

before he had provided the first two with even the smallest farms, his ready money would be all gone and his homestead mortgaged; with land selling at 50 or 60 dollars an acre, such a course as this, save for really wealthy farmers is out of the question. Is it not the impulse alike of interest and of affection which prompts him to "pull up stakes," sell his property and establish him in the new portion of our Dominion, where he can provide himself and *all* his sons with comfortable and well furnished farms out of the proceeds of the sale of the one farm in Ontario?

And now we come to the grave charges preferred against Manitoba and the North West. They are presented to us in the following words:—"Where all the profits of his labour will be eaten up in the cost of its transportation to market, and in a bleak, treeless, shelterless, hyperborean prairie region, where, for six months in the year, he will be shut up from all out-door work, and forced for want of firewood to make fuel of the corn raised in summer, to keep his family from freezing to death in the winter."

Now the first of these allegations, viz., that "the cost of transportation eats up all the profits of labour," I purpose examining somewhat minutely, as this "cost of transportation" is perhaps one of the gravest objections which has been urged against the North West Colonization. For this purpose, I shall submit a comparative table, illustrative of the relative profits accruing from 100 acres sown in spring wheat in one of the oldest districts of Ontario and the same amount of land sown in the same crop in Manitoba:—

ONTARIO.		MANITOBA.	
	bushels.		bushels.
Average yield per acre.....	16	Average yield per acre.....	28
Average price per bushel, \$0.90		Average price per bushel, \$0.60	
Total yield.	1,600	Total yield.....	2,800
Total cash return.....	\$1,440	Total cash return.....	\$1,680
Interest on price of land or		Interest on price of land at \$3	
yearly rental.....	400	an acre.....	30
	\$1,040	Clear profit per annum.....	\$1,650

In the above table, cost of labour has been omitted from no ability to bring the relative cost of labour employed in cultivating the crops in Ontario and Manitoba into comparison. One would, however, naturally suppose that, in a country where machinery can be used to almost any extent, this item would stand considerably to the advantage of the Manitoba farmer.

In my next letter I purpose examining the other charges preferred by a "British Immigrant" against North Western Canada. *Canadian.*

MORALITY.

In one of the chapters of her latest work—"Theophrastus Such"—George Eliot complains of the "poor part" which the words "morals" and "morality" are made to play in our modern speech. The complaint is not without foundation, for assuredly our readers must have in their recollection more than one political or commercial scoundrel whom they have heard described, and have perhaps themselves described, as "a moral and religious man in private life." This qualification "in private life" reminds one of certain school histories in which kings who have done pretty nearly everything that kings ought not to do are nevertheless spoken of as "bad kings, indeed, but good men." One would have thought that a "good man" who chanced to find himself in the position of king would feel it to some extent incumbent upon his conscience to endeavour to be as "good a king" as possible. But apparently this is not so, and hence, as George Eliot puts it, "we arrive at the curious result that the most serious wide-reaching duties of man lie quite outside both morality and religion—the one of these consisting in not keeping mistresses (and perhaps not drinking too much) and the other in certain ritual and spiritual transactions with God, which can be carried on side by side with the basest conduct towards men." When we consider the extent to which opinion is governed by language, this degradation of the word "morality" into mere domestic virtue is a very serious evil. Let us call things by their right names. The man who spends his days in manufacturing or selling adulterated goods is not entitled to be described as a moral man merely because he is faithful to his wife and fond of his children. It is positively ludicrous to see the way in which various villains of high and low degree—dishonest statesmen, directors of bubble companies or fraudulent banks, or those smaller rogues the convicted embezzlers or pickpockets, or obtainers of money under false pretences—are wont to sneak behind their wives' petticoats and hold up their children in mitigation of sentence. The family man, the "good father and good husband," seems to think that he is in possession of a patent entitling him to do as much harm as he pleases to the rest of the world. What is far more important is that the world seems to some extent to share his delusion, and to be willing to extend to his crimes, in consideration of his domestic virtues, an amount of mercy to which he is in no wise entitled. One might naturally suppose that it would be with the public morality of public men that the public would most concern itself. But the exact contrary is the case. Rigorous in regard to the private morals of its statesmen, the public allows them a most generous latitude in their public conduct. The detected liar in private life is apt to be blackballed at clubs and cut by his acquaintances.

But we have of late had abundant reason for thinking that the art of saying "the thing that is not" by a public man in regard to public affairs, and with the unquestioned object of deceiving and bamboozling the public, is an art held in high esteem by some of the proudest members of our aristocracy. People cry out, "Go it, Bartle," and "Go it, Lytton," when these men send forth the flame and the sword over the habitations of the wretched Zulus or Afghans. We have a bishop lying in comfortable quarters at Fulham who was raised to the bench and a remarkably nice income upon the strength of a work upon "The Sinfulness of Little Sins." How is it that we never hear any of these "right reverend fathers in God" saying a word in season about the sinfulness of little wars?—*English paper.*

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

It is generally considered by great and wise philosophers that the amount of sin which exists in the world is a constant quantity. It may assume innumerable forms; the savage simplicity of cannibalism, the rugged fierceness of struggling nations, or the voluptuous refinement of civilization; but through all its varieties and modifications the sum-total is ever the same. This is not a flattering creed; but philosophy has said it, therefore the statement must be true.

Women contribute a fair proportion of the good which exists, and also, as becomes members of the human race, make some small additions to the evil. In fact they bear a strong resemblance to sin itself in many of its aspects. Like sin they are constant—like sin they are variable; and like the algebraic symbol x they are utterly unknown. From time to time, indeed, there have been some vague indications of some permanent elements in the constitution of female human nature, but a change in the weather, or in the Parisian fashions, has upset all scientific calculation upon the subject. After a careful examination, however, of an enormous number of single instances, we find that there are data for a couple of generalisations. It is sufficient for our present purpose that women should be divided into two classes. Of course when we descend to details there may be innumerable classes, including schoolmistresses, wives and daughters of ordinary members of Parliament, with such others of the outside public as cannot fairly be considered members of that great world which patronises society journals; but without the details there are two classes: (a) Women of the world. (b) Women of the half-world. Women of the latter class have been so prominently and for so long a time before the public, upon the stage, in photographers' windows and elsewhere, that there remains no new light—not even the electric—which can do aught but obscure the delicate subject. It is somewhat of a grateful task to turn our attention to women of class (a); to those who have never been upon the stage, and are invisible in shop windows, who form the real force in the world, and who are very little before the world. Anyone who has had an opportunity of being acquainted with different classes of society, with intelligence enough to observe things interesting and curious, will not fail to have noticed the following type of character. We refer to that woman who, in the very heart of London and of society, is fortunate enough to have preserved the instincts of a wild beast or of a savage. She herself has nursed her young. More remarkable still, she has a peculiar partiality for her offspring. She has been frequently seen in the society of one whom she calls husband, and at intervals neither of them looked unhappy. The arrangements of her breakfast and dinner-table were as unimpeachable and elaborate when there were no guests as when the house was crowded. At all times her frank hospitality made people wonder at the irrepressible charm of a house which contained no Whistlerian symphonies, no pictures of Nausicaä, meant for grace and representing only nakedness; no foolish posturings of Ariadne; no epicenity of Burne-Jones. Her sons were trained to consider that an ordinary quantity of biceps, with well-developed brain-muscle, was a more fitting ornament for a gentleman than all biceps and no brain. The words *culture*, *aesthetic*, *subjective*, *objective*, &c., she understood—as far as they contain anything to be understood—and laughed at. She was dogmatic enough to teach her girls that fresh air and exercise were "good form," and that strong boots, with low heels, in bad weather did not interfere with poetry of motion, eternal salvation, or with the utmost success in performing a sonata of Beethoven. She understood intelligently the qualities and prices of different foods, with the exact quantity which was necessary to health and surfeiture. The morning hours were employed in vigorous household work; the afternoon in vigorous exercise and play, and the evenings amidst the graceful amenities of a carefully selected circle. There prevailed in this eccentric household a clearly formulated opinion that the knowledge of high-society scandals, or of low-society brutalities, was not absolutely necessary to the education of a lady; that the notoriety of the Ladies' Mile or the tradesman's window was not fame, and that wisdom, learning, sentiments of truth, modesty, and justice are to be acquired elsewhere than in the leading daily papers or most fascinating of magazines. The woman at the head of this strange household had one point in common with Rebecca Sharp, and only one—she was not an angel. When her daughters became of marriageable years, we are compelled to relate that she resorted to some