

parties see fit to uphold it. Though we had avaricious motives in making this treaty and have now got the worst of the bargain, this is no reason why we should allow it to be our destruction while we have the power to prevent. The only question now remaining is how to stop this influx. Congress has been adopting rather extreme measures and I think far from the best. It would be better for all concerned that we first enter into negotiations with the Chinese government (as has been suggested) and see if the obnoxious clause cannot be so amended as to suit both parties. To jump at the clause with a snap and a growl without warning the Chinese government is an act worthy only a cowardly villain who knows he has no right on his side. Let the matter be taken care of properly, but let it be thoroughly done, so that protection may be afforded to our own oppressed. Cheap labor is not what this country needs. It would be the greatest blessing possible to the land if we only had laws preventing the influx of semi-barbarous hordes, and outcasts of all nations. We have enough to do for many years to come in assimilating all the foreign and discordant elements now in our borders. When we have received such vast numbers of these classes that we cannot assimilate them then, the foundations of our government will begin to quake and unless some thing is done quickly we will soon reach this point. Why then this abnormal *humanity* which so many of our leading men exhibit. Let Joseph Cook, Henry Ward Beecher and others step down from their carved pulpits and luxurious homes and place themselves in the place of the laboring poor of the Pacific coast, with the prospect of eating outs and poorly fed dogs and cats, or the other alternative, *starvation*, and I imagine their great humanity would "scatter as chaff before the wind."

ANTI-CHINESE.

SHAKSPERE'S WOMEN.

The master painter of human character has placed upon the canvass before us his men and women, both drawn with the same elegant and powerful hand.

He has shown by the character of his women that his mind was all-embracing in its grasp. For every Hamlet, there is an Ophelia, drawn with the same power, but purer and more delicate.

There is no phase of human nature that he has not penetrated. Some men can unfold the characters of men only. They can not enter into the mind and thought of women; they can not appreciate and develop the passions and feelings that animate them. Other men, like Richardson, draw their female, far more life-like than their male characters.

But Shakspeare seemed to have a charmed hand: one that could paint man or woman with equal fidelity. Shakspeare has given us Juliet; and what a picture of young, romantic love, yet true and firm, ending only in death.

Juliet, though not disguising her love for Romeo, does not lose any of the simplicity and modesty that makes the true and tender woman. All her life, from that first moment of meeting, is bound up in Romeo's. Scarcely does she hesitate in her love for him even when he has slain her cousin. In his exile, her love goes with him; and finally, when she discovers, on awakening from her sleep, that the poisonous cup has ended his life, she snatches his dagger and dies with him. In this play, Shakspeare has pictured the hasty southern blood. To us of a more northern clime, it may seem somewhat unreal. In that fact, Shakspeare's genius shines the brighter, for it shows that he not only understood men as he saw them but he could place himself in any age or any country and be equally at home.

But the hasty, impetuous love of Juliet, of the south, finds its opposite in the reserved and tender love of Ophelia, of the north, for Hamlet. Mrs. Jameson says