

that he ever afterwards dreaded excitement in great audiences. At the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, 1872 the orator was in buoyant and brilliant form. Yet before delivering his address he had been attacked by nervous sickness in the ante-room.

This curious preliminary recoil seems to be a frequent characteristic of the efforts that establish or increase fame, although it is not recorded that Mr. J. M. Kellie has ever experienced this difficulty. Inquiry shows that some form of timorousness dogs distinction like its shadow. It may have peculiar and even eccentric features. Mr. Edmund Yates has mentioned the case of a distinguished living politician, noted for his dash and aplomb while in the British House of Commons, to whom on one occasion Sir Henry Halford, the eminent physician, gave an account of a railway accident. The narrator was elaborate in his description, and it was too much for his listener's nerves. In the midst of the story the doctor had to break off. His friend was on the point of fainting. Condition of mind bordering on panic has often prevailed up to the test moment with men who have had to face critical audiences.

The late Lord Derby earned the title of the "Rupert of debate" from his dashing alacrity, but he declared: When I am going to speak, my throat and lips are as dry as those of a man who is going to be hanged." He never rose to speak without experiencing a peculiar and very unpleasant "nervous tremor." The same was said of Lord Lyndhurst. That eminent jurist and statesman was totally unable to free himself, from beginning to end of his career, of trepidation and nervous emotion when he got upon his legs to address either a court or parliament. Canning, too, told his friends that he knew beforehand, by a disagreeable set of symptoms, when he should win and hold the ear of the House and extort the admiration even of his adversaries. He was always conscious of an omnious chill of fear. It meant not failure, as was his dread, but a fine oration. Emilio Castelar, the silver-tongued Spanish Tribune, is simply miserable on the eve of a great speech. His unrest and anxiety on such occasions are a characteristic feature of the man. He wanders distraught about the building in which the Cortes is in session. He rushes into the cafe to take a glass of water; seems to be seized with a fever; fancies he will not know how to put the words together; that he will be laughed at or hissed; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head—he has confused and forgotten everything—until the moment when he looked round upon the expectant faces and delivers the first sentence of his address. Then words do not fail; they come to his help in stately, sonorous order. Then courage does not flag. He is a statesman with a mission, inspired and earnest. Every atom of timorousness has evaporated.

Mr. Kitchen, we think, was unduly exercised the other day when he complained that since the publication of the Cranbrook

estate prospectus, Col. Baker had practically ignored him, passing him "without even giving him the time of day." For my part, I do not blame the Colonel, no matter whether the allegations made be justifiable or not. Few people, if any, care to be subjected to the fire which was kindled with the assistance of the document referred to; but I am surprised that, supposing "the gentlemen opposite" believed all their charges to be well founded, any one of them should care to be recognized by the person whom they had so scathingly attacked.

If there is one individual more than another who is clearly entitled to be relieved by his constituents from any longer making the Legislature a pillory of crass foolishness, it is Tom Keith, the Boottian from the Coal City. The only thing that seems to stir inside his cerebral cavity is the Chinese maggot, with the result that the House is being continually deluged with resolutions and motions that have been repeatedly pronounced unconstitutional.

Talking of the Chinese, a correspondent asks: "Has it never occurred to the loafers who are always denouncing this inoffensive race that their presence in a country like this in reasonable numbers is by no means an unmixed evil? What other race has shown its willingness and its capacity to drudge for the whites in the way that this one does? For what is laundry work and navvying but the most menial kind of drudgery? What white man of spirit will engage in such avocations? To me it seems that their office in the great march of Anglo-Saxon progress is substantially that of so many pieces of machinery, which, if properly adapted, will facilitate that progress. Every time a mechanical invention, the object of which is to save labor is offered to the public, men of the Keith stamp will be found to spring up and bedevil it as a device to rob the 'workingman' of his bread. Yet does not economic history invariably show that in the end the device always provides more work and that of a higher and therefore more remunerative order? The goal of true statesmanship is the constant lifting up of our white population to higher planes of labor and the consequent abandonment of that which is menial and beggarly to the inferior races of men, who for the time being are intruding in our midst."

When the estimates were before the House, last week, the Opposition endeavored to assume the role of obstructionists, but found to their dismay that they had caught a Tartar in the person of Premier Davie. All sorts of unparliamentary tactics to kill time were resorted to by the corporal's guard from the swamps of Chilliwick, one chromo going so far as to empty his nasal organ in barnyard style, for which he was duly called to order by an over-sensitive member on the Government side of the House. The chairman, however, after some discussion, ruled that this particular course of conduct was allowed by the laws and customs of the Assembly, and was therefore quite Parliamentary. Notwithstanding the dagger

glances of the leaders of obstruction, the obdurate Premier continued the levee for twenty-four consecutive hours, until the last syllable of the nauseous dose was properly swallowed, and then as a sort of desert put his Redistribution Bill on the plates of the enemy. The anarchists of the Opposition have probably learned by this time that it is not well to monkey too much with the band-waggon of progress, especially when the reins are in the hands of Premier Davie.

When the tall, wraith-like form of John Winchester Brown rears itself in the House one almost expects to see a bomb hurled among his foes. As, however, no blue-coats are to be seen convenient to apprehend John by the neck and seat, it is evident that nothing worse is to be feared than the vibrations of his tongue, and it is surprising how many newspapers are whisked out and read by the enemy when John begins to talk.

Tell us, tell us, Winchester John,  
Why do you spout with those goggles on!

Not having caught-on to a portfolio, F. C. Cotton seems to delight in employing his time in making trouble for the Government. In the meantime he may find he has caught-on to a snag if he trifles with the law as administered by the Supreme Court. It has gone forth from that august tribunal that Cotton is not king, but that he, like any ordinary subject, must bale out his conscience under oath to satisfy the disagreeable inquiries of his creditors.

How talisman-like a word may come! Let anyone say "schools" on the floor of the Legislature and with the certainty of an echo a Nemesis-like shape in the gallery shakes off its torpor and forthwith drapes its whiskers over the railing. It will often alternately glower on the Government and grin its silent plaudits at the Opposition, its eye with fierce frenzy rolling as it sniffs the battle from on high, yet no one seems to pay any special attention to the occurrence, for it is only the Opposition candidate for the tiara of Dr. Pope—John Nimblewig Muir. Nevertheless, the late Hon. John Robson must often have said to himself as the late Mr. Macbeth is reported to have said:

"Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear  
The armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble!" Hence horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery hence!"

Ever since ex-Mayor Beaven's attempt last New Years to buck the Teager, only to get it all the same fowl, as the *Colonist* would say, his public demeanor appears to have increased in bitterness and gall to his adversaries. "You are a disgrace to the House," "You may shout order till you are black in the face," are samples of his method of salutation to his opponents in the Legislature. Robert, you should try Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, or some other like unguent, or you may come to resemble Robert the Devil revived.

There seems to be some danger of an incursion into this Province of that religious bigotry which of late years has made its lair in Ontario. It behooves all good citi-