

which Professor Goldwin Smith bases his pseudo-epigram about "the inkstains of malignity and libel." Inkstains of malignity and libel! Is Mr. Sheppard the only conductor of a public newspaper in this city who has been compelled to suffer the consequences of having published a libellous article? We seem to remember a modern instance where a weekly paper of lofty pretensions—a paper conducted by a distinguished Professor—was compelled to pay through the nose for having given publicity to a particularly senseless and contemptible libel upon a professional gentleman named John A. Macdonnell. We seem to have heard that a good many hundreds of dollars were handed over to the plaintiff in that case by way of hush-money. We also have a tolerably distinct recollection of an apology of the most humble, not to say servile character, which the weekly paper in question was compelled to publish in consideration of the discontinuance of the action. The humble pie which the Professor was compelled to eat on that occasion must have been far from appetizing. In good sooth, it must have been exceedingly bitter. At all events, it was very dirty, and seems to have still further befouled a stomach which has never been in a very wholesome condition.

To speak in all seriousness: Has Professor Goldwin Smith any idea of the true light in which he stands before an Ontario audience, when he sets up to cast his little mites of impertinence and ill-temper at all and sundry who may happen to have incurred the honour of his personal resentment? It is not with unmixed complacency that one can contemplate the attitude of this self-elected censor of his fellow-men. It is sad for those who can recall what he might have been to see him where he actually is. When he first settled in this country there were many Canadians who anticipated great things from his residence among us. It was known that he was personally a man of unblemished character; that he was the possessor of learning and attainments; that he could—and did—boast a wide knowledge of affairs; that he was full of ideas; that he wrote excellent English, and wielded a vigorous pen. Such a man, it was hoped, would give an impetus to the political and literary thought of Young Canada. The presence in this community of one so endowed must, it was said, make for the public good. How have those high hopes been realized? Alas, that the fulfilment should have fallen so far short of expectation! How we tried to like him! How we deferred to his judgments, which were often shallow and unconsidered! How we listened to his interminable monologues about everybody and everything! And above all, how utterly has he disappointed us! Scarcely had he gained a settlement among us ere it began to be apparent that whatever capacity for good there might be in him was more than neutralized by an acidity of stomach, an infirmity of temper and a height of intellectual arrogance which not only disqualified him for the dignified place of a teacher, but actually unfitted him for close or continuous intercourse with his kind. He successively involved himself in quarrels with Lord Dufferin, Dr.

Ryerson, George Brown, George Brown's brother Gordon, T. C. Patteson, and indeed with pretty nearly every other public man with whom he came in contact. He established one paper after another as his personal organ, to vent his bile upon those who had offended him. He lost no opportunity of stabbing his opponents, living or dead. To this day he periodically assails the memory of George Brown and Dr. Ryerson, who are no longer here to answer him, as they certainly did most effectually during their respective lives. It has been the same with literary men. From the days of Mr. Davin down to the epoch of his latest editor, he has managed to quarrel with every one who has been brought into personal relations with him. His literary enterprises, one and all, have been failures of the most dismal kind. So long as he chose to keep them going out of his own bank account, he could send them to press and offer them for sale; but he could never succeed in inducing the public to buy. One after another has gone to the wall. He may try to galvanize their dry bones into life by offering prizes for orations and poems on the Queen's Jubilee, but it is safe to predict that the duration of any journalistic enterprise of his will simply depend upon how deeply he is prepared to dip his hands into his private purse.

WHAT a spectacle for a man of learning, wealth and social position to offer to the public among whom he has cast his lot! Why cannot he cultivate a spirit of peace and goodwill? Why cannot he rid himself of his miserable self-consciousness, which makes him continually whisper to himself: "They call this man as great as me?" Above all, why does he not cease his interminable bickerings with his fellow authors, and try to be of some real use in the world? And he seems to think that he ought to be permitted to vent his sour eructations without remonstrance. He is to hurl his boomerang right and left, and his victims are to submit in tame silence. He is to enjoy a monopoly of libel. Anyone who takes up the gauntlet which he has cast down is to be gibbeted as a "malignant" and a "libeller." And all the while he seems to have no perception of incongruity. He is as innocently unconscious as Raspé makes Baron Munchausen, when that worthy objects to the tales of travellers upon the ground that travellers are such devilish liars. Really, this is too much. It is time that some one should set him up a glass in which he shall behold himself as he is. Inkstains of malignity and libel forsooth! Inkstains of a pudding's end! There are other and deeper stains than these. There are stains left upon the heart and mind by a cloudy despondency and self-conceit—the product of a morbid uneasy egoism which is always at war with itself, and which knows no more of charity than the hyena in sight of the open grave.

THIS Canada of ours is coming to the front of late in various directions. Just now it seems to be among the possibilities that the honour of discovering the North Pole has been reserved for a Canadian. Possibilities, be it understood—not probabilities. Mr. Alexander MacArthur, of