

politics, and in 1871, he was made Collector of the Port of New York by General Grant. At the close of his first term, at the desire of the whole commercial community of the city, he was renominated and unanimously confirmed. From the commencement to the close of his official career, he steadily adhered to the principles of reform laid down in his letter to Secretary Sherman in 1877, and repeated in his letter accepting the nomination for Vice-President—namely, stability in office, promotion from the lower grades for efficiency and merit, the prompt investigation of alleged abuses and the prompt punishment of official misconduct. By a table compiled in the Custom House, and containing the names of all persons removed or appointed during General Arthur's two terms, it is conclusively shown that fewer men were removed and a greater number of lower grade officers were promoted than under any former Collector. Indeed, out of one hundred appointments to positions of over two thousand dollars salary, ninety-eight were actual promotions and the two exceptions were special officers selected for peculiar fitness from other Federal offices.

Despite this excellent civil service reform record, General Arthur was removed from office in 1878 by President Hayes. At first it was stated that there were no charges against the Collector, but that his removal was desired because he was not in harmony with the Administration policy. Subsequently charges were trumped up by worthless secret service and special agents of the Government, and President Hayes was induced to send a message to the Senate which insinuated, while it did not dare to charge, dishonesty in the administration of the Custom House affairs. General Arthur was then superseded by General Merritt, the late Collector. The business community was indignant at General Arthur's removal and protested against it, and the Republican party evinced its condemnation of the Administration's act by first placing the ex-Collector at the head of the organization in the State and next nominating him for the second office in the nation.

Gen. Arthur took a very active part in Mr. Conkling's recent canvass for reelection to the United States Senate. It was in his house in this city that the conference of influential Republicans was held at which it was determined that Messrs. Conkling and Platt should be candidates for reelection. He accompanied Mr. Conkling to Albany on the day after that conference and remained there, working hard for the ex-Senator's return to the Senate until the evening preceding the day on which President Garfield was shot. On that night, accompanied by Mr. Conkling, he took the steamboat to New York. He received the news of the attempt upon the President's life just after the boat had reached her dock in this city. He was greatly shocked by the intelligence, and driving to his house in Lexington Avenue, remained there until night. At midnight he started for Washington, in response to the request of the President's Cabinet. He remained in the Capital until the President was pronounced by his physicians to be in a fair way to recover, and then returned to New York. Since that time he has been in that city, with the exception of a brief sojourn in Newport.

President Arthur has had greatness thrust upon him. His nomination was a surprise and his elevation to the Presidency astonishes no one so much as himself. He is no common man. True, he is a politician; but that should not discredit him. Were it not for the politicians our Government would not exist for a day. Mr. Arthur, when Collector of the Port, proved himself to be a conscientious official. As a manipulator of men he has had few equals in the politics of New York State. The only charge against him is that, when he was elected Vice-President, he went out of his way to help the distinguished Senator who had always been his friend. It is to his credit that the gratitude he showed was not of the kind which consists in a lively sense of favors to come.

It is the bounden duty of all who think well of the country and who wish to perpetuate its institutions to stand by the new President. His political training will fit him to deal with public men and public measures. He is well acquainted with the commercial wants of the country, because of his former occupancy of the post of Collector of the Port of New York. There is no danger of a foreign war or domestic violence and no reason why his administration should not be a creditable one to himself and to the country.

HOME TALK.

With respect to the conversat on which befits the family circle, strictly understood, no small obstacles are presented by the ordinary sameness of every-day life and the well understood habits and opinions of the members. The charm of novelty is frequently absent, and the ability of those who wish to carry on conversation worthy of the name is taxed to the utmost. The same round of subjects and of circumstances is repeated in many homes with unvarying monotony from day to day, and often causes the family gathering to be either what is called a "Quakers' meeting," or anything but a circle so far as conversation is concerned. The head of the house may be a professional or a business man, and at the breakfast table he is prone to refer to his engagements and other practical matters before he goes out for the day. The other members of the family may have little to do but listen and make an occasional comment or suggestion. But they may have something to say

arising out of letters received by the first post, letters to be written, calls to be made or calls expected, and very likely they or some of them may wish to allude to household arrangements. A few other themes may present themselves from time to time; but as a rule the matters upon which the conversation turns will be the same one day as another and fail to excite anything like special interest. Thus the day begins, and paterfamilias departs, perhaps for six or eight hours. On his return the converse of the morning picture is exhibited. He rehearses the doings and experiences of the hours of his absence, and he makes general or particular inquiries concerning the occupations or experience of his family. His story is heard perhaps with a tiresome feeling by some; but in any case it must be heard, and, unless special incidents have befallen him, he is disconcerted at the lack of interest he has excited. In his turn, he listens with more or less feeling to the report of what had come to pass while he has been away. There are families where not even so much as this is the rule, because certain members are resolved that what they have done, said, thought or gone through shall engross all attention and put every one else in the shade. But it is to be owned that there is no small pleasure in store for families whose members on the occasions mentioned hear, and tell each other what may be called their personal news. The affection they have for each other and the interest they feel in each other give a charm even to the trivialities and commonplaces which principally form the staple of their home talk at such times as have been indicated. Hence it is not altogether a subject for regret that home talk must frequently of necessity turn on similar topics from day to day. When well and wisely conducted it need not be more wearisome than daily bread, and indeed may tend greatly to unite and cheer the members of the house.

Subjects for home talk are plentiful enough, but they are not all of them to be commended. There is reason to fear that idle gossip, the tittle-tattle and the very scandals of a neighborhood are quite common and popular. But this is only one of the faults of conversation—or, as we should here say, of home talk—enumerated by writers on the subject who take high ground. It is named here not only as a fault, but as an impediment to desirable discourse at home. Referring to woman in particular, Mrs. Hannah More says:—"We wish to see the conversation of well-bred woman rescued from commonplace, from uninteresting tattle, from trite and hackneyed communications, from frivolous earnestness, from false sensibility, from a warm interest about things of no moment and an indifference to topics the most important; from a cold vanity, from the ill-concealed overflowings of self-love, exhibiting itself under the smiling mask of an engaging flattery, and from all the factitious manners of artificial intercourse." This long catalogue of faults applies to conversation in general, but several of the items relate also to home talk.

It is impossible to do more than suggest what home talk should be. There are families in which the art and practice of conversation are carried almost to perfection, ministering profit and pleasure and passing away almost unobserved hours which otherwise would be very tedious. The qualifications which ensure success may be for the most part natural, but they may be developed and improved by care and attention. Not without reason therefore has it been proposed that the study of this subject should form a part of the education of young ladies, who should be encouraged and assisted to converse with freedom, propriety and grace.

THE PIONEER MICHIGANDER.

I have been studying him for a week. About 7 o'clock every evening he comes in from his farm and takes a seat beside me on the veranda of the country hotel. No one introduced us. He came stumping along the first evening, flung down his old straw hat and exclaimed:

"Durn my hide if it isn't hot!"

I had been roasting all day, and so I struck hands with him at once. He never asked whether I was the Duke of Sutherland or a railroad switchman, and I never asked him why he didn't cut his hair, shave off his matted whiskers and fit a tin spout in one corner of his mouth to accommodate the flow of tobacco juice.

The native Michigander is a good fellow at heart, but he has his eccentricities.

"Yes, I struck this state over fifty years ago," he said to me the other evening, as he hunted in his hind pocket for his plug tobacco. "I've heard the wolves howl, the bears roar and the panthers scream."

"You have, eh?"

"You bet I have! Yes, sir, and I've lived all winter on acorns, slept all summer on a tree-top, and walked forty-two miles through the woods to prayer-meeting."

"Did you ever have to go barefoot in snow four feet deep?"

"No."

"Ever slake with the ager right along for 284 days, Sundays included?"

"No."

"Dod rot your pampered countenance, of course you never did! What did you ever do toward making Michigan the great and glorious state she now is?"

"Well, I've run a lawn-mower."

"Run a thunder to blazes! How many acres of forest do you 'spose I've cut down?"

"Two."

"Two! Why, you onery hyena, my old woman has slashed down over 40 herself, and she's left-handed, at that. I calkerlate, sir—I solemnly calkerlate that I've cleared off at least 300 acres of the toughest kind of forest. Ah! sir, but you petted and pampered children of luxury little dream of what us old natives had to endure. How much tea do you suppose I had in my house the first ten years of our pioneer life?"

"Twenty-five chests."

"Twenty-five chests!" he roared, as he hunted for more plug, "we had just two drawings and no more!"

"Couldn't you get trusted at the corner grocery?"

"Get trusted! Corner grocery!—Why, you infernal young lunatic, wasn't I located 40 miles from the nearest grocery! That's what I've been telling you all along. Old pioneers couldn't afford sich luxuries as that.—How much do you 'spose our outfit cost us for house-keeping?"

"Perhaps \$5,000, but that's according to the style of your carpets, piano and paintings. Did you have lace curtains hung on poles?"

He jumped up and down like a man with a piece of beefsteak in his windpipe, and I thought he was a goner.—However, after a higher jump than his crooked old legs seemed capable of, he blurted out:

"You infernal durned fool, but we didn't have nothing that we couldn't carry on our backs! Do you 'spose we was a-foolin' around with pianos out there in the vargin wilderness! Lace curtains hung on poles! Not much! If I'd had a spare shirt on a pole I'd have been perfectly satisfied. None of you spiled children of luxury kin have any idea of how we had to get along in them old days."

"I presume not."

"One winter when the old woman was sick I had nothing to feed her on but salt coon and corn dodgers."

"Oyster soup would have been nice."

"Oyster thunder! Who knew anything about oysters 50 years ago? Don't I keep telling you that I was 50 miles in the woods?"

"Yes, but why didn't you get out?"

"Git out? What fur?"

"Why, you might have got out and lived on your mother-in-law, and had a trotting horse, a plug hat, a diamond pin and high living. You were very foolish to stay in the woods, where they had no ward caucuses, or military parades, or circus processions, or ginger beer, or banana puddings."

We generally end here. The old native chokes and gasps and jumps up and down and kicks his hat into the street and goes away saying:

"Them durned, pampered idiots of luxury wouldn't keer two cents if the hull state was growed up to jack-pines so thick that a rabbit couldn't squeeze through!"

But next night he comes again to wrestle me for the championship.—*Detroit Free Press.*

REARING AND TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Every mother should bear in mind that it is easier to keep children well than it is to cure them after they become ill. A few simple rules, faithfully and unflinchingly observed, would banish nine-tenths of the sicknesses among children that too often lead to fatal results.

Give them in the first place plenty of love—expressions of love! Oftentimes fathers and mothers deeply love their children, yet show such little evidence of affection that the children are apt to have a forlorn feeling that it doesn't exist at all. An occasional word of praise, a caress, an expression of sympathy—these are as necessary to healthy and happy child-life as Summer showers to growing vines. Especially bear this in mind—they should never go to bed cold, or hungry, or unhappy.

Let them have plenty of healthy and palatable food, at regular hours. Small children should have a slice of bread and butter, or an apple, or some simple "bite," half way between meals, and nothing more in the way of lunches. It is the constant nibbling and "piecing" that does harm. Never force a child to eat anything he has a real dislike for. When plain food is declined because of the more tempting dessert ahead, it is a different affair; but I have seen little children compelled to eat things, when every mouthful would be swallowed with tremendous effort and genuine disgust. Some of us have an utter abhorrence of onions or tomatoes, or codfish, or some article of food that ought to be relished. How would we like to have some mighty giant put such food on our plates, and compel us to eat it amid wild flourishes of his knotted club? Would we sweetly feel that the dear giant knew what was best for us, and proceed to swallow every mouthful? or would we say to ourselves—"We'll eat it, because we must, but we hate it all the same, and we hate you, too!" Children have as much right to their likes and dislikes as we have to ours.—*American Agriculturist.*

It is not unlikely that a place may shortly be selected in Scotland for the training of young men for the Indian Forestry Department. Colonel Pearson, one of the heads of the department, accompanied by three French Professors of Forestry, is at present in the Highlands, examining the system on which Lord Seafield's magnificent woods are managed.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Polytechnic finally closed its doors on Saturday night. It was crammed with a most enthusiastic audience. The chairman and many of the directors were there to see the very last of it. Now it is closed everybody is saying what an admirable institution it was, and what a pity it is it was not kept open.

So said an old gentleman, with tears in his eyes, to one of the directors, adding, "Ah, I came here fifty years ago!" "and you've never been here since?" asked the director. "No," was the reply. "And never brought any of your eight children here?" "Never," answered the aged man. "Then how the—diving-bell do you suppose we can keep up the institution?" rejoined the director indignantly.

It seems that the French Government edits the Havas telegrams. The Queen's speech was improved for the occasion. Thus, "The negotiations with France, relative to the Commercial Treaty, have been suspended," was turned into—"had been suspended, but have been resumed." Our lively *confreres d'outre mer* call this a *bévue* committed by the Government. It might, without exaggeration, be called an act of impudent dishonesty.

THE disappointment felt in Dublin at the news that Prince Leopold would not, after all, visit the dear dirty capital this year has been since somewhat alleviated by the rumour, said to come from the Viceregal residence, to the effect that a still more important Royal personage will probably be present at the inauguration of the exhibition of Irish industries to be held next year. The fact that the Lord-Lieutenant has subscribed 500*l.* to the guarantee fund is interpreted as a confirmation of the rumour. Certainly nothing could revive the feeling of loyalty among the middle classes in Ireland more than the personal manifestation of Royal interest in a movement which is both sensible and non-political.

MR. IRVING does not believe that the ability to impersonate Romeo is the sole monopoly of very youthful actors. Any way, we have had older Romeos than the distinguished performer who acquitted himself so admirably in the part of Modus, the shy young lover in the scene from the "Hunchback," at the Lyceum the other day—Charles Kemble, for example. Mr. Irving would possibly be young for a *jeune premier* at the Théâtre Français. Unfortunately youths and striplings as a rule have not learned how to act; and Romeo—though managers are apt to forget this fact—is a part that requires acting if Juliet is not to appear ridiculously enamoured of a clumsy idiot.

THE application for a summons against Sir Wilford Brett and Mr. Hwlfa Williams for permitting betting at Sandown was an absurdity, considering the source from which it emanated. It is, however, time that the fact were recognized that the prevalence of ready-money betting is doing great harm to the Turf, as it is the attraction to the hordes of ruffians that follow racing; and the time is certainly not distant when, unless the managers of race-meetings take energetic steps to put an end to an evil that has now grown to abnormal proportions, the law will force them to act; for by tacitly permitting ready-money betting they are clearly infringing the law, irrespective of which they are doing incalculable harm to racing and their own meetings by failing to put in motion the strong powers of repression that the law gives them.

AMONGST the candidates for the Bodleian Librarianship (to be filled up at Oxford during the coming term), who have already sent in their applications, are the present Sub-Librarian, Mr. A. Neubauer, Messrs. Bywater of Exeter College, Hatch of St. Mary Hall, G. W. Kitchin of Christ Church, delegate of the unattached students, and the Assistant-Keeper of MSS. to the British Museum, Mr. Edward Scott. Other names will, no doubt, be sent in before the appointment is filled up; for even when rich sinecures are most prevalent, an income of 1000*l.* a year cannot fail to attract many. Surprise is felt that one or two other candidates are not already in the field—notably the Rev. W. D. Macray, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Ducklington, who is an ex-assistant-librarian, and the author of "Annals of the Bodleian Library, besides other bibliographical works, which he has from time to time either written or edited. Mr. Macray has also on more than one occasion visited foreign countries on expeditions of manuscript research for the Bodleian; and it is thought by many that he possesses qualifications for the post second to those of no other.

HUMOROUS.

ASK a woman how old she is if you want her to show her rage.

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AN Irish gentleman writes us to say that "not half the lies told about the Irish are true."

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