

This page or two of definitions is another proof that the mother-in-law is still a potent factor in the social economy. She runs through the whole gamut of virtues and vices in the exercise of her functions. To some she seems to be "the thorn that bore the rose;" "the rock of ruin against which the new matrimonial ship often strikes and splits in two," while to others, under different circumstances "a comfort to husband and wife; a help in sickness; an unfailing friend."

Halifax, Dec. 31st, 1883.

J. W. L.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 12, 1884.

THE most absorbing topic of political discussion continues to be the tariff question. There are various speculations about the probable action of the Committee of Ways and Means on this question. Mr. Carlisle appointed a number of very able men on this committee. It has for its chairman Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, an able and upright man, who is a revenue reformer. It contains among its members, Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the leading Republican protectionist in the House; Kasson, of Iowa, another prominent Republican; Blackburn, of Kentucky, a prominent Democrat; Hewitt, of New York, and other able men.

Mr. Hewitt is frequently spoken of in these days as a candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket. His party would do well, and could hardly do better than to nominate him. But he is probably too good a man to secure the nomination. He is not obscure enough and has not what the politicians call "personal magnetism" enough. But he is one of the ablest men in his party or in Congress. He is a man of solid information and long political experience. He has also had experience in business affairs, being a very wealthy and successful iron manufacturer. He is the son-in-law of the late Peter Cooper, the well-known philanthropist and founder of the Cooper Institute in New York.

It now seems reasonably certain that the above committee will report and the House of Representatives pass a new tariff bill, removing the duty on many kinds of raw material and greatly decreasing the duty on imports in general. And should the Senate, which is Republican, refuse to concur in this measure, then a clear issue would be made, with which to go before the people in the Presidential campaign.

If the issue should be squarely made, as above stated,—which however is not probable,—the *Sun* and some other Democratic papers would probably refuse to support the ticket. But the loss of half a dozen such papers as the *Sun* would be made good by receiving the support of the *Post*, by far the ablest New York daily, and the *Times*. We are in a transition period as to the tariff, steadily advancing towards free trade, but the details cannot be foreshadowed. It will probably take ten years, and may take twenty, before we shall have free trade. Those interested in political affairs in the United States should follow the question with some care at present, as it is the key to a correct understanding of the political situation for 1884.

The Republican and the Independent journals are at present giving the Democrats some severe thrusts for substituting Payne for Pendleton as United States Senator from Ohio. The former is perhaps as able and as pure a man as the latter, but the latter's support of Civil Service Reform and his prominent part in passing the law are regarded as a chief source of his weakness. Such practical opposition to that important measure counterbalances a great many planks in the party platform in favour of it. The standing of the Democratic party in regard to this question is none of the best, and they can scarcely afford to take such a backward step.

The celebrated *restaurateur*, Delmonico, disappeared a few days ago, and as he has been for some months in bad health, it is feared that he has killed himself. It has been said that the Delmonicos first taught the New Yorkers how to dine; this was filling a great need, and thus they have doubtless been important agents in our civilization. But it shows how low a plane our "great dailies" move upon, when they give a column or more each day to the subject of his disappearance, the probability of finding him, vague talks with detectives and his friends—utterly inane. And yet Americans complain of being too busy to read anything, except what bears on questions of the most pressing importance. But crude are the journals, and crude are the readers.

In the theatres Booth is at present the leading attraction. He has appeared this week in *Richelieu*, the *Fool's Revenge*, and *King Lear*.

At the two opera houses we have had, Rossini's *Semiramide*, Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Flotow's *Marta*, Bizet's *Carmen*, and Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*.

At the German theatre, the *Thalia*, was recently produced Suppe's *Afrikareise*, which is drawing good houses. Our large German population has only one German theatre, and consequently they support it well. The manager is thereby able to keep a troupe that produces these light operas better than they are produced at the other theatres. At any rate it is easy to see that a German audience at the *Thalia* receives more amusement and enjoys the point of these pieces better than the American audiences at the other theatres.

Although the Loan Exhibition of Paintings has now closed, the discussion as to the propriety of opening such exhibition on Sunday is not yet ended. The weight of public sentiment is decidedly in favour of opening them, though there are many respectable people and a number of fanatics that oppose it. But if New York had a national gallery, like London, or

a Louvre, like Paris, it is almost certain that it would be open on Sundays—part of the day, at least.

The funeral of Dr. Lasker, the distinguished German orator and statesman, on Thursday afternoon, was attended by thousands, and hundreds were turned away from the synagogue, who were unable to obtain even standing room. An eloquent oration was delivered by Carl Schurz, who is one of the most eloquent orators we now have, whether in German or English. In 1877 and 1878 I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Lasker several times in the German *Reichstag*. That body contained no superior to him as an orator; it was interesting to see the Liberals draw near in a circle around him, whenever he arose to speak. His sudden death away from home is sad, but it is sadder to think that such a simple, unselfish, patriotic man should have had the last years of his life pained by the *Judenhetz* in Germany.

P. KING.

"A Reader" writes to us from Montreal suggesting that artisans, no less than physicians and surgeons, might be obliged to take out a license and to work at an established rate of remuneration. The proposal seems to us hardly a practicable one.—THE EDITOR.

### THREE FLOWER PETALS.

WHAT saw I yesterday walking apart  
In a leafy place where the cattle wait?  
Something to keep for a charm in my heart—  
A little sweet girl in a garden gate.  
Laughing she lay in the gold sun's might,  
And held for a target to shelter her,  
In her little soft fingers, round and white,  
The gold-rimmed face of a sunflower.

Laughing she lay in the light where stands  
A rough-hewn step in that sunny place,  
And her yellow hair hung down to her hands,  
Shadowing over her dimpled face.  
Her eyes like the blue of the sky, made dim  
With the might of the sun that looked at her,  
Shone laughing over the serried rim,  
Golden set, of the sunflower.

Laughing, for token she gave to me  
Three petals out of the sunflower;—  
When the petals are withered and gone, shall be  
Three verses of mine for praise of her,  
That a tender dream of her face may rise  
And lighten me yet in another hour,  
Of her sunny hair and her beautiful eyes,  
Laughing over the gold sunflower.

A. LAMPMAN.

### THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

#### IV.—Continued.

"Oh, German music is the most dreadful baw!" here struck in Lord Glenartney. He had taken an immediate fancy to Kindelon; he liked people who were in a different sphere from himself; he usually went with jockeys and prize-fighters, whenever the demands of his great position permitted such association, in his native country. Here in America he knew only the Poughkeepsie set, that had seized upon him and kept close watch over him ever since he had landed in New York.

"No, I don't at all agree with you there," said Kindelon. "Undoubtedly German music is based upon a grand idea. I should be sorry not to believe so."

"Bless my soul!" laughed his lordship, "I don't know anything about grand ideas! The small ones are quite as much as I can manage comfortably."

"Mr. Kindelon will be shocked by such a confession, I'm sure," said the gentleman (named Fyshkille, who was strikingly slim, who gazed at people condescendingly over a pale parapet of very stiff shirt-collar, and who considered himself to have a natural turn for satire. "He appears to be a person of such grand ideas himself."

This airy bit of impudence caused Mr. Van Arsdale to twirl one end of a dim, downy, moustache and perpetrate a rather ambiguous giggle. But Mr. Hackensack, who was stout, with a pair of large black eyes, set in a fat, colourless, mindless face, whipped forth a silk pocket-handkerchief, and gave an explosive burst of merriment within its soft folds.

"You seem to be very much amused at something," drawled Sallie, while she looked in her languid way toward her trio of admirers.