

practice of adulteration lies in the dangerous nature of the adulterants employed. From time to time we have put our readers on their guard as to these, and we here add a few novelties. A German mechanical draughtsman died recently and a *post-mortem* examination showed that he had been poisoned by arsenic. His colour-box was tested, and nearly the whole of the colours were found arseniferous. The deceased had been in the habit, when drawing, of placing the pencil, filled with colour, in his mouth, for the purpose of pointing it. Arsenic is also used to put a gloss on paper collars, and several cases of local skin disease have been recently traced to their use. Wine has been of late frequently coloured by fuchsine, a virulent poison. Lead has recently been employed, for the sake of cheapness, in tinning the cases of preserved food. This is exceptionally dangerous in preparations of milk or fruits, and serious, sometimes fatal, illness has been the result of its use in such cases. In a recent work one of the naturalists of the *Challenger* gives an amusing instance of human or commercial nature in the unsophisticated savage. Ships take "trade gear," e.g., soft iron hatchets and such worthless things, to barter with savages. The Admiralty Islanders soon learned the trick, and manufactured "trade gear" on their side also—sham hatchets and models of canoes, to be used solely for exchange with the *Challenger* party.—*Iron*.

SIR GILBERT SCOTT states that he was once consulted about an insecure tower of a church, and found it very dangerous. "At a dinner to which I was invited on this occasion, an obtuse old cleric wisely remarked, 'What a mercy it was that the tower did not fall during the Bishop's visitation!' 'Not at all,' replied a witty barrister—'not at all! I'd match Sam to dodge a falling church with any man.'" Probably this tale never reached the ears of Samuel, Lord Bishop of Winchester.

MR. GLADSTONE at the annual show of the Hawarden Horticultural Society England, told his audience that he had been reading an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* which "gave an account of a gentleman named Pill, on the Hudson River, in North America, who had got an apple garden of two hundred acres all full of apple trees, and not only so, but these apple trees, which were yielding now almost boundless quantities of apples to be imported into this country, were all direct descendants of trees which were exported to America from England—the grand-children and great-grandchildren, if they so chose to call them of their own trees."

MR. PECKSNIFF, who apparently edits the Kentucky *Live Stock Record*, says:—"If the damage be as great as here indicated, the demand of England for wheat, oats, and barley, will reach an enormous amount. Two hundred and fifty million dollars at least, probably much more, will be required to make good the deficiency. In our great gain we should be devoutly thankful to a good Providence that we can and shall feed its people in distant lands where blight has fallen and misery would exist but for a beneficent America." That idea of "beneficent America" helping out Providence to "feed its people" is a modest one, and worthy of the man who can be "devoutly thankful" for the "two hundred and fifty million dollars" England is to pay for her deficiencies!

MOTHS IN LONDON.—Entomologists tell us there are many species of moths in the country round about London, which owing to the want of good air, will never come near to the City itself. Still, I have heard of curious exceptions to prove this rule. As far into London as the south end of Maidavale, as far as Highbury, and as far as the Kentish Town-road, the regular rural moths will sometimes come. The reason is the curious attraction which light has for the insects. If they spy a lamp-post they will instantly fly to the light; then perhaps they are attracted by the light of another lamp-post, and fly to that; so travelling that way they will fly into the suburbs. This sounds rather like a whale, but as I myself have watched a moth pass three lamp-posts in this fashion I do not altogether scout the idea of the moths paying visits to town at night time. However, where are they in the morning? That seems to me to be the puzzle.—"Tatler."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHARLES LEVER IN CANADA.

The lovers of Charles Lever's writings have doubtless experienced a shock of disappointment at the bald and disjointed biography lately issued from the pen of W. J. Fitzpatrick, "LL.D., M.R.I.A., Professor of History; J.P., &c., &c." With a subject replete with biographical interest, and a history full of variety and adventure, "The Life of Charles Lever," in Mr. Fitzpatrick's hands, has dwindled down into a series of trivial anecdotes carelessly strung together and feebly told. The genial characteristics of the great novelist, his bright humour and *bonhomie*, are lost in a maze of insignificant traits and stories that are too dull and pointless to bear repetition. Better that the author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tony Butler" and "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke" should have been known by his writings alone, than have suffered at the hands of such an historian.

It is, however, with reference to Lever's Canadian experiences that I write. He is said to have visited Canada in 1829, as the medical officer of an emigrant ship bound for Quebec. He is stated to have "spent the summer of 1829 in Canada and the States; visited some of the Indian settlements and Lake Erie, and went as far as *Inscarara*." Where that may be we are not told, and a search through gazetteers and maps of the period has failed to enlighten us. He is stated to have passed "from civilised districts to the prairie—with the determination to seek the experiences of *forest life* with an Indian tribe." Forest life on the prairie! He there got so thoroughly in accord with the red man's habits and manner of life that "the Indian Sachem formally admitted him into tribal privileges and initiated him into

membership." Growing tired of his savage companions, and being told that an attempt to escape would cost his life, he finally absconds with an Indian called "Tahata" or "the Post," and arrives at Quebec in December, attired in "moccasins and head feathers"! There he sees "men slipping along in rackets" (snow shoes?), and "women wrapped in furs sitting snugly in chairs, pushed along the ice some ten or twelve miles an hour." To illustrate the combination of vulgar egotism with impertinent curiosity which marked the emigrant population of Canada, we are told a story about a person Lever is supposed to have met in travelling from "Utica to the Springs" (Saratoga?). From such barbarous surroundings, "Lever flung himself into the ranks of the less repulsive red man."

It will be remembered that in 1829 the population of Lower Canada was about three quarters of a million, and of Upper Canada a quarter of a million; that the St. Lawrence, Rideau, and Welland canals were building or built, and steamboats plying upon all the lakes. Where then did Lever obtain his experience of savage life? We are told by his historian that in "Roland Cashel" he details his history when a prisoner with the *Comanches*, a savage American tribe! *Comanches in Canada!* Surely the Professor of History in the Royal Hibernian Academy should study the geography and history of Canada.

Considerations of time and plan lead me to think Lever's experience of savage life in Canada apocryphal. Certainly the adventures detailed in "Con Cregan"—with which his historian credits him—could never have happened to him. Moreover, he is stated to have been in Germany during the same year as that allotted for his Canadian experiences. No doubt Lever crossed the Atlantic and spent a short time in Canada and the States, but about the Indian adventures—*Credat* Indians.—*Canadian Monthly*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

"CHRISTIAN HERALDRY."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—No doubt most of your readers are aware of the existence of a paper called *The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times*. A copy was sent me lately. Its perusal inspires me with doubt as to whether it has any right to the title "*Christian Herald*," but convinces me it is a "sign of the times" that such a production can be so called. Permit me to treat your readers to some extracts. This, for instance:

"And now, what have I to say to some of you that live in black sin, and yet excuse yourselves on account of the recorded falls of God's people? Sirs, know this! Inasmuch as you do this, you wrest the Scriptures to your own destruction. If one man has taken poison, and there has been a physician by his side so skilful that he has saved his life by a heavenly antidote, is that any reason why thou, who hast no physician and no antidote, should yet think that the poison will not kill thee? Why, man, the sin that does not damn a Christian, because Christ washes him in His blood, will damn you. The sentence is, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,' said the apostle, be his sins never so many; 'but he that believeth not shall be damned,' be his sins never so few."

Surely this is salvation by faith alone, with a vengeance. St. Paul would need to be imagined partially inebriated before he could add the words supplied. It is not needful to imply the same condition in the preacher quoted. For it was St. Paul—and *not* this preacher—who could rise to the height of that sublime truth: "Faith without works is dead."

Then one would naturally suppose that a "*Christian Herald*" would occupy its pages chiefly with those sacred truths of life which our Lord lived on earth—with His two commandments, love to God and love to the neighbour, and the working out of these practically into the lives of men in all their relations to each other; but *this* copy of the *Christian Herald* is illustrated with portraits of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, his wife, and daughter; glows with anecdote of that celebrated gentleman his father, his former wife and present one, and his various interesting relatives, broadening out almost into pen-and-ink sketches of his "sisters, his cousins, and his aunts." It also contains a sermon of his about the Ark, which he likens to our Lord, chiefly because of the merely *personal* safety secured by both, and rejoices—positively rejoices—that the world was, and is finally in the other life shut out of the one as it was out of the other.

Nor does the sermon end here, in its effects at least. An appendix to it is made to serve as a graphic mixture of piety and advertisement thus:

"The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors and those whose sermons, articles or labours for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage especially requests prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of his labours."

Then here is a specimen of Scripture exegesis:

"We do not positively say that Prince Jerome will prove to be the Beast of the Revelation whose number is 666, but we will take leave, despite the ridicule it may provoke, to point out how, in several particulars, he would remarkably answer to the predicted character of that great enemy of God and man. In the first place, the Antichrist—whom almost all commentators identify with the "little horn" of Daniel—is described as "a vile person" (Dan. xi. 21); that is, one who is the object of contempt, a man of the people; in other words, a democrat. And this, as we have seen, is precisely what Prince Jerome Bonaparte may be said to be. Again, the 'little horn' is to 'come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom by flatteries . . . working deceitfully.' By protesting, shall we say, that he is the friend of the Republic and the enemy of the priests, while all the time he is watching his opportunity to overthrow the former and make the latter his tools?"

I ask, in all sincerity, is this Christianity, and is it worthy of a *Christian Herald* to publish it? If so, then it is to be feared or hoped that many of us will revolt utterly and claim in preference the name of

"Heathen."

Toronto, 15th September, 1879.