

yo' po' fadder! he don' know yit dat he hab murdered hees on'y child! Yo' mudder am alone now, but bress de good Lawd she will jine yo' befo' many days!"

Bredderin, dat was what open my eyes. My own chile was dead, a-lyin' on de straw on de flo', an' I could nebber ask hees fo'giveness fo' neglectin' to p'vide de necessities to sustain hees life; but his mudder was hyar, an' I could recompense her, an' dar by her side, befo' de white face ob our dead boy, I wrastled wid de Lawd fo' Hees fo'giveness an' Hees strength to obercome de debbil. Dat was two yeahs ago, an' ef yo' come to our home now yo' will fin' anoder little Pete a-kickin' roun' de flo'—but yo' kint find no bundle ob straw fo' a bed; dey er mattresses now; an' sometimes in de night, when little stars come peepin' thoo de window, I look 'way up 'mong dem, an' I heah a little angel voice whisperin' a benediction on my pra'rs, an' tellin' me dat de oder little Pete am gibben me 'cause he was took away.

An' now, bredderin', how many ob yo' am drunkards er on dat road? How many in Canada are driftin' ober de precipice? an' all 'cause de laws license a man to murder, and den calls it a legitimate business! License a man to make anoder crazy, an' den kill de lunatic 'cause he kills somebody! Confiscate hees license, an' den some one cries, "Pay him fo' it"—pay him fo' de murders done, pay him fo' takin' away hees license to murder mo'. It am a rotten argument, an' as my eyes hab bin opened, so may all dose who hab innocen' babes, wives, mudders er odders dependin' on dem to suppo't life.

T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B.C.P.—Thanks. The idea is excellent and we hope to put it in shape shortly.

E.C.McC.—We accept contributed articles if up to the standard.

TWO CHATTERTONS.

THE following will be appreciated by the friends of Mr. Chatterton, who is well remembered as a former resident of Toronto:—

"The *Rambler* received the following missive a few days ago:

'DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I learn on perfectly reliable authority that the name of Signor Perugini, the *tenore di gracia* of the McCaull Opera Comique Company, is not so Perugini as it might be. In fact there is a rumor prevalent to the effect that Signor Perugini's name is Chatterton. I would like to know if this Chatterton is the one played by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Columbia Theatre yesterday afternoon. I saw this fellow Chatterton, as impersonated so ably by Mr. Barrett, and failed to recognize any resemblance between him and Signor Perugini-Chatterton. Will you kindly state the facts in your valuable paper, as it is far from pleasant to monkey around in ignorance of a topic that is of material interest. Yours very truly,

CONSTANT BORROWER.'

"A representative of the *Rambler* was dispatched to interview Signor Perugini anent this inquiry, and the popular brunette tenor was discovered in luxurious apartments in the Leland Hotel. Said he: 'I desire to deny any acquaintance with this party, Chatterton, who was not, I judge, a person of any especial consequence. I saw Mr. Barrett play the person in question, and he seemed to me a man in the lowest stratum of society. He was nothing more than a common poet, living in a garret, getting a ridiculously small salary, and ultimately starving to death; or, what amounts to the same thing, taking morphine, to avoid starvation. I am pained to think that my name should be associated with his, and I beg you to inform

your readers that he belongs to no branch of our family. In fact, I may add that until I saw Mr. Barrett's play I never knew that there was such a person. He was probably some unfortunate individual who sought to obtain a reputation at my expense, and I repeat emphatically that I don't know him.'

WIFE BEATING.

THE particulars of a sad and serious case of wife beating have reached us. Little did we think it would fall to our lot to report a crime of this nature. We read too frequently of cases of the kind referred to, and regret our magistrates and judges do not deal more severely with men guilty of such atrocious deeds. There are few questions requiring as much attention by our legislators as this one, and rather than abolish flogging, we do not hesitate in saying that this mode of punishment should be meted out unsparingly in all such cases. The poor, trusting young girl who promised to love, honor, cherish and obey, would have spurned from her with indignation the slightest whisper from her dearest friend that such a lot would befall her, but the first blow from her liege lord recalcs vividly and forcibly to her mind the unheeded warning. There is now no escape other than publicity, but from this she recoils, submitting, as it often happens, too frequently to the harsh words and harder blows, till her spirit fails her, and all respect and love are banished from the once too fond and trusting heart. Plato lays it down as a principle that whatever is permitted to befall man shall either in life or death conduce to his good. Wife beating could not have been known in Plato's days, or the men must have been the weaker vessels then. The case in our midst is more distressing, since learning that the couple have been married only two years, and that it took place in a neighbor's house. We refrain for the present from publishing the name of the brute (for we can call him by no other term) who is guilty of so base an offence, owing to the very respectable position the parties have occupied in society, and until such time as the matter is more fully brought out before the public in the courts. We can only, for the present, prepare our readers for a sensation in high life.

Since writing the above we have been creditably informed that the wretch in human form has been known to beat his wife with a spade, although in the instance now under our notice a club was used. We await with eagerness further developments, and in the meantime cannot tell you further than this—they were playing euchre and he held the most trumps. This is April the first.

M.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

BURNING words of love I spoke
And stroked her curly head;
Blessings great I did invoke
On her I hoped to wed.

Oh, my ecstasy of joy
I cannot e'en convey,
But it suffered some alloy
When I heard her plainly say:

"Why, your coat is very rough—
'Tis made of coarsest threads;
Get you one of smoother stuff—
I'm never scratched by Ned's."

ELLIOTT FLOWER.

GOLIATH, of Gath, was probably one of the earliest mail carriers.—*Philadelphia Call*.