

AN ELECTORAL HARDSHIP AND ANOMALY.

Among the results of the late elections in Ohio, none are more interesting to the outsider than their bearing on the future of Senator THURMAN. That gentleman's term expires in March, 1881. The Legislature which elects his successor, and which has itself just been elected, meets during the course of the present year. This Legislature being Republican, will choose a Republican Senator and Mr. THURMAN who is a Democrat will be left out in the cold. In nine cases out of ten, as Senators go these days, there would probably be no harm in this change, but in the case of Mr. THURMAN, the substitution assumes the proportion of a national misfortune. Judge THURMAN is one of the two or three great men in the United States at present, a tribute which is cheerfully given Democrats and Republicans alike. In the Senate, he has kept alive as far as might be, the traditions of CLAY, WEBSTER and CALHOUN, while his moderation and tact have done more to keep down the bad feeling of the civil war than any other single agency that we can think of. Yet in spite of all these merits Mr. THURMAN is practically ruled out of public life, for according to American practice, every member of the Senate or of the House of Representatives must necessarily be a resident of his State or County. It is not right to conclude that this meaningless exclusivism has been a persistent cause of the mediocrity of American statesmanship. In England and on the Continent, the whole country is open to the services of public men and in Canada we should be poorly off indeed if we restricted our representation within the limitations of residence. The cry has often been raised here, but generally with scant effect, both Liberals and Conservatives recognizing its absurdity and injustice.

Following out this idea, we may refer to an article by HORACE WHITE in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, in which this authoritative writer says that the Constitution of the United States is made up of checks and balances. Harmony of the different branches of Government was not contemplated by its framers. "It has to deal with the fact that everybody is a statesman and a political economist, or capable of becoming such at the shortest notice. The doctrine of rotation in office is too prevalent and it not unfrequently happens that an excellent Senator or representative is turned out merely because he has held office for the customary period, and another elected because he has never held office at all."

As a whole, our Canadian parliamentary, governmental and administrative institutions being founded upon English practice and precedent work smoothly enough, but where there is anything anomalous, it is precisely in those departments which are peculiar to ourselves as a Confederation. We allude first to the Legislative Councils in the provinces. The use of these has always been problematical, with the experience of Ontario against them, and after what has lately happened at Quebec, we believe the number is immensely lessened of those who still uphold this branch of legislation. We may refer also to the Federal Senate which is a larger subject and more open to argument. During the late Liberal administration, the Senate was liberally made use of and some of the best editorial friends of the party were admitted thereto, but since its downfall, Mr. MACKENZIE has announced that he will probably make this one of the prominent points of future debate. One thing is certain, the Senate is safe so long as the Conservatives remain in power.

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

A NEW-FASHIONED TOAST.

At the banquet given to Grant in Chicago on Thursday night by the Army of the Tennessee, Mark Twain was called upon to respond to the toast of "The Babies; as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities." Mr. Clemens said: "I like that. We

have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been Generals or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything. If you will stop and think a minute—if you go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life and recollect your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a great deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You become his lackey—his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of machinery of tactics, and that was the double quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounded in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread, but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop—you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and got it. When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? Not you. You went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your mental office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff—just to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk—a touch of sugar to modify the colic—and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff. And how many things you learned as you went along. Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book, that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh! you were under good discipline, and, as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform, you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing "Rock-a-by baby in the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbours, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. (Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair.) Twins amount to a permanent riot. And there is not any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive, and let us hope it may, will be floating over a republic numbering over 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of state will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething; think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it too. In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but little interest, poor little chap! and wondering what has become of the other one they call the wet-nurse. In another the future great historian is lying—and doubtless will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early, and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grand-deurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying

to find some way to get his big toe into his mouth—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded."

LIFE TO BE PROLONGED BY PROGRESSIVE ABSORPTION OF LEMONS.

According to Dr. Wilhelm Schmoele whose voluminous treatise, entitled "Makrobiotik and Eubank, two scientific methods for the prolongation and embellishment of human life," has recently been subjected to somewhat severe criticism in the German press, one of the four great natural secrets that have baffled investigation for at least a score of centuries has at length been discovered. This precious liquor, gifted with the inestimable faculty of protracting existence for an indefinite term—the panacea for the greatest of those ills that flesh is heir to, death—is no cunning distillation of weird and costly drugs, no essence of the dreadful broth brewed by witches from such grisly "stock" as juice of toad and oil of adder. It is a fluid with which all are familiar, chiefly in convivial associations with hot water, sugar, and a more or less copious modicum of alcohol. Blended with these materials, humanity has hitherto gratefully acknowledged its genial and exhilarating qualities, little dreaming that infinitesimal doses of immortality were floating *perdu* among the aromatic contents of the punch bowl. It was reserved to Dr. Schmoele to gladden the world with the disclosure that lemon juice is the *elixir vite*. To rival the patriarchs in numbers of years, to blunt the edge of Death's sickle in such sort that it shall not avail to sever the slenderest of life threads, all that the aspirant to immoderate longevity has to do is to absorb a sufficient quantity of lemon juice daily; or, better still, to eat a fixed number of lemons, having relation to his or her age or sex, every morning and evening. Dr. Schmoele's work contains the most elaborate and exhaustive rules for the practice of the lemon treatment, which may be commenced with equal certainty of ulterior success at any time of life. The professor also adduces several instances of the efficacy with which the consumption of lemons stimulates aged persons to evade the assaults of the phantom on the pale horse. He is as yet unable to mention one case in which the inhibition of lemon juice has enabled any human being to live forever; but he confidently hopes, in future ages far remote, to supply posterity with an illustration, in his own person, of his theory that "He who eat lemons enough need never die." Fulfilling a living example of indisputable immortality, such as would carry conviction to the soul of the most hardened skeptic, Dr. Schmoele directs our attention to the celebrated painter, Count Waldeck, who died in Paris a short time ago at the somewhat advanced age of 120 years. The professor seems to fancy that this tough artist proves the correctness of the above quoted theory, because Count Waldeck was in the habit, every spring-tide, of devouring huge quantities of horse radish soaked in lemon juice. "It was not horse radish," says Dr. Schmoele, "but the lemon juice, that prolonged his life for so many years." But we have only the professor's word for the truth of this postulate. It may be that the vehement pungency of the horse radish kept Count Waldeck's vital spark aglow for such an inordinate length of time, and that the secret of immortality lurks within that fiery root. Besides, the count died after all, so that the lemon-juice or horseradish, or both combined, only enabled him to stave off the evil day for a period of time which, considered in relation to eternity, cannot but be accounted as brief and unimportant.

"Makrobiotik and Eubank" teaches us what we are to do in the way of swallowing lemon-juice in order to attain an age to which that of Methuselah was, so to speak, more immature adolescence. To ladies over 40 and under 50, commencing citrionian system, he prescribes two lemons per diem, while gentlemen between those ages must "assimilate" at least three lemons daily. Between 50 and 60 the dose for ladies is set down at three, for gentlemen at four lemons a day. One lemon more per diem is ordained to each sex for every additional decade, so that centenarians must consume, if women, their eight lemons daily, if men, no fewer than nine.

OCTOBER GALES AT SEA.

While the past month maintained its reputation as a breeder of storms on the ocean, the casualties and damages, so far as heard from, were far below those of former years. Shortly after eight o'clock on the night of the 29th ult., when the Inman steamer *City of Brussels* was about fifty miles off Sable Island, she was caught in a cyclone which raged with terrific force for four hours, the waves breaking completely over the high bulwarks of the vessel. The officers were obliged to cling to the railings of the bridge to escape being swept overboard. The steamer *State of Georgia* encountered a storm on the 28th off Newfoundland, in which Captain Smith was obliged to heave-to until the next day. Fourteen days were occupied by the North German Lloyd steamer *Weser* in making the trip from Southampton to New York, the passage being an unusually stormy one throughout.

Officers of the steamships *Abana*, from Cardiff; *Bristol*, of the Hull line; *Britannic*, of

the White Star line; *Mercator*, of the Belgian line, and the British steamer *France*, reported strong gales on the 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and very difficult passages, but no serious losses. Nearly all the sailing-vessels that arrived at New York a fortnight ago reported similar experiences. Captain Higgins, of the bark *Julia*, from Marseilles, says on October 28th, off George's Banks, a heavy westerly gale set in and lasted for forty-eight hours. In the meantime the vessel was hoisted to under low topsails and staysail. The seas were very heavy, and the bark shipped great quantities of water. One of the topsails was blown away before it could be taken in. The ship *Harvester*, from London, was sixteen days on this side of the banks of Newfoundland, with head winds. On October 30th, in latitude 40 degrees and longitude 60 degrees, a terrific gale was met. The wind came from the west, and the gale continued without any abatement for twenty-four hours. The wind and sea then went down somewhat, but a hard gale was still blowing, and it lasted for three days. Captain Pennell, of the brig *Beatrice*, from Rio Janeiro, says that he was nine days north of Cape Hatteras, beating his way against heavy head gales. During the last ten days of her passage the bark *Hunts County* met with nothing but a succession of strong westerly gales. The schooner *J. D. Robinson*, from Rouen, was nineteen days west of the Banks, with severe westerly storms. The ship *Spartan*, from Liverpool, experienced a cyclone on September 22nd, which was so violent that the lower sails, set at the time, were blown from the bolt-ropes. Although the upper sails had been snugly furled, they were blown from their gaskets and lost. The steamships *Bothia*, *Croft*, and *Falsterland*, which arrived on November 4th, met with heavy weather.

FASHION NOTES.

BOURETTE goods, which were so fashionable last season, are old style now. The demand is for goods with smooth surfaces, no matter how variegated the colorings may be.

New jet buttons for coats of satin or velvet are of smooth, polished jet the size of a silver half dollar, and are sewed on through two gold-rimmed eyes that ornament the centre.

NECK ruchings of lace have four rows, sewed to a narrow band or a row of narrow lace insertion. Two platings stand around the neck, and two fall outside the dress.

New house sacks are made of pale blue, cream or white cloth of smooth surface, and are trimmed with a row of wide gallow in the richest Oriental colours and designs.

HUMOROUS.

AN Iowa farmer fired at a quail and shot a tramp. What Iowa wants is more quail.

IT is a wise paragrapher that knows his own joke after it has been gone a week or two.

THE soldiers who retreat are those who come out of the contest with flying colours.

MONTREAL makes her streets for car horses last ten years. The passengers wear out in about seven.

EVEN if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf.

A CONNECTICUT small boy has written a composition on the horse, in which he says it is an animal on four legs, "one at each corner."

A two-year-old, who was asked where he proposed to sit during family prayers, promptly replied, "With my heavenly Father."

"LIFE is full of golden opportunities," remarks a philosopher. It is, it is; but they aren't worth their face when you try to cash them.

THE best cure we know of for insomnia is a cheerful bed-room, a flickering fire, the recollections of a good joke and a little something hot.

A MUSTARD plaster is a good thing in its place, but the best place, as far as experience goes, is to have the mustard plaster on a ham sandwich.

DR. TUPPER, the proverbial philosopher, asks: "Where are the pure, the noble and the meek?" Travelling doctor, travelling on their cheek. If that's not the answer to your conundrum we give it up.

WHAT has become of the good old days when a greenhorn travelling by rail could buy a 25 cents package containing 50 articles worth \$1 each and then find a gold breast-pin weighing a pound and a half besides?

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman. "Only shoot a little ways." "Is it four, six, eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yes, I think it is," serenely replied the unmoved gate-keeper.

"Yes," said Jones, "I was at the church to-day and enjoyed it profoundly." "Ah," remarked his pious landlady, "I didn't see you; on which side of the church did you sit?" "Ahem—ahem—well—yes—ahem!"—stammered the disconcerted boarder, "I sat on the outside."

"My son is a good boy and would succeed in life, but he won't make an endeavour," said a fond parent to his neighbour. "What, no endeavour?" "Well, hardly endeavour." Their pistols were discharged at each other simultaneously with fatal effect, and now they both sleep in one grave.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and when then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just the kind of thing they'd like."

WAGGOS went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the seats all occupied, said, in a low tone: "Why this car isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggos took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned: "You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggos, "but it is now."