

that he might be able to curb and appease this exponent of free trade, who had vowed that until there was a free Government he should pay no duty on imported goods. When the goods arrived, young Schultz in person defended them at the landing ferry. The next day his half-brother sheriff entered the doctor's warehouse to put execution on the goods, but the first bale he touched, he was collared by the physician, and another instant saw the worthy relative-officer sprawling on the floor, and glad he was to exit and make himself scarce. Instances of this kind are too many to mention now. Sir John Schultz was a warm friend to the Indians, and they rewarded him, for in the first election after the Union their votes, though illegal in a sense, returned him to the Dominion Parliament. My Company opposed him strenuously, but their man was as small as Mr. Schultz was big, and, as I said, the Indian vote sent him to Ottawa a conquering hero. But, nevertheless, in time all their 'land became Pharaoh's.' Mr. Campbell says that the Company and Sir John became quite friendly in later years, a fact he seems particularly pleased to note.

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Are Newspapers Interesting?

YES. Newspapers are very interesting—so, at least, says the English Spectator. They may not be trustworthy. They may not always be conducted or written in the very best taste; but they are decidedly interesting. It is said that there are people who, for instance, can read all they want to read in The Times in the space of one hour, whilst others need two. But to read The Times from beginning to end would take a great deal longer than that. There was an old gentleman (and he may have had many partners) who regularly read the whole of The Times, from the first line to the last, advertisements and all, every day. When we remember that the contents of one number of The Times would fill an ordinary octavo volume of 400 pages, we see what a work was here accomplished.

But, of course, we are not thinking of advertisements, when we speak of newspapers being interesting; although, indeed, a good many advertisements are decidedly interesting and even amusing, even as some others are distinctly exasperating. To have our feelings harrowed, for example, by a narrative of some admirable clergyman's only and beloved daughter being brought to the brink of the grave, and then to find that the whole thing is a puff of Dr. Bill's Purple Pills, or of the South African decoction of hops, is too much of a good thing. But no one can deny the beauty of the blower of soap-bubbles who advertises Pears' soap; and we experience an additional pleasure in using that admirable aid to cleanliness and health when we remember how it has been commended to us. We did not reflect, when we began this paragraph, that we were about to give Mr. Pears an advertisement gratis; but he is welcome to it.

Among the elements of interest in modern newspapers The Spectator, quoting a speech of Mr. Morley's, mentions reviews. And it must be acknowledged that many of these are admirable, and, in some respects, very superior to those of former times. Very seldom indeed do contemporary journals give way to the personal aversions which were too often, in former days, expressed in violent vituperation of political or ecclesiastical adversaries. Commonly reviews are now fair. Not always, but, for the most part, as fair as they can be expected to be, considering the points of view of reviewer and reviewed. The London papers are generally admirable in this respect; the New York and Boston papers not quite so good. Our own Toronto papers claim a high place in this respect. We read the reviews of the

Mail and Globe with general agreement and approval, and almost always with the feeling that the writers are competent and careful; and this is much.

But we have lingered too long over this department. The most interesting part of the newspaper is that which contains the local, national, and foreign news. And we do not hesitate to say that the manner in which this news is presented to us in the newspapers shows an immense capacity for collection, selection, condensation, and presentation. We pass from paragraph to paragraph, hardly thinking what literary instincts are at work, what an amount of experience is displayed, when we get the very thing that we want about England, the Continent of Europe, Asia, Africa, the United States, and all in a form so compact, and yet without being dry, that we have spent but a very limited period of time over it.

The Spectator wants the newspapers to give more information respecting the distant countries and personages whom they describe; but we do not find them lacking in that way. When a comparatively unknown country is in question, they give us maps. When a personage hitherto unknown emerges, they give us biographies, and even portraits. And sometimes these portraits are remarkably, wonderfully good, if at other times they are a terror to the originals and their wives.

Take again the reports of public meetings. Sometimes, no doubt, they are bad, imperfect, incorrect. But generally they are surprisingly good. Some of us have complained of reports of our speeches. Should we like to be reported *verbatim*? This was once done for a gentleman who complained. It is said that when he read this reproduction of his public utterances he never spoke in public again. And how often have we blessed the reporter in our hearts, when we have seen how mercifully he cut out our vain repetitions and re-adjusted our unfinished sentences!

We do not generally read the stories in newspapers, but we believe that they are very good, and evidently there are people who read them, or they would not be provided. One thing at least is certain, that newspapers can, for this purpose, command the best literary talent of the day. If Walter Scott or Dickens were now alive, they might be selling their novels in slices to syndicates (is that the right word?) in England, America, and throughout the world. We are not sorry, however, that we read Scott in volumes, or Dickens in the famous monthly parts with the illustrations of Phiz.

In one respect the newspapers are getting better, although they are not yet perfect—we mean in their reports of public, and especially political, meetings. From an impartial point of view—which we have a right to demand in reports—speeches should be reported according to their excellence and importance. This has not been done. A Tory paper glorifies a noodle on its own side and damns an eloquent Whig with faint praise, and the Whig paper returns the compliment. If you read the one, you would think that all the eloquence and applause were on one side. If you read the other, you would think just the reverse. This is mean, and it is also silly—the “last infirmity” of a mind not quite “noble,” but getting nobler. If the newspapers would learn to give fair play in their reports (we do not expect it in their comments), if they would curtail a little their narratives of horrors, if they would never give us the autobiographies of murderers, even when they are true, which they never have been, and never will be—if they would amend in these and some minor particulars, they would come very near to being classical literature, as indeed they are now a great deal more interesting than much which bears that illustrious name.