

of Protection led men, made the nominally protective laws not unfrequently laws prohibitive of industry. To protect the iron-masters of Staffordshire, the inhabitants of Pennsylvania (while yet a British colony) were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to avail themselves of their rich coal and iron mines. To protect the tobacco-growers of Virginia (also in its Colonial epoch) the agriculturists of Great Britain were forbidden to cultivate the plant,—a prohibition which, we believe, still exists, even now that no semblance of a reason or excuse for the restriction remains.

The petty details into which these prohibitions of industry, under the pretext of protecting it, descended, can only be conceived by those who have studied the Statutes. The shackles and pitfalls in which men involved themselves in their chase after the illusive idea of universal protection were so numerous, that it was impossible to move without stumbling into some of them. Dubious advantages were bought at a price unquestionably dear and ruinous.

The condition of England while possessed by the fallacy of Protection, can be compared to nothing so aptly as to a man under the influence of nightmare. One incongruity pursues another through the brain. There is a painful half-consciousness that all is delusion, and a fear that it may be reality—there is a sense of oppression. The victim of the unhealthy dream tries to shake it off and awaken, but his faculties are spell-bound. By a great effort the country awakened to the light of day, and a sense of realities.

It seems as if the people of Canada have not as yet risen to the height of the argument of this great question of Protection.

In conclusion, I may add that most of the Statutes contain a comical set of rules of English Grammar which are calculated to make the wig of Lindley Murray stiffen in his grave with horror; they run thus:—

"Words importing the singular number shall include the plural number, and words importing the plural number shall include the singular number. Words importing the masculine gender shall include females. The word 'person' shall include a corporation, whether aggregate or sole," &c. &c.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

GOING TO THE EXPOSITION WITH A PROFILE PERDU.

DEAR ELLA,—

PARIS, July, 1878.

I daresay a Universal Exposition is a universal blessing. In fact, I know it is, because Professor Talkee Talkee, of — University, LL.D., A.S.S., and the rest of the alphabet, has given me a private lecture. I always believe what an LL.D. and A.S.S. says, it being impossible for a man with so many letters tacked to his name to tell a lie. He is a Liebig's extract of the wisdom of ages. Think how much a cannibal would get for his money were he to boil down such an extract and eat him! Solomon would be nowhere. Well, dear, Professor Talkee Talkee, who delights to instruct young girls because he says their minds are so fresh and receptive, for an LL.D. and A.S.S. would not dream of being anything *but* fatherly, grew eloquent over the beneficent results of Expositions. They gave an impetus to commerce, to art, to science; they brought together the four quarters of the globe, and did more towards the fraternisation of nations than all the books that ever were written on the subject; they enlarged the mind; they were the enemies of war and the apostles of peace. Nothing could induce me to contradict an LL.D. and A.S.S., but considering that Expositions go in for peace, it is queer isn't it, that the most awful wars of modern times have happened since Prince Albert conceived the World's Fair in 1851? I suppose it's on the principle advocated by George Washington and our revolutionary fathers, "In time of peace prepare for war."

The Fair of 1851 was followed by the Crimean War. Our horrible insurrection succeeded the first French Exposition. The Franco-Prussian War came quick upon the heels of the Exposition of 1867, and the late unpleasantness between Turkey and Russia was the lesson taught by our Centennial celebration at Philadelphia. You'll probably ask whether the Exposition of 1878 is not signalised by the Berlin treaty of peace. Ella, if all those nations are not by the ears within two years, you and I will be. The eagles, the bear, the lion, the lambs, doves and geese, are to lie down together and be a happy family, provided everybody goes as everybody else pleases, and nobody but the lion has his own way. As some of the eagles are double-headed, there's every reason to think them double-faced; the bear has a very sore head, the single-headed eagles are shrieking already, and the lambs are bleating, the doves and geese are fluttering, and the way the fur and feathers will fly before long will be "a caution to snakes," as Lilian Vavasour remarks to her lover. I wouldn't breathe such heresy within earshot of Professor Talkee Talkee, as he only likes young girls who keep their mouths shut and his mouth open. He considers American girls, as a rule, insufferable, because they have opinions of their own and contradict him. Think of daring to contradict an LL.D. and A.S.S.! I'd as soon presume to argue with a stone wall.

As Professor Talkee Talkee declares that Expositions enlarge the mind, and mine needs enlarging, I'm training in the Champ de Mars. I never can remember what I read, so I'm trying the effect of object lessons, looking upon the Exposition as a grown-up Kindergarten. Squeers had a capital way of impressing knowledge upon his pupils. The boy who spelled w-i-n-d-e-r was immediately ordered to wash one. He never forgot what his spelling looked like. Bob says the Exposition "licks Squeers all hollow," for one acquires information without the bother of spelling it. Outrivaling Jules Verne, we go round the world in a day, and in a few moments are able to return to any part of it. Centuries of art pass before us like a panorama; to-day shakes hands with B.C.; we sit on Persian carpets 500 years old, sip tea out of Minton china, and I feel my mind enlarging. I confess, *entre nous*, that though enlarged it is excessively muddled. I forget which is B.C. and which is A.D., but I hope before I am grey to shake the centuries into their proper places and to surprise Professor Talkee Talkee by the abstruseness of my questions.

Our first visit to the Exposition was to the United States Commissioner, who is good-looking and clever, my dear, and at once proposed to put me on the free list if I'd have my photograph taken and send him a couple. These

counterfeit presentments are sent to the French Government. The Government sits on them, it may be for weeks and it may be for ever, and in the course of time returns one photograph plastered over at the bottom with green paper, on which is printed "Carte de service, signature du titulaire." Then follows one's name written by one's self. On the back is more green paper covered with printing, emanating from the Ministère de l'Agriculture et du Commerce and signed by the Commissioner General, M. Krantz. I'm No. 4,260, my dear; I've written my name on something else green and sent it to the Government, so that if ever posterity wants to know how I looked and wrote, posterity can apply to the French archives and obtain ample satisfaction.

Such profound thought as was given to this historical photograph! Whether I should be taken full-face, or three-quarters, or profile; whether with or without hat, were questions which convulsed the family for hours. "Of course, you'll wear the hat you've bought purposedly for the Exposition," said Aunt Fanny; "and you'll pose full-face, otherwise how can the ticket-takers recognise you at a glance?" "Don't, Puss," pleaded Bob. "I hate that hat, and your nose never comes out well in a full-face. There's a lump on it like a dromedary's hump. Try three-quarters." If you want the truth Ella, about your personal appearance, go to your own family. They hold the mirror up to nature with a vengeance. "I prefer Puss *en profile*," said Cousin Tom, "because a profile is independent of expression." "Do you infer that I haven't any expression?" I cried. "No," replied Tom, "but I never saw a photograph of you that didn't resemble a washed-out Albino." Did you ever? "Well," I exclaimed, "I'll try and oblige all. I'll pose full-face, three-quarters, *en profile*, with and without hat, and we'll see what we'll see." We did, my dear. The back of my head was screwed into a vice, I was put into positions I never take even in my most insane moments; I was told to look pleasant, and there stole over me a simper that never was seen out of an idiot asylum. Every negative the photographer brought out of the black and acid closet where negatives grow, was pronounced "charming," but I wasn't to be deluded. I'd been through the agony and I knew the general result. "Now," I said, after all the negatives had defiled before me. "I'm going to please myself. I shall pose for my right ear and the back of my head." The entire family howled "ridiculous!" The photographer was too polite to agree with them. He simply remarked: "C'est une idée originale, mais mademoiselle est américaine. C'est un pays original." Good gracious! Isn't every country original? I presented my right ear and the back of my head to the camera for a *profile perdu*, and was taken. Dear, when the proofs came home there was another family howl. Hat, no hat, full-face, three-quarters—all frights! I wouldn't have sent one of them to Mr. Krantz to have had the run of all the Expositions to be held between now and the Day of Judgment. The profile was not so bad, but the *profile perdu* was a work of art. My right ear (Bob says I travel on my ears) came out beautifully, and the back of my head and turn of the neck were quite classic. There's a great deal of expression in ears ("Particularly when they are long," says Bob—the brute!); but most women think that ear-rings are their sole *raison d'être*. I loathe ear-rings. They call attention to ugly ears, and spoil the shape of good ones. Why not bore holes through the nose as well? But to return. "That's the photograph I shall send to Mr. Krantz," I said. You ought to have seen Aunt Fanny gasp. "You'll be arrested for contempt of the Government. Whoever heard of such a thing?" "He that hath ears let him 'ear,'" was my reply. "If you want a precedent, Aunt Fanny, there it is. But I can substitute a photograph in a Greek costume." "Puss, are you mad?" she cried. "You can't go to the Exposition in fancy dress." "Very well, then, Mr. Krantz must have the back of my head," and off it went. Two weeks elapsed, during which time I paid my entrance-fee like the vulgar public, and Aunt Fanny lived in a perpetual tremor. Whenever anyone knocked at our door she gave a little shriek, expecting to see a gendarme enter, touch me on the shoulder, and exclaim melodramatically: "Ha! ha! ha! suivez-moi, Madame. A la Bastille!" There isn't any Bastille; but that makes no difference to a vivid imagination. Nothing of the sort happened. Mr. Krantz had evidently been so bored by gazing at 4,259 faces, all as hideous as photography alone can render humanity, that his cultivated eye hung gratefully upon my right ear, and blessing my back hair, he stamped it with his approval. Such is the force of capillary attraction, Ella! The first time I presented my *carte de service* at Porte Rappe I was supported on my right by Bob, and on the left by Tom, Aunt Fanny bringing up the rear, declaring that I never could get in. Fancy my disgust when the officials refused even to look at my photograph! They saw the green paper at the bottom. That was enough. If I'd shown them my grandfather he would have been equally acceptable. There never was such nonsense as this photographic pass business. A non-transferable printed card would be just as efficacious, and save no end of bother. But bother is precisely what Expositions were made for, so far as I can find out.

Ever yours,

Puss.

MISS ELLA GRAHAM,

Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

P.S.—Bob, the neighbour, calls me (*pro*) *fillette perdue*! He thinks this funny, and when I expostulate he laughs and says I've gotten up on my ear! The English don't know that this means being angry.

A GENERAL ELECTION is thus defined by Horace Smith:—"Hiring servants at a statute fair, which, however, will never be a fair statute until it resumes its original triennial form. A general election, like varnish on a faded picture, draws out all the bright spots and favourable tints of our common nature. How delightful to the philanthropist to contemplate such a galaxy of purity and glory as is then radiant in a thousand speeches and advertisements. This is not the moment in which the old member, who is desirous of remaining as a fixture at St. Stephen's, should be taken at his own valuation; or when the new candidate should receive implicit credit for his pledges and promises. They who can no longer frank their letters, now frank their own praises, which they convey to their constituents without any fear of their being overweight. The candidates, instead of wearing white robes, appear in white characters of their own giving; they are all immaculate, impeccable. There is a general avalanche of snow-like purity of purpose, and the cardinal virtues are as common as vice at any other time. If we had annual Parliaments we should soon reach the Millennium. Pity that men who always represent themselves so amiably in their speeches, should sometimes misrepresent themselves so lamentably in private, and their constituents in public life! If the Senatorial dignity could exempt from reproach as well as from arrest, and the man who cannot make laws for himself could legislate for a nation, our House of Commons would be no common house."