

look this matter squarely in the face instead of making a jest and a joke of it as too many do?

"I wonder who will be the next dear departed?" says one. "It is strange that Mrs. So-and-so wasn't off long ago," says another. "She is waiting for somebody to go with her," replies number one. "She would go soon enough, if she could find a big enough fool to marry her." Yes, this is the way in which the young men who flatter these fine ladies to their faces speak of them behind their backs. They may vaunt of their many admirers, but this is not much to be proud of, is it? Their humdrum husbands may not pay them so many compliments, but they would certainly speak of them with more respect; and surely no woman, who is still considered respectable, would wish to have her name lightly spoken, her actions coarsely discussed, merely to satisfy her vanity and prove her power over the silly young men, who consider it a feather in their caps to be followers in the train of some fashionable woman. At all events, if they are still willing to risk their reputations in the present, and play with the fire which may consume them in the future, it is time that they were fully warned of their folly, and if their own friends and their own pulpits refuse to do so, it must be done by the expression of public opinion through the Press. It is true that, taken as a whole, Canadian society will compare favourably with that of any other country. Strange to say, it is either in our highest or lowest classes that these domestic infidelities and scandals occur. It is either those who consider themselves above public opinion, or those who feel themselves to be beneath it, who cast aside the trammels of propriety and thus strangely meet on the dark platform of sin and shame. Of course there are people who will think these hard names when applied to the actions of fine ladies, but who would not consider them at all so if used with reference to the lapse from virtue of the labourer's wife or sister. But is it not better to call things by their right names, especially when we find that people are more apt to be shocked by the names than by the deeds they designate? Why should scandals and elopements be more common in fashionable than in other circles? Let us ask the pious people, and they will put it down to balls, dancing and general lack of piety. The cultivated class will say it is owing to want of education, cultivation and higher aims in life. The busy housewife will tell us it is the result of idleness, vanity and love of admiration; while temperance folk will hint darkly at the common use of champagne and other wines, which excite the bad passions and drown the voices of reason and purity. But there is another and more potent cause which leads to this recklessness on the part of our fashionable women. It is this: they are not the descendants of a long line of fashionable people—they are not "to the manner born," and their heads are turned by their position and the power it gives them of rendering themselves fascinating to other men than their husbands. They have no old family pride to sustain; no ancestors to disgrace; no family traditions that "all the men are brave, and all the women virtuous" to keep up; no particular position to lose,—their position being so entirely based upon money, so long as they can exchange one wealthy husband for another, they may fancy they lose nothing while satisfying their own fickle fancy. But the end is not yet, and all who could not be true to one husband may not be to the next, or he may not be true to her. One divorce often leads to another, and those who have been united under such circumstances must have many unpleasant memories between them, and many vain regrets behind them. God knows, we would not add unnecessarily to the burdens of those who have gone, or those they have left, but we cannot refrain from warning any who may feel inclined to follow the same crooked path. We trust that they will be warned in time, and that it may be long before another domestic scandal darkens the horizon of Canadian society.

N. Clitheroe.

A TRIP TO CUBA.

No. I.

Some account of a trip to the interesting and of late years celebrated island of Cuba may possibly prove attractive at this dull season of the newspaper year. I have seen columns devoted to a "Trip to Lachine," a "Day at Lake Memphremagog," &c., &c., which were eagerly devoured by those acquainted with the districts represented; and I am strongly of opinion that our young people might profitably attempt to dive a little deeper into the mysteries of what is beyond their present ken, and seek to store up a wider, though not less truthful fund of information than that drawn from sources which lie, so to speak, at their very feet.

As I write, a message is flashed from Madrid which thrills the heart of the civilized world, as one more step has been taken in the holy name of Liberty. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the island of Cuba has been adopted by the Spanish Cortes, though not, indeed, without fierce disputes and bitter opposition on the part of many influential deputies. Thus, wrong fights right throughout the progress of the world, but fortunately its ultimate defeat invariably serves to shew its real hideousness in a truer light.

But about my little trip, the first thing I would observe is that there cannot very well be two opinions on the subject of the respective merits of a Wagner

and a Pullman sleeping car. The journey from Montreal to New York is just long enough to test the qualities of both, and I long ago came to the conclusion that the Wagners are the worst cars that roll to-day over the American Continent, and that the Pullmans are superior in nearly every respect. However the attendants make up a good deal in civility for poor accommodation, and after all I must say I got to New York city as "fresh as a daisy."

Here I was forced to go through a ceremony almost unknown in that "home of the brave and land of the free," and certainly one much more congenial to European customs, that of obtaining a passport from the Spanish Consul to be allowed to proceed to the island of Cuba.

Armed with this formidable document, and what seemed to me of much more practical consequence, a ticket from the Messrs. Alexander & Co., with a promise of a state-room to myself, I proceeded to the "City of Washington," which runs regularly from New York city to Havana. I may mention here that the clerk's promise as to the state-room was faithfully kept, and I could not have had superior accommodation had I been His Majesty King Alfonso himself.

It is a wonder to me that the Irish people have not established colonies and kingdoms of their own throughout the world. One meets the inevitable Irish crowd in every corner of the habitable globe. Here they were, on board the good ship "City of Washington," bound to a land domineered over by an aristocratic and monarchical government. Had they come straight from the Green Isle I should have considered that they were jumping out of the frying pan into the fire; but to quit the shores of Columbia for those of the despot and tyrant, seemed anomalous, to say the least of it. But anomalies being part of our every day existence I surveyed the motley throng and passed no remarks. Moreover, one stalwart Irishman of the number seemed to have the strongest impelling motive for his change of air, as his wife remained behind on the wharf with her two children, to all appearance madly beckoning him to return to the ties which he was forsaking.

There were lots of Spaniards on board,—Cuban Spaniards, American Spaniards and Spanish Spaniards, red republicans, socialists, Monarchists, men of different shades of political opinion and mostly of fierce determination. I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who may be taken as a typical specimen of the Cubans though of a superior intellect and of considerable standing among his fellows,—Senor Domingo Mora. He was formerly a political refugee in the United States. His property was confiscated, and it was only when Uncle Sam added another to his long list of noble actions on behalf of the oppressed, that Senor Mora received back his estates in Cuba, and was restored to his rights as a citizen.

A good English scholar and a fluent French speaker Senor Domingo Mora knows well how to force home the ideas which his brain gives birth to, and which the determined expression of his features show that he is well capable of carrying out.

A very different, but to me far more attractive, object of interest was the presence on board of a New York lady, Miss F. V. Garden. The ladies' room presented an astonishing appearance, bouquets of choicest flowers being scattered around in the wildest profusion. My first thought was of weddings and West Indian honey-moon trips on a wholesale scale, but no, all these floral luxuries had been lavished on Miss Garden by her admirers in New York city. The designs shewed care and taste, one immense bouquet being made to represent a steamer under weigh, with all sail set. I must say the young lady is perfectly charming and no doubt well deserves every compliment that can be paid her. She was travelling too, with her papa, a reticent old gentleman of Scottish parentage, of little love to Britain and of unyielding loyalty to his own country the United States.

The "City of Washington" is only two years from the stocks. She is fitted with Chester comp. engines, with Corless valves, and has upright tubular boilers, an exceptional mode of fitting which seems to give great satisfaction. The "City" is 30 feet beam, 27 feet hold, and gives a measurement of 2,600 tons. She can steam 13 knots per hour easily, and burns 40 tons of coal per day. Capt. Timmerman, commanding, has seen 22 years service, is well educated and a thorough sailor—kind and affable to the passengers he is a great favourite, and contributes in no small degree, to their comfort, safety and pleasure in their trip to Cuba.

I was only four days free from the frozen horrors of Montreal, with its slippery sidewalks and its avalanches of snow and ice perpetually disporting themselves around the innocent heads of passers-by; and yet, at the close of our third day out from New York the good ship City of Washington carved her way majestically through tropical seas towards the port of Havana, the capital of the island of Cuba. I gazed with feelings of delight on a sunset picture such as Turner or Bierstadt would have loved to connect with the sunny isles of the Western Ocean. The soft golden haze brought into unpleasant contrast the pallid faces of the sea-sick passengers just emerging from their retreats. What an all-conquering tyrant is sea-sickness! and how levelling are his visitations. The heroine before mentioned was, as all heroines should be (only they seldom are), proof against the *mal de mer*, whilst a matron,