

dolph Churchill a correspondence has taken place which has brought those two personages to the verge of a rupture. Sir Stafford Northcote, we may be sure, has counselled moderation; Lord Randolph Churchill, we may be still more sure, has counselled violence; and Lord Salisbury, perhaps, for refusing to support "Randy's" aspirations has received a volley of his impertinence. If the tactics of the party on the Egyptian question have been, in any measure, the subject of the dispute, the voice of the more pugnacious section has prevailed. The opportunity was tempting to the combative. The heart of the nation is stirred by the perilous situation of General Gordon and the appearance of his being betrayed. So it is: the mass of mankind are far more touched by anything personal than they are by public questions or principles. The chief hold which Royalty retains is due, not to any part that it plays in the machine of government, but to the purely personal interest excited by royal births, deaths and marriages, in which all men, and still more all women, see glorified counterparts of the principal events of their own lives. Few Englishmen, probably, have followed the diplomatic windings of the Egyptian question; not many, perhaps, at any rate before the battles, had ever taken the trouble to look for the scenes of action on the map. But the romantic figure of General Gordon, and the idea that he is being deserted in his hour of need by the Government, at once set public feeling in a blaze. Before the vote on the motion of censure has been taken this paper will have been sent to press; but the result can hardly be doubtful. It is the evident policy of the Opposition to stave off, by obstruction and by bringing on battles upon extraneous issues, the passing of the Franchise Bill, which, after the crushing majority obtained by the Government on the second reading, even the imperious Lord Salisbury can hardly hope to defeat. But to pass the Franchise Bill is equally the policy of all the different sections of which the majority was composed, and notably of the Parnellites, in whose secession from the Government ranks lies the only hope of a victory for the Opposition. Speeches will no doubt be made against the Government from the Liberal benches; perhaps a few Liberals may even indulge themselves in voting on that which, for the moment, is the popular side, as they may with impunity do, the party majority being so large; but the division will almost certainly sustain the Government, and the dreaded Franchise Bill will resume its march. The energy of Mr. Gladstone's speech seems to show that a good deal of vitality is still left in him, and that his public life, on the continuance of which the course of events mainly depends, has not yet reached its close.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

As is usual, columns of rubbish anent the recent terrible catastrophe in mid-ocean have been dished up for a sensation-loving public. The people who step in where angels fear to tread have been telling how inhuman it was for the *City of Rome* not to "speak as she passed by" the *Louisa*—the ship which carried part of the unfortunate *State of Florida's* crew and passengers. These scribes have attempted to "point a moral and adorn a tale" at the expense of shipmasters generally, and accused them of indifference to human suffering and life. In the case in point, there is no pretence that the *Louisa* was flying a flag of distress. Indeed, she had no need to; and she merely signalled the fact that she had picked up some passengers of the wrecked steamer, presumably in order that the *Rome* might convey that information ashore, for the benefit of the survivors' relatives and friends and the ship-owners. Captains, we are told, care only for making quick passages, and go "full-speed ahead" in all weathers, indifferent to any unfortunates they may pass, and running hourly risk of collision. The writers of such taradiddles seem oblivious of the fact that ships' officers have souls to save, and property which it is their interest to bring to shore uninjured. They are probably unaware that it is the custom for owners to add a bonus to the salaries of the captains and officers who make their "trips" without accident. They ignore the fact that the mortality amongst officers of wrecked passenger ships is almost always exceedingly high; and how common an occurrence it is to read, as in this case, that the captain "went down with his ship." And certainly no person who has sailed much, or knows anything about the able and hardy men who command Atlantic and Pacific liners, could accuse them of indifference to the sufferings of those who go down to the sea in ships. A braver and more humane body of men does not exist, the diatribes of 'long-shore sailors to the contrary notwithstanding. That some one blundered on board the *State of Florida* or the barque *Ponema* goes without saying, or both those ill-fated vessels would now have been afloat. It is probable that the look-out was bad on one or the other. It ought to be made compulsory for steamers to carry electric

lights, when collisions at sea would be almost impossible. That powerful illuminating agent is already in use on some lines, and its universal adoption would be in the interests of life and property.

It is a remarkable fact that no mention is made of the use of life-belts, nor is it stated in any report of the wreck whether such articles were in abundance and easy of access. Surely had the colliding vessels been so supplied—as is required by the Board of Trade—more lives might have been saved, more especially as the sea was perfectly calm at the time of collision, and until help came.

VERY *apropos* of the calamity just referred to are the musings of the *Philadelphia Record*: "What poor human creatures we are! When a passenger on an ocean steamer sees at sea the lights of another vessel, or in the distance the flash of the lamp in a lighthouse on the coast, his heart throbs with a feeling of safety. But in reality at such times there is greater danger than when his vessel is the only moving thing on the waste of waters. On nearing shore or in meeting a ship at sea the master of a vessel first begins to feel the full weight of his responsibility, and the lights that give the anxious passenger assurance of the nearness of a journey's end are only beacons to warn the commander of greater perils than those through which the vessel has passed."

THE Toronto Island Bath Company seeks incorporation chiefly for the building and operation of baths at Toronto Island and elsewhere in the city of Toronto or county of York, including the acquiring of lands, wharves, vessels, boats, ferries and houses. This may be regarded as a good health movement, especially if the class most in need of washing—the "great unwashed"—could be induced to take kindly to it and in a practical way.

A "CANADIAN-AMERICAN," in the course of a paper on a trip through Canada, says:—

Few places that it has been my good fortune to see look more beautiful at this season of the year than Old Ontario. The whole country had a thrifty, prosperous appearance. After a delightful trip through the Thousand Islands and the Rapids I arrived at Montreal early in June, when summer is at its best and brightest. I was more than delighted with Montreal. It seems to have the soul of an American city, with a rush and bustle that would do little discredit to Chicago—as cosmopolitan as New York, as public-spirited as Philadelphia, as literary as Boston. But poor old Quebec was as dismal a sight as a live man could well conceive! Ichabod! Thy glory is indeed departed! Gone are the military that gave the old city so gay an aspect and made the names of England's proudest aristocracy as familiar in our mouths as household words! In their place is a shoddy, shabby, insignificant local government. As an intelligent Canadian remarked: "A Government as contemptible as it is pretentious, whose ignorance is only equalled by its rapacity."

But after all, the rocks are still there, the streets are still as steep, and crooked, and dirty, the terrace and citadel are still as beautiful, and the grand old river flows on forever, as restless and as magnificent as when Jacques Cartier first anchored on its broad bosom.

In the country I found very little change. Very few of the great inventions of the past twenty-five years have found their way to the back counties of Lower Canada. But the men are just as sturdy and independent as ever; the women just as intelligent and just as handsome. Old friends are just as kindly, new ones just as friendly. The dearest country in the world to us Canadian-Americans is Old Canada, the firmest friends are Canadian friends, the best ways are Canadian ways, the finest people are Canadians.

To wooden nutmegs, manufactured eggs, pig butter, turnip jam, and such abominations, Uncle Sam has now added "tobacco-paper!" The adulteration consists of paper manufactured in exact imitation of the tobacco leaf, and so well flavoured as to defy detection. An American journal says, "Cigars made of this tobacco-paper have a good flavour, burn well, and hold a white ash firmly." *O tempora, O mores!* That the nicotian herb should have put upon it this form of flattery! And if, as we are told, the small quantity of paper used in the cigarette is deleterious, what is to be expected from the vile fraud referred to? Those of us who have found pleasure in burning tobacco have of late been inclined to take heart of grace from the dicta of the philanthropist and scientist, Dr. Richardson—that "tobacco is in no sense worse than tea, and by the side of high living contrasts most favourably." But if the fountain of enjoyment is to be poisoned at its source by dollar-hunting vandals, smokers will have to apply to the Raleighian weed the same gospel as Dr. Richardson preaches regarding alcohol: touch not, taste not, handle not lest—it be tobacco-paper!

"THE gondola of the streets," as Mr. Disraeli named the English hansom cab, is becoming popular in the States. Last week we recorded that Chicagoans are about to adopt this convenient vehicle. We are now reminded that Washington, New York and Philadelphia have had them in use for some time, and that they are just creeping into general favour. There is nothing remarkable about this except the fact that our cousins did not utilize the idea long since. In course of time it may be expected the hansom will become naturalized even in Canada. It is of all "hirable" conveyances far the best for one or two persons, is speedy and comfortable, is within the draught-power of one light horse, and is easily and safely driven.