

in winter and in early spring, when they drive their logs along the icy torrents and head-waters of their wooded wilderness, cannot but be impressed with the belief that he is among Nature's soldiers of the finest type. There is not, I believe, finer stuff for soldiers among any population in the world; while the habits of organization and supply of the various lumber camps at the extremity of long lines of difficult communication are a quartermaster-general's department in miniature."—*English paper.*

"EXCESSIVE CHANTING."—The Rev. James M'Mullen, of Cobridge, Staffordshire, has issued a circular cautioning his parishioners against the use of the book, "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." He advocates congregational service, and thinks chanting of the General Confession by a few an "awful profanity." "There is excessive chanting in cathedrals because the cathedral clergy are unsound in the faith; and from the churches where such is the rule there is a constant stream of young persons going to the higher Ritualistic churches, and from them to the Church of Rome."

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

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.

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO MONTREAL.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I have an objection to humbug, and a partiality for fairness. It seems to me that Mr. Parnell's remarks about Lord Churchill's ancestors are humbug and clap-trap. Does Mr. Parnell wish us to believe that if the Americans could trace their ancestors back to the reign of Charles the Second, those ancestors would all be found to have been perfect human beings?

Does he mean to allow the American people no other ancestors than the Pilgrim Fathers? Does he assert that the particular vices and virtues of our forefathers are, to a certainty, inherited by their descendants after a lapse of two hundred years or so?

Will not the Montreal "Patres Conscripti" do something very odd if they accord to Mr. Parnell the honours of a public reception?

Yours truly,

A Subscriber.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I have always been proud of my country. I have felt right along that Canada really played first violin in the orchestra of the nations. Now I am sure of it. Like all wise children, we are teaching our mother; and she learns quickly. I find the following in a most reliable English newspaper:—

"The office of Registrar-General has been given to a person who happens to be private secretary of one member of the Government and brother-in-law, as we are told, of another, but who is perfectly innocent of all practical knowledge of the peculiarly skilled work of the office he has been pitchforked into. A valuable servant of long standing has been passed over for the well connected private secretary with the silver spoon in his mouth."

Behold! the influence of precept and example, as beautifully combined in our Canadian statesmanship has told at last upon the old fogies in the old fog(g)y land. This is the missing link—missed so long—which will bind our interests so thoroughly to those of the motherland that no Political Economy Society—though the Hon. George Brown himself should lead it, with his banner of revenue tariff stiffening to the breeze of annexation and independence—can ever divide us more. What need we of independence when our statesmen already set the fashion and lead the van by progress towards united "family compacts" in other lands? Men don't print such words as "independence," "honour," "manliness" and similar foolishness in modern English dictionaries. Of what use would they be when their meaning is lost everywhere except in Canada?

F.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Gray's letter I must say that it is a pity he is not more familiar with the "oft-quoted passage from Burns" to which he refers, since he cannot quote correctly. I have never objected to anonymous letters, except when they attack personally writers who sign their own names; and I think it quite justifiable that the anonymous letter should be answered by another. The "choice words" to which Mr. Gray refers must be the quotations from his own letter. I made no reference to an "Embryo Academy," and I am sorry that Mr. Gray considers me abusive when I said that he might be an "embryo Academician." I did not mean to be sarcastic. Mr. Gray here returns to his attack on Mr. Popham and gravely informs us that the letters

of that gentleman and Mr. King have shaken hands, smoked the pipe of peace &c., Lively letters truly! Again I did not assert that J. W. G. "desired to hide his name"—I merely alluded to the fact that he had done so.

The remainder of Mr. Gray's letter is devoted to you, Mr. Editor, and you have disposed of it summarily and sensibly. But when J. W. G. reads "Clio's" letter, he will surely pray, "Defend me from my friends." It is not easy to know what "Clio" means, for while pretending to defend Mr. Gray, she condemns the words he has used and the personalities in which he has indulged; and while professing to censure Mr. Popham, she completely vindicates all that he has said. She begins by quoting many high authorities, both human and divine, to uphold me in objecting to the word "twaddle," but preceeds to use it herself, and even states that one may be accused of duplicity simply because that is a signification of the term. In her next sentence, while trying to cast grave aspersions on Mr. Popham, she admits that the "advanced steps taken toward establishing an Academy are, in the opinion of thoughtful lovers of art, somewhat premature." Now this is the whole head and front of Mr. Popham's offending. He has merely stated that the project was premature. Mr. Popham thanked me very courteously last week, and I think he now owes many more thanks to "Clio," since the unwilling admissions of a foe are always more valuable to a cause than the warmest defence of a friend. Again, "Clio" is certainly too much in the objective mood when she states "I do not personally know J. W. G., whom, I presume, has revealed," &c.; and when she goes on to say that she has met him several times and gives us her estimate of his character, we are puzzled to know what she would consider a personal acquaintance. "Clio" next picks out the most obnoxious sentence which you, Mr. Editor, used with reference to the indulgence in anonymous personalities, and applies it to Mr. Gray, stating that it was "Mr. Popham's Muggins' sign-board" which exposed him to the charge. Now Mr. Popham did not mention Muggins' or any other man's sign-board in his article, and it is very unkind of "Clio" to cast sign-boards and other aspersions at Mr. Gray which were never meant for him. Judging from "Clio's" letter, I think she is quite right in confining herself to her needle-work and confectionery, and trusting that you, Mr. Editor, will pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable space,

I remain, respectfully,

Euphrosyne.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Three against one is contrary to the rules of English fair play, and seeing that you wish it yourself, and are willing to extend it to others, may I trouble you to insert the following.

I cannot account for the fact that it has escaped your observation that I do not accuse you of writing anonymously, for how can an editorial be anonymous? And I think I have proved that the same charge brought against myself was erroneous.

Let any artist in the Dominion call all the lawyers and issuers of Marriage Licenses in Canada pettifoggers, with the exception of two, and what a flashing there would be of pens over paper and flooding of your office with letters of indignation, full of strong suggestions as to the treatment they would like to bestow upon the writer. But let an artist (I can afford to smile at Mr. Popham's sneer at me and his slang phrase) stand up in defence of a body of citizens just as good and intelligent as himself, whom he attempts to disparage in the public prints and it becomes a fault. There is a recognized rule among all just men to attend to your own business, and not to interfere or injure in any way that of others by trying to bring them into contempt while they are honestly striving to gain a living. And I see no just cause why artists should not be allowed to live as well as others, even if they have not the genius that inspired a Michael Angelo.

Mr. Popham is, like all practical jokers and would-be wits, ever ready to play both at the expense of others, but becomes indignant when any one attempts to retaliate. And in the face of adverse criticism I still protest that I used no abuse, but simply applied "Sydney Smith's" remedy,—a little ridicule against his article. If it hurt him keenly, he must not forget that others have feelings as well as himself, and whatever his opinions may be, I deny his right to attack the artists of Canada in the unjustifiable manner he did. If they do wrong, the press and the law can correct them, and as to the state of art in Canada or elsewhere, and any one conversant with its history knows it is just what the people make it.

I do not aspire to any high position for myself, but since Mr. Popham has taken the liberty to sneer at me, I beg "Clio's" pardon if I emerge from my little corner and become an egotist for a while.* With "Clio's" and your permission I will now retire, leaving Mr. Popham's last effusion in the hands of another, who is quite able, and I have no doubt willing, to correct him about English and Continental art—which is by no means a difficult task, and of more interest to your readers than this.

And now, Mr. Editor, as it is not profitable nor pleasant to me, and having other duties to attend to, I shall not trouble you again, but leave Mr. Popham and "Euphrosyne" to their Mutual Admiration Society.

Yours respectfully,

J. W. Gray.

*We refer our readers to a special notice of Mr. Gray's on another page.