

so surprising a change of front on the part of Mr. Johnson, nor the improbability of the alleged ground for admitting him to the charmed circle of the Southern aristocracy. Before the war, in the polling days of Slavocracy, Mr. Johnson had been a Senator from Tennessee, elected by the legislature of that State, and had always been treated with scrupulous consideration, by Southern Whigs and Democrats alike, in Congress and the Executive offices. The absence of intimate social relations between himself and them was due entirely to his personal austerity and his own desire to continue, in his fulness of years and honours, to pose as the "poor boy" that is so fascinating a character in American politics.

But the story of Mr. Depew lacks other elements of probability. It puts the time of the proposal, by plain inference, as not later than the advanced autumn season of 1865, a time whereat President Johnson was still on excellent terms with the thoroughly loyal cabinet of Mr. Lincoln which he had retained *en bloc*, and whereat there was not a single sharply defined or serious issue between himself and any considerable or representative number of Republican Congressmen. It was a full year after the time thus fixed that President Johnson requested General Grant to accompany the United States Minister to Mexico, in order to give impressment to the renewal of relations with the Republican Government of Mexico. Although the managers of the impeachment proceedings against President Johnston were sorely pressed for material of accusation, they utterly failed to get the slightest inkling of an occurrence which would have solved at one stroke all their doubts and difficulties. General Grant has made no mention of it in his voluminous memoirs; Colonel Grant, contrary to his first statement, admits that he has no papers to produce on the subject, and at this moment it seems as if no evidence of a better kind than the mere assertion of Mr. Depew as to what General Grant told him is capable of being produced. Mr. Depew, varying from his original statement, now says that it is many years ago since General Grant first divulged the matter to him, which makes it harder to understand why the latter should blunder so seriously in the important matter of time.

Nothing could be more unfortunate for the present reputation of General Grant than the controversy which his son and his confident have awakened over the graves of himself and of President Johnson. The passions of the war and of reconstruction have passed away, and the public judgment on Johnson is that, however rough a one, he was still a diamond: honest, sincere, courageous, and of an intense patriotism. This sudden and, so far, unsupported attack upon what has been regarded as the strongest and clearest side of his character will raise up an army of sympathisers, who are as likely as not to seek to protect his memory by assailing that of the man who, after his own death, is made responsible for the befouling of Johnson's reputation. What the American people would wish to think of General Grant, and what they ultimately will think of him, and what will stand as the final judgment upon his whole career, their acts and utterances during the past few months abundantly evidence. But time is required for the effacement of small blemishes, and this, though needing it as much as the memories of most men, the memory of General Grant has not yet had. At the present moment it looks as though nothing but irrefragable proof of the truth of Mr. Depew's story, or a complete abandonment of it, would suffice to avert a crop of little scandals in respect of General Grant which, added to the facts of his dreary and ignominious tomb and the public indifference towards monumental recognition of his place and services, could not fail to distress every sound American heart.

B.

CHICAGO LETTER.

Within this hour it will be dinner time :
Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders; gaze upon the buildings;
And then return and sleep within mine inn.

—Comedy of Errors.

THE general and always increasing interest manifested by the people of Ontario in the "Garden City" ceases to excite comment when it is remembered that there are about sixty thousand Canadians in the Western American Metropolis. Much has been said and written regarding this cosmopolitan "burgh," but the subject possesses ever new and inexhaustible attractions, whether we consider the city as a modern rival to the marvellous productions of Aladdin's genii, or simply, being engaged more or less in the pursuit of that will o' the wisp, Fortune, ourselves, we view with wonder this vast aggregation of mercantile interests which a third of a century has here witnessed.

Like nearly all great cities, Chicago has certain features altogether peculiar to herself: features that mark her out from her sisters the world over. The peculiarity that seems to a keen observer the most prominent here is the utter indifference to the dictates of what is euphoniously called "Fashion." This indifference is not merely characteristic of one class or section of the community, but pervades all alike: the wealthy merchant or the dusky drayman. You can tell a New Yorker or a Bostonian or a Cockney swell by the cut of his clothes; but no such distinctive features can be discovered about a Chicagoan. You cannot say, meeting one of her citizens at a distance, "That man or woman is from the shores of Lake Michigan." Another point that strikes the observant Eastern man is the universal pallor of the countenance of the people. Various and conflicting are the causes assigned for this characteristic. Miasma, worry, dry atmosphere, dampness of the air, sleeplessness, and finally *pie*, have all been championed as the cause. Let which will be the correct hypothesis, the hard fact remains that a rosy cheek on man or woman, boy or girl, is a rarity in Chicago.

Chicago is the most maligned city in the world to-day. In every

hamlet in the land the frightful wickedness of this modern combination of Sodom and Gomorrah is held up before the guileless villagers by the local *quidnuncs*, who are sustained in their puerile ignorance by the newspapers of this city themselves. The editors of these great dailies are so given to drawing the long bow in the interest of "racy" journalism, and do it so deftly and with such an air of truth, that they should not be surprised and annoyed when their hyperbole is taken for simple fact. The truth is, however, that Chicago is little better or little worse than any other great city. When it is borne in mind that she has within her borders representatives of every nation under the sun, from Japs to English lords, the percentage of crime is really surprisingly small.

The one quality for which the enthusiastic Westerner always lays claim to preëminence is enterprise. In this city the claim is fully substantiated. The marvellous energy and determination of her citizens may be well exemplified by a reference to the boulevard system inaugurated during the last few years. This circuit of thirty-six miles of lovely parks and boulevards extending right around the city is unexcelled anywhere. The scene on Michigan Avenue on a bright Sunday afternoon "beggars description." For hours on hours an unending stream of vehicles of every description, from the plebeian cart drawn by a single jocosse mule to the elegant turn-out with footmen in aristocratic liveries, pours along the level and splendidly kept roadways. In the parks themselves, too, are seen further evidences of this same spirit of defiance to the behests of nature. Artificial lakes, whose limpid waters are ever fresh and clear, reflect in their surface the foliage of trees, brought from the forests of Michigan—not as saplings or tender young trees, requiring long years of care and attention before they would throw their grateful shade over the school children of Chicago, but transported in their full growth and forest pride, and planted in immense holes prepared for their reception and then held in position by wire ropes until they strike firm root. In this way in several instances the Park Commissioners have transformed a bare, swampy, miserable piece of ground into a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the naked prairie into a waving grove of elms.

To Canadians the early hour at which all business operations commence is a surprise. By eight o'clock every branch is in full swing. This place is essentially not the place for idle men. Hard work and good wages is the guiding rule. In no place that the writer has ever been in is the art of despatching a lunch in the shortest possible space of time brought to such perfection as here. To a man accustomed to the Parisian style of hour-and-a-half meals eaten with serenity and decorum, the Chicago methods must indeed be a revelation. All engaged: the man who takes the order, the cook who prepares it, the waiter who brings it, the cashier who takes the quarter, and the man who eats it, conspire to demolish more food in less time than to the uninitiated would seem possible. If dyspeptics are not plentiful, it is because cast-iron stomachs are.

In this city the democratic principle is perhaps more thoroughly followed than in any other on the globe. In business all are apparently equal, so far as respect is concerned, from the cheeky office-boy to the head of a firm. Of course ready obedience to the mandates of authority is always insisted upon; but there is a total absence of that dictatorial and overbearing air that marks so many employers of the Eastern cities. We might dilate upon many other noteworthy features: the constables, mostly Germans and Irish; the saloons, ever gorgeous and ever present; the intricacies of justice administered in democratic courts, and the best methods of crossing the hand of the blind goddess; the religious sentiment, or the absence of it: but these must be left for another occasion. CARL.

SLANG IN AMERICA.

SLANG, profoundly considered, is the lawless germinal element, below all words and sentences, and behind all poetry, and proves a certain freedom and perennial rankness and protestantism in speech. As the United States inherit by far their most precious possession—the language they talk and write—from the Old World, under and out of its feudal institutes, I will allow myself to borrow a simile even of those forms farthest removed from American Democracy. Considering Language then as some mighty potentate, into the majestic audience-hall of the monarch ever enters a personage like one of Shakspeare's clowns, and takes possession there, and plays a part even in the stateliest ceremonies. Such is Slang, or indirection, an attempt of common humanity to escape from bald literalism, and express itself illimitably, which in highest walks produces poets and poems, and doubtless in pre-historic time gave the start to, and perfected, the whole immense tangle of the old mythologies. For, curious as it may appear, it is strictly the same impulse-source, the same thing. Slang, too, is the wholesome fermentation or eructation of those processes eternally active in language, by which froth and specks are thrown up, mostly to pass away; though occasionally to settle and permanently crystallize.

To make it plainer, it is certain that many of the oldest and solidest words we use were originally generated from the daring and license of slang. In the processes of word-formation myriads die, but here and there the attempt attracts superior meanings, becomes valuable and indispensable, and lives forever. Thus the term *right* means literally only straight. *Wrong* primarily meant twisted, distorted. *Integrity* meant oneness. *Spirit* meant breath, or flame. A *supercilious* person was one who raised his eyebrows. To *insult* was to leap against. If you *influenced* a man, you but flowed into him. The Hebrew word which is translated prophesy meant to bubble up and pour forth as a fountain. The enthusiast bubbles up with the Spirit of God within him, and it pours forth from him like a fountain. The word prophecy is misunderstood. Many suppose that it is limited to mere prediction; that is but the lesser portion