

the time that Corbett was employed as paying teller of the Nevada Bank, his associations threw him in the company of society people whose tastes had a leaning towards amateur theatricals. Corbett, being the most handsome and altogether manly looking fellow, he, of course, was repeatedly chosen to play the gallant lover in these performances. Records of these amateur performances would show that the now champion once smote the heart of adoring femininity as Armande in "Camille." All this of course served to mature Corbett's likings for the stage, and so successful did he become in amateur theatricals and such flattering comment was made of his several appearances upon the stage, that he decided to give up his position, where he had been so successful, and adopt the stage as a profession. His superior physical development, and the benefits derived from his constant training while professor of boxing, together with the unanimous advice of friends, led him to become a professional pugilist, rather than any personal inclination or liking for the calling in which he has acquired the championship. It is the public knowledge of his college education, the refined associations of his early life, the manly manner in which he has conducted himself since gaining his memorable victory over an undaunted champion of ten years, and his domestic habits, that have added much in drawing out audiences of a much more select kind than have ever been known to attend performances of plays in which a noted pugilist was the star.

The departure of Col. Sargison, (he ought to have been a General long ago) for the east, leaves the *Colonist* in an absolutely defenceless condition. It is a well known fact that the good-natured manager is a man who loves peace better than war, and it is only now, since the Col. has left that he realizes, how utterly unable the *Colonist* is to resist an attack of the *Times* freebooters. Of course Manager Ellis has fortified Langley street, and a zereba (as we used to say in Egypt) has been thrown out around the Government street entrance. Major-General Norris, a veteran of '66, will see to it that the line of communication is kept free at the latter point, while Col. Cullin, who distinguished himself at Batoche, will be in command on the Langley street side. With these extra precautions the manager hopes to be able to "hold the fort" until the return of the Colonel.

I offer my apologies to Mr. Macgurn by saying, "if I have done anything amiss I am quite willing to make amends by doing it over again." Therefore, as Mr. Macgurn has cleared away all the charges preferred against the management of the lacrosse club last year, (that is, to his own satisfaction), would he please brush away the mysterious circumstances surrounding the importation and exportation of one Frank Doherty. As bearing upon the statement of Mr. Macgurn that "the funds of the lacrosse club were not used to import players," will he go so far as to say that the funds were were not used to export players; or if there were used for the

latter purpose will he explain wherein the difference lies as regards the general charges I made in a previous issue.

As one interested in the cause of Christianity, I regret the attempt of the Ministerial Association to interfere with the actions of the city Council. I apprehend that the council is elected by the citizens of Victoria to represent them, and not altogether by the clergymen of the city. As regards spiritual matters I am willing to consult my spiritual adviser, but I cannot for a moment see how, when it comes to secular matters they should know more than myself. Personally I do not like to see the band in the park on Sunday, but, I realize the fact that there are many others, and perhaps a majority, who have not time during the rest of the week to visit the park, and who would really enjoy the music. They do not perhaps feel disposed to spend their time listening to a dry sermon, (and it is a noteworthy fact that Victoria clergymen preach dry sermons), when they can study the beauties of the higher teacher—Nature—accompanied by the delicious music of Prof. Pfedner's band. I hate tyranny, no matter whence its origin.

In a Presbyterian church, last Sunday evening, a reverend gentleman, in the course of his sermon, remarked that a business carried on on Christian principles would be more prosperous than one that was not. While I believe that this Rev. gentleman was serious and conscientiously believed that the statement he made was correct, still I am compelled to disagree and join issue with him. At the present time, when competition is so keen, all sorts of schemes are resorted to and deception is practised by men of business to a greater or less extent, in order to successfully hold their own, and a person who endeavors to carry on business on true Christian principles cannot practise deception, therefore he cannot compete with his fellow tradesmen. This is not saying, however, that there are not any successful Christian business men. I know of several right here in Victoria.

Another clergyman, in an address a recent Sunday, represented Voltaire and Paine as expiring in agony and despair, because they had not accepted the evangelical scheme of salvation. I have no other interest in either of these men than simply to get at the facts, and the facts are not as the clergyman stated. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* contains the following statement in regard to Voltaire: When the priests came, for whom his attendants had sent, "he was in a state of half insensibility and petulantly motioned them away." The legends set afloat about his dying in a state of terror and despair are certainly false. The writer, however, as true Christians should, regrets that Voltaire should have missed his last opportunity of consulting the priests. And I think the value of his testimony is enhanced by this regret.

The recent life of Thomas Paine, by Mr. Conway, subjects the stories of his death to a thorough investigation, and concludes with the remark: "Few souls are now so belated as to credit such

stories." The fact is that shortly before the death of Paine, two clergymen entered his room and began to speak to him of his opinions. In reply, he simply said, "Let me alone, good morning!" and these were his last words. The woman in whose house he died, testified that "he expired after a tranquil night."

I do not write this to depreciate Christianity, but merely to suggest that a clergyman, however consuming his desire to do good, is not emancipated from the common duty of being accurate in his statements. It is not legitimate to "glorify God and save souls," by misrepresentation. There will necessarily be a reaction when those who have been frightened into a profession of faith by the alleged horrors of an infidel's death-bed, discover that Voltaire and Paine passed as peacefully to their final account as does the average clergyman.

Follow me in another ramble through the Chinese quarter, the tumor on the heart of our city. Pass down the south side of Cormorant street, open the innocent looking trap doors in the sidewalk and descend with me beneath the earth. Surely you are not surprised to find that human creatures live like rats in Victoria? Walk carefully, for fear of tumbling over sleeping Chinamen. Nonsense, man; the smoke and foul air should not make you feel ill. Cannot see? Take my hand. We will reach a back door in a minute. See that glimmer of light ahead? That is the Johnson street ravine. Careful, now that we are outside. Don't slip and fall into that festering heap on the banks of the ravine. Look up. The filthy streams trickling down the bricks are from the rooms above. Did not imagine the place was so bad! King cholera is coming, man, and will have a royal reception. How do you suppose they kill off a few of the surplus millions in China? They allow the filth to accumulate, and cholera does the rest. Come along, the good people of Victoria will educate "John," even at the expense of our health. Did you ask whether that was a woman smoking opium? Certainly it was. Surely women have as much right to smoke as men. Do white men smoke opium! Come along. We will leave the honeycombed section and walk through an alley to Fliguard street. Just enter this tenement and see for yourself whether white men smoke. Only two white men! But you entered only one opium "joint." There are dozens in this locality. Did I understand you to say that you knew one of the Chinamen? He cooks for your friend. That is nothing. All the cooks come down here and a majority of them smoke opium. Your friend and his children are in danger from many diseases through their cook carrying them home; but "John is so good you know, and he is cheap, don't you see!" Ah, those papers on the windows. Chinese lottery tickets. Drawings three times daily. Hundreds of whites, men, women and boys—buy tickets. Why is it allowed? Ask me something easy. See that brick three storey building. Dozens will be there at 11 o'clock to-night to find the result of the drawing. Any lepers here? Oh! no. The citizens of Victoria placed them on an Island and will keep them as long as they live. Hospital, oh, yes! They own an hospital within a few feet of a number of residences occupied by whites. The Chinese require no hospital. It is a morgue. To save burial expenses they deposit dead bodies in the building during the night. The city buries them next day. Tired, are you. Well, we might adjourn for a week, and leave the dark ways of our "friends" for another time. PERE GRINATOR.