

Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Hum.
(From the Bystander.)

Amid the jubilant voices of "the hum," it is to be hoped that a note of gentle warning will not grate too harshly on the public ear. The causes of commercial improvement and of the present rise, not to say inflation, of all stocks and securities, are two good harvests and the revival of the lumber trade, in connection with the general termination of the crisis in the United States and over the world at large. The cause is not increased taxation, however skillfully the new taxes may have been adjusted; and the tour which the Finance Minister has been making to see the happy fruits of his new customs' duties in creating wealth, though gracious and politic, is not without its comic side. It would be a sad mistake, therefore, to suppose that a further increase of prosperity could be produced at will by a fresh increase of the taxes, or that it is desirable to maintain taxation at its present rate one moment beyond the actual existence of the fiscal need. As the harvests and the lumber are the causes of the commercial improvement, so they are its measure, which no legislation can enlarge. It is necessary to lay this to heart, lest, in the fond belief that we have discovered a legislative talisman capable of conjuring wealth to any extent out of aggravated imposts, we should be led to plunge into a course of boundless importation, multiplication of manufactures, and bonus granting, which must soon end in disaster. Many seem to think that Canada is prevented from doing an enormous trade only by want of commercial legislation, or of puffing, or of some nostrum which the Canadian Government or that of the mother country, if it had the good-will and energy, could apply. But the reason why Canada is not doing an enormous trade is that she has only four millions of people, one million of whom, at least—the French Canadians—are extremely poor, while the amount of her good land is limited, almost all of it is taken up, and not a little of it is exhausted. She is also deeply in debt, and has yearly to send a large sum in the way of interest to England. Her purchasing power, therefore, is not infinite, nor the market she affords unbounded, either for imported goods or for those manufactured at home. The number of banks, loan societies and insurance companies which the wealth and commercial transactions of such a community will support is limited, though from the multiplication of such institutions it seems there are speculators who fancy that it is not. General and steady prosperity awaits our people if they will be guided by a sober view of facts; if they allow themselves to be misled by rhetorical fictions, a period of exaggerated hope and boundless speculation will end in another crash.

VERY MUCH MARRIED.

The Sorrows of Parson Ambrose and his Experiences of a "Matrimonial Agency."

Mr. Justice Hannon has recently been trying a case in the Divorce Court in which a clergyman of the Church of England acts as a solemn warning to speculative, not to say lucre-seeking, minds who think that matrimonial agencies perform all they promise. Mr. Ambrose, it seems, shepherded sheep both spiritual and quadruped, being a farmer, speculator, money lender, cattle and sheep breeder and parson all in one. Feeling somewhat lonely amid his multifarious occupations he bethought himself that a wife would be a help-meet for his wants—provided one could add to his store in a pecuniary point of view. As there were none in his neighborhood who came up to his ideas of what a consort should be, he hid himself to the matrimonial agency in London, whose local habitation is not inappropriately fixed in the office of the Matrimonial News. He himself said, as if in extenuation, that he visited the office solely to gratify the curiosity of some of his nieces. Be this as it may, the supposed widower there accidentally met the petitioner. She spoke to him on the stairs, and told him that she was a widow, with two children. He had some conversation with her, and was afterwards introduced to her relations. Subsequently he married her. She told him that her husband had died abroad. He thought that she was respectable, and that the children were legitimate.

"How did you get on in Paris?"
"Bad enough."
"How was that?"
"I found I had got into a mess, for she flirted with men. (Laughter.) She was the topic of conversation throughout the hotel."

Examination continued—When they returned home she was in no way confined to the house. He heard from his niece that she had run away from a school at Brighton, and afterwards lived with a man. When they went to Brighton the respondent pointed out the school from which she said she had run away. It was not true that he had treated her with cruelty. She had beaten him. She was always bullying and fighting him, and used to say, "You dare not hit me, for the public are against striking a woman." (Laughter.) On one occasion she threw some hot tea over him, scratched his face and pulled his whiskers. He was sure he never struck her, because she wanted him to do so to establish the charge of cruelty. (Laughter.) She used to throw his papers all over the room after he had carefully arranged them. He was often locked in the room a prisoner, as she was stronger than he was. One of his fingers was permanently injured through her violence. She smashed a quantity of his china and used to abuse him, "most gloriously." (Laughter.) He had been obliged to leave the house owing to her conduct. He was afraid of her violence, and for three years his life had been a perfect misery to him. He was dreadfully afraid of her. She took the sheets away from him on one occasion. He had called her "a liar," but her language to him was beyond description. She swore and used "Billingsgate language." (Laughter.) Cross-examined by Mr. Willis, Q. C.—Soon after the marriage he found out what sort of a person he had got into his house. Did you address her as "My sweetest partner for life?"—I would not say "dearest," but I was obliged to say something. (Laughter.)

But here is a letter of a later date, commencing "My dearest loved one." What

do you say to that?—I have nothing to say to it.

Sir James Hannon—It shows the very inconsiderate answer of yours before.

Cross-examination continued—He had written to her, "Yours for ever, amen," but did not know why; he was always willing to let the petitioner have control of the house; a person at the matrimonial office claimed a commission in respect to the fortune the lady was said to be possessed of. She stated that she had £3,500, but he had never seen a farthing of it. (Laughter.) He had to pay £150 as commission.

You will never do this again, I hope. No, that I won't; it is a lesson for me. (Laughter.) I am never again going to be such a fool.

Sir James Hannon—The commission, I suppose, was not for the fortune but for the lady. (Renewed laughter.)

With regard to his alleged violence, the witness declared that it lay altogether with his wife, who was much the stronger of the two; that she frequently assaulted him telling him that he dare not retaliate, as no man should strike a woman, and "nineteenths of the law" was in favor of the wives (laughter), and that she would not stop until she had £1,000 a year from him. The witness added that he had frequently to leave his home for safety's sake, and had to write some of his letters in the open air on stiles and gateways. (Laughter.)

Captain Ambrose, nephew of the respondent, said that in the latter part of 1878 he was on a visit to his uncle. The petitioner on one occasion gave the respondent a violent blow on the chest. He appeared to be very frightened of her.

Julia Ambrose, niece to the respondent, gave evidence as to the violent conduct of Mrs. Ambrose towards her uncle. She had threatened to kill him, and he was afraid of her. Had shaken her fists in his face. After the marriage her uncle became a changed man.

His lordship, at the rising of the court, suggested that some arrangement should be brought about between the parties.

HIGH SCHOOLS.

Further Instructions as to the Entrance Examination.

In the practical working of the present instructions difficulties have occurred in respect of the appointment and position of the public school inspectors' substitute, under sections 59 and 60 of the High Schools Act, and also with respect to additional rooms. It is, therefore, proposed to give specific instructions on these points:

1. In every collegiate institute or high school where the public school inspector is not able to attend in person he is empowered, under the 59th section of the High School Act, to appoint another duly qualified person to act as presiding examiner in his place at the examination of candidates for admission, and such person is bound by the same regulations as the inspector, and is entitled to the like remuneration.

2. When the inspector cannot himself attend, and does not deem it necessary to appoint a substitute, the head master will act in that capacity and receive the usual remuneration; it is also recommended that even when not acting in the place of the inspector the head master, upon whom much of the labor of the examination must fall, shall receive the like remuneration as the inspector or his substitute would have received. The inspector shall not appoint as his substitute any public school teacher in the municipality in which the high school is situated, or any teacher employed in any public school from which there is any candidate at such examination, or any person who has taken part in the instruction of any of the candidates; nor shall any such person be appointed to preside as a substitute in any room at such examination.—ADAM CROOKS, Minister of Education. Education Department, Nov. 30th, 1880.

NUN IMMIGRATION.

An eloquent plea on their behalf.

An immigration of nuns from France is still feared in England, in consequence of the enforcement of the present edict against the Jesuits. A similar trouble was brewing eighty years ago, and Dr. Samuel Horsely met it in Parliament in this fashion: "I have stated to your lordships," he said, "that English nuns of eighteen different orders, beside four sets of French nuns, are settled in different parts of the country, each order in a house of its own. Now, my lords, if any ten or twenty or a larger number of these ladies should choose to take a great house, where they may live together as they have been used to do all their lives, and lead their lives according to their old habits, getting up in the morning and retiring at night at stated hours, dining upon fish on some days of the week, upon eggs on others, I profess I can discover no crime, no harm, no danger in all this; and I cannot imagine why we should be anxious to prevent it. My lords, I say it would be great cruelty to attempt to prevent it; for, my lords, these women could find no comfort in any society but their own, nor in any other way of life. My lords, they cannot mix with the lower order of the people; they are ladies, well born (many of them, indeed, of high extraction), and of cultivated minds. And yet, my lords, they are not prepared to mix in the polite circles. Enamored, by long habit, of the quiet and solitude of their cells—absorbed in the pleasures of what they call the interior life—these women would have no relish for the exterior life of fashionable ladies. My lords, it would be martyrdom to these retired, sober women to be compelled to lay aside the cowl and simple habit of their order to be smothered their cheeks with vermilion and plaster their throats with litherge; to clap upon their heads an ugly lump of manufactured hair, in shape and color as different as possible from the natural covering, and then, with elbows bared to the shoulder, to sally forth to the pleasures of the midnight route, to distribute the cards at loo, or, soaring to sublimer joys, to rattle the dice-box at games of hazard. Exquisite, ravishing, as those delights must be confessed to be to those who have a well-formed taste, these stupid women, my lords, have not that taste; and if you will not permit them to live in their own dull way, you should have strangled them when they first landed."

Captain Curry, who resides near Norval, Halton, was kicked into unconsciousness by a horse the other day

A VERY COOL SUICIDE.

The Curious Letter that a Lawyer Wrote before Taking Laudanum.

Mr. Hayden H. Shouse, a prominent lawyer of Henderson, Ky., and well known in many portions of the state, committed suicide at the Louisville Hotel under the most singular and startling circumstances, evincing a coolness and grim humor in the presence of death that are hardly paralleled. Mr. Shouse came to the city on the 22nd ult., and put up at the Louisville Hotel. He appeared to be drinking rather hard, but his mind did not appear to be burdened, and nothing was thought of it. Last night, about supper time, he appeared in the office and sat down to a table to write. There were a number of gentlemen engaged in the same way, and, after writing a few pages, Mr. Shouse began a conversation with one of the gentlemen, of whom he finally made a confidant. He showed him the letter he had written, which related to the writer's death, and the manner in which he wished to be buried. The gentleman did not pay much attention to the affair, and considered the man out of his head. After Mr. Shouse had gone the gentleman walked up to Mr. Fleet, one of the clerks of the hotel, and jokingly asked him who was the crazy boarder. Dr. Berry, who had been treating Mr. Shouse for delirium tremens, came in shortly afterwards and Mr. Fleet told him of his patient's mysterious letter-writing, and told him that he had better get up and see him. Dr. Berry went immediately to the room occupied by Mr. Shouse. The door was found open and the doctor walked in unannounced. Mr. Shouse was in bed and to all appearance was in a peaceful slumber. An envelope addressed to Mr. Lem. McHenry, one of the hotel clerks, was found on a bureau and the doctor took it to Mr. Fleet and had him open it. It was written in a bold hand, free of tremor, and read as follows:

November 30.—Dear Lem: Immediately after the discovery of my death get coffin and have me shipped by first train to Henderson, and telegraph my death and shipment at once to S. H. Vance, 211 Upper Third street, Evansville, Ind., and tell him to meet 'the corpse' at Henderson. He certain to send me by first possible train—I don't want to rot either here or en route. Mr. Vance or my wife will pay hotel bill and all charges. Your prompt attention will be a favor which I will try to remember.—Your friend,
H. H. SHOUSE.

On learning the fearful import of the request, Dr. Berry rushed back to the room of his patient and found him still conscious. He said he had taken laudanum and wished to die. Dr. Berry at once set to work to get ahead of the fatal drug, but was delayed by the patient, who refused to take the prescription. An emetic was finally gotten down his throat, but the drug had taken hold. Shouse soon fell in a deep stupor, from which he never awoke.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Trying a Clergyman for Ritualism.

Lord Penzance sat as Dean of Arches this morning in his room at the House of Lords. Mr. Jeune applied in the case of the Rev. T. Pellham Dale, incumbent of St. Vedast, Foster lane, Cheapside, that he might be signified in contempt for having committed a breach of the inhibition issued by this court, which ordered him to desist from performing service in his church. The proceedings were taken under the Public Worship Regulation Act, and a motion was issued on February 21st, 1879, which ordered him to abstain from certain illegal practices for performing which he had been condemned. On March 19th, 1879, an inhibition was issued in consequence of the defendant's disobedience to the motion, and on the day on which it was served Mr. Dale proceeded in defiance of it to perform service in his church, and since that time he had constantly performed service in substantially the same way in which he formerly broke the provisions of the law. A number of affidavits had been prepared to prove the statement of the learned counsel, and the witnesses were called and proved them upon oath. Mr. Jeune added that, moreover, Mr. Dale had declared his intention of violating the inhibition, and when a gentleman sent by the bishop presented himself to conduct the service, Mr. Dale refused to allow him to do so, and repeated his determination to disobey the law. The judge reviewed the early proceedings in this case and added: "I am of opinion that this is a power the exercise of which in a proper case is not discretionary but imperative. I have no alternative, therefore, but to grant the present application. With the policy of these proceedings I have nothing to do; with the question whether they form the only or the best means of combating the evil against which they are directed, that is beyond my province. But if an appeal is made to the law it is the plain duty of this court to see that the law is fulfilled, and, when called upon, to enforce its own decree. On the other hand, the respondent has some purpose in view in defying the law and forcing the promoters to exercise coercion. When this purpose has been obtained, or before then, if he should change his mind he can obtain his liberty by announcing that he intends to obey the law. His imprisonment is of his own seeking, and his release will be within his own reach. He must pay the costs of this application."

Latest Canadian Jottings.

John C. Erb, of Centreville, owned a horse aged 86 but he is now dead.

Rev. D. McKerracher, of Fort William, has accepted a call from the Presbyterians of Wallaceburg.

Brantford has had fourteen fires during the year ending December 1st and a total loss of \$2,165. There was insurances on the property to the amount of \$16,600.

In Logan an epidemic has broken out among the sheep. The upper lip of the animal swells considerably and then breaks out into scales, but as yet the complaint does not appear to be anything serious.

From a piece of ground only thirty-nine yards long and twenty-one yards wide Mr. Patterson, of Percy, recently pulled 160 bushels of carrots.

A Bentinck schoolmaster, discouraged by the starvation salaries offered to the members of his profession, has taken to plastering, and is doing well.

On Saturday evening, as Mr. Wm. Patterson, of the township of Pittsburgh, was driving home from Kingston he was thrown from his sleigh and his neck broken.

She Knows.

Who is it so pretty?
That she can't be named?
And who so naughty, naughty,
She should be ashamed?
Who is it has a hundred beaux?
A little, wicked sprite
Of torment and delight:
She knows—she knows.

Who is it that does fly me
Fleetly as a fawn—
First lures me to pursuing,
Then is instant gone?
Who changes every wind that blows?
Of torment and delight:
Of crazing form and feature;
She knows—she knows.

For whom is all my sighing
Through all the lonely night?
For whom is all my pining
Through the hours of light?
Who never lets my heart repose?
A certain wayward maid
No mortal can persuade;
She knows—she knows.

But how shall she escape me,
If I, bold, pursue?
And should I overtake her,
Then what will she do?
What under heaven do you suppose?
The little angel sinner—
The very mischief's in her;
She knows—she knows.

REFRACTORY WOMEN.

How a President of Guatemala Treated Women who Disagreed with Him.

When he came into power one of his first acts was to drive the priests out of Guatemala. In his opinion they were drones in the community and made drones, so he would not have them about. But the women, who there, as everywhere else, have most use for religion, made a great outcry about the expulsion of their priests. There were a dozen women, recognized leaders of society in Guatemala, wealthy and prominent, who were especially loud in their lamentations and vituperations. They would have stirred up an insurrection against Barrios, if they could, on account of their priests. He stood their attacks until his patience gave way. At first he simply shrugged his shoulders, then he knit his brows. Finally he said: "This thing must be stopped." He had twelve single-armed high gallows erected in a line on the plaza. From the end of each arm he had suspended a broad, shallow basket, with a short rope fastened to the bottom like a handle. Then he had those twelve women brought to the baskets, placed in them and hoisted into the air. As you may imagine, such a spectacle in the plaza attracted everybody. All the city came flocking to see the ladies thus elevated into such undesirable prominence. And fancy, if you can, the wild, unbounded joy of the hundreds of street boys when free permission was given them to swing those baskets by the short ropes attached to them. The little ragamuffins yelled with delight, fought with each other to get at the ropes, and exerted themselves with frenzy to see who could toss a basket highest. The women, standing in the baskets and clutching the ropes by which they were suspended, shouted time fresh and vigorous hands gave a livelier impulse to their wicker chariots or sent them flying in new directions. The assembled multitude roared with laughter and encouraged the boys. When, at length, President Barrios deemed that their punishment was sufficient, he gave a signal, the swinging of the baskets was stopped, they were lowered, and the exhausted, humiliated ladies were sent in carriages to their respective homes. The lesson had never to be repeated, for they sought no more to meddle with the concerns of Government, and were very careful to keep to themselves thereafter their private opinions of public affairs.

Beaconsfieldian Philosophy.

(Boston Herald.)

In "Endymion" it is interesting to note Lord Beaconsfield's fondness for antithesis and phrases. Some of these are worth repeating for their literary value. "Custom in England is a power." "They have got a new name for this hybrid sentiment—they call it public opinion." "Zenobia never liked her male friends to marry;—she liked flattery and always said she did." "Young Mrs. Ferrars was an heiress, or the world thought so, which is nearly the same." "I love everything in England except its climate and perhaps its hotels." "The Government of the Duke of Wellington was a dictatorship of patriotism." "Brougham is a man who would say anything, and of one thing you may be quite certain—that there is no subject which Lord Brougham knows thoroughly." "The first dinner-bell often brings things to a point." "She will be annoyed and she will hate me. I cannot help it; every one is hated by somebody." "America will always be colonial," says Lord Beaconsfield, "and what is colonial necessarily lacks originality. A country that borrows its language, its laws and its religion cannot have its inventive powers much developed." "The decrees of destiny are inexorable." "And the being whose career destiny directs is as a man travelling in a dark night who reaches his goal, even without the aid of stars or moon." "I believe absence is often a great element of charm." "There is no sport now, and a man cannot always be reading French novels." "Men destined to the highest places should beware of badinage." "Extreme youth gives hope to a country." "Hope soon assumes the form of confidence." "The most powerful men are not public men. A public man is responsible, and a responsible man is a slave. It is private life that governs the world." "Do not at present be discontented that you are unknown. It is the first condition of real power." "Chivalry is the child of the Church." "All people of imagination, they say, are difficult to live with." "He found refuge in suicide, and men who do so want imagination." "I think the stronger we shall be in Ireland, the weaker we shall be in England, and I doubt whether our cheap bread will be cheap enough." "If there be such a thing as destiny, it will not submit to the mastery of man." "Morning is not romantic. Romance is the twilight's. But morn is bright and joyous, prompt with action and full of sanguine hope. Life sees no difficulties in the morning, at least none which we cannot conquer." "Taxes and tariffs—that is the future of England, and, so far as I can see, it may go on forever." "Charles Fox used to say, 'No Greek; as much Latin as you like; and never French under any circumstances.' No English poet, unless he completes the century. These were like some other good rules—the unwritten orders of the House of Commons." "As for that," said Wal-

deyshare, 'sensible men are all of the same religion.' 'Pray, what's that?' inquired the prince. 'Sensible men never tell.' "Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits. They make time a sleeping partner of their lives to accomplish what ought to be achieved by their own will." Those who have studied the character of Lord Beaconsfield will see in the advice given by the hero to his sister an anticipation of his own philosophy: "I have brought myself by long meditation to the conviction that a human being with a settled purpose must accomplish it, and that nothing can resist a will which will stake even existence for its fulfillment."

THE ROBBERS' RUSE.

How the Notorious Molly Matches Escaped with a Big haul.

Just now, when the story of the recent robbery is fresh in the minds of the Times readers, the following incident from the history of Molly Matches will be read with interest. Molly, or Jack Larney as he is sometimes called, is perhaps the most noted and successful pick-pocket on the continent, and is well known to the city detectives as a daring and clever thief. It is but three years ago since he was arrested at the G. W. R. station in London and fined \$50 for being in the city. He paid it and left. He has also been credited with the clever bank robbery at St. Thomas a couple of weeks ago. He tells some remarkable stories of clever thefts and bold escapes from the minions of the law. This is one: Some years ago he and three pals "went through" a traveller on the New York Central railroad for \$12,000. The fellow discovered his loss almost immediately, and the entire train was in a few moments torn up with excitement. A telegram was sent on ahead to the New York detective bureau, and every possible exertion was made to "pipe" the thief. It was becoming interesting for Matches and his pals. They managed to come together on a platform, and "divided up" the "swag," and agreed that each man should take care of himself. The three pals managed to drop off the train unobserved, and Matches was left alone to his fate. The train was whirling along toward New York city, and each moment Mollie's chances of escape grew darker and more desperate. Finally he espied a clergyman with a young lady and child occupying seats in one end of the passenger coach. Matches approached the clergyman and inquired:

"Are you a minister, sir?"
"Yes, he was the reply."
"I, too, am a worker in the Lord's vineyard," said Matches.
"Indeed," said the clergyman, as he scrutinized his new acquaintance.
"I'm from Ontario, Canada," explained Matches; "my church was recently burned down, my people are very poor, and I'm now on a tour through the States with a view of collecting funds with which to rebuild."

The minister's heart melted, and in a few minutes the pair were conversing familiarly of religion and religious topics. When the train arrived at its destination Matches beheld the depot swarming with police officers and detectives. Quick as flash he formed a plan. He picked up the little child who accompanied the clergyman, and carrying it in such a manner as to screen his face, and walking shoulder for shoulder with the man of God, he passed out of the depot through a perfect cloud of police officers and detectives, they, poor deluded mortals, never suspecting that the party they were after would be the companion of a well-known New York preacher.

DOWN ON DANCING.

A Priest Denounces a Hibernian Society's Ball from the Pulpit.

A Springfield despatch says: An attempt by Father Mora to break up a Hibernian ball at Ware on Wednesday night makes a sensation in that neighborhood, and the Hibernians will probably bring a suit against the priest, who has been there seventeen years and in the Church forty-five years. He denounced the ball from the pulpit last Sunday, and was promptly on hand in the ante-room to warn people away. The ball was made a failure and the society lost money because of his action. The Hibernians say he has opposed them for years, and even forbidden his own parishioners belonging to that society to recognize him on the street, and that he broke up one of the temperance societies. He says their dances are immoral, and he opposes them from a sense of duty. Leading Protestant citizens claim that the dances are proper, and that the society is made up of the best Irish people in the place.

How to Keep Plants Over Winter.

Mr. George Taylor, of London, Ont., who keeps about a hundred plants in his house, heated by two coal stoves, and has all the winter flowers he wants and some for friends, gives, in the appended extract from a communication to The Fruit Recorder, an American journal, a hint of the reason for his success: "A lady asked me to look at her oleander. She said she thought it was dying. When I looked at it I told her it was, and very fast, too, for a drink of water. 'Oh! it could not be that, for she gave it water only the day before.' 'Very likely,' I said, 'but you do not give enough. Just give it water until it runs off the bottom of the tub, and do that at least three or four times a week, and do the same by all your plants, according to the quantity of foliage they are carrying, and your plants will look as healthy as mine.' She had been wondering how I kept mine better than any other plants in the city. There are more plants killed and kept sickly looking for want of plenty of water than from anything else that I know of. My plan is to study the nature and wants of plants, and I leave others to study their jaw-breaking names, and they more than repay me by almost doing as I want them to."

An actress has just finished dressing herself for her part, and is going on the stage, when her mother bursts upon her in tears with an open letter in her hand. "My dear child, do you know what has happened? Your sister is dead!" "Oh, ma, how can you say it—how can you say it just when I have made up my face, and can't cry? Why couldn't you have waited till after the third act?"