

Imagine the feelings of despair which prompted Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine, when his barber disappointed him, to pen these lines:—

Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe,
Confusion on thy frizzing wait;
Hadst thou the only comb below
Thou never more should'st touch my pate.

But it was not long after the above *jeu d'esprit* was penned that the wig went out of fashion and one would say to another, as Fag said to Thomas, in "The Rivals," "What the devil do you want with a wig, Thomas? None of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now."

After a brief struggle against the decree of a merciless fashion, newly reigning over society, the old wig went out of existence and commenced to become a thing to be curiously remembered. With it went a very important branch of the barber's trade and we can imagine the old barber, of artistic and poetic susceptibilities, who had placed a picture of the death of Absalom over his door, with David weeping, as an advertisement, taking it all down with the words beneath which had so long been expressive of his feelings and his business at the same time:—

Oh! Absalom! oh! Absalom!
Oh! Absalom! my son!
If thou hadst worn a periwig,
Thou hadst not been undone.

SAREPTA.

JEROME K. JEROME'S WOMEN.

Thou com'st in such questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

HAMLET, trembling in the presence of the ghost of his father, could not be more moved than a real woman in the presence of the one Jerome K. Jerome has evolved from his inner consciousness. He is a humourist whose name, if not new, is new to most of us. As is usual with humourists the pronoun "I" figures largely, but this making yourself ridiculous that all the rest of the world may laugh at your discomfiture is one of the ingredients of being amusing. Women figure rather largely, too. But some women always wear "two's" and "waistbands" so tight that there are a series of explosions caused by the waists seeking freedom. A number of quotations may perhaps best bring these anomalous beings before our mind's eye—before our eye of flesh they can never stand. "Young ladies take their notions of our sex from the novels written by their own, and, compared with the monstrosities that masquerade for men in the pages of that nightmare literature, Pythagoras' plucked bird and Frankenstein's demon were fair average specimens of humanity." One cannot help but wonder whence he took his "notions" of where young ladies take theirs from. He says he is a bachelor. But then he must have had a mother, though probably she died when he was small; but where then were his "sisters, his cousins, and his aunts?" Some of them would surely have soon shown him that the average woman understands the average man fairly well. His many virtues, his few vices—if he have any—are learned from fathers, and brothers, and cousins with tolerable accuracy. The privilege of correcting the vices, Mr. Jerome permits these wrong-minded creatures, for he says, "And yet, women, you could make us so much better, if you only would. It rests with you more than with all the preachers to roll this world a little nearer heaven. . . . You must be worthy knightly worship, you must be higher than ourselves."

Now, if, to begin with, women have such false ideas of men, what a Herculean task is before them. First, to correct their "notions"; then to do more than the preachers, that overworked class of men, whom only long holidays, and tonics, and cod-liver oil can carry from year to year through the discouraging task of making the world better. Then added to this, or previous to it rather, they have to reform themselves, to "be fair in mind and soul as well as face" to throw off their disguising cloaks of selfishness, effrontery and affectation.

Then, too, if they would win the affection of those for whom they are to be and to do all this, they must not be clever, for "men can't bear clever women." Why then does he murmur because some friends, with whom he drove in Derbyshire, would talk of "sarcenet" linings and so on, with the glorious, everlasting hills before them. Especially, as he says, "Women at all events ought to dress prettily. It is their duty. They are the flowers of the earth, and were meant to show it up."

When he recalls two pretty girls he once saw, he adds, "But it is years ago and I daresay they have both grown stout and snappish." When he is ill, he likes to look wasted and interesting so that all the pretty girls would sigh as he passed by. When it comes to making love, he says, "By Jove, fancy a man trying to make love on strictly truthful principles," and yet he wants women to be so true that "a thousand Sir Rolands shall lay lance in rest, and fear, avarice, pleasure, and ambition shall go down in the dust before your colours."

With such a field before him, as he seems to have, it is rather a pity he could not have let the "mother-in-law" joke rest, but he did not, for he says, "It's so nice to be able to see the darlings a long way off, especially if they happen to be your wife or your mother-in-law." If the "wife or the mother-in-law" were regenerated according to his ideas distance might still "lend enchantment to the view."

Their characteristics summed up seem to be vanity, frivolity, affectation, stupidity, snappishness, selfishness,

effrontery. Life may be what we make it, but if women are what Jerome K. Jerome makes them they are not fit to be companions of "Pythagoras' plucked bird." But, perhaps, we may hope that women, like truth, crushed to earth may rise again. To help to this it may be well to quote Charles Mackay:—

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate,
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.

L. O'LOANE.

THE RAMBLER.

IT should be altogether too late to expatiate on the charms of a summer's idle three weeks at the Sea (I spell it with a capital). But indeed there can be no mistake about the thoroughness of the article. Our fresh water seas—those rock-belted throbbing lakes of blue—look very salt. A summer passed beside them is not to be despised. But at the Sea the charm is in the continual incident. One day there has been a mirage, another sees a wonderful influx of strange new starry forms of life; a third is made memorable by a happy occultation of temperature and waves, which renders bathing truly ideal. The very fact of variation in the tide seems to carry a fund of interest and amusement with it. Of course the fashionable world must bathe, so it is here in full force, and the fashionable world does not, it is notorious, care for nature. Should any enthusiast walk out in old skirt and *heptenette* garment, in order to explore a certain low-lying reef full of little amber pools in which disport the pink star-fish, the spiky echinoderm and the flabby salmon and terra cotta anemone, she is apt to be condemned as erratic, eccentric, or even pedantic. Worse still, should the said enthusiast take a good steady walk of eight or nine miles and return with a waxen Indian Pipe in one hand, a chocolate fungus in the other, and basket crammed with orchises and rare cushions of moss, the execration, though silent, is deep. The true goal, *summum bonum*, is to bathe, certainly; then to eat, and then to sit on the piazza. But the flaw in this otherwise comfortable programme is that if you eat much, as you are sure to do in these places, you ought to exercise. Therefore, the wise walk.

It is very difficult to detach the sea-anemone. Its sensitiveness is such that the face mirrored in the pool startles it, and the fluffy tentacles flutter, wave and finally close in. The resemblance in the terra cotta ones to a bad tomato is not pleasant. But the salmon pink ones are far from ugly, especially when fully open. They grow, like the obstinate all-stomach things they are, on the transverse way of the rock, and if it be not laminated, it is excessively difficult to separate their several home-slabs from the great brown home-rock. The echinoderm is easier to roll out, and when his spines are rubbed off his purplish pink, white spotted surface, there shows the beauty of the divine design in radiating dots such as you or I could never improve upon. Then those curious things we the unlearned call sand collars and sand dollars, and the great red crabs, all legs and arms, like hobbledehoy lobsters, and the varying shells and the sea flora, twice as bright as inland grass and shrubs, from contact with the pale buff sands and preservation from the grimy dust of towns—all are fraught with novelty and pleasure.

One moment the sea is opaline and russet and turquoise, white wings skim the rubicon, the air is warm and sunshine floods the long smooth arcs of gleaming sand. We pull out and out and across the bar. The lighthouse looms hard and white against the deep violet grey of that low opaque sky one only sees at the coast, when *presto*—the violet moves, strides along angrily, changes to black, the sunshine is a myth and the waves turn inky. We land but just in time, for this is a summer squall. Now the rain slaps, bites, pinches the face. The boats rock hysterically. Fog sends down a curtain which cuts the world in two, and on our side there is nothing but strange, sliding ruffled shapes of wind-driven, rain-splashed water, water, water, in which the white, dazzling white specks are crests of cruel waves, and the fiery forks splitting the black asunder the distant lightning. There is a startling suddenness and completeness about the spectacle. Five minutes earlier and we had been submerged in it, bathed in it, rendered numb and dumb in it.

The New Englander is pleasant; will talk and show you the flowers, let you take a drink at her pump, and listen to your remarks amiably. But it is not a generous breed. I go up to the white staring cottages and the white staring farmhouses, with the monster barns *en train* that I will persist in taking for meeting-houses, and over and over again I admire the flowers that grow so grandly in this moist, healthy air, but never a posy do I get. It is astonishing how new and rough this part of the continent still is. Surely it has been settled now a few years. Seems as if there might be a few fences here and there and a slight attempt at consolidation along the unkempt country roads. Were it not for the gigantic elms—real New England elms—that skirt, avenue-wise, that same dusty road, there would be no beauty, no refreshment whatever for the town-bred eye.

Mr. Mercier was very much taken to task by papers of his Province for deserting Canadian watering-places

this season. The reason is this. Apart from the more thorough change in surroundings, Maine is warmer than—say Metis. And people who live in the cold of our lower provinces wish, naturally, for a little warmth when they go abroad in the summer, and when they find they can combine this modicum of heat with delightful bathing, they are not tardy in declaring a preference.

The third number of the second volume of Mr. Moulton's *Magazine of Poetry* is to hand. The papers on Sidney Lanier, Roden Noel, Emily Pfeiffer, Frederic E. Weatherly, George Parsons Lathrop and John Stewart Blackie, are about the only ones worth reading, and four out of the six are English writers. James Gowdy Clark is described as "the greatest and most famous poet singer of the age." As a specimen of style we have the following: "Jeanie Oliver Smith is one of our 'holy women' whose avocation is letters, and who, without contributing bulk to our literature, has nevertheless added a quality of which there can not be an excess—a high-bred and earnest charm that is persuasive as it is gentle, and exhales like a fine incense from whatsoever work they set their hand to, be it prose or poetry." And again we have: "Miss Narnie Harrison, who, being a born poet and lisping in numbers in infancy and occasionally contributing a characteristic *morceau* to the voluminous poetical literature of the country, yet is indifferent to fame, and careless of the rewards that ambition grants its votaries."

A little more attention to construction would go far towards making this *Magazine of Poetry* more valuable.

Maud Ogilvy's *Romance of the St. Lawrence* is very creditably written, but the resemblance of certain passages in it to the career of a popular and distinguished *prima donna* does not help the book.

It rather suggests the actual story of a life infinitely more romantic than even Miss Ogilvy's conception of plot and character. Some details, too, strike one as incongruous, as, for instance, how an elderly lady of title could ever be found attired in pale green silk. But that is a feminine matter, as Rudyard Kipling would say. Mr. Drysdale, publisher, of Montreal, is certainly most vigorous in placing his Canadian wares bravely and persistently on the market. For this—many thanks.

You may be sure that at summer resorts of all kinds society splits into two sections. The one complains that the place is "too mixed"; the other, that the people are "so stiff." Now don't forget this, and, next time you go anywhere for the summer, look out for those two remarks—you are certain to hear them. You can think over during the winter which section you will belong to.

A MODERN MYSTIC—VII.

WE had hardly seated ourselves when the door bell rang and the next minute M. de Marquette was ushered into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Marquette," said Madame Lalage, "I think you know all my friends." [Marquette bowed.] "Mr. McKnom is about to lay bare the beauties of political virtue in general and Canadian political virtue in particular."

McKnom: "Professor Glaucus, you are sceptical of political virtue. Leaving politics on one side, is there such a thing as virtue?"

Glaucus: "Most certainly; virtue is as we all know derived from the Latin *virtus*, manliness; the Greek *andreia*, valour, courage, spirit, virtue."

McKnom: "And was not *virtus* among the Latins used as we used virtue to express all good qualities, and sometimes a single good quality?"

Glaucus: "Certainly."

McKnom: "But what does virtue consist in? Manliness, manfulness, this implies a character that will act on given occasions in a certain manner? The soldier in the battle field fights bravely; a man seeing a weak person oppressed succours him; on a boat in danger of shipwreck shows self-control, helps others into the life boat, risks or loses his life in helping women and children—all this would be manly, virtuous? So, if speaking the truth exposes to danger speaking the truth is manly, virtuous? A completely virtuous man would be one who in every relation of life would act a manly part? But as men are imperfect we shall and do find men behaving well in one relation and badly in another? A man may be a brave soldier or a brave sailor, a heart of oak on board his warship. Yet away from barracks the one, or on shore the other may get drunk, or show want of self-denial in other respects; of these we should have to predicate the virtue of bravery, though we could not call them virtuous men all around. The late G. V. Brooke, a great actor, the greatest Othello I ever saw on any stage, was weak and unmanly in some particulars, but he died a hero. A skilful doctor who is ready at all hours to face storm, long journeys, contagion, sleepless watching to attend the sick, he has the virtue of a doctor, and, considered as such, you would pronounce him a virtuous man even though as a politician he might fall short of virtue or have none?"

Professor Glaucus assented to all this.

"Then," proceeded McKnom, "surely we can have virtue in politics as elsewhere, and political virtue must consist in acting as a politician manfully, faithfully?"

"Oh," replied Glaucus, "I don't deny that there is such a thing as political virtue; what I deny is that there are virtuous politicians, at least in Canada. I know that there