances, afford little prospect of corresponding benefit. It is plain that a large portion of this money has come from the north. The south has splendid natural facilities for manufacturing, mining and agricultural pursuits, and the clear-eyed northern capitalists perceiving that now is the time to develop these resources are investing their millions wherever opportunity offers. They are also in a practical way encouraging many of their skilled mechanics to settle in the southern cities. All this may be of profit to the northern moneyed men. At the same time it is of the greatest material benefit to the south. Factories are multiplying in all the large cities and towns, and give employment to thousands of men, who, in former times, found scarcely enough work to keep from starving. There has also been a great advance in the value of land. The rapid increase of business has created the necessity for many new railroads. This means work at living wages for armies of laborers and a large employment of capital. The sunny south is evidently entering upon a period of prosperity such as it has never enjoyed, and the noble people of this land, who in war exhibited such dauntless heroism, will show to the world that their country can be equally successful in accomplishments which effect the greatest degree of peaceful happiness.

CHINA EUROPEANIZED.

China is still a country about which the world beyond its borders knows less than about any other large nation on earth. Even the vast and indefinite extent of the Soudan is more generally known to white men than the interior regions of this peculiarly exclusive empire. But this, beyond all others, is the day of progress, and China, with all the power of her marvellous conservatism, is unable to resist the age tendency. The tide of western civilization has reached her shores, and is already sweeping inland. This strong influence of the present is destroying many of her worst barriers, and it will not be many years before the most populous country in the world, in spite of herself, will become Europeanized. If the reported establishment of a gigantic banking house in Pekin is a fact, a long step has been taken in this direction, although it hardly seems possible that the keen-sighted statesmen of this old-fashioned empire would so far forget the precedents of their people as to virtually place the financial affairs of the nation in the hands of foreigners. It is somewhat amusing to read of the manner in which the telegraph is received by ignorant Chinamen. In one district through which a line has lately been run the inhabitants rose in opposition to the innovation and pulled up over 1,000 poles, declaring that the telegraph is a diabolical European artifice. But the authorities who know something of European advantages are determined to establish this means of swift communication, and an army has been sent to convince these Chinese conservatives that the reform is needed and should not be opposed. A Russian who has lately made a careful study of the Chinese population presents a pamphlet on the subject, in which he says that the inhabitants of all China at present number about 382,000,000, while in 1842 there were not less than 413,000,000. If these statements are correct, in forty-five years the country has lost 31,000,000 of people. But the statistics are all from Chinese sources, and it would be hard to obtain guarantees of their reliability.

THE ORIENTAL STEAMERS AND VICTORIA.

What will be the nature of the next excuse? Who can measure with any approach to exactitude the lengths to which Mr. Van Horne and his local ally "Common Sense" are prepared to go in their effort to explain away the too-apparent hostility of the C. P. Railway Co. towards Victoria and Esquimalt? Mr. Van Horne in his letter to this journal placed the responsibility of the failure of the steamers to touch here on the insurance companies. It was said that should the vessels touch at Victoria there would be an additional rate of from ¼ to ½ per cent for insurance. When subjected to the light of facts, the obstacle melted away. It was a mere delusion, a fabricated explanation, a long-spun yarn to meet the dilemma in which the railway found itself. The local agents of marine insurance companies when applied to reported that they would gladly take risks on the China steamers at a less rate to Victoria than to Vancouver, and that if risks were taken to Vancouver they would permit the steamers to call at Victoria *both ways without extra charge*. What, then, becomes of Mr. Van Horne's letter to THE COLONIST and the contention of a writer in the *Times* that the additional charges on goods, if the steamers carrying them should call at Victoria, would amount to $20 per carload? Next, an inspired writer in the Montreal *Herald* informed the public that the depth of water at the outer wharf was insufficient to admit of the steamers coming alongside. This objection has been met by the extension of the wharf to deeper water. Still the steamers do not enter. If the ground-work—the alleged facts—of their argument has been shattered by the dynamite of truth, on what level do they now stand? No additional insurance charge, no obstacle to our steamers stopping at Victoria, writes Mr. Van Horne. As there is now no additional charges for insurance Victoria has a stronger grip than ever on the company; and has every reason to expect that her reasonable demands will meet with early compliance. It may be, it is strongly suspected, that the line will shortly be hauled off. It is an open secret that in the company's eagerness to secure China freight they contracted to carry it at a rate far and away below the point of remuneration. It is even hinted that the steamers do not earn their coal bills, and that unless a subsidy of £100,000 per annum shall be granted by the Imperial government and a like sum by the Canadian government, their trips must shortly cease. We are among those who believe that no subsidy will be granted by the first-named government unless Victoria or Esquimalt is placed on the time schedule of the line and shall be the port at which the steamers shall enter on the inward passage and where they shall finally clear on the outward passage. The writers on the railway side of the question sneer at the "small amount of freight" that Victoria has thus far offered the line. Is it natural, is it reasonable to suppose that the inhabitants of the metropolis of the province are disposed to sustain a company that is doing all in its power to wreck their commerce? The bulk of Victoria's oriental freight is coming and will continue to come by sailer until the C. P. R. shall manifest a disposition to deal with our merchants in a spirit of even-handed justice. At this moment Victoria's trade over the C. P. railway is worth more than that of the whole province combined. It is more valuable, too, than the oriental trade, because the latter is transacted at a heavy loss, while Victoria freight and passengers are carried by the railway at a heavy profit. If the Victoria freight and passenger traffic, now enjoyed by the railway company, were diverted to the Northern Pacific line, the C. P. R., already sorely hampered by its unprofitable oriental traffic, would feel the pinch of hard times acutely. The boycott placed on Victoria by the C. P. R. will surely fail if the people will stand shoulder to shoulder in the existing crisis. There are too many avenues through which trade will flow into this city in ever-increasing volume to place us at the mercy of the "only British line," which seems to entertain a much higher regard for its Chinese than it does for its British customers, and which carries oriental freight at a loss, while it insists upon the "pound of flesh" in its dealings with the people through whose territory the line runs.

RAILROAD WRECKING.

"If there is a man in the world who deserves hanging, it is the one who, for gain or for revenge, wrecks a railroad train."

This sentiment is suggested to the Boston *Herald* by the strong suspicions that exist for believing the recent Chatsworth horror to have been a deliberate case of train wrecking. There is a mildness about the *Herald's* way of expressing it that is highly creditable to that journal's humanity, but which the average man with a picture of that appalling catastrophe fresh before his mind will fail to appreciate. When we think of men—fiends rather—deliberately setting themselves to plan the destruction of a thousand human beings who are rushing over the rails at the rate of a mile a minute; when we contemplate the hideous success of their plot, and the four hundred men, women and infants smashed and ground to pieces in the most horrible manner; when we think of the homes made desolate and the lives ruined we are apt to forget the principles upon which the law proceeds, and declare any punishment too good for the man or men who planned and executed this stupendous crime. In the first flush of our horror and indignation the comment of our contemporary sounds much as if it were to say that an ordinary murderer deserved a good box on the ear. We feel that the mere depriving the criminal of life is a miserably inadequate punishment to inflict for a crime of such colossal dimensions. Of course it would be impossible to make the punishment fit the crime if we are to understand by that a meting out to the perpetrator of a railroad horror like Chatsworth a death that would be an equivalent in full for the offence he has done against the community. Yet there are few of us whose instincts—dub them barbaric if you will—do not call for something more than the mere hanging of such a wretch.

THE LATE VOTE.

The government's majority on Mr. Gladstone's motion is a very significant one. Whereas one year ago it was 110 it has now fallen off to 78. The liberal leader did not anticipate a larger majority against him than 60, believing, it is presumed, that his following would be increased by the gain of a large number of moderate unionists. The majority is a large one, but even greater in the history of the house of commons, have been scattered to the winds in a very brief space of time. During the autumn recess Great Britain will be deluged with members "on the stump." Gladstone himself will speak to the nation through the electors of Midlothian, and we may well believe that on so remarkable an occasion, in such a crisis, he will impart to his public utterances all the old fire and energy which have always characterized him. Very remarkable it is that at his advanced age he still is regarded as the ablest speaker, as he is the most profound scholar, in the Imperial commons. Whether he is destined to crown a long life devoted to the best interests of his native land, one which sparkles with reforms both in church and state, by securing for Ireland such a measure of home rule as Canada is blessed with, must be decided within the near future. He is getting to be an old man now. He has long since passed the allotted three score years and ten; in two years more he will have reached the eightieth milestone in the journey of life, and must soon pass away from the scenes of his greatness. But should he not live to see the doctrine of Home Rule triumphant there he can claim to have laid up the work which he laid it down, none so powerful and earnest and sincere, but with a good cause even lesser lights than England's great Tribune may hope to ultimately achieve success.

AN UNHAPPY CZAR.

Alexander III., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, is not a man to be envied. He lives in constant dread of the machinations of the secret societies and socialists and for him, with all his power, existence must be a burden. Every announcement of an attempt upon his life, which leaks out notwithstanding the vigilance of his officers, is followed by a denial the object of which is only too apparent. The last endeavor would seem to have almost been successful. "The first shot," says the dispatch, "missed the Czar, but the second performed its work." A close shave for one who holds in his hands the lives of his people! Who would desire to change places with him? Far better the lot of the humblest in the land than of the great emperor in his gilded palace. The Russian nihilists can, upon no grounds, be excused for their murderous designs. They have no authority, no right, to take the law into their own hands, and condemnation cannot be too strong for such wantonly wicked practices. But there is yet ground for their insensate fury. They live under a crushing tyranny which makes life not worth living. The word "Freedom" is expurgated, or ought to be, from the Russian dictionary. It is an unknown element in the body politic. Liberty is as foreign to the cruel rule of Russia as happiness is to its terrible Siberia. Did this country suffer under such an ignominious captivity there would not be lacking "patriots," as the serf calls his defenders, who would do or die for their home and fireside. When will some wise man assume the czarship on the foundations of law and order, giving to the people some measure of constitutional representation, and personal security of life and limb? When will such a man arise and establish his kingdom in truth and justice? When he does and will treat his subjects as men, and not as slaves, he may hope to escape assassination—and to live in the hearts of his people. The press is bridled and dare not express the sentiments which have long been struggling into life, and are now fairly full-grown. Only by the deadly dynamite, the disguised foe, the enemy within the gates, can the aspirations of the Russian people find expression. With the memory of countless wrongs within their breasts and murder in their hearts, they hope to gain, even through the shedding of blood, what they cannot gain by peaceful agitation. With such methods we have no sympathy; they are in direct contradiction to the law of the Christian, and the nihilist is to his country an enemy, not a friend. And yet we cannot condole with the tyrant, who sits in his great palace in hourly dread of death; who, in despair, spends his days in debauch and his nights in unrest; who never knows what a thing it is to have the esteem and affection of the innumerable people who acknowledge his sway. Mayhap, some time, a czar will reach the throne, filled with a desire to reign by love and not by fear, who will cast into the dark places of his kingdom, where there is now weeping, and poverty and rebellion—joy, and plenty and loving kindness.

IT OUGHT TO BE SETTLED.

The increasing frequency of miscellaneous seizures in the Behring's sea region, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, emphasizes the necessity of some decided and intelligent action by the state department. It is in no way creditable to our government that all matters involving international relations drag along interminably, and are apparently more impossible of settlement to-day than in the ages when diplomacy meant the art of successful procrastination. It is seen, from the list of vessels apprehended for violating the seal fishery regulations, that this is not only a foreign but a domestic question as well. American sealers are as numerous in the catalogue of delinquents as are those carrying the British flag. And still the contention is made that the latter are subject to other restrictions than those imposed upon our own vessels, on the ground that the United States has exclusive jurisdiction over Behring's sea. The whole subject is involved in a mist of uncertainty and evasion. The British vessels taken last year were afterwards released. That was a plain confession in act by the government that it found no basis on which to sustain the claim that foreign vessels may be excluded from these waters entirely. And yet Mr. Bayard has not said this in so many words, nor has the question of damages claimed for unlawful seizure made any progress whatever toward settlement. The policy of the administration is a mere makeshift, doing to-day that which is least troublesome and turning over until to-morrow that which would excite unpleasant comment. It is risking little to say that the state department is prepared to abandon in practice the claim that the United States has exclusive jurisdiction over Behring's sea. But Mr. Bayard does not want to make such a proclamation, knowing the political effect that would be given to it as a democratic failure to uphold national pretensions. At the same time, the seal fisheries of the Alaskan coast are subject to constant depredations, concerning which no international questions can possibly arise. Not only the citizens of British Columbia, but those of our own states as well, are attracted by the rich profits to be made out of poaching in the seal preserves. The right of taking seal in these waters has been granted to a single company, to the benefit both of the government revenue and of the fur interest; since, without such protection against indiscriminate slaughter, the seal would, in a few years, follow the buffalo. Seizures made on the ground that the privileges guaranteed to the Alaska company must be protected, and occurring within a shore limit which brings them legally within our jurisdiction, are not only justifiable but necessary. Yet there is a constant confusion of one class of cases with the other, and the dilatoriness of the state department in declaring itself on the subject enables the Canadian authorities to assume that all captures are made in accordance with a theory of exclusive authority which it believes to have been renounced and opposed by the United States more than half a century ago. The Behring's sea question, the question of the fisheries on the northeastern coast, and the question of the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska, sure to provoke conflict in the future when the mineral wealth of that region shall be developed, ought all to be settled expeditiously and permanently. For the delay and confusion, surrounding one of them, at least our own government is largely responsible.

THERE is a thing in Germany not less remarkable than the victorious army, the national unity and the sudden growth of diplomatic influence. It is the rapid development of German trade with remote parts of the world. The time was, and not so long ago, when Germany had no commerce worthy of the name with remote countries. She had Nuremberg, Augsburg, and the Leipziger Messe. In 1871, only seven German vessels with a tonnage of 5,054 passed through the Suez canal. But mark the progress since then:

	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1881	45	42,445
1882	109	116,764
1884	130	188,223
1885	161	314,715

ASTRONOMY, until very recently, was supposed to be a very exclusive possession; but now the first of our Celestial scientists are coming to see there is no good reason why much of it should not be understood by all persons of ordinary intelligence. A conference of astronomers from all parts of the world has just been held in Paris, to make arrangements for conducting a map of the whole heavens. The enormouth chart will be produced by means of photography. In this way millions of stars, never seen by the human eye, will be presented, with position and relative brightness accurately determined. Such a map will be of priceless present value to all who would study the stellar universe, and to the student of future ages its value cannot be estimated. It will settle an important question, and conclusively show, whether, from our point of view, any star can be described as absolutely fixed.

Florida is evidently getting jealous of the reputation which Georgia has gained as the scene of astounding occurrences. Several papers published in the floral state have recently made it their business to explode a number of the most wonderful stories that have come down from the Georgia mountains. In one case an effort is proved to his own satisfaction that one of these amazing tales could not be true because the place where it was said to have taken place could not be found on any map of Georgia. Florida is also doing something in the line of rival wonders. In Tallahassee the other day Jake Gibson, a colored youth, was sitting in the forks of an ancient oak eating a water melon, when a flash of lightning suddenly came down from a clear sky, and striking the tree split it into splinters. The folks who rushed to the spot found Jake under the run, apparently dead. But his friends thought there might be some life in him, and accordingly set to work in the usual way to bring him around. After a few buckets full of water had been poured over him, and strong men had exhausted themselves rubbing him, and still he did not come to, they were about to give up hope, when the boy opened his eyes, scrambled to his feet, looked around in a particular dazed manner, and enquired, "Where's my water melon?" This is a very good illustration of the ruling passion strong in death. Even a lightning stroke was not sufficient to make him forget the delicate taste of that excellent vine fruit, whose appearance, when it is properly opened, is so tempting that we do not wonder it is usually called by those who know it best "the black-eyed beauty."

PERSONAL.

H. Helgesen came down from the north on the Boscowitz.

Mrs. L. Goodacre left this morning *via* the C. P. R. on a visit to friends in New York.

Max Mowatt returned from the north on the Boscowitz and went to New Westminster this morning.

The two sons of W. Dalby left this morning for Belleville, Ont., where they will attend the Commercial College.

Lucius Tuttle, passenger traffic manager, Robt. Kerr, western traffic manager, and D. E. Brown, district traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific, arrived from the Sound yesterday.

C. S. Mason, state secretary of the California Young Men's Christian Association, is in the city. The annual convention will be held at The Dalles, Or., next month. Mr. Mason seems to be a very efficient, active organizer.

Dr. Walkem, who intended returning to Nanaimo yesterday afternoon, was unavoidably detained owing to the adjournment of the murder case in which he was a witness until 3 o'clock p. m. He returned this morning.

D. W. Higgins, M. P. P., A. R. Milne G.M. of the Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M., Dr. Milne and wife, and D. Wilson, inspector of schools, went to New Westminster this morning *via* Vancouver.

He who would lay up virtues without humility is like one who carries a precious dust in his hand exposed to the wind. The great secret of maintaining true devotion is to have great humility. Be humble and God will be with you. God is pleased to dwell in a heart deepened by humility, docile through simplicity and great through charity. He who is truly humble desires to be humbled. Humility produces generosity. Remember, that the keenest humiliations are those which are least visible.

MUNICIPAL COURT OF REVISION.

FRIDAY, Aug. 26.

Present—His worship the mayor and Couns. Barnard, Vigelius, Grant, Styles, Higgins, Braden, Pearse, and Harris.

Mrs. C. E. Doane appealed against assessment on 421, 430 and 431, on Yates street.

The appellant said lot 421 and buildings were assessed at $6,600. Lots 430 and 431, Johnson street, 120 on Johnson and 720 on Douglas street were assessed at $10,750. The assessment was confirmed.

Appeal of Mrs. Astrion against assessment of lot 451 on Store and Fisgard streets, $4,000.

The assessor said the lot on the opposite corner was assessed at $5500.

The assessment was reduced to $3,500.

Mr. Heisterman, on account of W. H. Oliver, appealed against assessment of lot 192, assessed at $10,000. Confirmed.

Coun. Higgins said that Mr. Oliver belonged to a class of absentee capitalists who would not improve their property and yet enjoyed the advantage of sidewalks, streets, police, etc. The court should discourage such people by taxing them higher than other landowners.

Lot 584, same owner, $7,500. Confirmed, the court expressing the opinion that the assessment should be $10,000.

Lots 585 and 586, same owner, $3,500 each.

Coun. Grant thought that Mr. Oliver should wish to see the assessment raised with a view to selling his property at a high figure.

Mr. Heisterman, on behalf of the appellant, said the value of property in Chinatown had depreciated.

Coun. Vigelius sharply deprecated a reduction.

Assessment confirmed.

Lots 600 and 601, $2,000 and $2,500 respectively, same owner. Assessment confirmed.

Thos. Story appealed against assessment of $2,150 on lot on Government and Broughton streets, 36 feet front. The opposite corner was assessed at $2,700, and he asked a reduction on his lot to the same figure.

The assessment was ordered to stand.

A. DeCosmos appealed against assessment of his property, and more especially on lots 533, $6,000, and 534, $15,000.

The appellant explained that the total area of the lots was 21,572 feet. The total area of Josephs' land opposite was about the same and it was assessed at $15,500.

Coun. Barnard said Joseph Brothers valued their property at $35,000. He thought the assessment should be raised to $21,000.

Coun. Pearse said he thought the Joseph Brothers' assessment should be raised, and that until it was raised Mr. DeCosmos should have a reduction.

Coun. Barnard claimed that Dr. Helmcken's property, adjoining, was assessed much higher in proportion to Mr. De Cosmos'.

Coun. Vigelius moved that the assessment be lowered to $18,000.

Mr. DeCosmos said he only asked justice, not favor.

Coun. Barnard asked if the taxes on this property had been paid?

The Assessor—Not for two years.

Mr. DeCosmos said he had not been asked for his taxes.

The assessor said the usual notice had been served on the appellant.

Coun. Barnard had been informed that Mr. DeCosmos had said he would never pay his taxes.

Mr. DeCosmos—Your informant told an untruth. I am always ready to pay a just charge. He then proceeded to denounce the Transfer stables on Johnson street as a nuisance and an injury to his property.

Coun. Pearse—Did Mr. DeCosmos receive the legal notice?

The Assessor—Yes.

Mr. DeCosmos—You never said to me, "Your taxes are due—come up and pay them."

Coun. Pearse—Are you prepared to pay your taxes now?

Mr. DeCosmos declined to answer, and proceeded to point out the duty of the assessor.

Coun. Barnard warmly repelled the remarks of the appellant.

Coun. Styles said that there was a penalty imposed for non-payment of taxes.

Coun. Grant said it only amounted to about 7 per cent per annum. The notices sent out were sufficient to inform the appellant that his taxes were due.

After some further discussion the assessment was reduced to $15,000.

Mr. Gannaway appealed on account of G. Bent against assessment ($3,500) of lots 467 and 468.

Reduced to $3,000.

Mr. Gannaway also appealed on same account against assessment of lots 1,265 and 1,266 ($7,000.)

Reduced to $6,000.

The roll was then passed and the court adjourned *sine die*.

CANADIAN NEWS.

The Sealers Trial.

OTTAWA, Aug. 25.—Mr. Drake, Q. C., of British Columbia, will represent the Dominion government at the trial of the masters of the seized Canadian sealers, which takes place at Sitka this week.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Much amusement has been caused here by the yarn published in a Toronto newspaper and cabled to England, that Sir John told a prominent Manitoba conservative that he would bring out a thousand regulars to Manitoba. The only paper which took the yarn seriously was the *London Advertiser*, which repeated it, and added the query: "Is it possible, Sir John has actually gone insane?"

Arrested for Shooting.

GLEICHEN, N. W. T., Aug. 25.—Samuel Lloyd was arrested on Monday, accused of shooting at an Indian boy who assaulted his daughter. He had a preliminary examination on Tuesday before J. E. Elaherty, J. P., and was bound over to the higher court.

No Decision Yet.

TORONTO, Aug. 25.—A *Mail* cable says: No decision has yet been arrived at by the government respecting the Canadian Pacific mail route subsidy.

Shooting Over.

The Ontario Rifle Association matches will be completed to day. Shooting has been very indifferent.

C. P. R. Earnings.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific for the week ending August 21st show an increase of $16,000 over the corresponding week of last year.

The Globe's Comments.

The *Globe* this morning, commenting on the views of the London (Eng.) papers regarding Manitoba affairs, says: "Where is the Canadian volunteer who would shoot down Manitobans for insisting on their plain rights as Canadian citizens; and if there are any volunteers who would render so hideous a service there are certainly not enough to suppress the prairie insurrection, even if they could be placed within striking distance of its head. As the people can be really restrained only by their own respect for Canadian law, it is the some of political insanity to strain the federal authority against them to such a degree that they must regard it with anger, as well as with contempt."

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Halifax volunteer relief committee have concluded their labors, having distributed $475, amongst the families of the Halifax provisional battalion during its absence in the Northwest in the recent unpleasantness.

Samuel Killam, an old-time ship builder and owner, of Yarmouth, is dead. He was worth half a million.

Jeremiah Goffin, an ex-M. P. P., for Burlington, is dead, aged 84.

Horses for Sale.

Can be seen at Eureka Livery Stable, Pandora street.

E. C. McADAMS, Agent.

UNHAPPY POETS.

Great Writers of Verse Who Lived in Domestic Misery.

The predominant theme of poetry is love; and poets, in verse at least, are the most seductive of lovers. Most young people who fall in love fall also into verse, and if they cannot write rhyme themselves when suffering from this malady, invariably quote from their favorite poet. It is, indeed, curious to see how a lover's fancies run into rhyme; and it is impossible to read in the newspapers a breach of promise without meeting with verses addressed by John Smith to Sarah Brown which express in pathetic doggerel the most gushing sentiments of admiration and fidelity. At this crisis of their fate grave philosophers and mathematicians have also been known to invoke the Muse; and I suppose that Frederick the Great had a fit of this kind upon him when he asked Voltaire to teach him to make verses. It is not every one who, like John Foster, the Baptist minister, can make love to a young lady by writing an easy "On Decision of Character." The cultivation of the intellect and of logical composition are things good in their way, but lovers regard only the higher qualities of mind with absolute indifference, and are ready, with Romeo, "to hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a Juliet."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOVERS AND HUSBANDS.

If this be the case with men who, at every period of their existence save one, pride themselves upon being practical, and are possibly, though they don't know it, commonplace, what becomes of the poets themselves when this fine love-frenzy seizes them? or, rather, for this is the chief point, how do they act afterward, when the pleasures of love-making are exchanged for matrimony? In this new relation their character does not stand as high as one could wish. As lovers, poets are divine; as husbands, the men of prose who never penned a stanza in their lives are often more trustworthy.

We know little of Shakespeare, but we know enough to suspect that he and Anna Hathaway were not a very united couple. Anna did not know that her husband was the greatest Englishman of his time—and probably of all time—and it may be hoped she did not read, or, reading, did not understand, his sonnets. That the great dramatist was kind to her we need not doubt—that he loved her as a wife desires to be loved may be questioned. Spencer, the poet of beauty, wrote the noblest wedding ode that has ever been written. This magnificent lyric, unsurpassed for massic and for elevated passion, would seem of itself to immortalize the poet and his wife Elizabeth; but, unfortunately, beyond her name we know nothing about her; so let us hope that when the two were forced to flee from the murderous Iris, and when Spencer came to England a ruined man, he had one with him who could lessen his sorrow.

DOMESTIC MISERY.

Milton, whose "soul was like a star and dwelt apart," would have done well, considering his unfortunate marriage relations, had he lived apart with his soul and shunned the sex that "lust Mark Antony the world." "The first Mrs. Milton left his house," said Byron—about the last poet, by the way, to comment on the marital failings of a brother in song. Milton's fault may have been harshness and some want of sympathy with feminine foibles; Byron behaved to his wife a blunt word is sometimes the best word—like a blackguard. And despite Mr. Dowden's masterly life of Shelley, which tells us more of the poet than we have before, we cannot think a white more leniently of his conduct to poor Harriet, whose life he ruined. A more terribly painful story was never told, and all she more painful does it seem from Shelley's want of conscience and startling behaviour to the young wife after he had left her for another woman. I confess I do not wonder that Peacock, the novelist, who knew the whole story, took the part of the pretty, forsaken Harriet. There are worshippers of Shelley who will denounce me as a Philistine for expressing this adverse judgment on a divine poet, but this is the word that I can give—neither the splendour of Shelley's genius in cloudland nor his virtues which undoubtedly he possessed afford any reason for overlooking faults that brought such misery.

SWEET PICTURES OF LOVE NOT REALIZED.

These remarks hold good also with regard to Coleridge. Lovelier poetry than his is scarcely to be found in the language—none, certainly, is there more musical—and how the "passion flower" inspired her young poet husband may be seen in a number of charming love lyrics. In one of them he writes that the nightingale's song is—

"Not equal to the joy of her,
My Sara—best beloved of human kind."

In another he draws a sweet picture of love in a cottage where "the tallest rose peeped at the chamber window," and in that exquisite poem, "The Happy Husband," Coleridge says:—

"Dearest, methinks, the while with chee
I breathe, as from my heart, thy dear
And thou, sweet maiden, hear
A promise and a mystery.
A pledge, of more than passing life.
For in that very name of thy dear wife
Lies the sweet promise of a husband's love."

Alas for the promise, and alas for the pledge! It was, I think, about nine or ten years after the marriage that the devoted husband left his wife to the care of Southey, and lived so far apart from her, in spirit as well as body, that he did not even open her letters. There is nothing in Sara undeserving of her husband's love. The sole reason for the separation was that Coleridge had found another mate. That mate was opium.

MOORE'S DEVOTED WIFE.

Thomas Moore, a very much smaller poet than Coleridge, had a devoted wife in his Bessie; but, to use the euphemistic statement of one of his biographers, "the attractions and amenities of the fashionable world caused from time to time considerable inroads upon his domesticity." It is not often that an author's domestic relations are brought so prominently before the public as in the case of the *late* Lord Lytton. He thought himself a poet, and believed that as a poet his name would live. It was a comforting delusion. But let that pass. He had a good deal, certainly, of the poetical—or shall I say of the Bohemian?—temperament, and treated his wife far worse than the poet of "Locksley Hall" thought that Amy's husband would treat her. It is a dismal story as told, probably with exaggeration, in the biography of Lady Lytton—so dismal, indeed, that one gets a little satisfaction in the thought that the owner of Knebworth was never at his best estate as inspired poet.

ABUSE OF RARE GIFTS.

Is it necessary to ask, and to answer once more the old question—whether genius is compatible with domestic happiness? This at least may be said, that genius affords no excuse for the neglect of duty. It may be wayward, but it is not, therefore, irresponsible; and the man who on the plea of his great gifts would escape from the claims of life shows that he does not know how to use them. It must be remembered when one is dwelling on the sins of genius that if a distinguished poet evades his creditor, or, like Sheridan, falls drunk into the gutter, all the world hears of it, and—such is the love of scandal—makes the worst of these failings. In ordinary life with which most of us are familiar there may be similar lapses from virtue; but the news of such lapses does not travel beyond the street or the parish. On the contrary, the fierce light that beats upon a throne heats also our poets, and in these days of literary resurrectionists to escape from publicity is impossible.—*London News.*

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

Envy is ignorance.

Practice is nine-tenths.

Discontent is infirmity of will.

Insist on yourself; never imitate.

Stick to one business, young man.

Concentration is the secret of strength.

Always scorn appearance, and you always may.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none.

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

Let a man know his worth, and keep things under his feet.

It is as easy for the strong man to be wrong as it is for the weak to be weak.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever may be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it; the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city saves them from being burned in their beds.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs, the great part will never be known till that hour when many that are great shall be small, and the small great.

MARY'S DOUBLE.

It was a pleasant June morning in Baden-Baden.

Returning to her hotel at precisely eight o'clock, after her morning "constitutional," Miss Mariana Robinson called at room thirty-two to see Miss Niass for a moment, and then she would go out and rout the lazy girls—Miss Rhodes and Miss Thurston—and make them go to breakfast with her.

These three girls were spending a year in Germany, studying and traveling under the care of their friend and former teacher, Miss Niass. They had been abroad since October. For a month they had been staying at the Hotel Victoria in Baden-Baden, and for a week Miss Niass had been quite ill, and confined to her room.

As Mariana entered Miss Niass's room, the latter looked at her with evident anxiety, and said:

"I was wishing very much to see you. Here is a cable dispatch, which I have just received from your father."

It was directed to "Miss Mary Robinson, Hotel Victoria, Baden-Baden," and was as follows:

"Come home immediately. Have secured state-room for you on the Abyssinia, leaving Liverpool the 10th.

"J. ROBINSON."

"What can it mean?" said Mariana. "I cannot understand it. If any of them are sick, or anything, it would have been so much better to have told me plainly than to put me in suspense."

One thing was clear; her passage was engaged on the Abyssinia for the 10th, and on the Abyssinia she must go. This was the 6th, and no time was to be lost.

"You will have to take the ten o'clock train to Carlsruhe, Mary," said Miss Niass, "and there you can connect through to Cologne to-night. You have one hour and three-quarters to get ready."

After sending Mariana to her breakfast, Miss Niass called the landlord.

"You are sure," asked Miss Niass, a sudden thought striking her, "that there is no other Miss Robinson in the hotel?"

"Yes, madam, there is no other person by that name. The letters to Miss Robinson are sometimes addressed to Miss Mary and at other times to Miss Mariana Robinson. This I have observed. I suppose it is all one name."

"Yes," replied the lady, and remembered as she spoke that Mr. Robinson always called his daughter Mary.

With a heavy heart Mariana traveled all the long day. She reached Cologne after dark. The next day her father brought her to Antwerp. Her cab stopped at a stone curbing which extended the length of the street; beyond it was a confusion of shipping, horses, drays, freight, and the like; on the other side blank warehouses.

Mariana looked out anxiously. She alighted, and gave the driver two or three coins. At this he seemed to become very angry, put the money back in her hand, and started to get back on the box, as if he intended driving with her inside.

"Mademoiselle, can I be of any assistance to you?" said a voice in French.

Mariana turned and saw a gentleman standing at her side.

She explained to the stranger that she wanted to find the steamer that was to start for Harwich in half an hour, and that she could not understand a word the driver said, and that he would not take the money she offered him.

The gentleman called the driver, who came up, looking sheepish and mortified. He talked with him a moment, and then, turning to Mariana, said:

"The fellow says it was Rhenish money. He can get it exchanged. I am going to the same steamer, and will show you the way."

Mariana followed him, and the driver brought up the rear with her trunk.

Under the care of her new friend, Mariana passed through the ordeal of the Harwich custom-house quickly, and made the trip to London without anxiety.

After seeing her safe in a cab, and directing the driver to take her to the Langham Hotel, he raised his hat in courteous adieu, and Mariana drove away with a little feeling of regret that she had seen the last of him.

The morning of the 10th she went to Liverpool, and in the afternoon she went on board the steamer.

They weighed anchor at sunset. Mariana was standing at the vessel's stern. Turning, her attention was arrested by a glimpse of a gentleman pacing the quarter-deck alone.

Was the French gentleman who had shown her politeness on her journey.

She started toward the hatchway and met him. Recognizing her, his face lighted up with unaffected pleasure.

From that moment the two were "comrades."

On the fifth day out from Liverpool, Count de Rochefontin—that was the gentleman's name and title—came to her as she sat on deck, and remarking in English:

"I have something to show you, Miss Robinson," he handed her a photograph of a girl of her own age.

Mariana looked long and steadily at the picture, half fascinated by it, the count meanwhile standing at her side, scanning her face with pride and eagerness in his own. Finally he exclaimed:

"*Eh bien!* And what is it that you will say in regard to that portrait?"

"It is exquisitely lovely," said Mariana, still looking at the portrait.

"*N'est-ce pas?*" he cried, forgetting his English, and then with a truly French gesture he added: "Ah, mademoiselle, it is the lady of my heart."

Mariana had an open heart for a love story, and in a few words Count de Rochefontin threw out that of De Rochefontin.

The young lady who, strange to say, was, like herself, named Mary Robinson, had been for a year in Paris. The Count had a few months ago offered his hand to her in marriage.

She was willing to give it, but on writing to her parents in America they made strong objections—apparently for the sole reason that he was a foreigner.

Several letters had passed back and forth with no satisfactory result, and he had finally determined to go to America and plead his own cause.

He had been obliged to go to his chateau in Normandy for several weeks before embarking, and Miss Robinson had joined friends with whom she was to travel.

It seemed to be a great affliction to him that he could not know her exact whereabouts. The plans of the people with whom she was to travel were not fully made, and all his letters had to be addressed to her Paris bankers and forwarded by them.

Mariana asked if the young lady's father knew that he was coming to America.

"Ah, no, mademoiselle, it is a secret most profound. I am informed that he is a gentleman of slightly eccentric temper, and it would not be best to excite him beforehand. More than that, he might see fit to be away from home. He resides in New York."

Seeing the man as she did every day and all day long, Mariana had a fine opportunity of studying his character. He seemed to her a high-bred, cultivated gentleman, of singular simplicity and sweetness of character, and that he was thoroughly in love was beyond question. Having formed this opinion of the man, and being strongly interested in his mission to America, Mariana determined to do all in her power to favor it.

When the Abyssinia anchored in New York harbor, Count de Rochefontin proposed that she should wait on the steamer while the tugboat made its first trip to the dock, and he would go and find her father, and bring him back with him to the steamer. In that way she would have a chance for a little quiet talk alone on first seeing him, instead of meeting him in all the noise and confusion of the dock and Custom House.

Count de Rochefontin, on landing from the tug, stationed himself near the line of waiting friends, watching them narrowly for Mr. Robinson.

His eyes soon fell upon a stout elderly gentleman in light gray clothes. He wore a heavy gray mustache, and had an important, business-like air.

He was evidently on the alert to see a friend among the passengers, and beginning to knit his heavy eyebrows and grow very red when, the tug having landed all her passengers, the person he expected did not appear.

The second officer of the Abyssinia had landed, and De Rochefontin heard the old gentleman say (calm):

"Young lady by the name of Robinson on the boat, sir?"

This was enough. De Rochefontin advanced; and, as Mariana had told him that her father did not understand French, said, in the best English he could command, bowing very low as he spoke:

"Allow me, monsieur, Mademoiselle, your daughter, remains upon ze ship."

"Heh!" The old gentleman glared rather fiercely at De Rochefontin, who bowed courteously and remarked:

"Miss Robinson waits for you on the ship, monsieur. She is slightly discomposed at the prospect of seeing you."

"Oh, she is!" interrupted the other. "Well, I should think she ought to be," and he laughed with a deep and not very mirthful "haw, haw, haw."

The tug was now ready to return to the steamer, and the two gentlemen stepped aboard.

"Who are you, anyhow, sir?" asked Mr. Robinson, facing about abruptly upon his companion.

De Rochefontin handed him his card. The old gentleman grew very red and exclaimed:

"Theodore de Rochefontin! What, you are the man who wants to marry my daughter?"

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