

must be a set of very hard cases, for Mr. Nutting says that he is credibly informed that "they have very little use for the commandments. So little use have they, he says, for the Mount Sinai version, that they have adopted a new one, revised and corrected for their own use—a sort of "decalogue up to date," as it were. Here it is, as given by Mr. Nutting.

"Thou shalt have none other gods before me—except yourself.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them—unless they are made of gold.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain—provided your children or the minister listen.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it—jollily. In it thou shalt not do any work—only thy man servant. He shall tend the bar and be a catspaw to ruin other men's souls while you rest your body.

"Honour thy father and thy mother—by speaking well of them and then living so as to disgrace them.

"Thou shalt do no murder—unless you are rich.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery—unless the law winks at it.

"Thou shalt not steal—unless you can conceal the fact or get out of the country.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor—unless blacking his reputation will turn men's attention away from you.

"Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's—unless you think you can get it before he suspects you."

Then Mr. Nutting, like Mr. Silas Wegg, drops suddenly into poetry thus.

In vain we call old notions fudge
And bend our conscience to our deluge,
The ten commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

Finally, after characterizing Mr. Krug's departure with the city funds as a "tonic" which the moral system of Seattle stood in need of, the preacher bursts forth into a psalm of thankfulness that "the defaulter was not a pious man, or a Sunday school superintendent, nor a deacon." Mr. Krug was not a Christian. No, he was simply a Dutchman. Truly Br'er Nutting is, in many respects, very like Artemus Ward's marsupial, "an amooosin' cuss."

The worst feature of the whole Krug business appears, however, to be only gradually coming to the surface. It seems that he was only the stalking horse by which certain prominent citizens managed to get their hands into the public sack, which they evidently regarded as a free-for-all grab-bag. Some arrests have already been made, and others are, to use a commercial phrase, "invoiced," and it is altogether likely that quite a number of Seattle citizens, who have held their heads pretty high heretofore, will shortly develop a strong desire to hunt their holes and try to pull the holes in after them.

The ambitious city of Whatcom is apparently determined that Seattle shall not get all the free advertising from having a defaulting City Treasurer. She has a "Krug" too, but he answers to the name of Isensee, and he is charged with the misappropriation of between \$40,000 and \$50,000 during his term of office. Unlike Krug, however, he has not bolted, but faces the music jauntily, has been arrested, has put up bail, refuses to state what he did with the money, and defiantly asks the people of Whatcom, "What are you going to do about it?" His nerve is admirable and his gall phenomenal.

If the Premier did not *deserve* success in his missionary work at Cariboo, he at least tried to *command* it. When he found out, as he undoubtedly did, that the "cauld kail" which he dispensed months ago at New Westminster, was a dish, even when warmed-over, that did not suit either the palates or the stomachs of the men of Cariboo; when he found, too, that "the thorn in his flesh," to-wit, Mr. Kitchen,

was to the fore, and could floor him with the greatest ease, then he made a desperate effort to pluck the flower victory from the nettle defeat, by sending, or causing to be sent, a telegram to his henchmen of the press, relating how he had justified the action of the government in every particular and covered Kitchen with confusion as with a garment.

Now, we object to this despatch of Mr. Davie's being called a "bogus" one. It was no such thing. As a telegram it was undoubtedly genuine, as genuine, indeed, as any telegram could be. But as to the information it professed to convey, it would not feel out of place if laid alongside Jack Falstaff's immortal yarn of the men in the buckram whom he routed so gallantly—in his mind. In fact, it was a magnificent, thorough-going lie, a lie gross and palpable, a very triumph of leasing. He did *not* satisfy those voters of Cariboo who assembled at Soda Creek that the Government had done all things well, nor did he get Mr. Kitchen to deny that he had endorsed the petition to sever the connection between the Island and the Mainland, though the telegram made both assertions quite boldly and brazenly. Fortunately, the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Borland, had the courage and the honesty to "nail the lie" and emphatically contradict it, and thus another of the fine, statesmanlike dodges of Mr. Davie was shown up. Of course, it will now be in order for Mr. Davie to disclaim not only the authorship, but all knowledge of the dispatch, but his denial will be quietly relegated, by all sensible people, to the category of those tales that are specially constructed for the information of "the marines." It may well be that he did not write the "copy" for the message to his faithful organs, but he most undoubtedly inspired it, and he is too good a lawyer not to be aware of the maxim "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*."

Some people may regard the action of sending this lie over the wires as a venial offence, or, as a legitimate *ruse de guerre*, but we cannot say that we look at it in any such light. In point of fact, we consider the sending of a lie over the wires, for any purpose whatever, almost, if not quite, as grave a crime as perjury, and certainly as serious an offense against the canons of eternal truth as if the falsehood were written and signed with the writer's name. It is almost as bad as "tapping the wires," or swearing over the telephone.

We admit to feeling sorry for a Government whose head is forced to adopt such methods of making himself appear successful and victorious when, as a matter of fact, he has been foiled and defeated. But we have still deeper feelings of compassion for the miserable "organs" to whom the message was sent, and who promptly executed a *pas de deux* of exultation over the tidings it conveyed. How exceedingly small they must have felt when the real facts came out! How heartily they must have anathematized the sender and wished him in sheol! We repeat, we are sorry for them, and consider that it was a very scurvy trick which their master played them. What makes it all the harder, too, for them to bear, is the fact that they know they dare not squeal, and can only curse him in whispers.

We cannot join in the regret, expressed by some of our contemporaries, at the prospective departure for England of Professor Goldwin Smith. On the contrary, we congratulate Canada and sympathize with England. The worthy Professor has got decided natural ability, is an accomplished scholar, as an ex-don of Oxford could hardly help being, but he has the unhappy knack of making every place, where he makes any lengthened stay, too hot to hold him. He stirred up such trouble in Oxford that he had to leave it. He made himself so offensive, even to his own party, when in Parliament, that