

tions corrupt good manners' to translate, I fear our conversation in this language will be more stilted than useful." Lady Dufferin, continues *St. James's Gazette*, quotes some delightful examples of English as she is spoke by the natives. The extract from the schoolboy's essay on Riches and Wealth is a masterpiece:—"The rich man welters in crimson, while the poor man snorts on silk." Then there is the letter ending "You have been very kind to me, and may God Almighty give you tit for tat;" and the other letter addressed to Colonel Ewan Smith, and beginning "Honoured enormity." It was the same spirit of Oriental politeness that led the native servant to say, when asked what sport his master had been enjoying, "The Judge Sahib shot beautifully, but God very merciful to the birds."—*Lady Dufferin's "Journals."*

A POEM OF PASSION.

Adapted to latitude 42.21, north; longitude 71.3, west.

My Emerson is on the shelf, my Browning on the floor;
The abstract entity of self is lost forevermore.

No sleep at lectures now I take; in church I barely doze;
O'er Tolstoi's page I keep awake, or mildly comatose.

There comes no salutary balm from psychical research;
Theosophy, which once could calm, has left me in the lurch.

In vain I seek to drown my care in copious draughts of tea,
At Afternoons and Evenings, where should dwell philosophy.

How can I win thy well-kept heart, thy perfect, pulseless hand?
Teach me to play a lover's part which thou wilt understand.

For thee I'd cut my flowing locks, my club, my nearest friend,
Buddha abjure, turn Orthodox, abide in the South End.

Be just like any common man . . . But, pshaw! my words
are wild;

I hold the gray Chicagoan below the Boston child!

Some day, when even Ibsen fails to be misunderstood,
Thy heart may know what grief assails the Beautiful and Good!

—James Jeffrey Roche.

ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS.

THERE has been a somewhat brisk correspondence lately, in the (London) *Athenæum*, with regard to the sale of autographs of celebrities. Provided the letters do not contain any private matter, or anything that the writer would desire not to be made public, I cannot see that it can do any harm. As the copyright of any letter is the property of the writer and not the receiver, its publication can at once be stopped should it appear to be desirable. This course in special instances has frequently been taken. The author of "Adam Bede" used to have printed on top of her letter paper, "You are particularly requested to burn this letter when read." And probably if most letters were burned directly they were answered, it would save a great deal of trouble to everybody. But people will not, as a general rule, carry out this excellent precept. I believe there is a kind of ink, known to chemists, which will, in the course of a week or two, fade away altogether and leave nothing but a sheet of blank paper. People who dislike their letters being hawked about might use this to advantage. But, after all, autograph hunting, within decent limits, is a very harmless amusement. The only drawback with regard to a celebrity's letters is that he, the manufacturer, so to speak, gets no profit on their sale. I know a case of a popular author who saw a letter of his advertised for five shillings. He went to the dealer, looked at the letter, and asked how much had been given for it. He was told four shillings. Whereupon the author offered to supply the dealer with as many as he pleased at half-a-crown apiece. This seems to be a sensible and purely business view of the transaction, but the dealer did not seem to think that letters written to order would have so ready a sale as those acquired in promiscuous fashion.—*J. Ashby Sterry, in Book Buyer.*

SCPTICISM ABOUT ONESELF.

HALF the scepticism about functions is nothing but distaste for a duty which has become disagreeable, but which nevertheless ought to be done. The man's hand has grown too weak for the wheel, and therefore the ship is to be left rudderless. He can cling on and die clinging, but that is exactly what he will not do; and in that absence of the power of self sacrifice is the condemnation of the thought, partly born of self-distrust, partly of distrust of any higher power, which has paralysed his energy. We suppose it is thought which produces these hesitations of our day. Shakespeare thought so, and he knew human nature as we cannot pretend to do; but it sometimes occurs to us that it may not be thought at all. There may be forms of moral cowardice as independent of thought as physical cowardice is sometimes of the will, and almost as much exempt from responsibility. Men admire strength, and have studied it, and know even how to generate it; but they have been neither so patient nor so observant about weakness. We suspect that there are a good many men like the poet Cowper, who literally could not face his position as Clerk of the House of Lords, and, long be-

fore his mind had given way, threw it up in a fit of self-distrusting horror. That was not a result of thought at all, but, if he was sane, of a weakness exactly corresponding in the mind to cowardice in the physical nature. It is a quality to be lamented over, and sometimes pitied; but it is never praiseworthy. Indeed, it never is praised, except by those who like its results, and who, desiring change, see that, under the operation of this dread of responsibility, this uncertainty as to duty, this doubt whether anything but renunciation can ever be right, no stable thing can exist. The man who does not believe in his own functions, be they king's or beadle's, is certain to be partially useless, and though he may be sometimes an enlightened man, unable not to see the ridiculous aspect of his crown or his red coat, he may be also, and usually is, much of a moral coward. Nine times out of ten, the work you have to do is work you ought not to shirk, and to leave that work undone because of faint inner hesitations, especially if you never act on them when all is smooth, is nothing but shirking, which would be discreditable, but that the whole world is doubtful whether any man has a right to anything, even to the position in which Providence has obviously placed him.—*Spectator.*

MRS. DELAND'S "FLORIDA DAYS."

IMAGINE a poet sitting down in a reverie and dreaming in the yellow sunshine till his reveries all turn to gold, and the gold takes the shape of tropic everglades, towering palms, rivers winding in and out of shadow and of light, and sea glimmering on the horizon's circle, a land humid and yet lit with all the glamour of the South, a population ungirt and warm-coloured and picturesquely and statuesquely lazy; a land of *hidalgos*, canebrake, and sunshine, and sluggish rivers; and suppose you called this reverie, with all its poetry hanging like Spanish moss about it, "Florida Days."—*Critic.*

WHAT IS GOOD?

"WHAT is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE WAGE SYSTEM TOTTERING.

WHEN a system is seen by good men of all classes in a democracy to be unjust and inequitable, nothing can save it. It is now plain that the wage system makes a commodity of the bodies and souls of the workers, that it makes them shamefully dependent on the will and whim of an individual employer, in no way better than themselves, for the mere privilege of working for a living, and that it leaves them in horrible insecurity. This view is one of the fruits of evolution, for a short time ago the working classes themselves were not aware of any injustice in the system. The trades unions of England have been engaged in a sufficient number of strikes, but all that they contended for was a better situation under the system of wages. Now they have become self-conscious, conscious of their organity as human beings, and therefore all their organizations denounce, and are standing protests against, that system. And they have got allies everywhere. Read the pastoral of the bishops of the Episcopal Church, read at the close of their late convention: "It is a fallacy to look upon the labour of men, women and children as a commercial commodity, to be bought and sold as an inanimate and irresponsible thing. The heart and soul of a man cannot be bought or hired for money in any market, and to act as if they were not needed in the world's vast works is unchristian and unwise." This is socialist doctrine. What shall we say to the fact that Wm. H. Mallock, the anti-socialist writer, is brought by logic over to our side. In a late paper of his he says: "The loss of security is the real injury to the modern labourer. To be discharged means to be cut off from society, thrust out of all connection with civilization, and this makes want of employment a real torture to him." And then—oh, marvel!—he goes on to advocate that the workmen shall be made into an "estate of the realm, that is to say, that trades unions shall be legally incorporated, shall embrace all the workers in the trades and speak with authority for them, and distribute that work there is to be done among their members. This," he says, "is the only way to lift the masses into a recognized and permanent place in the solid structure of the commonwealth." No Socialist could go any farther; such a plan would effectually do away with the "scab." And Charles F. Adams, as president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, has in a recent paper pronounced in

favour of a scheme that goes far in the same direction. He wants to see all the employees of railroads organized, with power to elect a board that shall see to it that all employees are sure of their positions during good behaviour, and also sure of due promotion, and shall settle all grievances. That means that in the future employers will not be permitted to carry on "their" business just to suit themselves, simply because it is not "their" own business exclusively; and that, again, means that the wage system is tottering.—*Lawrence Grünlund, in the Arena for January.*

THE PROPHECY OF MAJOR ROBERT CARMICHAEL-SMYTH.

IN volume 8 of the Pamphlets on Canada, in the Library of McGill College, is one with the following title page:—

THE EMPLOYMENT
of the
PEOPLE AND CAPITAL OF GREAT BRITAIN
IN HER OWN COLONIES,
explained in
A LETTER
from
MAJOR ROBERT CARMICHAEL-SMYTH,
to his friend
The Author of "The Clockmaker,"
containing
THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT
of
A BRITISH COLONIAL
RAILWAY COMMUNICATION
between
THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC,
at the same time
ASSISTING EMIGRATION AND PENAL ARRANGEMENTS,
with a map by Wyld.
LONDON:
W. P. METCHIM,
20 Parliament Street.
1849.

IN THE STREETS OF TRIPOLI.

IN the variegated crowd filling the streets scores of types may be distinguished: Arabs of the town, draped in their blankets like Romans in their togas, and, in fact, the "jaram" is the direct descendant of the toga and, judging from its looks, seems to have retained all the dirt of those intervening centuries; others, whose costume consists simply of a flowing robe, generally white, or, to be precise, which was once white! Sometimes this robe is of silk of vivid hue, and the effect of that gay note in a bit of street is like a poppy in a wheat-field. Bedouins, whose limbs, wiry and strongly muscled, shine a superb bronze colour through their scanty coverings, elbow Jews in ridiculous costumes, half native and half European. In a few moments one has met with an infinite variety of negroes, from the pure type almost without nose and with enormous jawbones and huge lips to those whose lineaments are absolutely Caucasian. Porters, in simple tunics corded about the waist, carry heavy swinging bales on long poles resting on their shoulders, cheering their progress the while with an invocation to Allah and his innumerable prophets, chanted by an old man and repeated by the chorus; a true song of savages, bursting forth like a fanfare of trumpets. Veiled women, voluminously wrapped, pass by like ambling bundles of clothes. Officers by scores, those of the new school, stiff but neat, trying to resemble their German confrères, since the fashion in Turkish circles is to imitate the lions of the day; the older officers kindly looking enough, but in what miserable costumes! Moorish dandies stroll and pose languidly about, seemingly absorbed in preserving their immaculate patent-leather slippers from an impertinent flock of dirt. Crafty featured Greeks and Levantines thread their insinuating way among the motley groups. At each step it is a new tableau, and the desire seizes you to stop while the eyes follow a curious type, and turning from it with regret you see ten as interesting.—*From Tripoli of Barbary, by A. F. Jacassay, in January Scribner.*

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.