

the British and foreign West Indies, Brazil, &c., &c. These are now our established markets. Prime mackerel, salmon, certain grades of codfish, some halibut and herrings you are obliged to procure from Canada. We are content to trade these with you at reasonable figures. Sometimes your fishermen manage to filch from our waters the best mackerel, choice codfish, herrings, and halibut. Sometimes, too, they obtain their cargoes in barter for salt and other stores. They manage by such means to make up their fares pretty cheaply. The salt they have probably withdrawn from your warehouses subject to a drawback of duty. Last year this allowance amounted to the handsome sum of \$123,474.56. Towns in Massachusetts figure for \$96,124.48 of this amount. The always-complaining town of Gloucester absorbs the greatest proportion. Do these fishermen sell the fruits of their ingenious poaching and clever bartering any cheaper to the tax-paying consumers of the Union? Not a cent. They make them pay an extra price equivalent to the Customs duties. When we shut them out of our in-shore fishings, where they are as much lawless intruders as if they were veritable Rob Roys in our cattle pastures, these fishermen must either return home empty, or buy fish cargoes in Canadian ports and harbours. It's your affair if they take them into ports of Maine and Massachusetts with or without paying revenue duties. They pay us neither more nor less for the article. In this respect especially it makes no odds whatever to us whether your duties be high or low, or that there were none at all. But the heavier they are the more your much protected fisherman piles on the price at his own market. Who pays? He quite forgets to make you any deduction either for the cheapened salt which he has bartered at par in violation of our regulations and your own. He omits to credit the consumer who pays him the duty with the drawback saved by patriotically evading your warehouse laws and treasury regulations. He tells you the customs charges were designed for his protection and apply to Canadians and their fish, not to him and his fish. He overlooks the fish eater and pork curer of the Western States, and other interests somewhat heavily to protect your great salt producers—they must pay duties on their imported salt and on his salted fish into the bargain. It might be some little comfort to the pork packer in Chicago if he could, in his turn, salt the fisherman down East on the cost of the barrels of pork included in his fishing supplies. But he cannot. Maine and Massachusetts fishermen don't enjoy protection by halves. They buy their pork when on the fishing voyage in Canada at cheap rates. But I can tell you of something else that he doesn't forget to do. He never forgets to make a grievance of the outrages perpetrated on him by Canadian authorities in interfering with his fishing inside the prohibited limits, and trading his bountied salt and other "truck" for fish, bait, ice, stores, and provisions. According to his complaints United States citizens have been denied their treaty rights, the national flag has been outraged, and insolent Britishers have molested innocent men—"hardy fishermen." He wants more protection. He would have the whole American navy close at hand, and war to the knife, rather than put up with such "vexatious treatment." Such are his ideas of protection.

Whilst trade was free between us and fishing unrestricted, your fishermen caught all the fish they wanted, and sold them at moderate prices. Canada took from you such as your dealers found unsuited to domestic and foreign markets. We know that our fishermen caught less fish than they do when American fishermen are excluded. They would continue to do so. But while reciprocity removed all obstacles to fishing and trading there was mutual prosperity. Your people and our own enjoyed an abundance of good and cheap fish food. We want our population to enjoy it still. Retaliation by taxing the fish you send to us would be quite easy. We refrain. Rather we take from you all the fish you can spare without driving them away from the mouths of consumers by taxes which we think simply enhance their cost to the customer. In the meantime, your people will continue to buy from us what fish they need; and in exact proportion to the rigour with which your fishermen are excluded from our rich fishing grounds will the dependence of your trade and consumers on Canadian catch be continued. You can settle amongst your selves out of whose pocket comes the toll which respected Uncle Samuel takes on every mouthful of fish food that goes to feed the active brains, nerves and sinews of his energetic and intelligent family.

Your obedient servant,  
CANADIAN.

#### BORES AND PRIGS.

(From *Tinsley's Magazine*.)

A prig is a prig from his cradle. As a rule the boy who loves his book is one; and there are few brothers and sisters blessed with a superior belonging, who took honours, say, at the University, who cannot feelingly lament what they have to undergo. One does not know whether most to pity or be amazed at the father of such a paragon. Reason and his wife (whose painful task it is, for the sake of domestic harmony, to insist constantly on the young man's perfections, even should she entertain secret doubts of them) tell him he ought to be proud of being the parent of so distinguished a son; but his own instincts and feelings whisper persistently that the honour, though great, is overpowering; and he turns with relief to the unregenerate, good-for-nothing-but-athletic brother, who is guiltless of honours, never looks in a book, but who is genial, natural, and companionable, and does not look on his progenitor as an anachronism, whose old-fashioned ideas are not even worth combating. It is out of the question to discuss any topic with one of these pragmatic individuals. Their utterances must be listened to in silence; and if any difference of opinion be expressed, the dissident is addressed, with a gesture indicative of slightly-veiled contempt, in a sarcastic supercilious voice, intended to convey immeasurable surprise at his ignorance or audacity. A prig is not always literary, however. There are specimens as empty-headed and stupid as they are self-sufficient. Some callings foster priggism more than others. We never met a military or naval prig. It would, perhaps, be invidious to name one or two learned professions which produce a plentiful crop. Why cleverness and priggishness so frequently (not always—we would not be understood to say so for a moment) go together we have never been able to fathom. Is it that "to love his book" is unnatural to a male animal, and produces this extremely unpleasant effect? "Well, my boys mayn't be clever, but, thank God! they are not prigs," exclaimed a mother, whose sons were distinguished for nothing but a love of shooting and cricket, after parting from two nephews who had

taken high honours, and who had just been inflicting their superiority on her. To this super-excellent, but disagreeable class of persons belong those writers who have given to some well-known journals a tone of priggism which nullifies the pleasure to be derived from their perusal, and prevents the good they might otherwise do. No really great writer is a prig. Thackeray, Dickens, Macaulay, George Eliot, are entirely free from the vice. It is hard to say which suffer most from prigs—men or women. The latter are said to like them sometimes. It may be so in very exceptional cases—certainly not as a rule. But they may be more tolerant of them, either because from circumstances they are forced to endure them, or that they are quicker in discerning the good which may be mixed up with so much alloy. The proof that generally women as well as men dislike prigs is to be found in the unpopularity so often attached to the superior young man of the family. We started by asking which is least unendurable—a bore or a prig. The answer must depend on each individual's temperament. There is keen pleasure to be derived, we admit, from horrifying a prig; but it is doubtful if the faculty he possesses of making one's angry passions rise, and thus disturbing one's equanimity, does not counterbalance the amusement. A prig offends of malice prepense; while a bore has no bad intentions. He bores you simply because he is too obtuse or too egotistical to see that he is doing so; while there is an implied flattery in his making you the recipient of his confidences, though you are aware he would do the same to any ready listener. But even when Christian charity forces us to acknowledge the prig's good qualities, he draws so largely on our patience by his insufferable exaltation of his horns, that we think, were the suffrages of society to be taken respecting two inevitable evils, the chances are the bores would have a majority in their favour. Stupidity is less offensive than self-assertion.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

St. Louis had a shower of what at first was supposed to be sulphur, since it appeared upon the sidewalks as a yellowish-green powder. The people were struck with wonder, gathered the powder, burnt it, and smelled the odor of the sulphur. Dr. John Green, however, put it under the microscope and found it to be the pollen of the pine tree, probably blown from the pine forests of the Carolinas, and washed from the atmosphere above St. Louis by a shower of rain.

An Indian vernacular paper, called the *Budh Akbar*, has been giving its readers lithographic copies of pictures of scenes from the war which have appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. These copies are made by native artists in Lucknow.

PAPER.—From the *English Mechanic* we learn that Africa appears to be capable of supplying the want of all our paper-makers; as besides the esparto grass and the bark of the Adansonia, there is a fibre-producing plant called diss-grass, which, though difficult to work, and not so valuable as the better-known esparto, can yet be obtained in such quantities and at such a price as will render it a useful luxury. The dwarf palm can be obtained in almost any quantity in Algeria, but the cost of collection is rather more than that of esparto, as each leaf is picked separately, and its manufacture into paper is more difficult and expensive, the texture of the fibre varying in different parts of the leaf, one portion of which contains some yellowish wax or resin, extremely difficult to kill, and almost impossible to detect till it is discovered on the hot rollers and the paper is spoiled. The rivers of South Africa are in many places choked with a plant known as the palmets, a kind of large rush, eight or ten feet in height, of which large quantities can be obtained, and which, in all probability, will be found of use in the fabrication of ropes and paper.

#### LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

Madame Parepa-Kosa is so seriously unwell that her medical advisers have ordered complete rest and change of scene.

Her Majesty has signified her intention of conferring knighthood on M. Jules Benedict, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, and Dr. Elvey.

We understand that Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the great German composer who lately visited England, has consented to write a grand march for the opening of the International Exhibition on May 1, and that he will personally conduct its performance.

It is stated that Mr. J. Anthony Froude is writing a history of Ireland under the old penal and Roman Catholic laws, and after embodying the salient points in a series of lectures, he contemplates delivering them in various parts of the United States.

Two of the most successful and best paid editors in New York are women—Miss Mary L. Booth, of the *Bazaar*, who receives \$4,000 a year, and Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, of the *Hearth and Home*, who has a salary of \$3,000.

A Portland paper is publishing extracts from a diary kept by Hawthorne when a boy of ten years, of which this is a sample:—"This morning the bucket got off the chain and dropped back into the well. I wanted to go down on the stones and get it. Mother would not consent, for fear the well might cave in, but hired Samuel Shano to go down. In the goodness of her heart she thought the son of old Mrs. Shano not quite so valuable as the son of the widow Hawthorne. God bless her for all her love for me, though it may be somewhat selfish."

FRIENDLY CRITICS.—Two lessons from the facts connected with the early history of *Waverley* may be taught us. First, let friends beware of their critical advices. Two of the best novels ever written had nearly been strangled in this way. Godwin gave his *Caleb Williams* to be read by a friend, who returned it, telling him "that, if published, it would be the grave of his literary reputation." Ask how it fared with *Waverley* we know. Probably hundreds of similar instances might be quoted from D'Israeli the elder, and other collectors of literary *ana*. The second lesson is, that authors should never allow the criticisms of friends to drive them in rash disgust to burn or otherwise destroy the children of their brains.

Let them put them under as many locks and keys as they like; let them observe Horace's precept, "Premat ad nonum annum," as religiously as they please; but let them spare their lives. Nay, let them keep them as carefully as the Mohammedans do the least scrap of paper they find, lest peradventure it contains the name of Mohammed or Allah. Depend on it, their day may come.—*Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

Speaking of "Herve Riel," a contemporary says when Mr. Browning published "Bells and Pomegranates," some innocent readers wondered what the title meant. Dear me! said the poet, innocently; I thought everybody knew that, in Rabbinical lore, bells meant sound, and pomegranates sense. Such was Mr. Browning's idea of what everybody could understand. That story about "Sordello" is well known. It has been said that the poem contains only two intelligible lines. Douglas Jerrold lit upon it just as he was recovering after a long illness, and couldn't make it out. He asked his wife to dip into it. "Why, I can't understand a word!" cried the poor lady. "Thank God, thank God!" shrieked Jerrold, slapping his leonine brows, "I am not mad! I thought I had gone stupid during my illness."

#### MISCELLANEA.

The latest Parisian *bon-mot* describing the sentiments of the Parisians for the Germans is *Prusse-chien* (Prussien), *Autrichien* (Autrichien).

It is understood at the Hague that the bargain for transferring Dutch Guinea to Great Britain will shortly be completed. The purchase-money is believed to be about £75,000.

Alsace and Lorraine are to become a separate territory of the German Empire, under a Government appointed by the Emperor. Strasburg is to be the capital.

One day when Eschine was, as usual, on his way to Westminster Hall, with his large bag full of briefs, he was accosted by a boy, who asked him if he was a dealer in old clothes. "No, you little imp," replied the counsellor, "these are all new suits."

It seems to be certain that the cantons of Wissembourg, Lauterburg, and Sulz, the northernmost portion of Alsace, will be ceded to Bavaria to reward her for her alacrity in taking the field eight months ago. This district belonged in past times to the Bavarian Palatinate, numbers 50,000 inhabitants, and is about equal in size to what King Ludwig was obliged to cede to Prussia after the campaign of 1866. The rest of Alsace will be placed under the central Government of Germany.

In a recent county court case, a witness testified that he removed an iron rod from a piece of wood only two hours previously, at the same time producing the rod and wood in court, and pointing out to the jury the identical hole from which the rod was removed. The counsel for the defence discovered that, at some time, a spider had spun his web in the hole, and that it still remained there, together with the dead spider. It has since been a mooted question whether or not spiders spin their webs in February; and, if so, whether it could have been spun, the spider die, and dry up in so short a space of time.

A London photographer started for France a day or two ago, specially to procure a photograph of that daring Lieutenant Benhardy, of the 14th Hussars, who was the first German to enter Paris, and whose pluckiness has made for him a name in history. He rode alone down the Avenue des Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde with his drawn sword in his hand, and on arriving there checked his horse, smoothed down the animal's mane with his sword, and calmly looked around to see if any one was disposed to shoot him. He will be used up as an important character in many a circus procession this summer, and become a prominent hero in the fictions of the future, wherein the Franco-German war shall be chosen for a subject. When he gets back to his native land he will have a laurel crown put upon his head, and four-and-twenty maidens, all in white, will sing to him a choral lay.

AN ANCIENT MITRAILLEUSE.—The following notice is taken *verbatim* from the *Edinburgh Advertiser* for December 7, 1764:—"A Scotch shoe-maker has contrived an instrument of war by means of which six persons are to do as much execution as a whole regiment. This instrument, if we may believe the projector, will discharge 4,400 balls in the space of two minutes; is quite portable and easy of carriage; in case of surprise, may be knocked to pieces in less than a moment's space, so as to render it entirely useless to the enemy; and, if recovered again by any change in the field, may be got together in less than a minute and a half, so as to be fit for use as before. In case, also, of any sudden charge by horse or foot during the intervals of loading, at the touch of a spring a harvest of bayonets are to arise, with their points directed towards the foe. To this the inventor—who, though a shoe-maker, is likewise a military man—has added a system of discipline, relative to the use of his machine, perfectly easy and speedily to be learned."

FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHERS AND GERMAN SITTERS.—The special correspondent of the *London Daily News*, writing from Paris under date of February 27th, says:—"The French are always very intense in their national likings and dislikes. It is terrible to see their hatred of the Germans at present. I have recently told you that no Germans will henceforth be employed in Paris—that they will be excluded from clubs—and that the French loathe the idea of modifying the terms of their Treaty of Commerce with Prussia and with the Zollverein, not simply as a question of money, but because they wish henceforth to have nothing to do with their enemies, upon whom one day they will take a fierce revenge. I have been reminded of all this by some English friends who went on Sunday to a photographer. Photographers here do a great deal of business on Sundays if the weather is fine. The people are generally in their best clothes, and like to be photographed, perhaps, for lack of talk. My friends went to a very famous photographer on the Boulevards; but their accent betrayed them—they were evidently foreigners—perhaps Germans. "Are you Prussians?" asked the photographer; "because if you are, I cannot take your photographs." His visitors made their nationality evident by the production of sundry passports, and then at last, his patriotic soul being satisfied, he found it in his heart to take their portraits."