

grounds of public morality they entertained to Mr. Blaine. Mr. Cleveland may not have always done what they would have wished: as the nominee of a party, he has had to give way a good deal to party demands and considerations. But they must know that he has done his best, and that his cause, on the whole, is the cause of purity and reform. Whether the country and public morality will be preferred to Party by a number of citizens sufficient to re-elect Mr. Cleveland is a question, the answer to which will be expected with the utmost anxiety by all well-wishers of the Republic.

SOCIETY, charity, and art at Toronto alike lament the departure of Mrs. Alexander Cameron, who has taken up her residence at New York.

ON the inauguration of the Statue of Liberty at New York:

From Marat's land to Tweed's abode I roam,
An exile still. Where shall I find a home?

S.

Paris.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* is responsible for the astounding statement that the wages of the negroes at the South is "over 100 per cent. less" than that of whites at the North. How this can be is a puzzle. Manifestly, if you take 100 per cent. from a sum you leave nothing: does the *Tribune*, or Mr. Blaine, for whom it speaks, mean to tell us that the wages of the negroes is less than nothing?

THERE is a delightful specimen of the best French humour in Daudet's "Tartarin sur les Alpes," where, a party being in a crevasse, a suicidal Swede among them hangs by one listless hand at the head of the line, discussing the temptation to pitch off into the abyss, while Tartarin (aware that if one goes all go) expends his best eloquence in combatting the untimely pessimism of his neighbour.

THE handsome gift to the University College of \$2,000 by an anonymous donor, to found a scholarship in the Natural Sciences, must be very gratifying to the friends of the College; and the perpetual association with this scholarship of the name of the learned President of the College is a fitting recognition of the long and devoted services rendered to it and the cause of higher education by Professor Daniel Wilson.

MUCH religious agitation has been caused in India, and ill-feeling between the Hindoos and Mahomedans, by the alleged adulteration (with pigs' fat) of butter for the use of the Mahomedans; and this agitation culminated on Oct. 7 in a riot at Delhi, in which several persons were killed. Greased cartridges brought about the Sepoy Mutiny: and in view of the inflammability that seems always to prevail, it would be interesting to know how the Home Rule proposed as a substitute for the present Government, by the Indian babus, who pretend to represent all India in London, will keep these races from flying at one another's throats?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ottawa Journal*, who is described by that journal as a well-known and respected Liberal, and an adherent of the present Liberal (Repeal) Ministry, has this to say of the attitude of the Ministry: "It is impossible to say what the platform of the Liberal Party here will be. The Repeal cry in the local elections was largely an election kite. A few leading men were sincere, but the majority were not. The fact is, the Liberals are afraid to run the Dominion elections on the Repeal cry, not because they fear the results of an appeal to the people, but for what their position would be afterwards. It will undoubtedly be brought into the campaign, but whether they are enough in earnest to make it a vital issue, I am doubtful."

WE have several times of late observed most practical and sensible suggestions relating to Canada and colonial matters made through the columns of the *Times*, by Captain Edward Palliser; and in the issue of the 20th ult., we find another which strikes us as being very well worth attention: "Now," he says, "that the autumn manœuvres of foreign armies are attracting attention I am afforded the looked-for opportunity of pointing out the advantage it would be to the Empire if Australian and Canadian officers were invited by the Imperial Government to represent England on such occasions. Having served on the Staff during the late campaign in Canada, I can say that the Empire would be worthily represented. There would be no lack of means, style, and knowledge of languages. No doubt Australia is ready to say the same. It would be a new feature in the military aspect of England, proving to foreign Powers that this country does not now stand alone."

SONNET.—RETROSPECTION.

HAD I but measured by the midnight oil
The hours that have most foolishly been spent
In mad carouse and careless merriment,
Fame might have recompensed the nightly toil,
And of my Soul Sin's fingers should not soil
With fatal touch the fairness innocent;
Nor would I stagger, like an old man bent
Beneath the weight of years, from this recoil.

Lost years of youth! how beautiful ye seem,
As from life's length of faith and fear we look;
How doth Remorse reproach us that we took
The first false step that stirr'd us from the dream!
One sorrow vain for all is born of that fair scene—
That we might be but now the men we might have been.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SAUNTERINGS.

HAS it occurred to nobody, in his struggles to keep abreast of the tide of new activity that sets in fiction, as in every other department of modern thought, to cast one deploring glance over his shoulder at the lovely form of the heroine of old-time, drifting fast and far into oblivion? It would be strange indeed if we did not regret her, this daughter of the lively imagination of a bygone day. By long familiarity, how dear her features grew! Having heard of her blue eyes, with what zestful anticipation we foreknew the golden hair, the rosebud mouth, the faintly-flushed, ethereal cheek, and the pink sea-shell that was privileged to do auricular duty in catching the never-ceasing murmur of adoration that beat about the feet of the blonde maiden! Wotting of her ebon locks, with what subtle prescience we guessed the dark and flashing optics, the alabaster forehead, the lips curved in fine scorn, the regal height, and the very unapproachable demeanour of the brunette! The fact that these startling differences were purely physical, that the lines of their psychical construction ran sweetly parallel, never interfered with our joyous interest in them as we breathlessly followed their varying fortunes from an auspicious beginning, through harrowing vicissitudes, to a blissful close. So that her ringlets were long enough, and her woes deep enough, and her conduct under them marked by a beautiful resignation and the more becoming forms of grief, it never occurred to us to cavil at the object of Algernon's passion, because her capabilities were strictly limited to making love and Oriental landscapes in Berlin wool. Her very feminine attributes were invariably forthcoming; and if the author by any chance forgot to particularise the sweetness of her disposition, the neatness of her *boudoir*—they all had *boudoirs*—or the twining nature of her affections, we unconsciously supplied the deficiency, and thought no less respectfully of Araminta. She was very wooden, this person for whom gallant youths attained remarkable heights of self-sacrifice, and villains intrigued in vain; her virtues and her faults alike might form part of the intricate and expensive interior of a Paris doll; and we loved her perhaps with the unmeaning love of infancy for its toys. She was the painted pivot of the merry-go-round—it could not possibly revolve, with its exciting episodes, without her; yet her humble presence bore no striking relation to the mimic pageant that went on about her. She vanished with the last page, ceased utterly with the sound of her wedding-bells; and we remembered for a little space, not the maiden, but the duels in her honour, the designs upon her fortune, and the poetic justice that overtook her calumniators.

But extinction in time overtook this amiable damsel. Mere complexion began to be considered an insufficient basis upon which to erect a character worthy of public attention in the capacity of a heroine. So we were introduced to the young creature of "parts"—the parts consisting of an immoderate desire to investigate the wisdom of the ancients, as Plato has expressed it, an insatiable appetite for metaphysical conversation, and a lofty contempt for the frivolities of her sex. To keep the balance between these somewhat laudable peculiarities and proper womanly accomplishments, she was usually invested with a powerful and melodious vocal organ, whose minor notes frequently depressed her frivolous associates of the drawing room to tears, and reduced the hitherto invincible heart of the interesting woman-hater of the volume to instant and abject submission. To preserve the unities, charms of feature and philosophical tendencies being somewhat incompatible, she was given a rather wide mouth, and a forehead too high and thoughtful for beauty's strict requirements; while her dark expressive eyes and straight nose sufficed to secure our regard from an æsthetic standpoint. Then came that daring innovator who gave us a countenance all out of line, with freckles on it, a look of restless