

developments of Russia's policy. This waiting game is by no means dignified, and the public are beginning to feel the shame of it. It is seen now that the "spirited foreign policy" was not so spirited after all, insomuch as that timid statesmanship first brought about the war, then snatched at a peace for the sake of a popular triumph, and now has to renew the war under circumstances peculiarly disadvantageous and humiliating. The Ministers guilty of that blundering may well dread the verdict of the coming elections.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

As I stated last week, the Great Western directors and officials are not loyal when they enter into council to discuss terms of arrangement. They wish to have "two strings to their bow," and it now turns out that they have been making a bargain for some of the South Western business with American Companies, while apparently entertaining propositions for a fusion with the Grand Trunk Company. It was ever thus with them, but their duplicity may bring them out at the wrong end of the horn at the termination, when the American Companies have done using them, and the Grand Trunk no longer troubles itself about them. Honesty and fair dealing will have been on the side of the Grand Trunk in these negotiations, and I always hope to see it successful in either private life or public business, and the directors and officers of the Grand Trunk Railway are to be commended for the open and manly course they have pursued, and they have won, as they deserved to do, and have beaten Vanderbilt and wrested from him that which he had and which they wanted, while the Great Western are laying themselves at his feet—as we said last week—to be like Lazarus the beggar at the rich man's gate, and take the crumbs which were swept from his table. When Mr. Vanderbilt was not in England, one of his officials was there, and the officials of the Great Western were in New York negotiating, and the Great Western President in England was carrying on correspondence and bamboozling his proprietors and playing a double game generally. If the directors of the two lines will stand aloof and let the spontaneous statement of the proprietors of the two Companies develop itself, as it appears to be doing at Manchester—and Manchester has before now given a greater policy than that affecting the Colonial Railways—there is no reason to doubt that right and common sense will prevail even in Railway matters, and the fusion may be accomplished at an early day.

It is refreshing to see that an effort is being made by some English journals to bring the popular mind back to a state of healthiness in regard to the men who simply and bravely do their duty as British soldiers. The *Pall Mall Budget* well and opportunely says:

"It was not to be hoped that the gallant death of the British Envoy and his comrades at Cabul would be allowed to pass with only such decent and dignified tributes of national regard as all soldiers deserve who are placed by their country in a post of danger and who die defending it. We have outlived, or some of our party newspapers believe us to have outlived, the period when English self-respect would have revolted from extravagant and boastful exultations over Englishmen who perish in the simple discharge of military duty. To-day the ministerial prints are, as might be expected, full of absurd and puerile vapourings about British valour, Afghan cowardice and treachery, and all the rest of it. Those who declaim in this strain appear to be unconscious of the presence of any other audience than that foolish and vulgar section of their countrymen to whom alone such coarse flattery of the national vanity can be supposed to give pleasure. These boastful effusions, however read abroad, and read there, as every sensible man knows, with a contempt which it is humiliating even to think of. What purpose they can serve at home beyond that of tickling the ears of the groundlings we cannot guess, unless indeed a more serious purpose than this is to be inferred from the fact that the more sober of the two "official" journals affects to share this morning in the flatulent enthusiasm of its habitually gushing colleague. Possibly the object may be to distract the minds of the public—the sensible portion as well as the vain and thoughtless—and to withdraw their thoughts from the serious business upon which the whole attention of the country now needs to be concentrated."

Reformed Episcopacy seems to have some lack in the matter in saints. In Montreal we have had a division among the Reformers, on the question of jurisdiction—some claiming that of the United States and some that of England. The division is not hard to understand, as that is a science well understood by members of churches; but in this case each party persists in holding to the Saint Bartholomew.

When asked the other day, by a stranger, to shew the way to the "Reformed Episcopal Church" I had to ask "which?" and when the answer came, "St. Bartholomew's," I had again to say "which?" for there are two of that name. Will our friends be good enough to tell us how we are to distinguish between them?

The following specimen of cool effrontery is from the *New York Tribune*—

"There was a frank witness before the Rail-road Committee in Buffalo yesterday. He was an elevator owner, and admitted that he was in the pool which divides up the earnings of the elevators in that city. Said he, with coarse satisfaction, 'I am to have a slice whether I elevate or not; the New-York Central Road gets the plum, and I get the little mustard seed.' He owned that the combination was not legitimate, but said it was a question with him of 'mustard seed or nothing.' Not all the recipients of mustard seeds, or of plums, have been equally candid."

FEET VS. BRAINS.

Brains used to be somewhat thought of, but evidently the time has gone by. Our delight is in the other extreme of the *homo*. At evening parties what an opening into world of general favour for the young man who can dance well! He is a bright particular star, shedding light abroad, and happy are all the young ladies who can catch a ray now and then; and miserable are the unfortunates who have to be merely "patterns on the wall." There are few things to be found on the surface of life more saddening than the face of a "pattern," and when I think that the young man with ten intelligent toes could chase all the shadow away and cause the face to shine for joy, I am inclined to envy the happy possessor of well taught lower extremes—for I like to make people happy.

But the dancer is not to be counted with the pedestrian in these days. To what a pitch civilization has come! A few men start, or are started, on a walking match at New York; round and round the "laps" they go, like horses set to grind at a mill—one gets a stitch in his side, but walks on until his life is in danger, and that is called courage—another walks until his feet are beaten to a jelly—another, the final winner, becomes a maniac for several hours; and thousands upon thousands witness the brutal show, shouting, throwing bouquets of flowers, betting and doing all other things a mad mob can be guilty of. How long will this heathenism last? Just so long as it pays, and no longer. If respectable people would discountenance such vulgar exhibitions—if we could in some way put down this betting mania; that is to say, if we could only educate ourselves and the general public in morality and religion, an end would come to these sickening scenes.

SAILORS AND CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—An article in your issue of Sept. 27th, under the head "Musical," commenting on certain entertainments which have been given by our men, contains such flagrant misrepresentations, that, in justice to my shipmates, I cannot allow it to pass unnoticed. While professing to hold "a high opinion of the defenders of our land," the writer goes on to charge them with "exhibiting themselves for a consideration," and concludes a most unjustifiable attack upon the men of H. M. S. "Tourmaline" in the following words: "If they are sailors, let them attend to their profession, singing for themselves and their friends. Montreal is shunned now by most professional troupes, as all the people's money goes into the pockets of those who are paid by them for a very different purpose."

Did the writer know that the whole proceeds of the entertainment given on Sept. 13th were devoted to the Building Fund of the Church of St. John the Evangelist in this city, as was duly announced in most of the daily newspapers, and clearly set forth on programmes and handbills?

The second entertainment, on Sept. 26th, was given by our men in conjunction with their friends of the 6th Fusiliers, in return for the kindness which they have received at the hands of the latter, and was solely for the benefit of the Band Fund of the regiment.

Not a single cent of the proceeds of either entertainment ever found its way into the pockets of the blue jackets and marines.

So much for the charge of "*exhibiting themselves for a consideration*."

With regard to the concluding paragraph of the article, I should like to ask the writer in what sense the "people" of Montreal can be said to *pay* the men of the Royal Navy, and how much he has contributed to that object?

I must trust to your sense of justice to remove the erroneous impression